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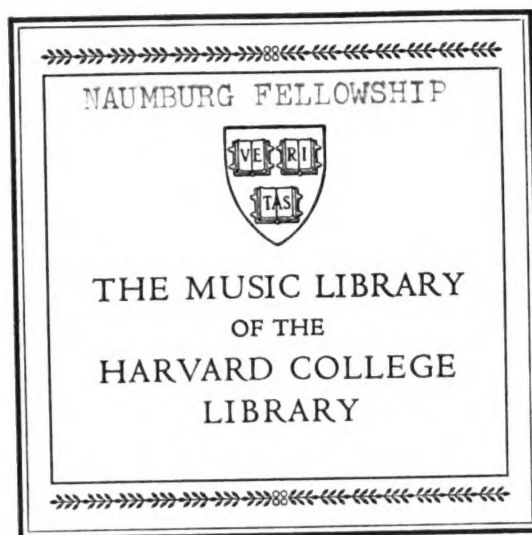
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NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

*. Arrangements have been made to produce the **MUSICAL WORLD** for the future every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, at which time it will invariably be ready for delivery.

Engagements have been entered into with several well-known writers, in the provinces and on the continent, who have undertaken to supply the **MUSICAL WORLD** with periodical correspondence on all subjects of musical interest. The services of a gentleman of high standing and ability have also been secured, for the purpose of reviewing such new publications as may be forwarded to the office with that view. This department will be strictly attended to. Original articles, from eminent pens, on general subjects of art, will also appear from time to time.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MR. BALFE's benefit having been abandoned for a performance at Exeter-hall, on the 27th inst., which we presume has no reference to the National Concerts, it becomes our task to offer some recapitulatory observations on the events of the first season of these entertainments, which began with such loud flourishes and terminated with so little *eclat*. We need only allude to the original prospectus, issued in October, for the purpose of calling attention to the fact, that the general policy which it advocated, in terms of such unmeasured bombast, has not by any means been carried out, while, in respect to details, many of the most important items have been unfulfilled. Instead of something unparalleled in its kind, there has been neither more nor less than a series of ordinary concerts, some good, some bad, and the greater number indifferent. That the management has been seriously defective is clearly shewn by the result. More varied and efficient materials have rarely been at the disposal of a body of concert directors, yet more signal failure—we need not mince the word—was never recorded. The Grand National Concerts have not adhered to the letter and spirit of their nomenclature. They have proved neither "grand" nor "national," if grand and national be, as we suppose, terms easily convertible into meaning. The performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and those of the Philharmonic, are entitled to the appellation of "grand," because the music performed is exclusively of the highest order, both in regard to choice and execution. With

the National Concerts, however, this has not been the case. The large admixture of trifling and meretricious compositions with the works of the great masters, and the negligent style in which the latter were frequently produced, rendered the application of the term "grand" a plain absurdity; while, on the other hand, the inconsistent nature of the selections equally at nought the secondary title of "national." The strict sense of the word "national," indeed, which in England must have relation to native compositions and native performers, has been, with rare exceptions, altogether disregarded. Mr. Jullien himself, with quite as much reason, might have styled his entertainments "National Concerts." The Grand National Concerts have failed, moreover, to embody any definite object whatever. To the lovers of really fine music, and to those who merely seek a desultory relaxation in quadrilles and polkas, they were equally unsatisfactory. Appealing directly as little to one class of auditors as to the other, they pleased neither, and ultimately excluded both. In spite of the pompous style of the original prospectus, so curiously contrasted with its appeal to the "gents," in certain paragraphs relating to the "music *de danse*," it was worded so as to pledge the "executive committee, managers, and directors" to a wholly different sort of entertainment from that which they presented to the public; but the entire abandonment, at the first concert, of the principles disclosed, and the subsequent coquetting between two schools of art which are utterly irreconcilable, soon proved that the prospectus was nothing better than a preliminary puff—in vulgar parlance, a catchpenny.

Of the three *serenatas*, by Macfarren, Howard Glover, and Edward Loder, which, however we may differ from the wisdom of the original notion of presenting musical dramas in a concert-room, were anticipated with interest, as English compositions of length and pretensions, only the first was produced. Mr. Loder's *Island of Calypso* has been continually in the bills—now styled a "*serenata*," now "a musical romance," now a "masque"—and as continually withdrawn, until the concerts have terminated without a note of it being heard. Yet we have good reason for knowing that Mr. Loder's was the first work ordered by the committee and managers, and the first completed—that the score was engraved, and the orchestral and vocal parts nearly copied, a month ago. When we state, which we can upon authority, that the original cause of this delay was a dispute between the committee and the publisher who had purchased the copyright of Mr. Loder, as to which should pay for the copying of the parts, we have said enough, if we say no more, to show that some grievous want of system prevailed in the direction of the Grand National Concerts, which would have accounted for a more complete *fiasco* even than that we have recorded. Shortly after the production of the *Sleeper Awakened*, Mr. Howard Glover was said to have withdrawn his *serenata*; but it subsequently appeared that it never was composed. In its place, however, an overture (to Lord Byron's *Man-*

fred), and a series of vocal pieces from various sources, scarcely any of which had connection with the story, were presented, under the title of "Mr. Howard Glover's grand selection from *Hero and Leander*," which led the public to suppose they were hearing portions of the new *serenata*, and the press to condole with the composer on the curtailment and mutilation of his work. Was this fair to the public, just to the press, kind to a young composer? Was it worthy the "executive committee, managers, and directors," of a "great national requirement?" Among the "principal composers," continually announced as attached to the Grand National Concerts, were M.M. Hector Berlioz, and Felicien David, neither of whom appeared, and not a fragment of whose works was brought forward. Among the executants, two highly distinguished artists were announced in every advertisement, almost up to the last few weeks of the concerts—Mr. Thalberg and Signor Sivori. The subscribers and the public, however, never had the advantage of hearing either of them. These were grave omissions, since they tended to compromise the names of eminent musicians, who have been noted for keeping faith with the public. We do not, for one instant, doubt that the committee had been in treaty with them, and indeed we have been credibly informed that Captain Harry Lee Carter, a gentleman to whose untiring zeal, active business habits, and conciliating manners the Grand National Concerts were seriously indebted, had secured their assistance, as he considered, on sure grounds; our only reason for noticing their absence was to strengthen our position with a weighty argument, and enable us to re-insist that there must have been some grievous want of system in the management of the concerts, to render such disappointments possible.

There is no palpable reason why the directors of the National Concerts should not, if they felt so inclined, have set up an opposition to Jullien's concerts. In a free country like England, fetters upon lawful speculation are not tolerated; and M. Jullien is no more exempt from the chance of rivalry than Mr. Lumley, or any other speculator in public amusements. But we object to what was simply another promenade concert, decked out in advance with such gaudy colours, heralded with such profuse eloquence, as to suggest the idea, that at least something better than the Philharmonic, Royal Italian Opera, and Sacred Harmonic Society, *tria juncta in uno*, and about a fourth part as cheap, was about to be instituted. That the Grand National Concerts were in opposition to Jullien, it is scarcely necessary to insist; a retrospective glance at the programmes of the season, at the daily and weekly announcements of the press, at the "Quadrille des Nations," and the "Crystal Palace," at the three military bands, and twenty other such matters, is enough to show it. These were all very well in their way, but they were not "great national requirements," and should not have been called so. As they turned out, they were great mistakes, and nothing more. All imaginable reasons have been assigned,

by those connected with the Grand National Concerts, to account for their failure, and, among others, it was attributed to the unfavourable criticisms of the press. This was indeed but a poor plea for a feeble cause. No public amusement has for many years received more constant and serious attention; anticipations had been raised that even the vapid magniloquence of the prospectus was unable to dispel; and had the speculation been efficiently carried out, the criticisms of the press would have been as decidedly favourable as they have been indulgently remonstrative. For our own part, we are by no means shaken in our opinion, that first-rate concerts, on a grand scale, in a large arena, and at a moderate charge of admission, would be certain to succeed. The disasters of the Grand National Concerts have not shown the contrary, since they have not fairly tried the question. Of one thing, however, we feel assured, that in concerts where music is to be the principal attraction, and especially grand orchestral music, there should be no promenade. It demands a patience and endurance, more than human, to stand in an uncomfortable position throughout the performance of a long symphony. We have little doubt that, had the pit been disposed in stalls, and more care bestowed upon the preparatory rehearsals, Mr. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened*, instead of seven nights, would have had a fair chance of running seventy. For a promenade audience, it was at least twice too long. We hope, however, to see the day when one of the symphonies of Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, may be heard well performed, and under no conditions of personal discomfort, for 2s., instead of half-a-guinea. If the *Messiah* and *Elijah* can be heard for 3s. at Exeter Hall, we can see nothing extravagant in the hope. The population of London is becoming more musical every year, and something of the sort, ere long, is inevitable. The days of benefit concerts, with a pianoforte for the sole accompaniment, are, happily, going out of fashion. Such insipidities are never long-lived, and as they have done a vast deal of harm to the art and its professors, and very little good to the taste of their supporters, none will regret their total and irrevocable abolishment.

Having frankly animadverted upon the mistakes that characterised the management of the Grand National Concerts, let us not be blind to such good as they have really effected. Spohr's last symphony, *The Seasons*, a work full of beauties, if not one of its composer's best, has been heard frequently, and by the experience of repeated performances the band and its conductor were gradually becoming masters of all its details. Several of the symphonies of Beethoven have been continually presented, well played on the whole, and fully appreciated by the audience. Without specialising a long list of French and Italian overtures of a light character, the *Isles of Fingal*, perhaps the finest of Mendelssohn's orchestral works, has been repeatedly executed, until, although an unusually deep and imaginative composition, it became a great favourite with the public. We wish we could say the same of *Melusina*,—more delicate, refined, and elaborate; but, after being once very ill

played, it was abandoned, as impracticable. From the other new instrumental compositions, an overture (MS.) by Mr. Balfe, a symphony by Taubert, and a battle overture by Lindpaintner, may be singled out. Mr. Balfe's overture was well received, and added to his reputation as an orchestral writer. Taubert's symphony, a work of more ambition than inspiration, was carelessly played, the *scherzo* omitted, and the whole scarcely better than rehearsed. It made no sensation. Lindpaintner's overture, founded on the theme of "God save the Queen," was the noisiest we ever listened to, but displayed no other particular attribute; it was given with such fire, however, and the National Anthem appealed so irresistibly to the loyalty of the audience, that it always received applause. The *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, and the *Walpurgis Nacht* of Mendelssohn, though frequently announced in the bills, were never produced.

The list of soloists was strong, and except the two we have mentioned elsewhere (serious exceptions, we admit) there were no disappointments. The "effects" were produced by M. Charles Hallé, in the pianoforte concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Herr Molique, in several of his own compositions for the violin, Sig. Piatti, on the violoncello, of which he is the most perfect master in Europe, M. Sainton, another violinist of high standing, always a special favourite with the public, M. M. Baumann (bassoon), and Richardson (flute). Among the English performers, Mr. H. C. Cooper, in Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Miss Goddard, a young and rising pianist, who would have pleased us still more had she adhered less exclusively to the modern "romantic" school, which has neither romance nor poetry in it, also deserve to be distinguished from the crowd. The vocalists were not so strong, except in the instances of Mdlle. Angri and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mdlle. Angri was one of the chief supports of the concerts. She sang in English and Italian with equal facility and effect, and became an immense favourite with the public. In the *Sleeper Awakened* her dramatic feeling was of great importance, and her brilliant style of vocalising was frequently shewn to remarkable advantage in the *bravura* song, "Thou art gone," after the work itself had been laid aside. The 35 singers from the Berlin Chapél Royal, about half the actual force of the choir, drew a great deal of money, and made a decided sensation. Their performances were admired, as unique of their class, but it was complained that their repertoire was confined, and too much of one character. These were the principal features. Of the dance music, the less said the better. M. Bosio made but little effect, and Herr Labitzky did not mend the matter. The last named gentleman has had his day, and no one can deny him a large amount of merit, as a waltz composer in the style of Lanner and Strauss; but M. Bosio appears to have nothing to distinguish him from a hundred other manufacturers of quadrilles, &c. The selections, or *pot pourris*, were generally successful; the cleverest and the best were those by Signor Negri from the *Tempesta*, and Mr. Balfe from the *Siege of Rochelle*. Mr. Balfe had a difficult and laborious post, and filled it with unremitting

zeal and his accustomed talent, in presence of the audience. How far he was answerable for the evidently defective system of rehearsals, we are unable to guess. The band, in the stringed department, was as fine as any we have heard; among the wind instruments, too, there were several first-rate artists; but here, in some points, it might have been certainly improved. The chorus was quite unworthy of an undertaking of such magnitude.

Should the "executive committee, managers, and directors," intend, next year, to resume proceedings at Her Majesty's Theatre, let us sincerely advise them to re-consider their system *in toto*.

RACHEL AND MACREADY.

AMONG the many and various novelties intended to signalise and give *eclat* to the forthcoming season, we know none more likely, if carried out, to prove a great event, in the highest acceptation of the term, and more entirely worthy of the occasion, than the bringing together, on the same stage and in the same play, and that a play of Shakspeare, the two most celebrated artists of modern times. At a first glance this desirable object might seem impracticable; but a moment's consideration, we fancy, would be sufficient to set aside all seeming difficulties. Mademoiselle Rachel, it is true, never appeared in an English play, and, doubtless, never contemplated doing so, and, it may be, cannot speak English; nevertheless, Mademoiselle Rachel may personate one of Shakspeare's characters without departing in the least from the spirit of the original, while the very fact of her being a Frenchwoman and unable to talk English, is an advantage to the part, and will add tenfold interest to the assumption. The character we allude to is that of Princess Katharine in *Henry the Fifth*, which every reader of Shakspeare will remember, is introduced as speaking alternately French and broken English. The part of Katharine is not paramount, but it is important, and, in the high and palmy days of the stage, was a favorite with Mrs. Siddons, whose portrait, in the character, may be seen prefixed to the play of *Henry the Fifth*, in Bell's edition of Shakspeare. To the grace, delicacy, sparkling vivacity and piquancy of Katharine, no actress who ever lived could render so much justice as Rachel, and we feel thoroughly convinced that among the numberless triumphs of the sublime artist, the personation of Katharine would be reckoned as one of her most finished and beautiful.

The notion of introducing Rachel and Macready to the public in the same play is not chimerical. The only serious obstacle presents itself in the fact that Macready is taking his leave of the stage, and has definitely announced his last performance at the Haymarket Theatre. But, for so special an event, we have no doubt that the great tragedian would preserve a mental reservation, and make an exception in favour of Shakspeare, the more especially as it would afford him an opportunity of exhibiting his transcendent talents in conjunction with those of the most accomplished and gifted actress of all times.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that *Henry the Fifth* is one of Macready's most striking and admirable performances, and that it is only not more frequently given, because the getting up of the play involves larger means and more copious resources than can be obtained at all times and in every theatre. Shakspeare's play, however, is singularly attractive in representation, and with Rachel, the cast would create an unprecedented effect!

We would strongly recommend Mr. Mitchell to consider this suggestion, for the originality of which we claim to ourselves some credit. Rachel comes to London in July. She will appear, most probably, at Drury Lane, when French plays will be given under Mr. Mitchell's management. The very theatre seems to invite to the performance. *Henry the Fifth* demands great splendour of scenery, dresses, and appurtenances, and a large stage is absolutely necessary to give the fullest effect to the spectacle. There is not an actor or actress in the kingdom who would not be but too proud to assist in filling up the cast, and every character might be sustained with first-rate ability. Such an event, indeed, might appropriately be termed "The Grand Dramatic Exhibition of 1851."

In conclusion, the placing in such amicable juxtaposition and noble rivalry the two great dramatic intelligences of the countries could not fail to promote still further the good feeling which lately, more than ever, has arisen between France and England.

THE EDINBURGH MUSICAL CHAIR.

We request the attention of our readers to an article, elsewhere quoted from *The Scotsman*, which will afford them an insight into one of the most notorious abuses (apart from some of our cathedral trusts) that our tardy and impotent Chancery Courts have rendered hitherto irremediable. The spirit of reform, however, is walking abroad, and we can admonish the Scotch professors, lawyers and physicians, that, before long, the mal-administration of one of the largest fund ever bequeathed by an individual for the advancement or benefit of a fine art, will be published and commented on, without reserve, from one end of the United Kingdom to the other. Our readers cannot have forgotten the events of 1844, when one of the most distinguished of living musicians (Mr. Sterndale Bennett) was an unsuccessful candidate for the musical chair of the Edinburgh University, which was voted to an unknown individual, who shortly abandoned it, and subsequently (Mr. Bennett having declined to appear as a candidate a second time) awarded the "legal" gentleman (Mr. Donaldson) who now occupies it. We are much gratified at the manner in which *The Scotsman* has taken up the matter. Such bold speaking from a leading journal can hardly fail to exercise a beneficial influence. For the present we are satisfied with reproducing the article from its columns; but we shall very shortly resume the subject ourselves, and we advise those who are concerned in the "job" to take counsel before it is too

late. The contempt shewn by a body of dry pedants for an act which they want the enthusiasm and the poetry to appreciate, has become a crying insult to the age's progress; and it behoves them to make reparation gracefully of their own free will, unless they hold public opinion as a matter of sheer indifference, in which case they must not be astonished at another *coup de "Town Council."*

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

Manchester, Dec. 27.

In case your usual correspondent, for whose ability I have a profound respect, and whose enthusiasm for high art is always the subject of my esteem, should not have transmitted you an account of Jullien's first concert, I forward you a few hurried remarks, which, I trust, may be not less acceptable than those of last year. Jullien's coming is always a grand event for musical Manchester. No one is more popular, no one more highly thought of. Nor is it astonishing, since no one has done more to create and foster a taste for music among the crowd. Not less in the provinces than in the metropolis has his influence been felt, and perhaps in Manchester it has had a stronger influence than in any other city, after London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, the three great capitals of this mighty empire.

The bill of fare announced by "the most favoured of public caterers" was of an order to attract universally. Not only was there Jullien's band, strengthened by some new performers of eminence; not only was there Jetty Treffz, the admired of all admirers, the best "*lied-singer*," according to the authority of Mendelssohn (not a mean one), in all Germany; but Vivier, the astonishing performer on that difficult instrument the French horn—Vivier, whose fame in England is but the echo of his fame in the other countries of Europe—Vivier, one of the most remarkable artists now living, was added to the list of performers. But this was not all. In a department less purely artistic, though "violently popular," quite a novel attraction was provided—the famous French drummers, under the guidance of their chief, M. Barbier, "*Tambour-major*," of whom the London papers have spoken in such glowing terms of homage. I need hardly say that such an appeal was irresistible, and that, in spite of the inauspicious weather, the Free Trade Hall—the vastest music-room in Manchester—was attended by a dense and excited multitude.

The programme, chiefly in the popular style, was such a one as might have been expected from M. Jullien—in its way first-rate. True, I should have liked to hear a symphony, or (in the teeth of your anathema) a part of a symphony. By a part I do not exactly mean a single movement, for that we had on two occasions—the *andante* from Beethoven's No. 2 (in D), and the *scherzo* in Mendelssohn's No. 3 (A minor). I mean either a first movement entire, or the last three movements. Of this, I am aware, you disapprove, but you will own that to one hurried, like myself, in a provincial town, and, in spite of that, a great enthusiast about orchestral music, the chance of hearing a good symphony, or a part of a good symphony, is sufficiently rare. I am not a subscriber to the Gentlemen's Concerts, and there alone can a symphony be heard in Manchester. Even there, until M. Charles Hallé took the direction, the band was very mediocre, or, at all events, not to be compared with what he has since made it. The arrival of M. Jullien; therefore, whose taste for this elevated kind of music has become notorious, through the medium of his Mendelssohn

and Beethoven festivals in London, was, I thought, an excellent opportunity; and my disappointment was great not to hear a complete symphony by one of the famous masters.

To leave the language of complaint, however, let me state that the concert began with a capital performance of Rossini's picturesque and brilliant overture to "*Guillaume Tell*," in which the various *obligato* parts for violoncello, oboe, flute, and trumpet, were remarkably well played by Mr. G. Collins, M. Lavigne, Mr. Pratten, and Herr Koenig. After this, Jullien's own characteristic and spirited quadrille, the "*Hibernian*," (composed in honour of Her Majesty's visit to Ireland) with flageolet variations by M. Collinet, was *enlevé* by the band, in the most sparkling manner, and Collinet's variation encored. After this, the Manchester audience had to welcome the return of an old favourite—Jetty Treffz—and they did it right handsomely.

Jetty Treffz has lost none of her good looks since she was here last; and what is better, if possible, she has preserved all the beauty and *timbre* of her remarkably sweet voice; which, moreover, seems to have considerably gained in power, if I be not mistaken. She was enthusiastically received when she made her appearance in the orchestra; and her first song, a charming *lied* by Mendelssohn, "*The first violet*," which she gave with exquisite simplicity, was unanimously encored. Nothing could be more touching than the manner in which she gave the minor phrase, on the words "*The spring changed to summer*," one of the loveliest passages in the song.

After a lively new polka by Koenig, "*The Postillion*," which had its due effect, another great star came forward. Vivier, the master of the French horn, is already known, and highly esteemed in Manchester. He was received, therefore, with the homage usually paid to well-merited celebrity. His *Cantabile* is one of the most melodious things ever composed for a solo instrument, and its attractions are by no means diminished by the rich and ingenious manner in which it is harmonised. It created a *furor*, more especially in the *piano* passages, over which Vivier has an entire mastery, and in the unexpected modulation which occurs near the middle of the *morceau*, and surprises as often as it is heard. Vivier was rapturously encored, but could not be persuaded to return. At length an excuse was offered for him, of which I was unable to catch the sense; but the audience, as it appeared, were satisfied with its reasonableness, and the clamor was silenced.

The first part concluded with the "*Great Exhibition Quadrille*," by Jullien himself, to write you an account of which would be much the same as sending coals to Newcastle. Suffice it that there was not a second opinion on the matter; every one pronounced it the *chef d'œuvre* of Jullien. A happier choice of national airs, or a more effective distribution and arrangement of them could not be desired. The interest goes on, "*Crescendo*," until the National Anthem arrives, and here the connoisseurs were much pleased with the humorous bit of counterpoint that accompanies the introduction of the long anticipated tune. The subject of the "*March of all Nations to London*" was also much commended, for its spirit and character, and its effective application as a *ritornella* to the alternating themes that represent the coming of the various nations. The solos, played by Lavigne (oboe), Pratten (flute), Collinet (flageolet), in the Spanish "*Sapatiedo*," and by Herr Sommers (bombardon) in the French air, "*Partant pour la Syrie*," were severally applauded with the greatest warmth. Of course "*God save the Queen*" was redemanded with acclamations. We are as loyal in Manchester as you are in London. As for the French drummers, with their *Tambour Major*, I cannot

describe to you the effect they produced. They were generously welcomed, and loudly applauded in whatever they had to do.

The second part began with the grand selection from *Robert le Diable*, in which the solos for oboe, clarinet, and bassoon; were perfectly rendered by M. Lavigne, Herr Sommers, and Mr. Winterbottom, and applauded immensely. Mr. Winterbottom was never heard here before—at least as a “celebrity”—and his tone and style, in “Robert toi que j’aime,” were equally commended. A *valse à deux temps*, “The Mandolina,” by Karl Buller, made no particular sensation, but this was amply atoned for by the delicious *allegretto vivace* from Mendelssohn’s symphony in A minor, which, like the *andante* from the No. 2 of Beethoven, in the first part, which I forgot to mention, was exceedingly well played by the band, and thoroughly appreciated. Another hit was made by Jetty Treffz, in Linley’s ballad of the “Mountain Daisy,” which was encored by the entire audience. Loud calls, however, for “Trab, trab, trab,” induced the charming singer to substitute that popular ditty, much to the general delight. Jetty was in great favor, and, as usual, won the hearts no less than the ears of her audience. M. Lavigne, in a solo for the oboe, entitled “Souvenir des Montagnes,” in which he introduced a graphic imitation of the French mountaineer’s bagpipe, sustained the reputation he has acquired as first oboe, under Mr. Balfe, at Her Majesty’s Theatre; and Jullien’s dashing “Review Galop” brought the concert to a brilliant termination. Every one remained to the end, and every one was delighted.

Jullien’s reception was according to his deserts—tremendous. Great as his London popularity undoubtedly is, it is not greater, I think, than in Manchester. He goes to Liverpool to-day, and returns again to Manchester to-morrow, for another concert. I trust the weather will improve.

Before concluding, I must transcribe a few extracts from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, which appears to have a lively sense of Jullien’s merits; if words may go for anything, the following remarks are sufficiently characteristic and sufficiently true:—

“There may be some of our musical friends who remember the first visit to Manchester of M. Jullien, when he found himself and his clever band of instrumentalists wasting their sweetness on the desert air at the Corn Exchange, to an audience most limited in numbers, and not over liberal in applause. The gentlemen who can find nothing good but in what they pronounce the classical, sneered, and have, to a certain extent, been sneering ever since,—but those who looked deeper into the mysteries of humanity, had faith in the efforts of an intelligent man and a clever musician, felt assured that the light and pleasant character of the music which he presented, with all its apparent simplicity, was fully up to the standard of musical education to which he addressed himself, and that the very tricks to which he occasionally resorted were only a means to an end,—which end, we have reason to believe, he is attaining. Civilization is not advanced by one magician alone,—but springs from a multitude of sources, each and all emanating from individual energy and judgment. M. Jullien is certainly among the number of modern schoolmasters who are abroad in this busy nineteenth century,—‘teaching the young idea how to shoot,’—bringing man more in harmony with man,—raising his taste, and making him a more congenial companion. We do not say that M. Jullien pursues this course exactly as we would pursue it, but he has a large share of good qualities, put forth with an earnestness of purpose and a business tact, which have brought him from an arena of empty benches to the largest audiences in the kingdom.”

The same journal thus eulogises Mr. Winterbottom:—

“A Mr. A. Winterbottom exhibited great talent on the bassoon, an instrument which has only been made a prominent feature in solo playing within a very recent period. His tone is as delicate and resonant as the violoncello, of which instrument it occasionally reminded us. He played the romanza, “Robert toi que j’aime,” from *Robert le Diable*, with a purity of style that claims the title of the beautiful, and we may venture to say that he has established his position in the opinion of a Manchester public.”

Of M. Lavigne, also, the opinion of the *Examiner* merits quoting:—

“Monsieur Lavigne was equally successful in his oboe solo, *Souvenir des Montagnes*, the tone deliciously sweet, and as expressive almost as the violin playing of Ernst—we know no higher compliment that we could pay to M. Lavigne—his execution brilliant and imaginative, and the whole admirably in keeping with the instrument and the piece to which it was devoted. In common phraseology, it was a decided hit.”

To compare M. Lavigne, or indeed anybody, to Ernst is certainly a compliment “of the highest.” About the admirable Vivier the Manchester critic is most eloquent:—

“Then came the inimitable Vivier, with his “magic horn”—one of the most extraordinary instances of persevering effort to attain a mastery over a most impracticable instrument that modern times, with all its musical ingenuity, has accomplished. But it is not mere mechanical difficulty that Vivier has conquered: the beauty of tone, and charm of expression, which he threw into the “cantabile,” were as prominent a feature as the ingenuity and dexterity of his performance. Vivier is a man of genius, and not merely a horn player. He is a wit, and a humorist of the first order; with powers of mimicry, and admirable story-telling, he is a true descendant of “poor Yorick,” and, like him, wont to set the table in a roar. We could tell some strange stories of his practical joking, and of his blowing of soap bubbles, to the no small mystification and annoyance of municipal authorities; but we must hasten on to other business, our limited space forbidding further episode.”

But enough, for the present, of extracting. You will possibly say “too much;” but pray excuse my loquacious minuteness. “A happy new year” to you and your readers.

P. S.—Wednesday, Jan. 2.—Since writing the above, three more concerts have been given—one on Saturday, one on Monday, and one last night. On each occasion the Free Trade Hall was crowded. As there were no remarkable novelties in the programmes I shall not trouble you with further details. I am pleased, however, to send you the following sensible remarks which I have extracted from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*:—

“M. Jullien, as we remarked in a previous notice, appears to have the peculiar faculty of addressing himself to the tastes and sympathies of the people. He takes care that at least a part of his programme, and that not a slight part, shall be of a nature to be understood and felt by his audience; his melodies are of a national character, or bring with them some agreeable association, and he then ventures to add to their intrinsic value a magic of his own through the means of varied harmony with curious and exciting instrumentation. His latest production is a particular instance, and altogether one of the best efforts of his ingenuity. It improves upon acquaintance,—the best proof that could be offered of its merit. Means of illustration are resorted to which some of our classic friends would consider not amongst the legitimate, but it is a picture well executed, almost a dramatic picture, and he must be dull indeed whose imagination it does not excite, or whose feelings are not roused by the shadowing forth which it presents to us of that coming time from whence so much that is great and good is anticipated. The *Exhibition Quadrille*, therefore, we must pronounce a decided hit in the popular sense of the term, and no doubt will be heard again and again by thousands, as much delighted as have been the audiences at the Free Trade Hall during the recent performances. The opinion we ventured to propound of the solo players, as well as of the orchestra generally, appears to find popular acknowledgment, if we may judge by the applause and the nightly increasing crowds who have been present. On Monday evening—the third concert of the series—the audience was immense, scarcely less, we should calculate, than between five and six thousand, whilst from first to last the utmost attention was given, and very frequently the most judicious approval expressed. The singing of Jetty Treffz is of a high character, and the solo playing of Vivier, Lavigne, Winterbottom, Jarrett, Pratten, and König, not to be surpassed in any orchestra in the kingdom. With such a band, we can only regret that M. Jullien has not given us one of those rare treats which we have had from him on previous occasions; a night with those lofty spirits, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, would have been duly appreciated by his numerous patrons, whilst strengthening the position we have ventured to assume for him as one of the true educators of the people.”

On the *Grand Bal Masqué*, which comes off to-night (Thursday), the same paper speaks as below:—

"This fairy scene, so appropriate to the merry, cheerful season which this locality is in the present year celebrating so earnestly, is to come off to-morrow night; a large number of tickets are already taken, and the prospects of success are most promising. Several individuals, we understand—as many as twenty and thirty in a group—are joining together with the intention of forming select parties; by this means avoiding any chance of annoyance from the intrusion of strangers, and securing the opportunity of enjoying a quadrille, or waltz, or polka, as agreeably as in their own drawing room. Many applications having been made to M. Jullien in reference to the requirements of mask or otherwise, we learn that no decided stipulation is made, but that ladies and gentlemen may act quite in accordance with their own taste or feeling, masked or unmasked; but it would be quite as agreeable, we venture to suggest, that the small black mask, half-covering the face, were resorted to where disguise is more particularly desired, not only for general appearance, but for the general comfort of the wearer. Large numbers of very beautiful fancy costumes have already arrived from London, and are on hire in the town. The decorations of the hall will be under the immediate superintendence of Madame Jullien, whose good taste in such matters is universally acknowledged. Music, light, and flowers, are the great leading features on such occasions, and for such purposes; and these we feel quite sure will be arranged, if we may judge from the description we have received, with a nice feeling for the elegant and graceful. A most brilliant affair may be anticipated—one in character with the prosperous condition of all classes in this dense community of industry; and in no point of view can the beneficial evidences of free trade become more transparent, than in the fact of such large masses of people seeking amusement at the Christmas time of 1850. May the year which dawns upon us to-day with such hopeful prospects, leave behind it remembrances as cheerful and happy to all."

With an echo of the wish contained in the last paragraph, I once more bid you "farewell."

SMITH IN THE SQUARES.

The vivacious Albert has imposed his Overland Journey upon the wooden apprehensions of the inhabitants of the north-eastern squares of London. Russell, Brunswick, Bedford, Bloomsbury, Mecklenburgh, Queen, Tavistock, Gordon, Euston, Torrington, and Burton Crescent itself, which is not a square, incontinently emptied themselves of their living freight of retired merchants and comfortable craftsmen into the Store Street Rooms, which could hardly contain them. Listening to Albert, they became, as it were, sponge, and sucked in his funny anecdotes and tripping phrases with thirsty interstices; or, as the mouthy polyp, their lips were widened into one broad and general grin, that, stolid and despotic, only allowed them to close for the entire and more savoury ingurgitation of the feast of good things that flowed from the tongue of the fluent novelist, essayist, burlesquist, poetastist, dramaturgist, humoresquist, and sophist, as manna to the hungry and hail-drops to the droughty. In few, Albert was sublime. In short, Albert was himself, accompanied by Beverley, who was not, as Barnum, "nowhere," but there, upon the platform, giving binocular interpretation to the Smithian wanderings and ventures. For, as Albert travelled much, so dared he much, and suffered much privation. He also saw much, and accomplished much; and, taking notes of more than he achieved and saw, returned, *Me Hercle*, (which is a Latin conjuration gone into misuse,) safe and sound, with glabritous visage and nimble gait, with all his faculties and functions, not "smothered in surprise," and all his powers of pleasing, which are sundry; whereof, *Per Jovem*, (another Latin oath grown something musty,) we of the British empire, cockney, provincial, penal, and colonial, have greatly to be thankful.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE Promenade Concerts of Madame Bishop and Mr. Bochsa have succeeded, not less on account of their novelty, than of the spirit with which they are carried on. In spite of the *furor* created by "Barnum's Lind," to use the language of the posters on the wall, "Bochsa's Bishop," the retort courteous of the antagonist posters, continues to be as popular as ever with the music-loving inhabitants of New York. Nor has the new phenomenon, the dramatic Parodi, with all her rapidly-acquired vogue, at all shaken Madame Bishop's position. And wherefore should it? If Jenny Lind sings *à ravir*, and if Parodi display no end of intensity on the stage, that surely does not make Madame Bishop sing worse than she did before? On the contrary: if Madame have anything to learn—which, mind, I do not insinuate—and if Jenny Lind and Parodi have any new qualities worth appropriation—which, mind, I fully believe—Madame Bishop, who has as much judgment as cleverness, would, in all probability, like any other sensible and talented artiste, appropriate them in her own manner to her own advantage; and *vice versa* may be presumed of Jenny Lind and Parodi. But, speculation apart, Madame Bishop is at present, and is likely to remain for a long time to come, in every respect as popular as during her first visit to New York. Her singing could not easily have improved in its own particular style, but her voice, while it retains all its sweetness of quality, seems to me to have gained in force. I have little doubt indeed that her long tour through the States and in the south has been materially beneficial to her general health; since, moreover, her looks are as much improved as her voice. I know from historical records that she must be considerably more, but I can assure you, that when she came on the other night at Tripler Hall to sing her first song, had I been asked to guess her age, I should have said twenty-five, with an intimate conviction in my own mind that I was overstating it.

In respect of the Promenade Concerts, the idea is due to the indefatigable Bochsa, who, by the way, looks thirty years younger than when I last saw him; he directs the orchestra with greater energy than ever; retains that precision and extraordinary quickness of ear for which he has ever been noted, and all that vigour and seeming enthusiasm to which he owes the commanding position he has so long maintained in the musical world of Europe. I speak by the card. The *New York Herald*, notwithstanding that it is a zealous supporter of all Barnum's speculations, has by no means withdrawn its countenance from its ancient *protegée*, Madame Bishop, and Mr. Bochsa, has given a powerful stimulus to the Promenade Concerts. In its last article, the *Herald* advocates the wholesome influence of these entertainments—the first notion of which originally, as I am told, sprang from the pregnant brain of the enormous Jullien, like Pallas from the occiput of Jove—in the following philosophical strain:—

"Since the fair musical lessee of Tripler Hall, Anna Bishop, and her energetic *maestro*, Bochsa, have given an impulse to these transatlantic and most sociable entertainments, the question has been in the mouths of all who have not yet visited Paris and London—What is a promenade concert? In answer to this a few words from one who has been a looker on in both these cities, may, perhaps, be not without a degree of interest. A promenade concert is a sort of *sans facon*, musical, merry-making *re-union*, comprising the pleasures of both concert and ball, though without being so formal as the former, or exacting toilettes of such a *recherche* order as the latter. The scene which they present is motley and exciting, and fashionables as well as the million, enjoy themselves just as they please, and according as the spirit moves them—some being attracted by the charms of inspiring music, some by the

delightful prospect of a dance to the arousing strains of a fine band! while others are there to see and to be seen, or to kill time, and numbers of the *haut ton*, after a stroll or two through the mazy crowd, retire to choice seats in the upper circles, and levelling their *lorgnettes* upon the promenaders and dancers beneath, are very apt to wish themselves down again in their midst. Thus it will be seen that the feeling of exclusiveness is by no means incongruous with such a popular assemblage, and may be indulged or thrown off at the pleasure of the wearer. The promenader's etiquette is, to begin to move about the rooms (a most delightful manœuvre in Tripler Hall) from the moment of his entrance, talking to everybody he knows, and admiring every belle he pleases. Silence is not necessary during the performance of any piece, except as a mark of respect to a singer, or instrumental solo. Suddenly the first chord of one of Musard's or Jullien's quadrilles shoots through the merry assemblage like an electric shock, and "*place aux dames!*" the dancers secure their places, while the less active promenaders arrange themselves round about the seats, or loiter onward as the intoxicating sport goes on. This is what it is truly to enjoy a promenade concert. True, the Londoners themselves could not at first understand it; but look at the success of Jullien now! Why then, should not we, who have a public formed of almost all civilized nations in a mass, go in for something of the same sort?—when it is known that we have Tripler Hall besides, a perfect fairy place in the air, compared with what Jullien or Musard ever dreamed of, as the great foyer of their attractions—which, by the way, include some of the finest vocal *artistes* in the land; and, in this respect too, do we find Bochsá following their example."

One feature of these concerts seems to be disapproved of by many otherwise very friendly to them; I mean the dancing, which certainly, in my opinion, lowers them as elegant social recreations, and brings them within the category of the Casinos of London, and the *Jardins* of Paris. Bochsá would do wisely to reconsider this question. *Saroni's Musical Times*, a journal which exercises considerable influence on art matters in New York, in its notice of a recent concert, discusses the point in a moderate and sensible tone. You may as well insert the whole of the article, which is not long, and will save me the necessity of entering into the particulars of the programme:—

"**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—Bochsá is triumphant at last. Tripler Hall, on Thursday last, was crowded by one of the most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled there. Galleries and parquette were filled to overflowing, and it was with difficulty that room could be found for the dancers. We have, from the very first, disapproved of the dancing part. The Americans are not fond of dancing; or, if they are, they do not like to make an exhibition of it. It is more than likely, too, that a class of society, which had better be as far as possible from these concerts, will be induced by it to patronize them, and make the whole enterprise a public nuisance.

"The programme of the evening was well calculated to please a miscellaneous audience. The ballads introduced by Madame Bishop helped no little to give *eclat* to the affair; in short everything was as it should be. Madame Bishop sang "*The Banks of Guadalquivir*," and "*Home, Sweet Home*," two ballads, which were deservedly encored. Novelli, too, met with much applause. The instrumental music consisted of Overtures, Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Galops, and a battle symphony, arranged for this occasion by the indefatigable Bochsá himself.

"People little know how much Bochsá is doing to diffuse a love and taste for music. Let these concerts be attended by the middle classes, and soon they will be able to appreciate the music of the best masters, while their brethren of the Upper Ten will still be satisfied with Verdi and Donizetti."

I cannot speak very warmly about the orchestra, or, indeed, about American bands in general; but if any man can bring about improvement by the united means of energy and scientific acquirements, that man is surely Bochsá, the first creator of that magnificent army of instrumentalists under the present direction of Mr. Costa at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, whose fame is not confined to Europe, but has travelled to every corner of the globe where music has its votaries.

In my next I shall write more fully on this and other subjects of peculiar interest, since the taste for good music is, I can assure you, rapidly spreading throughout the United

States. The hearts and the ears even of the anti-abolitionists—those monstrous anomalies in a social communion which professes freedom for its basis, and brags more loudly of its liberty and privileges than England and all the other nations of the earth put together—are not closed to the influence of sweet sounds. Read, for instance, the following, to which I do not draw your attention as a specimen of poetry—Longfellow and Washington Irving forbid it!—but as one out of endless examples of the kind with which the American periodical press is for ever teeming. It is from the pen of Jonas Peter Phillips, a free citizen of New York, and doubtless, from the tenor of his writings, a boisterous abolitionist. He, indeed, upon whose tongue the grand word "*Free*" can sit without choking him; he, from whose pen it can drop without flooding the entire foolscap in one huge blot of defacing ink; he who can read it in his daily sheet of information without his eyes being put out by the piercing light of its irresistible truth, can never be an advocate of slavery. No, the sight of an oppressed black—black though he be, a fellow man, with all the godlike attributes of manhood, lacking but education and the unfettered use of his faculties, to ripen them into vigorous maturity, would inspire him with indignation and pity, loathing and sickness of heart. It is whispered, indeed, upon what foundation I am ignorant, that the messenger who delivered the verses below, on the part of Jonas Peter Phillips, free citizen of New York (and doubtless an abolitionist), into the hands of the fair and warm-hearted Swede, was neither more nor less than an emancipated negro. I should wish to believe it.

TO JENNY LIND.

A SALUTATION TO AMERICA.

(From *Saroni's "Musical Times."*)

"A song bird left her parent nest,
And flew across the deep blue sea,
Until she saw the golden west
Where birds and men alike are free.
She found a generous welcome there
And warbled gaily all day long,
And vocal made the balmy air
With this, the burden of her song:
Hail! to the clime where starry flag
Protects the wanderer and oppress'd,
Hail, to Columbia's fair land,
By FREEDOM and BY VIRTUE BLESS'D.

"Thus from my fatherland I come,
A child of song, to dwell awhile,
In this fair Freedom's happy home,
Where nature's blessings ever smile.
'Twas here my youthful fancy rovd,
And long I sigh'd to gaze upon
The land which early childhood lov'd,
Which gave the world a Washington.
Then let me sing Columbia hail!
Home of the great, the good, and brave,
AND O'ER A FREE UNITED LAND
For ever may thy banner wave!"

By the way, talking of Jenny Lind, her reception at Baltimore appears to have been enthusiastic. The *Baltimore American*, of Dec. 10, has just reached me, and I have cut out the following short, but highly favourable account of her first concert, which, if you have no other communication on the subject, may serve your purpose.

JENNY LIND'S FIRST CONCERT IN BALTIMORE.—The first concert by Miss Jenny Lind took place in the Front-street Theatre last night, and the enthusiasm with which the fair songstress was greeted, and the *eclat* which attended the whole affair, must have fully equalled, if not surpassed, the most sanguine expectations. The house, an

hour before the commencement of the concert, presented a most brilliant spectacle. In the parquette and first and second tiers every seat was occupied by an audience largely composed of ladies, whose fashionable and becoming attire added much to the elegance and beauty of the scene. The two pieces which preceded the appearance of the gifted cantatrice passed rapidly off, though not without Signor Belletti receiving from the audience the warm applause to which his fine voice and brilliant execution so well entitle him. On Miss Lind's first appearance she was received, as she advanced rapidly and gracefully down the stage, with a perfect storm of applause, almost the entire audience rising from their seats and joining in the welcome. The applause continued for several minutes, during which she bowed repeatedly, and seemed to exert herself to recover from a momentary feeling of timidity and embarrassment—the evidence of which seemed to give a renewed impulse to the enthusiasm of the audience. We have not time at the late hour at which this is necessarily written, to speak of the effect of each of the pieces which she sang. In all, she received from the audience the most rapturous tokens of gratification, whilst in the flute trio, the bird song, and the herdsman's song, the audience seemed entirely carried away by their feelings, and by their continued applause gained the repetition of the two first. The bird song was decidedly the favorite of the evening, and by its wonderful beauty and surpassing execution will certainly justify all that has been said of Miss Lind's extraordinary powers.

Maertzek's Italian Opera is enjoying undiminished prosperity. Parodi's success is unequivocal, and unanimous opinion pronounces Lucrezia Borgia to be her best part. I myself prefer it to her Norma.

On Saturday last Bettini, a tenor from the Royal Italian Opera at Paris, was to have made his *debut*, but being prevented by indisposition, his place was supplied by Lorini, the ordinary tenor (and a very ordinary tenor he is), who played Gennaro to Parodi's Lucrezia. This is the second time Bettini has disappointed the New York public. A great deal of ill-feeling was occasioned, and the third not-coming might be fatal. This would be a pity.

You will be pleased to hear that an edition of Beethoven's sonatas is in course of publication at Boston, and, to show that classical chamber music is on the advance in the same city, a society has been instituted, under the significant title of the "Mendelssohn Quintet Club." (Why not "Quartet?") On a subject of general interest, that of a National Musical Academy, or Conservatory, *Saroni's Musica! Times* makes the following cogent observations:—

MUSICAL CONSERVATORIES.—We have fully made up our mind not to lose sight of this important subject. We know that it needs but to be kept before our readers to find at some time or other, an echo in the breast of some energetic and enterprising lover of the art, whose fostering care will call an institution into existence worthy of the art, and of the country.

There is no necessity of having one on as large a scale as the institutions of Europe. An experienced teacher of thorough bass, and one or two of practical instrumentation will be sufficient for a beginning. Nor is it necessary that the number of pupils should be very large to make the establishment of a conservatory a paying speculation. But something ought to be done. Year after year passes along, and we, with all our musical talent, still remain behind the age.

Thus you will perceive that we are anxious to progress in the "divine art" on this side of the Atlantic. And so much for the present.

P.S. I unseal my packet for the purpose of adding the following account from the *Baltimore Sun* of Dec. 12, of Jenny Lind's second concert in Front-street:—

JENNY LIND'S SECOND CONCERT.—The inimitable Jenny gave her second concert in this city last night, at the Front-street Theatre. The immense building was, as might have been expected, crowded to excess, every seat being occupied. We have never seen the theatre present a more interesting and beautiful appearance, the ladies being scattered everywhere and without bonnets.

We shall not attempt to criticise that which, to an unprofessional ear, would seem to be beyond criticism. Suffice it to say, so far as the orchestral arrangements were concerned, we have never, in Baltimore,

heard anything equal to it. It appeared to us to be perfect throughout. Signor Belletti, in the several pieces which he sang, gave most unbounded satisfaction. Messrs. Benedict and Burke, in the piano and violin duett, elicited the greatest applause. Mr. Kyo, in the flute solo, also drew down the applause of the whole house.

But what shall we say of the idol of the night, the unapproachable Jenny! She exceeded, if anything, her first night's performance. She was introduced in *Casto Diva*, from *Norma*, and it is enough to say that she sang it. The duett, *Per piacer alla signora*, of Rossini, between her and Belletti, was so beautifully executed as to call for a repetition. The *Aria*, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, was also encored; but she merely curtsied her acknowledgments.

The *Bird Song* and the *Herdsman's Song* were both given with peculiar beauty, and both were encored, though she only sang the *Bird Song* a second time. The ballad of *Home, Sweet Home*, was sung only as Jenny Lind can sing it. It was inimitable. We have heard this melody on many occasions, but never before as it ought to be given. It was, of course, encored. There was a degree of soul thrown into it, such as we never before listened to. It was soul itself embodied in song.

Miss Lind, on this occasion, was habited in a pink satin dress, with bertha of the same, the skirt having two broad gossamer lace flounces. Her head-dress was of green, with a twig of green leaves also adorning her bust. She wore on each arm two bracelets, and around her neck was suspended a diamond medallion. The *tout ensemble* was very neat, and well befitted the pure and expressive beauty of which the idolized songstress is the embodiment.

The extraordinary excitement consequent upon the arrival of Made-moiselle Lind in this city, probably exceeds any feeling of that character which has ever been experienced. Hundreds and thousands of cards, notes, invitations, and presents are being sent to her, and crowds may be seen at almost any time in the vicinity of her apartments, anxious to behold her smiling face. The milliners, dressmakers, and fancy dry goods dealers are doing an immense business, as purchasers of concert tickets supply themselves with the "latest styles," and most fashionable wearing apparel, in order to cut a dash in the great assemblies. During the whole of last evening the various avenues to Front-street Theatre were filled with the most elegant carriages, and the crowds which assembled in front of the building rendered access to the doors possible only through the exertions of a large body of police, who kept the sidewalks clear at times.

And so once more adieu!

THE SENATUS AND THE REID FUND.

(From the "Scotsman.")

THE action of count and reckoning, which the Town Council have raised against the members of the Senatus Academicus of the University, has thrown some light on the manner in which the bequest left by the late General Reid, for the establishment of a Professorship of Music, has been administered. The disclosures made are not so complete as could have been desired, although, we believe, they are a great deal more so than the Senatus either wished or expected. Imperfect as they are, however, they are more than sufficient to show, as has been held by Lord Robertson, that the fund has been intrusted with in a way not warranted by the will of the testator.

The Senatus thought at once to put the Town Council out of court by disputing their title to sue. "We," said they, "have in ourselves a separate status as a minor corporation; and as General Reid has bequeathed the fund to be administered by us in such way and manner as we shall, in our discretion, think most fit and proper, you, the Town Council, have no right of interference or control whatever in regard to it." Lord Robertson, however, has thought otherwise; and while he has admitted the title of the Town Council to the fullest extent, he has decided that the three trustees, under General Reid's will, were not entitled to assign any part of the estate to the Senatus, to be disposed of by them "in promoting the general interest and advantage of the University," until a fund had been "invested and secured for the endowment and maintenance of a Professor of the Theory of Music." This decision, sustained by the Judges of the Inner House, to which the case has, within the last few days, been taken by a reclaiming note, will lead to a thorough investigation with respect to whether the 11,000*l.* or 12,000*l.*, which the Senatus have expended other-

wise than upon the chair of music, can form a legitimate charge upon the fund. Some of the members of the Senatus have threatened, we are informed, if defeated in the Inner as they have been in the Outer House, to take the case to the House of Lords. This persistency in litigation, which seems to have been growing on the Senatus for some time, cannot be altogether unconnected with the fact that they have the Reid fund to fall back upon for any expenses so incurred. Law expenses, indeed, have hitherto formed a prominent item in the accounts of the Reid fund; and the justification for them is that they were incurred in promoting the "interest and advantage of the University," and therefore fell quite appropriately under this clause of the General's will. This liberal construction of the will the Town Council dispute; and laying other considerations aside, who can wonder at it, seeing that all the litigation entered into by the Senatus has been for the ostensible purpose of curtailing the rights and privileges of the Council, as patrons of the University. And here it is deserving of remark, that a professor *in posse* is a very different sort of person from a professor *in esse*. As the one, he is proud of the notice of the Council, and will even exert all the influence of his friends to secure it; but as the other, he is too dignified for such vulgar acquaintanceship, and has been known, in one case at least—in imitation, we suppose, of Napoleon when expressing his contempt for the English nation—to speak of our municipal authorities as "a parcel of shopkeepers!" and also as a body "of tradesmen and half-educated lawyers." The shopkeepers, however, have hitherto proved themselves to be more than a match for the professors; and we shall be very much surprised if, as regards the Reid fund, to which we intend more particularly to allude, this shall not also turn out to be the result.

General Reid, it appears, died in 1807, after having, by a will dated three years previously, left the bulk of his property, in the funds and other Government securities, to three trustees, who were to see the interest accruing therefrom paid to his daughter, Susannah, the wife of Mr. John Stark Robertson, during the term of her natural life. Failing issue on her part, the whole of the General's property, with the exception of some trifling legacies, was, at her death, to be applied by the trustees in establishing and endowing a Professorship of Music in the University of Edinburgh, where the General states "he had his education; and passed the pleasantest part of his youth."

Some time before his demise, he added a codicil to his will, declaring it to be his wish that the Professor of Music should, every year after his appointment, "cause a concert of music to be performed, on the 13th of February, being my birthday, in which shall be introduced one solo for the German flute, hautboy, or clarinet; also one march and one minuet, with accompaniments by a select band, in order to show the taste of music about the middle of the last century, when they were by me composed, and with a view also to keep my memory in remembrance." The expense of this concert was to be defrayed out of the general fund left by him to the College.

After making provision for the expense of this annual concert, and the salary of the Professor of Music, the remainder of the General's personal estate was to be handed over by the trustees to the Senatus, to be by them disposed of in making additions to the library, or in otherwise promoting the general interest and advantage of the University.

Mrs. Stark Robertson, the daughter of General Reid, died without issue in May, 1838, when the trustees (Mr. George Kinloch, Mr. Edward Majoribanks, and Sir Edmund Antrobus), without making any arrangement whatever for endowing the Professorship of Music, or defraying the expense of the annual concert, went to the Court of Chancery along with the Senatus, and, upon an *ex parte* statement, obtained leave to hand over the whole of the money to the latter. The sum conveyed to the Senatus amounted to 68,876*l.*; and it appears that the very first act of that body was to convert the Government stock into cash. They allege that they did so "in the view of investing the fund on landed securities in Scotland of the best description;" but it is shrewdly suspected that the more likely reason for adopting this course was the greater freedom which it gave of intramitting with the money. Be this

as it may, they state that the sum so invested was 58,000*l.*; and that the total available amount of the fund at present is 60,000*l.*

Their next act was to fix the salary of the Professor of Music; and, as the preliminary step in that process which Lord Robertson has appropriately styled "starving music down to the lowest pitch," they fixed the salary at the minimum amount allowed in the will of General Reid—namely, at 300*l.* per annum. They then went to the Town Council, as patrons of the University, and requested them to sanction the institution of a Chair of Music. In their letter to the Council, the Senatus evince much anxiety that the professorship shall not "degenerate into a mere sinecure;" and they express a hope that it shall "add a new and efficient department of study of a highly interesting description, and calculated greatly to contribute to the cultivation and knowledge of a singularly refined, delightful, and elevating art." Their subsequent conduct has not done much for the realisation of this hope; for the truth is, that ever since it became anything else but a mere sinecure, they have done all that they could to prevent the chair from being conducted with that efficiency and completeness which it was the design of the testator to secure. It has been their desire rather to make the Professor a mere singing-master, than a teacher of the theory of music. The act of the Town Council establishing the chair made it incumbent on the Professor to give a course of lectures "on the phenomena and philosophy of sound, in so far as connected with musical intonation—the laws of harmonics, with their application to the theory of music—the explanation not only of the ordinary rules of thorough bass, but also a clear exposition of methodical composition in double, triple, and quadruple counterpoint; and the practical application of all the principles and doctrines appertaining to the science," &c. This extensive classification of duties was copied into the act by the Town Council from the Professor's own letter; and quite in accordance with this is a report from a committee of the professorial body about the same period. This committee, which consisted of Professors Moir, Cheape, Bell, and Napier, remarks that music "is a science deeply founded on the principles of physical philosophy, and for the illustration and study of which, as become a University, we have reason to believe a curious and rather expensive apparatus will be necessary." With such a distinct perception of what the Professorship of music should be, and with that perception embodied in their own words in the act of the Town Council establishing the chair, we yet, singularly enough, find them in the very first appointment which they make, utterly disregarding that arrangement by which alone they could have any guarantee that the chair would be conducted upon the comprehensive principles which they themselves had laid down. From the commission of Mr. Thompson they excluded the conditions by which it became obligatory upon him to give the course of lectures, above referred to, upon "the phenomena and philosophy of sound" and "the practical application of all the principles and doctrines appertaining to the science," and they, at the same time, limited the designation of the chair simply to that of music. The Town Council, however, firmly resisted this limitation of the object of the chair; and refused to proceed with the induction, until the Senatus had passed an act, declaring that such a form of appointment should not be held as a precedent. and until Mr. Thomson had subscribed a declaration, that he accepted of the Professorship subject to the conditions set forth in the act instituting the chair.

When Professor Donaldson, the present occupant of the Music Chair, entered upon his appointment, he applied to the Town Council to alter and seat his class-room, and to make other repairs absolutely necessary to enable him to open his class; and the Council did so, on the understanding that the expenses thereby incurred, amounting to 251*l.*, formed a proper charge against the Reid fund, and would be paid by the Senatus as soon as a meeting of that body could be conveniently held. The Professors, however, refused to reimburse the Council for this outlay; and this consequently forms one of the conclusions in the action which the Council have raised against the Senatus. Here, then, we find this learned body, with a fund at their disposal, which it is calculated yields them an annual return of about 3000*l.*, so stingy—we were almost going to say so mean—that they will not consent to

repay the Town Council the comparatively insignificant sum of £251 which was legitimately expended in promoting the interest of the Music Chair. But this is not all; for the present Professor, although exceedingly anxious to secure such an apparatus as would enable him, in the language of the Professors' own committee, to teach music as "a science deeply founded on the principles of physical philosophy," has only, with great difficulty, obtained the sum of £950 to be applied for this purpose; and this, we believe, is all that has yet been devoted out of the Reid fund for the benefit of the Music Chair, although the Senatus have, since the money came into their possession, given, without hesitation, the following among other grants—namely, £883 to Professor Jamieson for the purposes of his class; £200 for apparatus for the Anatomical Chair; £250 for the Natural Philosophy Chair; £150 for paintings for the Agricultural Museum; and £120 for the Military Surgery Chair. These grants we admit to have been all fairly enough applied under the will, which gives the Professors the right to allocate the fund "in promoting the general interest and advantage of the University, in such way and manner as they shall in their discretion think most fit and proper;" but in so acting they were bound at the same time to see that adequate provision had been made for the endowment of the Music Chair, and having refused to do this, they cannot be said to have faithfully executed their trust.

It is not to such allotments of the fund as the above that the Town Council object; nor do they object to the Senatus in having granted £2844, to extinguish a debt contracted in 1825 by the removal of the library; or a debt of £3130, incurred in 1819, in purchasing the Dufresne Collection for the Museum of Natural History, &c.; or a debt of £883, subsequently contracted by the keeper of the Museum for its preservation and enrichment; but they do object to the Reid fund being applied to the payment of retiring allowances to Professors, one of which allowances amounts to £250, or only £50 short of the entire salary which the Senatus considered it requisite to give to the Professor of Music. We perceive that even some of the members of the Senatus themselves have objected to such an appropriation of the fund; for, when it was proposed in 1842, we find that it was met by a counter-motion from the late Dr. Welsh, and supported by Professors Brunton, Chalmers, Wilson, Henderson, and Sir William Hamilton. It may be also curious to know that when the Senatus consulted Mr. Kendersley, an English barrister, to ascertain if it would be competent to apply the Reid fund in this way, he gave it as his opinion, on the memorial submitted to him, that it would not be illegal so to devote it, although it might lay them open to the imputation, however unjust, of "having been swayed by a motive of personal interest, which it would be right to guard against." The Senatus do not seem, however, to have been very sensitive about the imputation of motives, as we find that a sum of £750 per annum has actually been set apart for retiring allowances. But there are more doubtful applications of the fund than this; and among the rest we may mention the sum of a hundred guineas, voted to defray the expenses of Professor Christison, in proceeding to London to oppose a medical bill in 1842; and the sum of thirty guineas, voted to Principal Lee, to defray his expenses on a similar journey to oppose the Episcopal College in Perthshire.

By far the most objectionable allocation of the fund, however, was a vote of £909 to defray a debt incurred in an action as far back as 1824, to limit the powers of the Town Council, as patrons of the University, in regulating the curriculum. The Senatus state that "they consider it a right and proper exercise of their power, under General Reid's will, to pay this debt out of the fund; which, though not paid over to them when the action was going on, had been conveyed to them at that time under the burden of a life rent." This is certainly a very amusing way of disposing of the objection to the Reid fund being squandered in defraying the expenses incurred in a most untenable and preposterous action with the Town Council—an action which was thus alluded to by Lord Glenlee, in giving judgment on it in 1829:—

"It is notorious that formerly the Universities of Europe assumed great and sometimes dangerous powers, and have occasionally given rise to much turbulence, under pretence of their privileges. It is not likely, perhaps, that this should again happen; but I do not see any good reason

for indulging the defenders in the fancy that they have now taken to vindicate their independence."

This, though certainly severe enough, was perhaps surpassed in that respect by what fell on the same occasion from Lord Allo-way:—

"I must agree with the opinion expressed by Lord Glenlee, that men of learning have not always been the best judges for directing the course of University study. In the histories of the Universities of Europe, I find that, at different periods, they have been the greatest literary tyrants in the world."

There are other items for law expenses; but we have not space to refer to them. We have also not left ourselves room to allude to the amount that has been granted out of the fund for the Reid concert; but for the information of our readers we may mention, that the amount applied, at one time, for that purpose was £140, and it is now said to be increased to £200.

Foreign Intelligence.

LILLE.—The great attraction at the Opera here, for some weeks past, has been Mdle. Charton, one of the best *artistes* of French comic opera. This charming lady, who is not merely an admirable singer, but an excellent actress, has been playing most of those parts in which she has so highly distinguished herself in Brussels, Paris, and London. She has entirely won the hearts of the public of Lille, who have attended her performances in great numbers, and have feted her assiduously. The operas in which Mdle. Charton has produced the greatest sensation—if preferences may be said to exist where all is so good, are the *Domino Noir*, the *Diamans de la Couronne*, and the *Caid*. The composer of the last mentioned opera, (one of the liveliest in the modern French repertoire) M. Ambroise Thomas, has been on a visit here, and expressed himself quite enchanted with Mdle. Charton's representation of the heroine in his new opera, *Le Songe d'une nuit d'été*. The *Journal de Lille*, our first authority in musical matters, writes as follows, *à propos* of the benefit of Mdle. Charton, which took place on Thursday:—

"On Thursday, for the benefit of Mdle. Charton, the first performance of Ambroise Thomas's last opera, *Le Songe d'une nuit d'été*, took place. This will turn out, we predict, a brilliant success, in which every one concerned will have a share. The *beneficiaire*, Mdle. Charton, on her appearance before the footlights, was saluted with a triple round of applause, and covered with bouquets. Our great *cantatrice* acted and sang with the utmost perfection all the striking points of the part of Elizabeth, and excited immense enthusiasm. It was impossible to express the various *nuances* of the part allotted to her with more skill and effect than did Mdle. Charton. It seemed as though the music and the piece had been written purposely for her. Intelligent in the highest degree, the eminent *artiste* thoroughly appreciated the thoughts of the composer and author."

This high praise, I can assure you, was richly deserved Mdle. Charton remains at Lille until the end of the month (January), after which she doubtless goes to London, as Mr. Mitchell's *prima donna*, since I hear the indefatigable and much respected *impresario* is now in Paris, making preparations for next season—the eagerly anticipated 1851, when the whole world is to meet at the Great Exhibition of All Nations.—(From our correspondent.)

BALTIMORE.—JENNY LIND.—We must speak of this matchless songstress, and generous, high-souled woman, under a sense of the impossibility of saying anything which would be accepted by one who has heard and felt her singing and her presence, as a fit expression of the emotions of delight he has experienced. Critical remarks upon quality of voice, execution, school, we should feel to be an impertinence, and will not therefore inflict them upon others. Criticism should be dumb in the presence of JENNY LIND. The primal element of her power comes from

a sphere which criticism has never presumed to invade, and appeals to a part of one's being which it cannot instruct. What has criticism to do with feminine loveliness and goodness of heart? With the gushing joyousness of a spirit as happy as a wave that dances on the sea? These it is that pour into her song, and with her song into the hearts of all who are open to such influences, stirring a feeling there that would vent itself only in a shower of blessings upon the head of the lovely being that calls it forth. It is absurd to say in the hearing of those who can feel, that astonishment predominates over other emotions. Listen to the "Bird Song". The notes are *laughed out*—shaken from her soul by a fullness of joy that will not be repressed. "My heart is full, yet glad"—"I must, I must be singing." What has *art* to do with the effect of that song? All the critical notices we have read of Jenny Lind's singing are about as suggestive of the reality as the shop window engravings of the "sweet records—promises as sweet" that meet in her countenance. We have not *seen* her *likeness*—but old Wordsworth suggests it, in the thoughts and melody of his lines:—

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

Blessings on her, wherever she goes! She sings and looks like the being who has found her greatest joy on earth, in planting flowers of happiness where grew the weeds of poverty and suffering; as she has done, wherever her path has been.

A word or two of the Concert of Monday evening. The selection of music was unexceptionable; a rare feature in public concerts. Signor Belletti is a superb singer. In quality of tone and perfect artistic finish of execution and style, superior to any bass we have ever heard, and deserving of all that has been said of him. Two of his songs, the Barcarole and the Tarantelle were heartily enjoyed by the audience and were encored. The orchestra, under Mr. Benedict's consummate direction, were more effective than their hasty assembling gave us reason to expect, and delivered the overtures of *Zampa* and the *Crown Diamonds*, with admirable precision. The movement from Beethoven's *Septet* was injudiciously introduced immediately after Jenny Lind's first song; when every body *would* be talking. The Concert Master Mr. Jules Benedict, is eminent by his compositions above all musicians who have visited this country, and needs no word of praise from any one.—(*American Advertiser*, Dec. 11.)

(*From the Baltimore Republican*).—The lovers of music, and the admirers of female grace and loveliness, are by no means the monopolists of the delight spread abroad in our patriotic city by the advent of the idolized Jenny. The worshippers of the God of Fun—the wide-mouthed haw! haw-ers! have had enough of the farcical to make laughter itself hold its sides. One of the most amusing incidents connected with Mademoiselle Lind's first concert was the elaborate *critique* in the "*Sun*" of Tuesday morning. "At 8 o'clock (quoth the Luminary) the entire orchestra, forty-two in number [how particular!] had taken their places, when Mr. Benedict, the conductor, appeared, and stepping upon the stand, [how graphic!] gave signal for the commencement of Auber's grand overture to *Massaniello*, which was executed in beautiful style, the instruments all being in fine tone, and the performers observing excellent time; [how scientific!] indeed it was *plain to perceive* from the approving smile of the leader, that the performance was most perfect." [How discriminating!] Now, all this is exceedingly droll, and beyond measure, amusing,

when it so happened that *no such overture was performed at all*, but that subsequently to the publication of the programme the overture of *Zampa* was substituted for that of *Massaniello*. But how can our laughter-loving readers repress a hearty ha! ha! upon reading the following exquisite morceau in the same critique?

"After the lapse of a few minutes, the second part of the evening's entertainment commenced with Rossini's grand overture, *La Gazza Ladra*, performed by the entire orchestra. The introductory *concerto* passages, which were *promptly* taken up by the brass and stringed instruments, formed a brilliant part of the programme, in the performance of which the *greatest skill* was developed. The *flute, trumpet, and horn solos*, particularly excelled."

In this paragraph the graphic, scientific, and profound critic, not content with generalities, condescends to particularize the exact portion of the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* which made the most favourable impression upon his deep musical erudition—and not only this, but, (admitting the impolicy of instituting comparisons,) reluctantly—coily—gives the preference to the dulcet tones of the "*flute, trumpet, and horn solos*," which it is authoritatively announced, "*particularly excelled*."—This is a little too much of a good thing. The overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, unfortunately again for the critic of the *Sun* newspaper, *was not performed*, but withdrawn, and that to the "*Crown Diamonds*," by Auber, substituted. Yet he learnedly *discriminates* between the performers in a piece, the *playing* of which only existed in the imagination of the critic himself! Was the writer unable to distinguish between these overtures, or was the whole *critique* written before the *performance* commenced? Our contemporary is welcome to either horn of the dilemma.

(*Baltimore Sun*, Dec. 14.)—At the instance of the Board of Public School Commissioners, the Mayor yesterday addressed a note to Jenny Lind, requesting her to meet the children connected with the public schools of the city, and so far gratify them as to allow them to see and hear her. She very promptly and cordially responded, and expressed her desire to meet them this morning, at the Front Street Theatre, at 10 o'clock, or at least as many of them as can be crowded into the building. It will be an epoch in their lives. To have seen Jenny will live in their memory as long as life lasts. No one will be admitted except those having special charge of the children.

The Lind Auction Sale.—Yesterday morning, agreeably to public announcement, the Front Street Theatre was opened for the purpose of offering the Jenny Lind concert tickets at auction, and the number present could not have been less than 7 or 800, each of whom paid an admission fee of 12½ cents, which will be given to the poor of this city. The minimum price of tickets was fixed at 6 dollars, except the front seats in the parquette, the back seats in the second tier, and the gallery. The seats in the parquette were rapidly sold, some at par, whilst others commanded a premium of from 12½ to 87½ cents each, and the average price of the whole may be put down at 6 dollars 37½ cents per seat. The southern stage-box (10 seats) was then sold at 57 dollars net—the stage-box opposite obtained 54 dollars. The seats in the dress circle were then offered, and were nearly all sold at an average price of 7 dollars. Those above, also, commanded small premiums. It may be fair to estimate the proceeds of this concert at a sum exceeding 10,000 dollars. During the sale Mr. Barnum stated that this mode of selling tickets had been specially resorted to for the express purpose of avoiding speculation, and that neither Miss Lind nor himself desired that the price of

tickets should be raised above the fixed rates, but that they were compelled to offer them at public sale, so that the public should have a fair chance of obtaining them without being cheated by speculators. He was then very warmly applauded by the entire assemblage and the bidding grew more spirited than ever.

Jenny Lind an Auditor.—The fair Swedish songstress being last evening relieved from entertaining others became herself the entertained, and was auditor at the fine concert of the "Germania," at Carrall Hall. Her intended presence having, to a great extent, become known, there was a most crowded and brilliant assemblage on the occasion. Miss Lind was attended by Signor Belletti, and was ushered into the hall by Mr. Helmsmuller, the gentlemanly manager of the "Germania," and welcomed with a glad enthusiasm by the whole audience. She remained during the performance of several of the best pieces, and left about half-past eight o'clock. Her departure was signalled by another pleasing demonstration on the part of the audience. They evidently parted from her with regret.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

MR. MACREADY resumed his series of farewell performances on Monday with *King Lear*. The new burlesque, and the comedy of *Every One has his Fault*, constituted the attractions of Boxing-Night and the two following nights. The comedy appears to have very little attractions for the public; but the new burlesque is quite another thing; and so, during the three non-Macready nights, the theatre was but thinly attended until half-price, when there was a rush to see Brough Brothers' new annual, Christmas offering, or what you will. The "what-you-will" decidedly improves on acquaintance, and we strongly counsel our laughter-loving and novelty-seeking friends to go and see the *Second Calendar*, were it for no other purpose than to hear Buckstone in the travestie of "In my Cottage near a Wood;" and the charming Annie Romer in the new edition of the Yankee ballad, "Where the Poor Niggers Go."

But this is not *apropos* of the "Farewell Performances."

Mr. Macready now plays five nights a week, and will continue to do so during the remainder of his final engagement. Besides performing in *King Lear* on Monday, he appeared in *Henry IVth* and *The Jealous Wife* on Tuesday; in *Richelieu* on Wednesday; in *King John* on Thursday; and in *Virginius* last night. Of each of these we have had our say, and it only remains to observe, in the way of news, that the house has been crowded every night, and the performances received with rapturous applause.

DRURY-LANE.

VARIETY is the order of the day with Mr. Anderson. The *Love Chase* has been revived for Mrs. Nesbitt; *The Wife of Mantua* has been recalled for Miss F. Vining; while *Hamlet* has been produced with a very efficient cast, and *Henry IV.* (Part I.) has introduced to the London public a new candidate for histrionic honours in the person of Mr. Barrett, who played Sir John Falstaff—all within a week.

The *Love Chase*, on Saturday, was a capital performance. Mrs. Nisbett was as charming, as buoyant, and hilarious as ever in Constance, and converted the audience into a perfect laughing chorus whenever she indulged in one of her ringing laughs. Mr. Walter Lacy, one of the most gentlemanly and intelligent of modern comedians, after an absence of some years from the stage, made his first appearance in Wildrake, and was welcomed back to his old place among the theatrical confraternity with an amount of applause, which proved the public had not forgotten their universal favourite. The return of this gentleman must be accounted a decided boon to the stage. In light and elegant, and occasionally in eccentric comedy, his services will be found invaluable. The Wildrake of Mr. Walter Lacy was an admirable performance. The genuine good nature and heartiness of the part were rendered in the happiest manner, while the simplicity, without bordering on the rustic, far less the boorish, was given with the nicest discrimination. He was received throughout with great plaudits.

The novelty of the week has been the Sir John Falstaff of Mr. Barrett. This gentleman comes from the provinces, where, we understand, he has been playing for years. While it speaks little for the foresight of managers, that so much real talent should be suffered to remain unnoticed, it holds out a hope that other talent may be in existence, which, ere long, will tend to revive the falling fortunes of the Drama, if theatrical speculators will only open their eyes. Mr. Barrett made a decided, nay, a great hit, in Sir John Falstaff; and has fixed himself in public estimation as a comic star of no mean magnitude. We shall not now criticize his performance in detail, but shall rather reserve our criticism until a second seeing shall enable us to point out his merits, and confirm our first impressions. It will suffice, on this occasion, to observe that Mr. Barrett is possessed of a capital physiognomy for comedy, that his voice is rich and flexible, and that in everything that relates to the business of the stage, he displays the practised artist. His conception of glorious old Jack was admirable, and his execution scarcely less praiseworthy. He was liberally applauded throughout, and was honoured with a separate recall at the end. Our praise is due to Mr. Anderson for his discrimination in finding out the talent of Mr. Barrett, and we have to congratulate him heartily on such an acquisition to his company.

The other characters in *Henry IV.* were, in general, well supported. Mr. Anderson's Prince Hal was exceedingly spirited. His scenes with Sir John and his satellites betokened genuine humour; while, in the graver scenes, his deportment and bearing were dignified and imposing. The Hotspur of Mr. Vandenhoff lacks fire. It is a character quite out of this gentleman's line, whose forte lies not in the assumption of impetuous and passionate personages. Nor can we bestow much praise on the Mrs. Quickly of Mrs. Parker who has neither figure nor face, powers nor energy for the part. The rest of the performers are entitled to honourable mention.

The Pantomime has been curtailed, and is vastly improved in consequence.

MARY-LE-BONE.

THE holiday folks continue to assemble here in great numbers, and the pantomime, which is the best we have yet seen, is likely to run its merry round successfully against most of its rivals. It contains some excellent things, and among these are the *Tableaux Vivans* in the first scene, their only fault being that they are too few. The famous Tom Matthews is

full of fun and humour—the harlequin is active, efficient, and, in the fair Louise Blanche, provided with as pretty, graceful, and nimble a companion as a harlequin need have to go about the world, and disprove Shakspeare's famous apothegm, that

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth."

Our Scrap Book.

MUSIC AND PROPHECY.—[On the Great Antiquity of Music, shewing it was as nearly allied to prophecy as poetry; also its beneficial effect in tranquillizing the mind.]

After Samuel had secretly anointed Saul king, he instructs the new monarch in the measures he is to pursue for establishing himself on the throne, and says,—“It shall come to pass, when thou art come to the city (Bethel), that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place, with a psaltery and tabret, and a pipe, and they shall prophesy; and the spirit of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophecy with them.” Also a very striking example of the custom practised by the Prophets, of tranquilizing their minds, and exciting in themselves divine inspiration by means of music, is in the 3rd chap. 2nd Book of Kings, 15th verse, where the sovereigns of Israel, Judah, and Edom, were on the point of being destroyed by thirst, as there was no water to be found. “And on Jehoshaphat inquiring if there was not a prophet of the Lord, of whom they might inquire of the Lord by him, and on being informed that Elisha was there, they went down to him, and Elisha said, ‘bring me a minstrel.’ And it came to pass when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him, and he said ‘Thus saith the Lord, make this valley full of ditches.’” We are however not to suppose that the gift of prophecy was the natural effect of music, but that by its means the whole mind and spirit of the prophet was prepared to receive the supernatural impression. There is also another instance which exhibits wonderfully the power of music over the human mind, and its beneficial effects in soothing the evil spirit, or troubled conscience of Saul; for, “when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took a harp, and played with his hand, so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit passed away from him.” From which we may conclude that music removed his melancholy, calmed the feelings, and enabled him to forget the apprehension that he had of being dethroned, and put to death by his competitor; it also quieted the remorse of his conscience, caused the blood and spirits to return to their natural and equal motion, and was the means of allaying and composing the passions of the mind, and occasioning joy and self-complacency.—From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.

ON THE GREAT ANTIQUITY OF MUSIC AND DANCING.—Strabo tells, that it was customary among the Greeks, as well as other nations, to use music and dancing in the processions before their gods: (lib. 1). Callimachus mentions the Chori, and Dancings of the youth at the altar of Apollo. Plato observes, that among the *Egyptians*, all kinds of music, songs, and dances, were consecrated to their gods (De Legibus, lib. 3): and even Lucian (de Saltatione) expressly says, that among the ancients, no ceremonial of religion, no expiation, no atonement was accounted rightly accomplished without dancing—so that David was far from being singular in his behaviour when he danced before the ark: nor was there any disparage-

ment, or any diminution of his regal dignity, for what he did was done in honour of that God, who had chosen him to govern Israel; and his dancing, i.e. his moving in certain serious and solemn measures, suited to music of the same character and tendency, was an exercise highly conducive to the purposes of piety, and his mixing with the public festivities of his people, was a condescension (as Tacitus relates of Augustus the Roman Emperor,) not unbecoming the greatest monarch. Piety taught Augustus to put himself upon a level with his subjects in their public rejoicings: piety taught David that all men are upon a level in the solemnities of religion—therefore David was not singular in his behaviour on this occasion.—From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.

WILLIAM BIRD composer, died 1623. In a collection of music by this writer (dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton) there are the following reasons *why* people should learn to sing:—

Reasons set down by th' aucton to persuade everie one to learn to sing—

1. It is a knowledge easilie taught and quicklie learned, *when* there is a good master and an apt scholar.
2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.
3. It do strengthen all parts of the heart, and doth open the pipes (sic).
4. It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.
5. It is the best means to preserve a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.
6. It is the onlie way to know when nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voyce; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it: and in mannie that excellent gift is lost, because they want the art to express nature.
7. There is not any musicke of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made by the voyces of men, *when* the voyces are good, and the same well sovled and ordered.
8. The better the voyce is, the sweeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that end—*omnis spiritus laudet dominum*.

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.

Miscellaneous.

RACHEL,—A brilliant French journalist (Jules Janin, we are sure) remarks in one of his *feuilletons*, that the great tragedian “conquered Germany, and like Napoleon entered Berlin and Vienna in triumph.” If this be J. J. why then J. J. is right; only that Rachel's triumphs are “more sweeter” to be borne than those of Napoleon; a glance from those dark eyes, and a smile from that eloquent mouth, are certainly preferable to a cannon ball and bayonet, even directed by the genius of Napoleon. On the other hand, Rachel's conquests are likely to be more enduring than those of Buonaparte, since their recollection is at once more grateful and less humiliating.

JENNY LIND has £150,000 in the British Funds, the three per cents., and pays to the British government annually £4,000 income tax. She has given away about £48,000 in charity. The whole amount of her European wealth is estimated at one million of dollars.—(*New York Paper*.)

JENNY LIND'S TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The movements of Mlle. Lind, after leaving Baltimore, will be as follows:—A Concert in Washington on the 16th. and probably 18th. She will then proceed to Richmond, and sing there on the 20th; thence to Charlestown, S. C., and give concerts on the 26th and 28th. On the first of January she will sail from Charlestown, in the steamer *Isabel*, for Havanna, and remain there from the 8th of January to the 1st of February; thence to New Orleans, and remain in that city from the 4th to the 16th of February. She will return on the western route, visiting Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, &c., and start for the World's Fair (Great London Exhibition, we suppose), in June. Such is the present determination.—(*Baltimore Sun*, December 14.)

A GOLDEN NEWSPAPER.—In compliment to the Swedish songstress, a Boston publisher has issued a paper, the *Jenny Lind*, on the pages of which the life and doings of the "Nightingale" are chronicled in *letters of gold*.

VIVIER.—"The great feature of the concert was Vivier, whose wonderful solos on the French horn must be heard, as no description can communicate a full idea of their extraordinary character. While everything else is most attractive, this is wonderful. Eugene Vivier has learnt, in the woods of his native Ajaccio, in Corsica, to imitate the sounds of nature, animate or inanimate, in a style of most wondrous closeness. We listened on Thursday night, until we fancied we heard from that difficult instrument only some soft, dulcet note, wafted from a distance, and gradually dying away as it receded from spots where harmony alone was paramount. The moaning of the wind, the light breath of a summer day, the fuller but more soothing utterance of autumn breezes, the rough blasts of December, were imitated with closeness and felicity; harmonies of the most entrancing character poured from his instrument unusual sounds, doubled and apparently tripled, at the same time, of most mystic character, bewildered the ear with the diversity of parts that were so clearly uttered. Strains he had that would have proved a gentle lullaby for the sleeping infant, imitating the mellifluousness of the flute. The soft sighing of the Æolian harp was not more gentle; but never was the heart of the warrior roused by more boldly defiant trumpet notes, or marshalled for the conflict, than those which, easily and by the merest transition, Eugene Vivier drew from the wonderful circles of brass through which this magic sound-painting was brought before the audience. As he made his retiring bow, a loud and simultaneous burst of applause came from the audience, and it was sustained until the announcement that M. Vivier's exertions were so fatiguing that he could not possibly repeat it. The announcement met with the approbation of a large portion of the audience, who felt that with such unworked combinations of conception and practice, it could not be otherwise."—(*Manchester Courier*, Saturday, Dec. 28. From a notice of Jullien's first concert.)

M. ALEXANDER BILLET.—The lovers of good pianoforte music will be pleased to learn that this gentleman intends renewing his classical performances at St. Martin's Hall very shortly.

M. SILAS, the composer, has taken up his residence at Edinburgh for the winter.

YORK.—Jullien's Masked Ball, announced for the 14th inst., promises to be the most splendid ever given in that city.

A MUSICAL BED.—One article of luxury that we hear of as in preparation in Germany for the Exhibition, will be a curiosity in its way. This is a musical bed, which, the moment it is pressed, begins to play soft and soothing airs that "lap" the sleeper "in Elysium."

DEATH OF MR. OSBALDISTON.—Mr. Osbaldiston, for many years manager of the Surrey, and lately of the Victoria Theatre, died a few days ago. The most remarkable feature in his theatrical career was his undertaking the management of Covent Garden Theatre, some twelve years since, and making a considerable reduction in the prices of admission. The experiment was not a failure, though Mr. Osbaldiston had an expensive company, which numbered in its corps the names of Macready, Charles Kemble, Vandenhoff, J. Wallack, Mrs. Warner, Mr. W. Farren, Mrs. Glover, &c.

SCHILLER'S DAUGHTER.—The eldest daughter of Schiller, Mme. Caroline Junot, died suddenly, on the 19th, at Wurtzburgh, in Bavaria.

MISS RANSFORD gave her fifth musical *soiree* on Monday evening week. She was assisted by Miss Bassano, Mr. Land, Mr. Ransford, Mr. W. E. Ransford, and Herr Bruno Bruckman, as vocalists. Mr. W. H. Palmer played some pieces on the piano. Kate Loder was announced, but was prevented from appearing by indisposition. Miss Ransford's singing was much admired. She was encored in "The Gipsies' Home," and in an aria by Mercadante. The *soirees* given by the fair artiste have been all successful, and have caused a stir in her own immediate circle. We are pleased to announce the success of so young and promising a vocalist.

EGHAM.—The first of a series of three subscription concerts, given by Mr. S. Smith (resident musical professor and organist of Egham Church), took place on Friday evening, December 27th, at the Assembly Rooms, which were attended by a fashionable audience. The vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Lizzy Stuart, Mr. J. W. Hobbs, Mr. Knowles, and Mr. Whitehouse. Messrs. Sainton and Chipp were the instrumentalists. The encores, ten in number, need not be specified separately, nor is it necessary to speak of the singing of Mrs. A. Newton or Mr. Hobbs, who both exhibited their usual talent. Miss Lizzy Stuart deserves mention in "Land of my dearest," by Keller. With study and attention this young lady will rise in public favour. Mr. Whitehouse sang Czapek's song, "King Seyfrid," with energy; his voice told remarkably well. Mr. Knowles was much applauded in his song. The glees were well rendered; and, in fact, it must have given as much pleasure to Mr. Smith (who conducted the concert), to see his efforts crowned with such success, as to his patrons, who enjoyed the entertainment.—(*From a Correspondent*.)

CORK.—Madame Anna Thillon, and Mr. Hudson, accompanied by Mr. Edward Loder, the eminent composer, have been giving their new entertainment here, with success. On Monday they appear at Limerick.

BIRMINGHAM.—The *Messiah* was performed on Thursday night, by the members of the Festival Choral Society, assisted by a few professionals, the proceeds being applied to the purposes of the benevolent fund, in connection with that society. In addition to the choir the following artistes were engaged:—Miss Bassano, Miss Amelia Hill, Miss Bull, Mr. Shoubridge, and Mr. Frank Bodda. Mr. Munden conducted, and Mr. Stimpson presided at the organ. One or two points in the performance may be mentioned. The air "O Thou that tellest," was the best of Miss Bassano's pieces. "Rejoice Greatly" suited the flexible organ of Miss Hill. She sang the *allegro* with ease and considerable effect. The air in the second part, "Why do the Nations?" has tested the powers of more experienced singers than Mr. Frank Bodda, and with the recollection of some other renderings of this grand passage, we must give him praise for the spirit and correctness of his performance. His articulation was very distinct. We were pleased by his always correct, often forcible expression, in the difficult solos allotted to the principal bass voice. Amongst the most pleasing points in the oratorio may be ranked those pieces allotted to Mrs. Bull. On the whole the choruses were well performed. The bass voices were effective, and, with the exception of some weakness in the volume of the counter-tenors, the choir was well balanced. The difficult chorus, "He trusted in God," was particularly well given. To Mr. Stimpson praise is due, for his effective management of the organ throughout. Mr. Munden also discharged his duties ably.—(*Abridged from the Birmingham Journal*.)

MR. W. H. SEGUIN.—This gentleman, well known to the profession, as an excellent master, and a popular concert singer, died on Sunday last, at his residence, in Curzon Street, aged 36. Besides being a man of talent, Mr. W. H. Seguin was of a kindly disposition, and in every respect a gentleman. He was esteemed by all, and will be regretted by all with whom he came in contact, either in public or private life. He has left a wife, also distinguished in the musical profession, and several children.

JULIEN AT MANCHESTER.—On Tuesday night large numbers arrived at the Free-trade Hall, having mistaken the announcement of the fourth performance. The original advertisement certainly announced it for Tuesday, but in every advertisement since the 11th of December, this evening (Wednesday) was substituted. This fact shows the difficulty of reaching the public in all announcements by those who cater for the popular eye and ear. We allude to the circumstance, that no further disappointment may occur. To-night (Wednesday), as we have before said, is announced as the last of the concerts, and to-morrow night (Thursday) the ball is to take place.—*Manchester Examiner and Times*.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—On Monday evening, the 30th ult., a cantata, composed by Dr. Elvey, on the birthday of her Majesty Queen Victoria, was performed before her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, at the Castle, by the Queen's private band and the gentlemen of St. George's Chapel choir, with the choristers, assisted by several of the amateur Windsor and Eton Choral Society, and by Mr. Rowley and some of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. The solos were sung by Mr. Lockey and Mrs. Alexander Newton.

MAIDSTONE.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Ireson, band-master of the cavalry depot, gave his annual concert at the Corn Exchange, on the 18th ult., under the patronage of Colonel Middleton, and the officers of the cavalry depot. The spacious room of the Exchange was filled in every part by an audience who encored nearly every piece in the programme. The presence of the military staff in their uniform added to the brilliancy of the scene. The vocalists were Miss Ransford, Miss Norman, Mr. Ransford, and Mr. Land. Miss Ransford was encored in "Smiling Faces," (S. Glover,) and, with Miss Norman, in the duets of "I would wear my love," (Mendelssohn,) and "From our merry Swiss Home," (C. Glover.) Mr. Land was called on to repeat Lover's Irish ballad, "Sally, why not name the day," which he sang with excellent effect. Shield's song of "The Wolf," sung by Mr. Ransford, was also redemanded. The band was numerous and complete, and the manner in which they performed the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra*, *Zampa*, the march from *Le Prophete*, and Labitski's Quadrille of All Nations, reflected credit on their master and conductor, Mr. Ireson. Mr. J. E. Field was leader, and Mr. Tolhurst accompanist.

CATHERINE HAYES.—Letters have been received announcing the safe arrival of this distinguished vocalist in Rome, in excellent health and spirits.

M. MAGNUS.—This well known composer and pianist has arrived in London from Paris.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT WOBURN ABBEY.—The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, as customary at this festive season of the year, are dispensing their princely hospitality at the ancient family seat, Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, to a distinguished circle of relatives and friends. Among the guests of the Noble Duke, are Lord and Lady Russell and the Hon. Miss Lester, Viscount Anson, Viscount Maldon, Viscount Valletort, Sir John and Lady Georgiana Romilly, Lady Frances Hope, Lady Frances Russell, Lady Elizabeth Bulteel and Miss Bulteel, the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, M.P., and Lady Theresa Lewis, Lady Foulis, Mr. and Lady Caroline Sanford, Gen. Hare, Capt. Brooke the Hon. G. Byng, Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., Mr. R. W. Grey, M.P., Mr. Arthur Russell, Mr. H. Greenfell, Mr. Bulteel, &c. Last week, "Woburn Abbey theatre" (according to the programme) was opened for the first, we believe, of a series of amateur dramatic entertainments, for which the Abbey has long enjoyed a high reputation. The piece selected was the well-known farce of *Turning the Tables*, and the following was the cast of characters, named in the order of their appearance:—Old Knibbs, Mr. Ayshford Sanford; Miss Knibbs, Miss Bulteel; Edgar, Mr. H. Greenfell; Jack Humphries, Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P.; Thornton, Viscount Valletort; Patty, the Hon. Miss Lister; Bumps, the Hon. George Byng; Mrs. Humphries, Mrs. J. Bulteel. At the conclusion of the farce the company partook of refreshments in an adjoining saloon, the gaities being prolonged to rather an advanced hour.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

MANUEL MORENO.—We have heard the most favourable report of a new five-act tragedy which this gentleman has in manuscript. M. Moreno will be agreeably remembered as the English adapter of a clever French piece, under the name of *My Wife's Husband*.

Mrs. W. H. HOLMES.—This accomplished pianist and composer has announced a *matinée musicale* at his residence, this day. A real treat may be expected by the amateurs of good pianoforte playing.

Mrs. WALLACE.—This highly esteemed lady, wife of the eminent actor Mr. James Wallace, died recently at her house in Tavistock Street, Bedford Square.

Advertisements.

NEW PIANOFORTE PUBLICATIONS.

WESSEL and Co. beg to announce the publication of a New Work for Piano Solo, in twelve numbers, price One Shilling each, entitled—

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NOTICE.

- The charge for a number of the **MUSICAL WORLD** will henceforward be 4d. for town and country. Subscriptions, per annum, 16s.; per half-year, 8s.; per quarter, 4s.; delivered GRATIS on the day of publication.

TO TOWN SUBSCRIBERS.

- The publication of the **MUSICAL WORLD** having changed hands, the proprietors respectfully solicit that all who desire to subscribe from the present time will have the kindness to notify the same to Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, and to forward their Subscriptions in advance. A notification by letter, or verbal message, will receive immediate attention.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

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- It is respectfully announced that all who wish to continue subscribers to the **MUSICAL WORLD** from the present time will forward, by post office order, payable at Charing Cross, in favour of MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, or otherwise as convenient, the amount of subscription for a year, half a year, or a quarter, in advance, in order that the names may be regularly entered on the new list of subscribers. Applications for the **MUSICAL WORLD**, unaccompanied by the subscription in advance, cannot be attended to.

CHANGE OF OFFICE.

- The **MUSICAL WORLD** will henceforth be printed and published at the office of Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, where Subscriptions, Advertisements, and all Communications for the Editor may be sent.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

- Arrangements have been made to produce the **MUSICAL WORLD** for the future every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, at which time it will invariably be ready for delivery.

Engagements have been entered into with several well-known writers, in the provinces and on the continent, who have undertaken to supply the **MUSICAL WORLD** with periodical correspondence on all subjects of musical interest. The services of a gentleman of high standing and ability have also been secured, for the purpose of reviewing such new publications as may be forwarded to the office with that view. This department will be strictly attended to. Original articles, from eminent pens, on general subjects of art, will also appear from time to time.

THE GREAT NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

WHAT will the Great National Exhibition do for music? What will it do for English music? What will English musicians do for the Great National Exhibition?

The three questions posed, it remains to find the answers. The first presents less difficulties than the two last. Inasmuch as music is concerned, purely as an art, we doubt if the Great Exhibition will do anything at all; we doubt, indeed, if it can do anything. We are sure, in fact, it will and can do nothing. But, as music is connected with the invention and improvement of musical instruments, it may do much. There are certain prejudices, bound up with recent experiments, which, if the judges be competent, may in all possibility be set at rest. It may also, perchance, be solved, who makes the best pianofortes, who the best violins, who the best harps. We have our own opinions on each point, but shall be pleased to stand corrected by our betters. We shall, indeed, be delighted if the flute controversy—the “Boehm flute” controversy—be settled, to the satisfaction, real or assumed, of the disputants. It is to be presumed that every man who has made a flute, after the fashion of his heart's desire, will offer up a sacrifice of his darling manufacture at the shrine of “collective wisdom;” it is to be hoped that he will make up his mind to submit to the verdict; and a faint wish may be cherished that the vanquished may not openly repine, whatever their inward chagrin. Another interesting matter will possibly come before the grand tribunal—the

matter of M. Saxe's instruments of brass and silver. For our own parts, we have unlimited faith in them, and are satisfied that, for what they are intended, nothing could possibly be better. M. Saxe looks for success and remuneration to the military bands of Europe. Only one or two of his instruments aim at ultimate connection with the regular orchestra, in which the "strings" play the principal character; and to say truth, only one or two are fit for such alliance. But, as adjuncts to military bands, we own a strong bias in their favor. The opponents of M. Saxe complain of monotony—of a certain similarity of tone, which, according to their argument, causes all the various instruments of his manufacture to sound alike, differing only in pitch and extension of register. This difficulty, we expect, the judges appointed at the Great National Exhibition will clear up. To adjudicate effectively, however, demands, not only scientific attainments, but a quick ear, a fine taste, and large experience.

It is reported that Sir Henry Bishop has been appointed first referee in the musical department of the Exhibition. That Sir Henry ought to form one of whatever conclave may be instituted, there can be little doubt; but we are bound to consider him a very improper person to entrust with the chief, much less the sole management. Calm in council, his presence will be useful in restraining the enthusiasm of younger coadjutors, and his example strong in defence of the truths inculcated by our predecessors, which the zealous partisans of modern supremacy may be apt to overlook. But, invested with absolute power, his influence would be the very opposite to beneficial. A man of the past, without sympathy for the transformations that have gradually developed themselves during the last twenty years, with no knowledge or love of the present style of music, his natural impulse would warn him to distrust innovation, to regard the signs of progress with indifference, and to check the aspirations of more youthful professors. If, then, it be true that to Sir Henry Bishop alone is consigned the task of advising the Commissioners upon questions connected with the art of music, an error has been committed which will go far to render the Great National Exhibition utterly impotent in reference to that particular department of human ingenuity and science. It would be easy and advisable to select a committee of ten from among the most eminent musicians resident in this empire, to legislate upon a subject which, of late years, has assumed a high position among the acknowledged media of civilization, and which, moreover, has risen to the grade of our chiefest popular amusement. Such a committee would really exercise a wholesome influence, and the public might rely upon the wisdom and justice of its decisions. Without such a committee we mean a committee composed, for the greater part, of men of the day, for whom the question of music has an active and immediate interest—we should not be surprised if the triple harp of a Welch singer of "Pennillion" were promoted before an Erard's "Improved Patent," or a harpsichord of the last century preferred to a Broadwood's "Grand." Such, in spite of

its engrossing hold upon the public mind, is the anomalous position of music in Great Britain, owing to the apathy and ignorance of those in high places. But in what a contemptible light would such a specimen of arbitration place the Great Exhibition of London, before the eyes of musical Europe. And yet nothing is more probable.

In regard to matters of pure art, we cannot suppose the Exhibition will have any direct influence; but its indirect influence, with good generalship, may turn out of immense advantage. With a million, or more, of foreigners, eager to see and hear all that can be heard and seen in London, what a field is open for legitimate enterprise! Now is the time for an English Opera, now the time for a real Society of British Musicians (not a sham one), to give a series of concerts, on a large and effective scale, and show the universal foreigner that we are not quite undeserving of respect; while to the Italian and Frenchman in particular, our composers and players might honourably demonstrate that they do not merit the contempt with which they have been treated. This is what English musicians may do for the Great National Exhibition, and this the Great National Exhibition for English music. Our singers too could prove to the astonished ears of the French that they have voices; and explain to the Italians how well they can sing much to which the "land of music" is entirely stranger. The Germans, as umpires, and the "Yankees," who have lately talked a great deal about the subject, as auditors, would constitute a fair and not incompetent tribunal. We see no other way in which the Great National Exhibition can benefit the art of music in this country; but if English musicians would avail themselves of it they must be up and stirring. There is no time to be lost. Visitors are already pouring into London; and unless measures be speedily taken, the market of speculation will be choked, and a golden opportunity lost for ever.

Since writing the above the following has appeared in the *Exhibition Express*, a special journal, issued every Saturday, by our contemporary, the *Daily News*:—

"We understand that metropolitan musical instruments will occupy about 3,400 feet at the Exhibition. There will be various specimens of organs, from the various London builders; among the rest there will be one gigantic church organ, containing upwards of thirty stops, with an independent pedal organ, upon the largest scale. The cost of this instrument will be several thousand pounds. There will also be an interesting instrument, designed by Colonel P. Thompson, M.P.—an enharmonic organ—the object of which is, by minute subdivision of the scale, to attain a perfect intonation. The ingenious Colonel will also exhibit an enharmonic guitar, the design of which is somewhat similar. No class of musical instruments will, we believe, be unrepresented. As might be expected, pianofortes will be most numerous. In this department the most eminent manufacturers are exerting their utmost powers to exemplify the superiority of native instruments. There will be several improvements exhibited, both as regards tone and mechanism. The number of exhibitors, it is anticipated, will amount to about seventy."

The organs, pianofortes, violins, &c., are all very well; but let us hope that time and space may not be occupied, to the detriment of things more useful and essentially musical, by inventions that are merely curious, and have exclusive relation to acoustics. To confound the abstract science of sound, a matter of dry mathematical calculation, with the art of music itself, which appeals no less to the heart and the imagination,

in its highest manifestations, than to the ear alone, in its lowest, is to confound the science of verbal derivation with the magnificent art of poetry. We have reason, however, to fear that the Commissioners are just as likely to make this mistake as another, equally absurd—that of confounding “music” with “instruments of music,” though the latter are to the former no more than bricks and mortar to a monument. We own that twice perusing the name of Colonel Thompson, M.P., has nearly thrown us into a fever.

MACREADY'S RETIREMENT.

THE dramatic career of this great tragedian is drawing to a close. On Monday next, Mr. Macready commences the first of the final performances of each of his characters. These will continue for three weeks, and terminate on February the 8rd, with *King Lear*. Such is the sad conclusion set forth in the bills, of the sincerity of which we cannot entertain a doubt. We fancied we espied of late a swerving from the original announcement. Certain small deviations from the spirit of the advertisement held out a faint hope that Mr. Macready might be persuaded to revoke his expressed determination. His last performances of each of his great characters were promised immediately after Christmas; but they have not yet taken place. Several parts were announced “for the last time but one,” and these have been repeated more than once, leaving the exceptional one still unfulfilled;—while, more recently, the “farewell performances” have not been insisted on and reiterated in the same explicit tone which we had been accustomed to in preceding bills. From all this, and from, perhaps, a wish that was “father to the thought,” we augured and hoped that the actor's resolution was giving way before an unexpected combination of circumstances. Knowing that one cause for the retirement of Mr. Macready existed in the decline of the legitimate drama, we were led to presume that his recent immense success had shaken his resolution, and induced him to believe in a better future for the stage. The contemplation of such a change would be sufficient excuse for any infraction of a pledge, contracted without consideration of what might arise in consequence. In the next place, we were aware Mr. Macready had selected a most extraordinary period for his leave taking; and as it was probable that many of his friends would counsel him to postpone it to the end of the present eventful year, so it was reasonable to hope that he himself might be influenced by arguments of such weight, and reasons so evident and unsophisticated. But, alas! despite the coquetting of bills, the sweetness of triumph that might have given birth to a dream of the stage's regeneration, and the golden gatherings to be counted on from the Great National Exhibition—which would have brought nations to pay homage to his genius—Mr. Macready stands fast to his intention, and retires from the stage on the very day proposed in his first announcement.

In taking his last farewell of the stage, we cannot help suggesting that Mr. Macready has left unperformed some characters which he ought to have played, and performed some

characters which might have been omitted without loss. About the latter we shall be silent, but in respect to the former, the reasons which induced him to pass over such parts as Coriolanus, Henry the Fifth, Hotspur, Jacques, and others, do not at present appear. Not, however, to use the language of reproach, when it is our chief business to deplore the loss of a great actor, let us, in all sincerity, advise the lovers of Shakspeare not to lose the chance of witnessing, for the last time, Mr. Macready's illustrations of the mighty bard. In one short month, nay, in less than one month, the greatest of modern actors will have left us for ever. A few years hence, his living glory will have sunk into the past—his name the sound of a tradition for unborn scepticism, perchance, to doubt and question. But by those who have seen and understood him he can never be forgotten.

M. GOUNOD.

WHO is M. Gounod? The question will be partly solved, next Wednesday night, when Mr. Hullah, at his third Monthly Concert, intends to produce some new sacred compositions at St. Martin's Hall. If we may credit the *Athenæum*, the world will shortly be presented with a new composer, in the person of M. Gounod, about whose “striking and original genius” that journal has been preaching, for nine months past. Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, too, a great authority, has shewn extraordinary confidence in the promise of M. Gounod, to whom she has, in a measure, entrusted her own reputation. M. Emile Augier having written the *libretto* of a two-act opera, to which M. Gounod composed the music, a part being expressly dedicated to his celebrated patroness, Madame Viardot has used her influence in procuring a hearing for it, at the Grand Opera. With such encouragement, and such prospects, it will be strange if M. Gounod fails to make a bold stroke for a triumph, even should his talents have been overestimated by his intimate friends. But what we hear, and from credible authority—independent of the *Athenæum*, with whose musical opinions we are not always in accord—leads us really to hope for something remarkable, if not something absolutely new. The name of M. Gounod's opera is *Sappho*. It is, we believe, already in rehearsal, and, if report may be trusted, will shortly be produced.

Our only doubt as to the issue of M. Gounod's dramatic essay is founded on the fact of his already having passed that time of life at which genius or distinguished talent is commonly declared. Many years ago, a pupil of the *Conservatoire*, in Paris, he gained the “Prix de Rome,” since which event he has not shewn a disposition to venture into public life, or, if so, without result. It is true the “Prix de Rome” can scarcely be considered a distinction, having so often been the reward of mediocrity, or of a certain facility, common in youth, which sparkles for a time and deceives, then flickers, and soon goes out altogether, like the lamp when the oil is exhausted. But it is difficult to imagine one, gifted with genius, so indifferent to praise, so apathetic, or so unimpulsive, as to let the

fairest years of life pass away in comparative inaction. Perhaps, however, M. Gounod has produced much, although he has published little. We are glad to surmise it, in spite of our strong objection to the Latin maxim, entailing disdain and want of love for those earlier inspirations, which come when the blood is warmest and the invention freshest. Had Mendelssohn regarded this cold and repulsive system, we should have lost the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (composed at eighteen), and a host of beautiful things; had Sterndale Bennett been a martyr to it (disciple is not the word), we should have been robbed of the overture to *The Naiades* (composed at nineteen), and indeed of almost everything of his that is published. Auber, who began writing for the theatre at thirty-five, is an exception, and a singular one; but Auber printed a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 1) forty-seven years ago, which we have seen, and can vouch for being one of his most graceful and attractive compositions. Nor must this exception be cited as a precedent.

Until we have oral proof of M. Gounod's capabilities, we shall, therefore, retain a certain doubt and apprehension, which mere hearsay, from quarters however entitled to attention, is incompetent to quell. If M. Gounod, at upwards of thirty, does as much as Bennett at nineteen, or half as much as Mendelssohn at eighteen, we shall be eager to admit his legitimate claims to all the eulogies that have been lavished on him in advance, by his friends, his friends' friends, and the friends of his friends' friends.

AUBER'S ENFANT PRODIGE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Jan. 8.

As I know the admiration felt for Auber in London, I am sure that a short account of his new and highly successful opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, will not be unwelcome to your readers. Auber has brought out nothing at the *Academie* since his ballet-opera, *Le Lac des Fees*. The interval has been filled up, and the public amused, by the successive productions of Meyerbeer and Halévy, with the intervention of some works by minor pens, which have not had the effect of diminishing in any wise the acknowledged supremacy of the other two. When, therefore, it became generally known that Auber had commenced another score for the "Grand Theatre," curiosity was as rife to hear it as the satisfaction was unanimous at the news. Auber is a universal favourite, and as the greatest and most gifted of French musicians, he holds no more than his proper place in the general esteem. How well he is understood, and how warmly admired, in England, Germany, and even America, it is not necessary to insist. That the *Enfant Prodigue* would be successful every one believed, and its having been found worthy of its celebrated author has enhanced the undivided feeling of gladness with which its announcement was received.

It is not the first, nor I believe, the twentieth time, Scribe and Auber have worked and triumphed in fellowship. May it not be the last, by still many more occasions. That the new opera was baptised by the direction of the Grand Opera, involves merely another addition to the list of triumphs recorded in the annals of that noble establishment, one of the greatest centres of polite and intellectual recreation in the

civilised world. I shall not trouble you with an account of the brilliant assembly that honored the first night's performance. Suffice it, all Paris was present to do honor to Scribe and Auber, and all Paris, now a month has flown, is still not tired of going. If M. Gounod, with his *Sappho** must wait until the public feeling has cooled into indifference towards the *Enfant Prodigue*, then M. Gounod, with his *Sappho*, will have a long time to wait. I presume, however, that it will be brought out to back up Auber's success, a judicious stroke of policy, which seems to be certified by what I have since heard—that *Sappho* is already in rehearsal. One thing is certain—that the beautiful theatre of the *Academie* has been nightly crowded with all that Paris possesses of notability, all that is illustrious by genius or "by courtesy," as your great orator, Lord Brougham, once said, in puffing a military duke at the expense of a royal one. By the bye, Lord Brougham was at the Opera the other night, looking exceedingly well. At least, if it were not he, I am much mistaken; and it is more than probable that it was, since he has been reading (as, doubtless, the French journals have informed you) one of his papers on Light, about which phenomenon he has recently been experimentalising frequently and laboriously, to the *Academie des Sciences*, with a green shade over his eyes. But this has nothing to do with the *Enfant Prodigue*, which is quite a different thing from the *Enfant Gâté* of England and Europe.

Allow me to be as brief as possible in my notice of M. Scribe's book, the subject of which is familiar to you as a reader of the Evangelists. Of its origin and genealogy an account would therefore be superfluous. It is enough to say that M. Scribe has accepted the subject almost precisely as it stands in the divine text. He has in no way departed from its unaffected simplicity, and has added nothing except what was absolutely necessary to complete, or rather develop the parable of our Saviour. Do not start at this. There is nothing in the book that may not with propriety be placed on any stage in Europe. Scribe has invented all the characters, and imagined all the incidental details. No scriptural personage, word, or passage is introduced, although the real moral of the parable is thoroughly worked out. The story, as arranged by the versatile Frenchman, may be shortly narrated. Azraël (the prodigal son) asks permission of his father, Ruben, to leave the land of Israel, on a visit to the celebrated city of Memphis—the Paris of the old Egyptians, if we may draw comparisons by the aid of the Greek historians. He departs in company with two voyagers, who have obtained hospitality at his father's house—the one a beautiful woman, the other a young man who passes for her brother. The second act finds Azraël in the capital of Egypt, where he abandons himself to every kind of folly, extravagance, and dissipation. He plays and loses. He loves and is deceived. In all Azraël's adventures his two false companions—one of whom, Nefté, turns out to be a courtesan, the other a swindler—play the part of tempters, and profit by his follies. In the third act, pursuing a beautiful bacchante, who has attracted his attention, he finds himself in the interior of the temple of Isis, where he is discovered, seized, and cast into the Nile, by the infuriated priests, for violating the sanctuary of their religion. A camel-driver picks him up, a long way down the river; and in the fourth act we find Azraël in bondage, the camel-driver having exacted his perpetual services in return for saving his life. On the point of yielding up his existence to despair, a sudden and a happy thought determines Azraël once more to seek the paternal roof, and implore his father's pardon. In the fifth act we find him at home; recognized through his miserable garments, he is reconciled to his father, and united to

* See our leading columns :—Ed.

Zephthè, his betrothed wife, who, always faithful, had herself escaped the most imminent perils, in company with Ruben, at Memphis, where she also had penetrated into the dangerous sanctuary of Isis, in search of Azraël. The action, thus summarily sketched, is complicated, and relieved by a variety of dancing and spectacle. There are the mysteries of Isis, represented after the manner of Scribe, in plain contradistinction to the theory of Jamblichus—naughty and dissolute enough to have shocked Pythagoras himself out of his belief in the holiness of Egyptian priesthood—such a representation of those renowned and hidden ceremonies, in short, as would have delighted the Baron d'Holbach, or Voltaire himself, the arch-mocker of both priests and Pagans. The picture drawn of the High Priest of Isis might find a place in one of the brilliant Frenchman's "*Romans et Contes*," so exactly does it square with Voltaire's alleged opinions. The charming "*alma*," *legere et folatre*, who inspires Azraël with one of his fleeting passions—who, generous and good-natured, in those scenes of debauch and profligacy, proves to be as much the good genius of Azraël, as Nefthè, his fellow voyager, and her pretended brother are his evil angels—is an exquisite bit of sunshine in the heartless epithalamium, and worthy of Scribe's happiest invention.

Out of these materials, as romantic as they are essentially lyrical, M. Scribe has constructed the poem which has been married to the latest inspiration of Auber. The task of animating such a story into vigorous and poetical life, by means of music, was not, on the whole, an easy one. Immense resources were offered, it is true, to the genius of the composer, but counterbalanced, on the other side, by no ordinary difficulties. Auber, however, never knew, or never acknowledged an obstacle. The composer of *La Mulette*, *Gustave*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, who for the last 30 years has enriched the repertoire of the *Opéra Comique* with more than thirty *chefs d'œuvre*, demonstrating, on this occasion, that his invention was as fluent and sparkling, his taste as elegant, his dramatic perception as keen and brilliant and glowing as ever. In short, Auber has only given a fresh proof of his inexhaustible fecundity—or, in words as true and more emphatic, his eternal youth? The *Enfant Prodigue* has sprung from his imagination, as full of sap and vigour, as dazzling in variety of colour, as energetic in expression, as irresistibly "*entraînant d'allure*," as captivating and instinct with the warm pulse of life, as though it had come into the world twenty years ago, when those prodigies of fancy and effect, those cups overflowing with the wine of melody, *La Mulette de Portici* and *Fra Diavolo*, were almost simultaneously immortalizing their author, and filling the coffers of the two great lyrical theatres of Paris. This verdict, on the last production of the glorious chief of our French school of dramatic music, is not alone the echo of the feelings of the too-easily-led crowd, which allows itself to be deceived often by a false light, and often even by a mere name; it is the feeling of the learned and accomplished in the art, the feeling of the denizens of the old school and the new, the feeling of professors and pupils, in short, the unanimous opinion of musicians and amateurs. Every one, if he tells truly, must tell you the same thing, must give a tongue to the same impulses of admiration. Auber, with consummate art, has united and contrasted the severe simplicity of patriarchal life in the desert, with the intoxicating enchantment of the vast luxurious and popular city, the glittering paraphernalia of sumptuous fetes, the manifold attractions of the lively and fascinating dance being adroitly brought into play. His Egypt, the libertine, is set in the austere and virtuous frame of Israel, the pastoral and pure, with an elevation of conception and a finish of execution that the union of genius and extraordinary experience alone could have accomplished.

As I am not going to offer you a critical analysis of the music I shall not detail, one by one, all the *morceaux* in the *Enfant Prodigue* that excited transports of enthusiasm on the first night, and have continued to excite them ever since. After the rising of the curtain, the air sung by Ruben (Massol) gave birth to the first lively sensation among the audience. I have heard few airs in a style more essentially pure, or more touching in expression. The duet of father and son, Ruben and Azraël (Massol and Roger); the *cantilena* of Nefthè (Madame Laborde) apostrophising the delights of Memphis; the romance of Ruben (Massol) enquiring for his lost son, of every passer by; the duet of the High Priest of the temple, (Obin) and Zephthè (Mlle. Dameron); the quintet in the temple of Isis; the couplets of the young camel-driver; the second air of Nefthè (Mad. Laborde); the vision of Azraël (Roger) and the pathetic exclamation of mingled grief and hope that follow; the scene of the return and reconciliation—all these are treated in a solemn and masterly manner; there is not a superfluous note, nor is the inspiration once in the rear of the situation to be illustrated. Let me add that the *airs de danse*—and dancing abounds in the opera—are the perfection of grace, freshness, character, rhythmic charm, sparkling and ingenious orchestral treatment. Were I a king, as the kings of old, and could dance like Louis XIV, for example, I would never dance to any other music than that of the composer of the *bal masqué* in *Gustave*, and the *boleros* in the *Domino Noir*.*

Roger, our admirable Roger, plays the Prodigal Son, and is as prodigal of his voice and sentiment as the composer of his ideas. Massol, you will be pleased, though not surprised, to hear, made a triumphant *rentrée* in the part of Ruben. Never did his splendid voice exercise so entire an empire, so completely fill with its rich and mellow sonority, the vast theatre of the Opera. Massol was welcomed with a triple salvo of plaudits and cheers, proceeding from all parts of the crowded theatre, and recalled with enthusiasm after the second act. Roger was recalled after the fourth. Obin, a young bass-singer of merit, was very efficient in the part of the High Priest.

Mlle. Dameron, and Mad. Laborde, in the parts of Zephthè and Nefthè, each shone conspicuously—the former in her resigned and feminine tenderness, which was equally charming and true; the latter in an artificial coquetry, becoming and artistically assumed. Mlle. Plunkett, as the "*alma*," was agile, graceful, *vapoureuse*, and light as a gazelle that scarcely touches the earth while it runs, but which creates an incessant desire, on the part of the beholder, to chase and catch it—alas! how quite in vain!

The *mise en scène*, costumes, and decorations—displaying the finest taste and the most lavish magnificence—are worthy the management of M. Roqueplan.

By repeated performances the artists and all concerned have now become so thoroughly at home in their parts, that the whole opera and spectacle seem to "go" as if by magic.

Thus has our winter season been inaugurated most auspiciously by a great success, on our first lyric stage, and achieved by our most popular dramatist and our most gifted composer. Six months of good receipts and brilliant "*soirées*" may be counted on.

I have a great deal of news, but my letter is already so long that I must defer all further particulars till my next. Meanwhile I may tell you that the new opera of Scribe and

* Our enthusiastic correspondent has surely overlooked the *Mulette*, the *Bayadère*, and *Guillaume Tell*, in all of which the dance music is perfection.—Ed.

Halévy, *La Dame de Pique*, has been entirely successful at the *Opera Comique*. Your popular composer, Balfe, was present at one of the representations. I could not get near enough to him to ask his opinion; but he seemed delighted.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

(From our Correspondent at New York.)

New York, Dec. 24.

HAVING letters and papers from Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond, I can send you a little news, and an extract or two about "Jenny," who, wherever she goes, seems to sing away the hearts and the heads of the people. You know how she vanquished Webster. Well, at Baltimore she completely won over the most rabid of the religious monomaniacs, who are more rabid here than any where else in the world. A Yankee methodist would roar half a dozen London Irvingites into silence; and as for his prejudices, they are more intolerable than anything that can be dreamed of non-tolerance in its most intolerable guise. So if Jenny Lind cannot be said to have brought "Church and State" to her feet, since in these parts Church is not, she has at any rate conquered State and Pulpit—which was still more difficult. Read the following dolorous bit, cut out of a letter from Baltimore:—

"Baltimore, Dec. 16—5 p.m.

"We have a dull, gloomy day, with an incessant and soaking rain, which adds to its cheerless aspect. The change of weather and the departure of Jenny Lind are the constant themes of conversation; and, indeed, it will be some time before the remembrance of her concerts in this city ceases to afford a subject of admiration. But she is now in Washington, and I doubt not has already commenced to exercise that charm over the minds of the people that attends her presence every where.

"Several of our ministers of different denominations attended her concerts here, while some refused to attend on account of their being given in a theatre, and others refused to attend them any where. As there was considerable diversity of opinion as to the propriety of attending them among the church membership, especially when given in a theatre, some going and some refusing to go, the subject bids fair to cause considerable stir. It seems, however, to be a subject on which each ought to be permitted to judge and act for himself. I saw, on different occasions, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian minister, and a Catholic priest, each listening with profound admiration to the great vocalist."

A proof that ranters have ears, after all, if they lack souls. Or, perhaps, the contrast with their own mouthy music made them more keenly relish the soft tones that flow from Jenny's pretty throat.

The Washingtonites are enthusiastic about her, actually mixing up apostrophes to her and the metropolis itself—the metropolis of the greatest and rawest nation on the earth. Jenny gave two concerts—on Monday, the 16th (Dec.), and Wednesday, the 18th—both crowded and both brilliant. Benedict seems popular every where. I do not wonder at it; he is as thorough a gentleman and scholar as he is an accomplished and gifted musician. The *Daily Union*, a local paper, writes thus, in anticipation of Jenny's first concert:—

"The enchantress stole a march upon us all on Sunday evening. We understood that she would not reach Washington until Monday morning, but she arrived about eight o'clock on Sunday night. She puts up at Willard's Hotel, where, we have no doubt, she will have comfortable and elegant quarters—although thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars have not been expended on her furniture, as the landlord at Boston is said to have done. Jenny has already won the heart of our honest host by her cordial manner. The rumour of her arrival soon spread among the *dilettanti*; for soon after 12 o'clock (i.e. on Monday morning) the Marine Band gave her a splendid serenade.

"Yesterday she did not rehearse in the National Hall, but she visited the gallery of the Senate Chamber during the session; and though she

attempted to pass *incog.* by seating herself on the back bench, and was ensconced behind her pocket handkerchief, yet she was soon discovered and became an object of intense curiosity. She slipped out of the Senate Chamber without venturing into the House of Representatives.

"As we write this hasty article (five o'clock on Monday evening), the prospects of a large audience at the concert are cheering. We have no doubt she will have a brilliant company to listen to her strains; and though it may not be as much crowded as in some of our populous cities, yet no audience in this country can be more *élite*. Some of the most distinguished men in this nation will be present—among them the President and his cabinet, and some of the most celebrated members of both Houses of Congress.

"She gives another concert in this city on Wednesday night. It is a compliment she will pay to the metropolis of the Union, standing here among so many elevated associations, and amid the living great men and the ashes of the great dead, to sing for the first time in America a *national air*. She will sing 'Hail Columbia.' She assigns the most delicate and considerate reason for preferring it to the 'Star-spangled Banner,' one of the most popular and beautiful of our national airs, though she duly appreciates all its touching beauties."

The last bit of patriotic bathos is thoroughly sublime—a mixture of Irish, French, and Yankee. I subjoin the same writer's impression of the first performance:—

"Monday night—10 o'clock.

"The first concert is over, and the brilliant concourse which assembled to hear the Queen of Song is rapidly dispersing. The dying notes of the 'Echo Song' are still vibrating on our ears; but we have scarcely time to re-echo the praises which her brilliant exhibition has called forth. It was a noble gathering, worthy of her whose silvery tones called it together—and worthy, too, of the metropolis of a great nation. In spite of the lowering skies, the vast hall was crowded, not by fashion and youth alone, but by legislators, warriors, and statesmen—men who have grown gray in the public service, and won laurels in the cabinet, the forum, and the field. The President and his cabinet were present. The colossal brow of the Massachusetts statesman was there, and by his side the marked and unmistakable features and spare form of the Kentucky orator. In another part of the hall was seen the stalwart figure of Winfield Scott. The acting Vice President, William R. King, Esq., of Alabama, honoured her by his presence. Senators and representatives of high distinction, and talent of all sorts, and beauty of every description, were there to catch the sweet and thrilling accents which fell from her lips. Jenny Lind has doubtless seen more brilliant audiences, in one sense of the word—audiences glittering with gems and emblazoned with orders of nobility; yet, *national vanity apart*, we doubt whether she ever has appeared or ever will appear before such an audience in Europe as greeted her last night in the city of Washington."

"National vanity apart." (!) I doubt if Jenny ever read such a criticism on her performances as that of "*Monday night—10 o'clock*," in the great paper of the great metropolis of the "mighty nation." I, for my own part, remember nothing to equal the "colossal brow," by the side of the "marked and unmistakable features and spare form"—not to speak of "the stalwart figure." One would think the Massachusetts statesman, the Kentucky orator, and Winfield Scott were the prominent subjects in a rare collection of wild animals. But, for heaven's sake, lose not a word of the Washington critic. Take all he says, and be thankful:—

"It is not our purpose to present a critique on the performance. We are not skilled in the terms of music, and we feel but little admiration for the descriptions of those whose critical skill consists in a dexterous use of a dictionary of phrases. Our anticipations were raised to the highest pitch—we expected to hear notes the like unto which had never before fallen upon our ear. We might occasionally have heard a few strains superior to hers; but our anticipations were more than realized by the whole performance. It was scarcely possible not to be pleased—indeed, enchanted; and the enchantment was told by the breathless stillness which settled on the audience when the first notes of the songstress were heard, succeeded only by murmurs of applause when the last note had died away: then the pent-up feelings found vent in a way that tested the solid foundations of the vast hall. It is not the vocal powers of Jenny Lind alone which call our people around her; nor is it her genius alone that commands their admiration; nor is it among the inhabitants of great cities alone, thirsting for excitement, that she is most

esteemed. Her unobtrusive modesty—her meek virtues—her open-handed charity—were known among us before she ever saw the shores of the Western World. The people of America have been told these things. They have read her history, and they have seen how she has arisen from obscurity to fame; yet carrying all her homely virtues with her—clinging to them amidst scenes of splendour that have dazzled many and made them dizzy. Had we “no music in our soul”—if we were not “moved by the concord of sweet sounds”—we would still pay her our homage; for she is the representative in Europe of REPUBLICAN VIRTUES. Titled vice has felt abashed before their pure lustre; and hereditary rank, tricked off with garters and ribands, has been made to give place to a superior nobility.”

It would surely have been more discreet in the Editor of the *Daily Union* of rhodomontade and spare intelligence, to have sent some person to the concert who was “skilled in the terms of music,” and who *did* feel some “admiration” for those whose “critical skill” enabled them to write upon a matter of art, without exhibiting an enormous amount of impertinence and ignorance, like this swaggering booby, who styles poor Jenny (God bless her!) “the representative in Europe of REPUBLICAN VIRTUES.” Does the ninny-hammer imagine, forsooth, that there is no virtue but in republican America, some of whose states, by the infamous, disgusting, loathsome and black-hearted traffic in human beings, are degraded far below the level of cannibal countries, where men eat men, being ignorant and uncivilized? Until this huge and pestiferous cancer be cut away from the body corporate of the (dis)United States, let not an American dare to wag his tongue about virtue, freedom, and that sort of thing. While this filthy blotch remains unscorched by the caustic of self-condemnation, let those of the states who feel that it is sinful, blasphemous, and cruel, go down on their bended knees day by day, and petition that their CHRISTIAN land be not speedily destroyed by fire and brimstone, or overrun by locusts and flying lizards. Slavery, in a country where the religion of the gentle Christ is practised, would appear at first sight inconceivable—as hard to believe as that those who tolerate, much less who practise it, are Christians. But in America there are many singular anomalies—anomalies for which another nation would be hooted. And now for the *criticism* of the Washington man.

“Were we to specify particular beauties, we would say that the Bird Song, the last half of every stanza of “Home, Sweet Home,” the Swedish Herdsman’s or Echo Song, were the most striking strains. Jenny Lind has a very agreeable person, and a countenance of singular sweetness. In singing the Bird Song, there was an archness of manner about her that was irresistibly winning.

“It would not be just to close these *hasty remarks* without mentioning the splendid manner in which Mr. Burke performed the important part allotted to him: nor the plaudits won by the Germania Band, under the able management of Benedict; nor the admirable manner in which all parts of the entertainment were conducted. (!)

“The next concert will be on Wednesday night. Miss Lind will then sing, for the first time, our national air, ‘Hail Columbia.’ The programme of proceedings will be found in another column. It is useless to invite a crowded house.

“The beautiful National Hall, which has risen like an exhalation, has approved itself not only for its strength, but for its musical adaptation. It was as clear as a bell—and not an echo returned to vex the most critical ear. We congratulate the city upon such an acquisition.”

It appears pretty certain, that among “republican virtues” the intelligent appreciation of music does not take rank. Perhaps, however, friend Barnum may reform the Washingtonians in this particular. He, after all, (as Shelley said of the poets) is the “unacknowledged legislator of the (American) world.”

Richmond is not behind hand, by any means. I send you the briefest notice of the “Lind concert” that I can find among my papers. It is from the *Daily Dispatch* of the 21st December—a local paper:—

“The concert last night was indeed, taken altogether, the grandest

affair of the kind ever beheld in this city. The house was crowded with the largest and gayest audience ever congregated in the Richmond Theatre. It was worthy of the term brilliant. The stage alone had a large audience. On either hand, (a space being left in the middle for the orchestra), the benches rose the full width of the stage, and were crowded with spectators.

“The performances were admirable. Jenny Lind’s voice was in fine condition, and she did herself full justice. Her artless and gentle manner won for her the admiration of all. Her ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and the ‘Swiss Herdsman’s Song,’ as in other places, were the favourites.

“Belletti elevated himself greatly in our estimation. The building enabled him to be better appreciated than when we heard him in that vast round house, Castle Garden. His ‘*Largo al factotum*,’ was most excellent.

“Burke’s solo was most capitally performed. The orchestra was grand, and led with his wonted skill by that great master, Benedict.

“We have not time to say more in the way of ‘criticism.’ Every body seemed delighted. If any of those present should ever regret the money they paid for the entertainment, we are sure a feeling of regret did not get a chance to enter their minds until the concert was over.”

Did they regret it “when the concert was over?” I hope not!

In the same paper we have more accounts of the “Nightingale’s” benevolence, with other curious matters:—

“NOBLE CHARITY OF JENNY LIND.—We have authority for saying, that Jenny Lind yesterday gave One Thousand Dollars to the ‘Female Orphan Asylum’ of Richmond. Charities like this show the benevolent disposition of this sweet vocalist, and constitute a large share of the claim to that astonishing popularity which she has gained in the world. This humane tribute will cause her to be gratefully remembered in Richmond years after she is gone.

“A beautiful bouquet was thrown on the stage last night, just after the song of ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ It was prepared by the little hands of the Orphans, and presented through their matron to Jenny Lind.

“Jenny Lind yesterday visited the Asylum and sang for the Orphans.”

“PICKPOCKETS (Republican).—Our caution yesterday did not fully effect the object we desired. Several persons were relieved of their pocket-books at the Theatre yesterday morning while passing through the crowd which had assembled there for tickets. One of our friends called at our office yesterday to inform us that he also had his pocket-book stolen at an early hour in the morning, while purchasing a railroad ticket at the depot office on Broad Street.

“Burglars are also about, and have commenced operations. The particulars have been furnished us, but we have been requested to suppress them for the present.”

On the evening of Thursday, the 19th, Jenny was serenaded at her window, by a party of Germans, who advanced and departed in procession, by torch light. They sang a harmony *lied*, in the German tongue.

“Jenny Lind Opera Glasses,” and “Jenny Lind Opera Sacks,” are prodigally announced, besides Jenny Lind all sorts of matters. Here is one of the advertisements, from the *Daily Union* of Washington:—

“Jenny Lind Opera Sacks.”

WE will open on Monday, the 16th instant, a splendid assortment of Jenny Lind Opera Sacks; also the latest Paris styles of velvet, cloth, and silk elocks. These choice articles are consigned to us from the North, and will be for sale only for a few days. Great bargains will be given. They will be exposed for examination in the room over our store.

P. H. HOOE & CO.,

Pensylvania Avenue, between 7th and 8th streets. Dec. 15, d4tif. [Intel. & Repub.]”

Hoe, dear! The others are longer, but much of a colour. If you would like to see the kind of programme Jenny gives, here is one of the second concert at Washington. It may serve as a good specimen. You may as well quote it entire; as it stands, preserving the Italian orthography, which I have no time to correct.

Mademoiselle Jenny Lind

Will give her forty-third grand concert in America, and positively her last in Washington, at the new National Hall, on

Wednesday Evening, December 18th, 1850.

PROGRAMME.**PART I.**

Overture - - - (Zampa) - - - *Herold.*
Cavatina—"Viraiviso"—(La Sonnambula)—Signor Belletti Bellini.
Aria—"Perche' nor ho del vento"—(Lucia de Lammermoor)—Md'le JENNY LIND - - - *Donizetti.*
Fantasia on the flute—Mr. Seede - - - *Briccialde.*
Ballad—"Take this lute"—Md'le JENNY LIND. - - *Bendite.*

PART II.

Overture - - - (Crown Diamonds) - - - *Auber.*
Scena and Aria—"Casta Diva"—(Norma)—Md'le JENNY LIND - - - *Belini.*
Aria—"Mili rampolli"—(La Cenerentola)—Signor Belletti - - - *Rosini.*
Ballad—"Home, Sweet Home"—words by John Howard Payne—(Clari)—Md'le JENNY LIND - - - *Bishop.*
Grand March from the Prophete - - - *Meyerbeer.*
The Bird Song—Md'le JENNY LIND - - - *Taubert.*
Il Portezlione—Signor Belletti - - - *Balf.*
Horn obligato—Mr. Schmitz.
"Hail Columbia," which will be sung for the first time in America by Md'le JENNY LIND.

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

An orchestra, composed of the most eminent solo performers, from the Jenny Lind Concerts, New York, led by Mr. Joseph Burke, and the whole of the Germania Musical Society, has been engaged for the occasion.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

The grand piano used upon this occasion has been kindly furnished by Mr. Fischer, at Stationers' Hall, on Pennsylvania Avenue, where it will be offered for sale after the concert.

The price of seats has been fixed at 7 dol., 5 dol., 4 and 3 dol. Diagrams of the hall may be seen at Willard's Hotel, where an office has been opened, and where seats may be secured. Every Ticket sold will have a number, which will secure the purchaser a specific seat.

Programmes containing the words of the songs in Italian, German, French, and English, have been prepared, and may be obtained in the hall. Price, 25 cents.

The public are respectfully informed that this is positively the last concert which Md'le Jenny Lind can possibly give in Washington, as she is announced to sing in Richmond on Friday evening, the 20th instant. Dec. 17—2t.

And so, enough for the present. Next week I shall have plenty of news.

P.S.—Don't put my initials. I am going to Washington to-morrow, and am afraid of the anti-abolitionists.

Original Correspondence.

DUSSEK.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Some years ago I had the pleasure of sending you a memoir of my uncle, J. L. Dussek, which was honoured with your approbation; but I can remember now that I did not sufficiently expatiate on his lighter works, which ought first to be given to the student, before he attempts any of the grand sonatas or concertos.

Will you allow me, now, to recommend his op. 6 (six airs with variations) op. 9, No. 1; op. 12, No. 1; op. 14, 16, 19, 24, (the sonata, dedicated to Mrs. Chinnery), 25, 31, and 62—the "Consolation." After having mastered them, the student may venture on op. 35 and 44 (dedicated to Cleменти), the Fantasia and Fugue op. 50, dedicated to Cramer—"Le Retour a Paris," op. 64, (in A

flat—known as "Plus Ultra") the grand concerto in G minor (op. 49), and last, not least, "L'Invocation." The "Student" having become thoroughly familiar with these need not be afraid of any modern fantasia of Thalberg, Chopin, Henselt, or Liszt.

Wishing you, dear sir, the compliments of the season,
I remain, yours, sincerely and obliged,

P10 CIANCHETTINI.

Cheltenham, 5th Jan., 1851.
7, Northwick Terrace, Montpellier Grove.

JULLIEN—JETTY TREFFZ—VIVIER.

WE cite with pleasure the following glowing apostrophe to the merits of three popular artists, well deserving of the public, and not unworthy the praises so lavishly distributed by our seldom transported contemporary, *The Manchester Courier*.

"M. Jullien has successfully proved the hold he has upon the goodwill of the musical people of Manchester, by assembling in the Free-trade Hall, despite the soaking rains and muddy streets which the last few days have been distinguished for, immense congregations of people, varying from 3,000 to 4,000 nightly. He has continued that fulness of attraction, which we noticed last week in referring to the first concert, judiciously chequering his entertainments with works by such masters as Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to suit the taste of those who, content with lighter strains, occasionally have a relish for and an appreciation of music of the highest class.

"Madlle. Jetty Treffz, the vocalist who accompanies M. Jullien on his provincial tour this year, has so won on the feeling of her audience by her style of ballad-singing, effective and beautiful in its unadorned simplicity, that she has not yet sung a song without being encored, and on Wednesday she excited quite a *furor*. With "Home, sweet home," and the not a whit less charming "Trab, trab," in her repertoire, Jetty Treffz will long hold her place among those vocalists of the present day, who win public favour and approbation through the display of feeling and sentiment, rather than by the elaboration and ornament of all they undertake. It is not often we see an audience wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as on Wednesday night, when "Trab, trab," was repeated for the second time; and the lady left the platform amid the vociferous plaudits of the whole assembly.

"Vivier's horn-playing is so absolutely wonderful, that sceptical people have denied the possibility of such sounds being produced from the instrument on which he is now, for a time, displaying his powers. But such persons should suspend their judgment, or, at least, withhold the expression of it, until an opportunity is afforded the artist, which we hope soon will be, of exhibiting his equal power over the violin, an instrument that in his hands, we are assured by authorities of high standing, seems to laugh at the limits men have set to its powers, and in mere vagrant humour utters unheard-of melodies and harmonies. He gave Schubert's serenade on Wednesday night, and on being encored he re-appeared and substituted his own wondrous accumulation of difficulties. It was superior to the serenade, which was marred by injudicious piano-forte playing, several of the passages, that require profound silence to give them effect, being lost amid the loud tinkling of the other instrument."

Those who know him intimately will at once respond to what the *Courier* has so eloquently set forth in respect of that peculiar style of "fiddling," which is one of the most singular endowments of Vivier—*musicien universel de naissance, preux chevalier d'origine, homme aimable et spirituel (qui chevauche en devisant gaisment) par excellence.*

LIVERPOOL.—"The Infant Marie," as she is termed, made (according to announcement, at least) her last appearance at the Concert Hall last evening, before a numerous company. The efforts of Mr. Graham's little pupil upon the piano included a fantasia on English airs by Czerny, "Non Piu Mesta," and other pieces. The songs she gave were "Haunt ye the Mountain," the "Trab, Trab," of Jetty Treffz, "Home, sweet home," &c., while she accompanied her elder sister in the sparkling duet of W. H. Holmes, called "The Swiss Maidens." The songs of "Jenny Jones" and "I'm Ninety-five," Marie sang in costume. Mr. Graham, also, gave several of Russell's songs.—*Liverpool Times.*

Reviews of Music.

"ANTHEM,"—IN THAT DAY.—Composed by Dr. G. J. Elvey.
J. SURMAN.

WE mentioned the fact, in our last number, of this anthem having been performed at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, before the Queen, Dr. Elvey himself, organist of the chapel, presiding. The composition is dedicated to H.R.H. Prince Albert, K.G., and is a worthy offering to that illustrious amateur. The aim of Dr. Elvey, in writing this anthem, has evidently been to bring into prominence the contrapuntal element of the church style. Besides two carefully worked choral fugues, in which the clearness of the four-part writing and the absence of superfluous modulation might be advantageously consulted by some composers of the present day whom we need not mention, the whole of the opening chorus is cleverly constructed according to canonic form, the imitations being all in the strict manner of those esteemed Italian masters who may be said to be represented by Leo, Porpora, Durante, and Clari, and who are justly considered the patriarchs of vocal counterpoint. Dr. Elvey excels more—at least as well as we may judge from the specimen before us—in effects derivable from the combination of voices than in solo songs and recitatives; and his bias is shown by the short duration of the two or three solos to be found in the present anthem, the only exception being the alto air in E flat, "The Lord is exalted," which being very smooth and melodious, would have admitted, we think, of longer development. Even in this instance the tune is most effective when accompanied by the harmony of the chorus. As coda to this accompanied air the second and, in our opinion, best, because closest and briefest of the fugues we have mentioned, appears. The only objection we have to Dr. Elvey's anthem, the perusal of which has afforded us much gratification, is that it ends in the subdominant of the tonal key; the opening recitative and chorus being in B flat, while the final chorus is in E flat. Probably, however, Dr. Elvey may have a theory of his own, to colour and excuse this deviation from the rules laid down by the great masters. We should be glad to be made acquainted with his views on the subject, and take leave of his anthem with the hope that Mr. Surman will give us an opportunity of hearing it with a competent chorus and orchestra.

Provincial.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

M. Charles Halle's sixth and last Classical Chamber Concert took place at the Assembly Rooms, Manchester, on Thursday, the 26th ult. The Programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Second Grand Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello,
In A Flat, Op. 52. - - - Mayseder.
Grand Sonata—Pianoforte, in D Minor, Op. 49 - - - Weber.

PART II.

Grand Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in D,
Op. 70, No. 1 - - - Beethoven.
Variations—Pianoforte and Violoncello—(Sur un Theme
de Handel.) - - - Beethoven.
Miscellaneous Selection—Pianoforte—Prelude and Fugue
In F Minor - - - Mendelssohn.
In B " " "Poeme d'amour" - Henselt.

Again we had novelty, and variety, the entire of the above being quite different from any former programme this season. The taste of the selection cannot be disputed, yet the pieces given possessed fewer charms, or touching interest, than those of any

preceding concert of the series. Mayseder, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Henselt, made a formidable array of names, and the selections from their works called for qualities in their execution, as great as any of them. Still, there was a want of warmth, as though they lacked the fire of inspiration; the mechanical difficulties and combinations were but too apparent, and the skill no less so, in the composition and performance; but we did not feel those glorious harmonies and strains, that are so difficult to describe, yet so continually occurring, in most of the chamber compositions of the "great masters." The result was evident in the applause, which was scant, and given more in justice to the faultless execution of the three clever players, than to the stirring power of the music.

With all this, however, be it understood, the concert was of a high character, and only suffered in comparison with its precursors. It would be difficult to hear such a programme, and such a performance elsewhere in the Provinces. Mayseder's Trio is perhaps as good an example as could have been selected of his style; the subjects are pleasing enough, especially in the *adagio* and *finale*. It was very finely played, and as warmly received as anything during the evening. Hallé, Baetens, Lidel, were all good, as usual; the violin was prominent, and Baetens played his part in excellent style; we fancy however, that he was again troubled with a refractory first-string, the only drawback being now and then a slight whistling in the higher stops. Hallé gave the pianoforte part most brilliantly. We never liked Lidel better; his tone, when taking his turn at the melody with Baetens (the pianoforte giving the accompaniment) was all that could be desired, his playing throughout being distinguished by high finish.

Weber's sonata requires to be better known to be appreciated. It did not fall so gratefully on our ear, or reach the mind in the satisfactory way that Beethoven's do. It is immensely difficult, yet Hallé gave it entirely from memory, and his great talent had ample room for display in the fire demanded by the *allegro*, the delicacy of touch and expression in the *andante*, and the rapidity and brilliancy of finger in the *finale*. Beethoven's Trio was nobly played, and the theme, with variations, a treat not often afforded at these concerts—a theme with variations—but the variations by Beethoven, and on a theme by Handel, the well-known subject from *Judas Maccabæus*, "See the Conquering Hero comes." It was finely executed by both performers. What a loss to the musical world of Manchester, if Charles Hallé leave us! Hallé's final display was an interesting selection, which would have been more worthily received and applauded, had the preceding Sonata and Trio not been so long and trying. Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in F minor—and Henselt's melody were both well given; the latter winds up with the subject, *à l'arpeggio* for both hands, in the Thalberg style. Hallé, no doubt, would have received a cordial farewell cheer on retiring from his ardent admirers, but for the fact, noticed at the foot of his programme—that there is to be one more Concert—the last before the beautiful Assembly Rooms are pulled down (to build warehouses on the site)!—on the 11th of January.

Jullien—"the mighty Jullien," made his appearance the same night (as Hallé's Concert), at the Free Trade Hall—and, as usual, had a bumper.—Again on Saturday, the 28th, and on Monday, the 30th (when we had the pleasure to assist), and on New Year's Day,—winding up with a *Bal costumé*, on the 2nd instant.

Jullien never had a more successful trip to Manchester; but how is it he only gives us five nights in all (including the *Bal*) when he first announced seventeen? He assigns a reason, certainly,—that the French Drummers could not get so long a leave of absence. But was it not a piece of *finesse* on the part of the clever conductor?—The seventeen nights thus dwindling into five, caused every one to be anxious to go—and a regular cram every night was the consequence at the Free Trade Hall. Jullien so well understands the art of attracting John Bull, that we are surprised at nothing he does: his tact is consummate—his address popular. What can be a better example than his *Great Exhibition Quadrille*? As we were present on Monday Evening, we can speak in the highest terms of his orchestra—than which, he never had a better in Manchester. Besides the French Drummers and their Tambour

Major, both unique in their way, there were, Koenig, Winterbottom, Pratten, Jarrett, Summers, Collinet, Viotti, Collins, Lavigne, Sonnemberg, Baker, &c., besides the inimitable Vivier, and the ever charming Jetty Treffz. We were glad to see the new members of the Concert Hall Orchestra doing duty as seconds—oboe (Mr. Jennings), second clarinet (Mr. Sorge), and Mr. Waud amongst the violoncellos.

A more exciting scene than during the performance of the national anthem we never beheld—the vast body of the hall presented a sea of human heads (“hats off,” of course), every body standing, and every corner filled, even to the remote extremes of the galleries. The applause was rapturous and prolonged. Jullien now seldom omits something of the classic in his programme, and on this occasion we had the andante from the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, and the Allegro and Storm from the *Pastorale* of the same composer. Monsieur Vivier's solos on the horn are enough to convince the veriest sceptic of his amazing power over that intractable instrument. To describe his performance technically is impossible—we can but express our admiration of his expression and tone, the finest we ever listened to on a brass instrument. Jetty Treffz' songs, especially the “Trab, Trab,” are pre-eminently her own. Anything more charming in its simple way we would not wish to hear. Everything she sings is encored.

Foreign.

LILLE.—The performances of Mlle. Charton continue to attract the amateurs of Lille to the Opera, and to ensure a prosperous state of affairs to the treasury. The *Song d'une Nuit d'Eté* of Ambroise Thomas has proved a great hit, and some connoisseurs, who have seen the original representative of Queen Elizabeth at the *Opera Comique*, the celebrated Madame Ugalde, do not hesitate to say that Mlle. Charton is as good in every respect. It is not yet known who will succeed our charming *prima donna*. She positively leaves us at the end of the month.

ROME.—Miss Catherine Hayes made her *debut* at Rome on the 26th ult., at the Teatro Apollo in the *Puritani*, with brilliant success. The cavatina, “Qui la voce,” and the “polacca” both created a furor. Miss Hayes was recalled thrice after the performance of each. The Romans find that the voice of the charming *Inglese* has wonderfully improved in strength and quality, and with respect to her singing, in the present state of the art in Italy, they very rarely hear any thing so good.

VIENNA.—The Italian Opera opens in March. The engagements are already made, and consist of Madame Tadolini, *prima donna*, Fraschini, *primo tenore*, Bordas, second tenor, and De Bassini, barytone. The contralto and basso are not mentioned.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.

No one can complain that Mr. Anderson does not labour to produce variety. To back up the new pantomime, *Humpty Dumpty*, the vast improvement of which, owing to judicious curtailment, we have already noticed, he has changed the performance almost every evening; in addition to which, a great attraction is announced at the foot of the bills, in the shape of a new comedy, called *Old Love and the New*, from the pen of Mr. Sullivan, the intelligent author of *The Beggar on Horseback*, which produced so favourable an impression at the Haymarket, three or four years ago.

On Monday, Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* introduced Mr. Anderson, for the first time, in a part, which, since the days of John Kemble, no one but Mr. Macready has successfully im-

personated. Mr. Vandenhoff has been highly praised, it is true, in the character, by some who profess to remember the “immortal John” and are eloquent about the Kemble “sweep.” But let that pass. “Sweep” apart, Coriolanus is, beyond controversy, one of Mr. Vandenhoff's best Shaksperian assumptions; and though to our way of judging, certainly not the Roman patriot-despot, as Shakspeare imagined and painted him—covering the meagre skeleton of Plutarch with natural flesh and blood, and making a fire-eyed hero out of a philosophical abstraction—we have little doubt it was the Coriolanus which John Kemble conceived and acted, and as such, acceptable to those in the habit of rating the Kemble school higher than the Shakspeare genius. That we are not of these our readers must have been long aware; and Kemble being no longer living, while the text of Shakspeare has been in numerous instances restored by Mr. Macready—for which all honor to him, were he not the great actor he is—it seems hardly probable we shall now be converted. Mr. Anderson's view of Coriolanus appears to partake of the Kemble tradition, the Vandenhoff actuality, the Macready heat, and the Anderson manner, in quantities of equal weight, which render it extremely difficult to analyse. His carriage combines the dignity of the man with the haughtiness of the despot, and his aim, indeed, throughout the play, is apparently to elaborate and bring out in strong relief the tyrannical element of Coriolanus's character. In the scene with Aufidius, the way in which, as it were, he spiritually towered above Mr. Cooper, the representative of that personage, whose stolid and more tranquil demeanour formed an effective contrast, demonstrated this in a strong light. His attitude when shrouded in the cloak, in the Volscian temple, at the foot of the statue of Mars, was graceful and imposing; while his hesitation in advancing toward his ancient enemy, Aufidius, was unaffected, manly, and correct. In his scene with the “voices,” his contempt was so vividly depicted, that it almost assumed the hue of disgust; still further exposing his peculiar interpretation of the Coriolanian monomania—a hearty loathing of the plebeian nature. In the last scene, with his mother, wife and child, before Aufidius and the Volscian army, Mr. Anderson displayed more pathos than we ever remember him to have shown; and his ultimate concession to the family of petitioners shewed an easy abandonment of Roman stoicism. After the tremendous altercation with Aufidius, when smitten by the Volscian daggers, he falls at the feet of his destroyers, his death was wonderfully sudden, and managed with singular adroitness. Mr. Anderson was applauded in all the great points of the play, and of course recalled at the end, by his pleased and enlightened auditors.

Mr. Cooper's Tullus Aufidius was judicious in the beginning and energetic at the conclusion; but we should have greatly preferred this eminently serviceable actor in the part of Menenius Agrippa, which was laboriously played by Mr. Emery, who had evidently studied it intently and by the lamp. Mrs. Weston, as Volturnia, spoke the dialogue with Coriolanus in the last scene with an immense deal of spirit and emphasis; Miss F. Vining was pleasing and intelligent in the little part of Virgilia; Mr. Cathcart put himself into a variety of attitudes, and essayed a number of vocal inflections “after Macready”—exhibiting, nevertheless, his usual earnestness and discrimination; and the first and second “voices” were embodied with a great deal of rough character and natural humour, by Messrs. Artaud and R. Romer. We should add that the Tribunes of Messrs.—we forget their names—were eager and tribunely.

On Tuesday, *As You Like it* was given, with a cast that embraced the *élite* of the company, Mr. Anderson alone being

absent. Mr. Vandenhoff was the Jacques, Mr. Cathcart the Duke, Mr. Emery the Touchstone (for the first time), Mrs. Nisbett, Rosalind, Miss F. Vining, Celia, and Mrs. Walter Lacy, Audrey. Mr. Vandenhoff's Jacques is well known as one of his most studied and finished performances. The two famous speeches—that which belongs to the Duke, but which the modern stage distribution has transferred to Jacques, to render the part of more importance—(we mean the speech commencing, "Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile")—and the still more celebrated "A fool, a fool, a motley fool, I met a fool i' the forest"—were both careful specimens of elaborate reading and pointed elocution.

Mrs. Nisbett's Rosalind is still better known than Mr. Vandenhoff's Jacques; not that we feel inclined to say that the vivacious actress fulfilled the brilliant conception of the author completely; but there was a laughing grace, a fund of spirits, and a glow of life in all she did and said which charmed the spectator and disarmed criticism. Mrs. Nisbett was heartily applauded throughout, and the audience seemed to be perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Emery essayed "Touchstone" for the first time, and displayed a thorough familiar acquaintance with the traditions of the part, allied to a close application of its quaintness and humour. "Touchstone," however, is not a character to be mastered at one attempt, and we expect, from what we saw on Tuesday night, to welcome a still further improvement in Mr. Emery.

We must speak in unmeasured terms of Mrs. Walter Lacy's Audrey, which was conceived in the genuine spirit of the comedy of Shakspeare, and acted to the very life. In the hurry of the pantomime week we omitted to notice the first appearance, for some years, of this accomplished lady on that stage of which she was a few years only the chief ornament. Mrs. Walter Lacy made her *rentrée* (as the French term it) at Drury-lane, as Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the whole audience. Her performance of the gentle daughter of Polonius was signalised by exceeding grace and gentleness, and that unaffectedness which so essentially appertains to that exquisite creation. Audrey, in *As You Like It*, is a character so totally different from Ophelia, that it is sufficiently remarkable for an actress to assume both even respectably. But Mrs. Walter Lacy's performance of the simple country girl was not less artistic and engagingly true than her impersonation of the court-maiden, who runs mad for love of Hamlet. We have seldom seen more effect produced in the dialogue, although Audrey has from time to time brought out the genius of the greatest of comic actresses. The costume of Mrs. Walter Lacy was the most appropriate for the character we have ever seen. Nor was it the less effective for being correct. Nothing in the way of dress could be prettier or more striking.

The *Love Chase* and the *Lady of Lyons* have also been played during the week. The entertainments continue to prove attractive, and the public has no cause to complain of the efforts of the management to cater for its amusement. The only thing we would suggest is an occasional extra attention to the *mise en scene*, which, though sometimes unexceptionable (as in the last scene of *Coriolanus*), is at other times indifferent. All the acting business is in such condition as might be expected under the supervision of Mr. Anderson himself, assisted by so old and experienced a performer as Mr. W. Bennett; and on the other side, the stage directions could not be in abler hands than those of Mr. W. West.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

THE novelty of the week has been the *Stranger*, in which Mr. Macready personated the hero for the first and only time during the series of his farewell performances. Kotzebue's drama has ever been a favourite with the public, and has engaged the attention of all the great actors of the present era, from John Kemble downwards, who have successively and successfully delineated the principal personage. If the legitimate object of tragedy were to draw tears from the auditors, then indeed might the *Stranger* rank with the most touching plays of Shakspeare; but the legitimate object of tragedy is to do something more in the way of touching the feelings than to draw tears—of which a great variety exists, from crocodile's to baby's—and as the play of the once praised, now despised, German dramatist and politician, does little or nothing more than make the audience "blubber," it has no pretensions whatever to the name of tragedy, which, as Aristotle says, should "shake the soul to purify it." The story is cleverly worked out, and domestic misery tolerably painted; but when the performance is over, we discover that our time has been expended in listening to a quantity of maudlin twaddle, a sort of puling logic that descends no further than the eyes, an impotent defence of connubial aberration, a weak shield, which the sword of true faith would shatter at one touch into a thousand fragments. Nor can we recal a single poetic thought, or natural sentiment in the whole of the five acts. Yes—there is one line in the play which always pleased us:—when Mrs. Haller says, "And has Saturday come back so soon again?"—which nevertheless is the very quintessence of weak bathos.

Of Mr. Macready's performance, however, we cannot speak too highly. It was intensely earnest and life-like throughout, and made a deep impression on the audience. The scene in which he recounts the story of the abduction of his wife—though intrinsically mawkish and contemptible—was acted with admirable skill and intense feeling. The last scene, as well as the sophisticated position would admit, was a masterpiece of pathos, and left few "dry eyes" in the house, except those of some modern philosophers who liked not Kotzebue. The applause was extravagant, both during the performance and at the end, when the great actor, who so soon will vanish from the mimic scene, was recalled with a voice of thundering unanimity.

Mrs. Warner appeared to remarkable advantage in Mrs. Haller. The character of the frail wife, whom circumstances adverse to her illicit joys have made repentant, is certainly one of the happiest assumptions of this very careful and artificial actress, who rarely fails to impress us with the certainty that it is a real play we are beholding, and not a passage of life in action. Mrs. Warner, as well as Mr. Macready, was profusely applauded.

Mr. Buckstone was deliciously, nay convulsively, humorous, as Peter; and Mrs. Fitzwilliam's Charlotte, as upstart, pert, and prettily saucy, as the author could have desired. Miss P. Horton, the Savoyard Minstrel, sang the old song, "I have a silent sorrow here," with much sweetness and expression.

The other performances of the week have been *Macbeth* (Monday); *Henry the Eighth* (Wednesday); *Richelieu* (Thursday); *Henry IV.* and *The Jealous Wife* (Friday).

On Tuesday, Mr. Macready commences the first of the series of his final performances of each of his most celebrated characters, at the conclusion of which the "last of the Romans" will no longer exist, but as a pleasant and impressive image in the memory of the play-goer.

SADLER'S WELLS.

We hold it to be very doubtful whether the revival of Webster's tragedy, *The Duchess of Malfi* would have obtained the same success at any other theatre that it has met with here, where it has already been performed some five and twenty times, and continues to be played to nightly overflows. In what way the theatre has obtained this singular prestige we must leave to the speculation of the reader. The chief fault of the piece—which acts like a ghastly and sublimated melo-drama—is the catastrophe, which, had it been equal to the rest, nothing could have prevented the tragedy, with all its barbarous and dreamy horror—from becoming, like Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bridal*—a stock piece of the modern stage. As it is, we go with the "Ayes" so far as to hope that Mr. Phelps will give us another play from the same author.

The new Pantomime promises to have a long run. In fact, Webster's tragedy and the Christmas festivities—strange and unnatural alliance—have been mutually supporting each other.

MARYLEBONE.

The musical play, *The Slave*, has been revived here, with Miss R. Isaacs as Zelinda. This young lady is a pupil of Miss Kelly's. Her talent, however, is rather vocal than histrionic; she has a pleasing though not powerful *soprano* voice, and obtained encores in two of her songs. She possesses also a considerable share of personal attractions, and acts with intelligence, if not with any great degree of spirit. As *The Slave* has evidently been revived as a "fill up" during the holiday season, criticism would be superfluous, especially since the performance seemed highly gratifying to the youthful visitors who crowded the theatre.

We are glad to say that the business has been good ever since Mr. Stammers undertook the management. His Pantomime is the best produced this Christmas, which is not surprising since it is by the author of *Bluff King Hal*, &c., &c., (Mr. Rodwell).

ADELPHI.

The new Christmas piece here, the *Tarantula King*, by Albert Smith, is as pleasant a thing of the kind as the festive season has produced. It is tersely written, admirably acted, and well supplied with those indispensable requisites on such occasions—music and dancing. Madame Celeste dances with as much grace and agility as the most active Columbine. Miss Woolgar, the "*Hero*" of the piece, with her intelligent face, and quaint and sparkling humour, is as full of genial vivacity as ever, and looks irresistible in her picturesque peasant's costume. Mr. Wright, of course, came in for a share of the honours. Among the subordinate performers, we must not omit Miss Collins, who has a nice voice, and sings a very clever ballad very cleverly. The music is well selected, and arranged with taste and fancy. Mr. Mellon, the adaptor and musical director, is an excellent musician. Hence the invariable efficiency of the musical business at the Adelphi.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

M. Jullien's last concert at the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday evening, was attended in such numbers, that difficulty was experienced in seating them. The hall looked warm and agreeable;

and Jullien, accustomed to crowded houses, appeared more serene than at the first concert. I do not insinuate that he was not previously as affable as conductor possibly could be, but Jullien is mortal, and we fancied that the unwonted sight of one or two unoccupied rows of seats disturbed the philosophical current of his ideas. However, the fact is, that Jullien, used to be spoiled, would fain have the elements themselves at his beck; the rain and clouds would then be obliged to "keep off" until his concerts were over. There was a densely crowded hall on Tuesday, and the performance, the first part of which was entirely devoted to the works of Mendelssohn, went off to the manifest delight of all present. The first piece was the symphony in A minor, composed after a visit to the Highlands of Scotland, one of the most characteristic effusions of his genius. The *Adagio Cantabile*, rendered with delicious smoothness, contrasted admirably with the fiery energy of the *Allegro Guerriero*. Mr. Viotti Collins increased our admiration of his talents by his spirited execution of the violin concerto in E minor. He was listened to most attentively by the audience, who frequently greeted him with well-deserved applause. Jetty de Treffz sang "The First Violet" in her usual charming and unassuming style; after which came the great treat of the evening—the whole of the incidental music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The overture, so full of poetical fancies, was given with the utmost taste and smoothness, and the *scherzo* descriptive of the assembly of the fairy court, was played with vivacity and precision. The Interlude in A minor, the "Comic March," and the "Notturmo," equally indicated, on the part of Jullien and his excellent band, that close appreciation of the intentions of the composer, so necessary to the proper understanding of Mendelssohn's illustrations of Shakspeare. In the "Notturmo," Mr. Jarrett had an opportunity of displaying to the public of Liverpool his distinguished talent as a horn-player, so well known and appreciated in the metropolis. The "Wedding March" brought the first portion of the concert to a conclusion, amidst enthusiastic applause.

A striking novelty in the second part was Vivier's magical execution of a composition entitled "La Chasse," decidedly the most astounding of his musical feats; for in it he imitates three different horns with so much exactness that the listener can scarcely credit his senses. Jetty de Treffz sang Donizetti's "Bay of Naples," and was of course encored. On her re-appearance she sang "Home, sweet Home!" so sweetly that the unrelenting but delighted audience called her again, and only relapsed into quietness as the band commenced the accompaniment to "Trab, Trab!" which Jetty sang with so much archness that the audience, unwilling—though half inclined—to call upon her for the fourth time, gave vent to their enthusiasm in repeated salvos of applause.

The receipts of the last concert will, I trust, repay M. Jullien and the Philharmonic directors for the great trouble and expense they have encountered, and induce the popular conductor to pay us another visit as early as possible. "May he live a thousand years," to compose the most spirited of quadrilles and the most fascinating of polkas.

The first concert of the season of 1851 takes place on the 11th of February, for which Madlle. Angri, the only rival of Alboni, Mdle. Graumann, Signor Tamburini, jun., Mr. Frank Mori, pianist, and Herr Ernst, the great German violinist, are engaged.

On Wednesday, the most fashionable and delightful Dress Ball that ever took place in this town was held by M. Jullien in the Philharmonic-hall. The great attraction was, of course, the popular conductor, and his band, renowned for the unequalled style in which they play dance music. The body of the hall was entirely cleared of the seats, and presented a space for dancing which cannot be found in any other public room in England. Spectators were admitted to the galleries and boxes, and the dancers, when fatigued by their exertions, reclined in the damask covered *fauteuils* placed so invitingly in the saloon. The company began to arrive rapidly shortly after ten o'clock, and kept up the dancing till about half-past two in the morning. The *élite* of the resident nobility and gentry of Liverpool and its vicinities were present. Some objection was made to there being no lady patronesses, but as the committee only gave vouchers to those whom they knew, it was just as impossible for any unqualified person to obtain tickets. In effect, the company was as "select" and "elect" as could have

been desired. Rank and wealth and beauty (which should have come first) were abundant. The "Great Jullien" was all himself, while Koenig was, as ever, king (*König*) of his instrument. Lord and Lady Sefton were conspicuous among the company.

The Oratorios at the Collegiate Institution are progressing satisfactorily. *Elijah* was performed on Wednesday; Thursday, the *Messiah*; Friday, *Israel in Egypt*; and Saturday, *Judas Maccabeus*. The audience, more numerous than on the former occasions, was highly gratified. Miss Ellen Lyon was encored in "From mighty kings," and would have been in "Come, ever-smiling liberty," but the same subject was repeated in a duet with Miss M. Wells, immediately following. Miss Wells was very successful in "Wise men flattering," and Mr. M. Smith in "Sound an alarm," acquitted himself well. Mr. Barnby did justice to the air, "With pious hearts." "See the conquering hero comes," as a duet between Miss E. Lyon and Miss M. Wells, as a trio with Miss Linacre, and as a chorus created an equal sensation. The choruses went, on the whole, very steadily. The duet, "O lovely peace," was carefully sung by Miss E. Lyon and Miss M. Wells. Altogether this was the most gratifying performance that has been given, and we look forward with satisfaction to a repetition on Friday. On Monday evening *Deborah* was performed.

The new Christmas pantomime continues to attract at the Theatre Royal, and will continue the chief feature for weeks to come. The regiment of people, visible and invisible, who take part in its active and various machinery, are now well drilled; all works smoothly, and a right merry entertainment is the result.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler is going to give four Readings from Shakespeare at the Philharmonic Hall—rather a large arena, by the way. Her engagement is with the committee of the Philharmonic Society.

Messrs. Saqui and Miranda, two young vocalists of considerable local fame, gave their first concert at the Concert-hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Tuesday evening. The attendance was but middling, the body of the hall being the only place well filled. The beneficiaries were well received by their friends, and encored several times. Mr. Miranda promises well. The other artists were Miss Whitnall, Mrs. Geo. Holden, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Percival. The programme was too long.

M. Franconi's troupe continues to attract at the Royal Amphitheatre. During the week the performances have been novel and varied. Herr Maus's feats on the slack-wire are incredible: he balances himself on one foot, and, in this astonishing position, juggles with brass balls and twirls a hoop holding a glass filled with water round his head, without spilling a drop. M. Franconi's beautiful and docile steeds, "Mazagran" and "Waverley," and Mr. Stonette's dog "Hector," appear to be endowed with something more than instinct. The clowns vary the equestrian performances with hits and counter-hits, both spiritual and physical. The last tell best with the audience.

Liverpool, Jan. 9th, 1851.

J. H. N.

Our Scrap Book.

MELODY.—It is remarkable that the people of Europe are the only ones who have made use of the union of harmony and melody since the middle ages: antiquity seems not to have had any knowledge of it, and the Orientals do not understand it when they hear it. It would be easy to shew that the arrangement of the musical scale of some nations does not admit of harmony; and, on the other hand, that it is almost the necessary result of our gamut. Melody is of all countries and of all times; but its forms are variable, like the elements which enter into its composition. We must not imagine that melody, such as is heard in popular songs and at the theatre, has no other rules than those of fancy. The freest and most original genius, when it invents airs, obeys, unconsciously, certain laws of proportion, the effect of which is no more conventional than that of the drum upon the masses of soldiers that move at its beat. Let it not be supposed that this regularity of form affects those only who have studied the principles of music: whoever has an ear

not absolutely insensible or rebellious, perceives its effect, without analyzing his sensations.—(*Extracted from —; by Aurelian.*)

INSTRUMENTATION.—Instrumentation is the art of employing instruments in the manner best adapted to derive from them the greatest possible effect in music. This art may be learned with time and experience; but it requires, like every other branch of music, a particular talent, and a certain instructive presentiment of the result of combinations. A composer, in arranging his music, or in making what is called the *score*—that is, a union of all the parts which are to concur in the general effect,—would write only at random, if he had not present to his mind the qualities of the sounds of each instrument, their accent, and the effects which result from their partial or entire combination. Sometimes, it is true, the composer obtains effects which he did not foresee; and, in other cases, those which he strives to produce, do not succeed; but, if skilled in his art, he generally attains the end which he proposes in the arrangement of the instrumentation. This faculty of foreseeing, by means of the intellectual powers alone, the effect of an orchestra, of which one is arranging the instrumentation, as if that orchestra were actually playing, is not the least of the marvels of music; it is nevertheless what always takes place, when a composer conceives any piece whatsoever; for the melody, the voices which accompany it, the harmony, the effect of the instruments, every thing, in short, is conceived at one gush, if the musician is born truly worthy of his name. As to those who only imagine these things in succession, we may be assured that their musical conception will always remain within narrow limits. Such was Grétry, who had a genius for dramatic expression and for happy melodies, but who, being but a second-rate musician, could never conceive, at once, the whole idea of a piece; whereas Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Rossini, never failed to conceive, at a single attempt, the effects which they wished to produce.—(*Extracted from — by Aurelian.*)

Miscellaneous.

ERNST.—This celebrated violinist has gone to Manchester to play at one of the classical *soirées* of M. Charles Hallé. He returns to London immediately.

BALFE'S CONCERT.—All the available talent in London, including, among other talent, Mdlle. Angri and Herr Ernst, will assist, on the 27th, as we are informed, at the benefit concert of this popular composer. Balfé is still at Paris.

WASHINGTON.—Mr. Henry Burton, lessee of the Holliday and Front-street theatres of this city, has leased National Hall, and will have it fitted up immediately for a theatre, to be opened in a few weeks with Miss Davenport.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MR. BALFE has taken advantage of the closing of the National Concerts to take a short trip to Paris.

M. SAINTON has gone to Toulouse, his native place, on a short visit to his family.

SIG. ROMMI.—This useful and intelligent member of the Royal Italian Opera troupe has returned to London for the season.

MR. RICHARDSON.—This eminent English flutist had the honour of performing before her Majesty and Prince Albert, on Friday last, at Windsor Castle, on "Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The concerts next season will take place as follows:—March 10th and 24th, April 7th and 28th, May 12th and 20th, and June 9th and 23rd. Mr. Hogarth was elected secretary at a general meeting of the society, held on the 4th ult., vacant by the death of Mr. George Budd.

LIVERPOOL ASYLUM FOR ORPHAN BOYS.—Haydn's *Creation* will be performed at the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday, the 14th, for the benefit of the above-mentioned institution. The choir, band, organist, and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, with Miss Stott, Mr. Alfred St. Albin, and Mr. Armstrong, have offered their gratuitous services, and we trust that the public will come forward on the occasion.

RACHEL.—Mr. Mitchell, of the St. James's Theatre, it is said, has offered to engage Madlle. Rachel, the celebrated French actress, for the whole time of her *congé* (fifteen months), at the enormous sum of 800,000 francs, for St. Petersburg and the United States. As Mr. Mitchell would have to engage actors to accompany her, the total risk to him would not be much less than 50,000*l*. [We cite this anecdote for what it is worth, with the proviso that we do not believe there is any foundation for it.]

PERLET.—This most celebrated of the Molierean actors of the present century, died recently in Paris. He was interred in the church of the Notre Dame de Lorette. His funeral oration was spoken by Mons. Simson, of the *Theatre Francais*, one of the most legitimate of his successors.

BALFE AND BUNN.—It is said that these ancient *collaborateurs* and popular servants of the public, have just completed a new opera. We know not how true the report may be. One thing is certain, that Balfe appears to be the only composer who can produce out of Bunn's librettos the entire musical effect of which they are susceptible.

THE SHAPCOTT FAMILY.—This family, consisting of Mr. Shapcott and six sons, gave a concert on the sax-horns, last evening, in the Corn Exchange, which was well filled. The performance consisted of selections from Earl Mornington, Bellini, Avison, Harwood, Handel, Rossini, Jullien, Horn, Donizetti, &c., many of which secured the plaudits of the audience. A little fellow, of six years old, who played the drum in the "Drum Polka," was encored.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The following gentlemen have accepted the office of stewards, in addition to those already announced:—The Right Hon. The Earl of Harrowby, W. S. P. Hughes, Esq., (Mayor of Worcester), the Hon. G. Rushout, M.P., and William Hancox, Esq., of Blakeshall House, Kidderminster.—*Gloucester Journal*.

BATH.—On Tuesday evening Madame Anna Thillon and Mr. Hudson gave their new entertainment before a tolerably large audience. Their performances were received with considerable applause. Mr. H. C. Cooper played a *fantasia* at the Pump Room the same evening, the talented violinist obtaining the loudest demonstration of approval from his auditors. A series of entertainments, to be called "The Operative Concerts," are in contemplation at the Pump Room.

JULLIEN AT LIVERPOOL.—M. Jullien's second concert in the Philharmonic Hall was principally devoted to the compositions of Beethoven, the performance of which reflected great credit upon the intelligence and talents of himself and his band. The concert commenced with the overture to *Fidelio*, played in a highly effective manner; this was followed by Schubert's waltz, "Le Desir," one of the most simple and charming effusions of his pen (erroneously attributed to Beethoven). It is the *beau ideal* of a German dance tune, and was received by the audience with great delight, the variations of M. Jullien being deliciously played by the first violins, violoncellos, tenors, second violins, and contrabasses. Selections from the well known "Pastoral Symphony" followed next, after which Jetty Treffz was encored in the lied "Kennst du das land," which she sang to perfection. Mr. Viotti Collina's performance of "Il tremolo," an absurd caricature of one of Beethoven's best slow movements, was nevertheless applauded. The first portion of the concert concluded with the grand symphony in C minor, which was played entire, and listened to with attention throughout. In the second part of the concert, the performance of Jullien's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Great Exhibition Quadrille," in which the French drummers appear, created a furor, the audience being absolutely astounded by the volume, multitude, and novelty of the combinations. The national airs, forming solos for various instrumentalists, were listened to most attentively. The gifted Vivier was, of course, encored in his horn performance, and a similar honour was paid to Jetty Treffz, after her singing of "The Mountain Daisy," to which she replied by giving "Trab, trab," amidst boisterous manifestations of delight. The other pieces comprised a variety of polkas, valsees, &c. "Mendelssohn concert" was to be the next treat of Jullien's providing.

THE FRENCH DRUMMERS IN MANCHESTER.—Wherever they go in England, the French drummers must prove extremely attractive, as they have done here. M. Jullien, who knows well (no man better, perhaps) the direction in which the taste of the multitude goes, has not failed to make the most of the fine form of the drum-major, Barbier, and when the tambour corps are in the orchestra his noble figure is prominently displayed on a red baize platform. Barbier is a tall man, and when his head is covered by the enormous bear-skin shako, he towers to colossal proportions, realizing to us the *beau ideal* of those warriors with whom, in years gone by, we found it so difficult to cope. That the drummers of France, especially those who are attached to any of the Paris battalions, have vast practice upon an instrument which seems to belong most properly to martial music, no one will be disposed to deny, when they remember how greatly its use enters into their military discipline; and we certainly were prepared to witness a display of skill that has not been disappointed. Decidedly the most novel feature their performance presents, is the system of leading to which they have to attend. Their chief rises, and with an eccentric motion of his silver-headed staff of rank, sometimes not unlike an evolution in the Indian exercise, he directs the character of the roll, which bursts forth simultaneously from all at once. Another evolution of the staff in the air, to the imminent danger of those behind him, and an obedient change to some other "chant," as these exercises are named, follows; a different motion, and a consequent change, and then a gradual lowering of the uplifted arm is the signal for a corresponding softening of tone, until at last it sinks to nothing. This last is a most beautiful effect, perfectly giving the idea of a corps receding in the distance, and it has been received with delight every evening. The facility of execution and the precision possessed by these men appears to be almost perfect; and certainly the tone of their instruments is very exciting. The *politesse* of the corps, it should be named, has been displayed more than once by the removal of their hats during the performance of our National Anthem, and of the major, by his military salute on their behalf, in acknowledgment of the plaudits.—*Manchester Courier*.

LITERARY PENSIONS.—The Queen has granted pensions on the civil list of £100 a year each to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the celebrated traveller, and to Mr. Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," and of several contributions to periodical literature, who is, we regret to hear, a great sufferer from bodily infirmities.—*Observer*.

ORATORIO AT ST. JOHN'S, DUKINFIELD.—We scarcely know anything more interesting than the spectacle of a poor congregation seeking to help themselves, and putting into operation plans enabling them to secure the aid of the wealthy in the attempt, when receiving it as patronage or eleemosynary relief. The church of St. John's, Dukinfield, has been burdened with a debt of considerable amount, ever since its erection, some five years ago, while the congregation, with only two or three exceptions, is composed of labouring men, whose earnings do not permit deductions to any large amount for charitable purposes. To rid themselves of the incubus they have projected an oratorio to be held in the church on the 20th instant, under the patronage of Mr. F. D. P. Astley, the lord of the manor. Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation* has been selected, and Mrs. Sunderland has been engaged as principal soprano with other singers of talent.

PLYMOUTH.—Miss Newcomb has engaged Jullien, with Jetty Treffz, Vivier, and all the band, including the Drummers, &c., to give two Concerts, at which she herself will assist, on the 26th and 27th of February, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth. Notwithstanding the enormous expense, Jullien's popularity and the young lady's widely circulated connection, will, there is little doubt, ensure the success of the speculation. Some of the artistes engaged at "The National Concerts," give a Musical Entertainment at Plymouth, on the 25th instant, under the direction of Captain Harry Lee Carter.

A CHORAL SOCIETY has been formed in the village of Upton St. Leonards, and it gave its first concert in the New School-room, on Thursday, the 26th ult., under the patronage of the Countess Dowwager Done.—*Gloucester Journal*.

THALBERG.—This eminent pianist has lately been fathered with an opera by some of the public press, which is said to be destined for the lucky Mr. Lumley, who is, peradventure, wholly unaware of the good fortune in store for him. If M. Thalberg have really written an opera it is to be hoped that he has not taxed the vocal and instrumental performers as severely as he has taxed the whole race of modern pianoforte-players, ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional, who consume so many hours out of the twenty-four in vain endeavours to execute *fantasias* that should have been consigned for the especial amusement of Madame Pleyel, Liszt, Leopold de Meyer, and the composer himself, since no others can possibly accomplish them, except some few who never try.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—After three performances of the *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given by this Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, with Misses Birch, E. Birch, Dolby, and M. Williams, and the Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, A. Novello, &c., as principal vocalists. On this occasion, we shall content ourselves with acknowledging the very great improvement, both in voice and singing, of Miss Eliza Birch, who promises to become one of our most available concert sopranos in a very short time, if she keep pace with her recent progress. Good sopranos are rare; and there is a position open to this young lady which it depends upon herself to occupy with profit and honour. Of the general performance we shall take occasion to speak when the oratorio is repeated on the 20th. Meanwhile, it is only fair to Mr. Whitworth, who has been severely criticised by some of the journals, to state the fact that he undertook the music of *Elijah* at a very short notice, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. H. Phillips, who was to have sung it.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A muster of the members of this Society took place at Gerard's Hall last week, to celebrate a public anniversary. The Rev. G. Roberts presided. "Non nobis Domine" having been sung, and the ordinary toasts duly honoured, the Chairman, after proposing "Success to the London Sacred Harmonic Society," gave a summary of the progress of sacred music, and pointed out the highly beneficial effects produced by its agency throughout the civilized world. After a long and eloquent discourse, in which he freely descanted upon the growth and improvement of the new Society, and paid flattering compliments to Mr. Surman and Mr. Perry for their indefatigable exertions in its support, the reverend gentleman concluded by indulging in the hope that, as Prince Albert was a musical scholar, so also might "England's future king" love and be schooled in the "art divine," and that the day might not be very remote when their illustrious names should stand enrolled on the pages of their institution, and when, too, Exeter Hall should be honoured with their company. A number of routine toasts being disposed of and responded to, the company separated. The musical arrangements were under the supervision of Mr. Lawler.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Friday, the 27th ult., the *Messiah* was given by this Society to a crowded hall. The soloists on the present occasion were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Henderson, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler. The merits of Mrs. Sunderland's singing are well known to the visitors of the Hall. She was most successful in the recitative, "There were Shepherds," and the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She also gave "Rejoice Greatly" effectively. Miss Henderson, who made her *debut* here two years ago, took the soprano division of "He shall feed his Flock;" but as her exertions during the evening were confined to this one song, and as she was evidently nervous, we cannot venture to say more at present than that she has a nice voice, and is very prepossessing in appearance. Of the rest of the performers, including the chorus, it is needless to say more than that they exerted themselves zealously to promote an efficient *ensemble*. Will the directors inform us why it is that the beautiful duet, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting," and the chorus that follows it, are invariably omitted?

HASTINGS.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert, the second of the season, took place on Thursday evening, at the Assembly Room, Swan Hotel, before a very crowded and elegant audience. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. Frank Bodda. The instrumentalists were confined to Mr. Ward (concertina), and W. H. Acraman (piano). The performers in general acquitted themselves admirably. The encores were Miss Dolby in "I would be with thee," Mrs. Alexander Newton in "Lo! here the gentle lark," Mr. Frank Bodda in "Molly Bawn" and "Largo al factotum," two compositions of different kind and merit—and Mr. Bridge Frodsham in Nelson's "Madoline." Mr. Bridge Frodsham substituted the "Lass o' Gowrie" in the repeat, which was received with marked favor by the entire audience. The entertainments afforded unequivocal satisfaction throughout.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BULLY.—Yes.

Advertisements.

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AND

MIDLE. JENNY LIND.

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M. JULLIEN'S
ANNUAL GRAND YORKSHIRE BALL

WILL take place at the GREAT ASSEMBLY ROOMS, YORK, on TUESDAY, January 14, 1851, under the following distinguished patronage:—

LIST OF LADY PATRONESSES.

Her Grace the Duchess of Leeds	Lady Clifford Constable	Mrs. Elmsall
The Countess of Harwood	Lady Amcotts Ingleby	Mrs. Lisle
The Countess of Zetland	Lady Dodsworth	Mrs. Lane Fox
The Viscountess Neville	Lady Radcliffe	Mrs. Fairfax
Lady Greenock	Lady Lawson	Mrs. Fairfax
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Mrs. John Agar	Mrs. Lisle	Mrs. Lunley
Mrs. Benford	Mrs. Lane Fox	Mrs. G. J. Lloyd
Mrs. Barnett	Mrs. Fairfax	Mrs. Constable Maxwell
Mrs. Bland	Mrs. Fairfax	Mrs. Henry C. Maxwell
Mrs. Barstow	Mrs. Garforth	
Mrs. Bower	Mrs. Grimstone	
Mrs. Brown	Mrs. W. G. och	
Mrs. Currer	Mrs. Danby Harcourt	
Mrs. Clifford	Mrs. Vernon Harcourt	
Mrs. Clough	Mrs. Hatfield	
Mrs. Croft	Mrs. Hawkins	
Mrs. Coore	Mrs. Hackett	
Mrs. Chorley	Mrs. Hall	
Mrs. Darley	Mrs. C. Johnstone	
Mrs. Denison	Mrs. Lawson	
Mrs. Dalton	Mrs. Lunley	
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No. 3.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

NOTICE.

. The charge for a number of the **MUSICAL WORLD** will henceforward be 4d. for town and country. Subscriptions, per annum, 16s. ; per half-year, 8s. ; per quarter, 4s. ; delivered GRATIS on the day of publication.

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. The publication of the **MUSICAL WORLD** having changed hands, the proprietors respectfully solicit that all who desire to subscribe from the present time will have the kindness to notify the same to Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, and to forward their Subscriptions in advance. A notification by letter, or verbal message, will receive immediate attention.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

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. It is respectfully announced that all who wish to continue subscribers to the **MUSICAL WORLD** from the present time will forward, by post office order, payable at Charing Cross, in favour of MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, or otherwise as convenient, the amount of subscription for a year, half a year, or a quarter, in advance, in order that the names may be regularly entered on the new list of subscribers. Applications for the **MUSICAL WORLD**, unaccompanied by the subscription in advance, cannot be attended to.

CHANGE OF OFFICE.

. The **MUSICAL WORLD** will henceforth be printed and published at the office of Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, where Subscriptions, Advertisements, and all Communications for the Editor may be sent.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

. Arrangements have been made to produce the **MUSICAL WORLD** for the future every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, at which time it will invariably be ready for delivery.

Engagements have been entered into with several well-known writers, in the provinces and on the continent, who have undertaken to supply the **MUSICAL WORLD** with periodical correspondence on all subjects of musical interest. The services of a gentleman of high standing and ability have also been secured, for the purpose of reviewing such new publications as may be forwarded to the office with that view. This department will be strictly attended to. Original articles, from eminent pens, on general subjects of art, will also appear from time to time.

PROSPECTS FOR PIANISTS.

It is generally conceived that the year 1851 will make every body's fortune. In our musical sphere this persuasion obtains more strongly, perhaps, than in any other. With how much reason time will show. For our own parts, we have no great faith in the result. Out of the vast tribe of foreign artists who project a trip to London, during the period of the Great Show, how many will return home satisfied? How many, indeed, will realize even so much as would amount to the expense of their journey here and back? The *Illustrated London News* prints a list of composers, singers, and instrumental performers, who have expressed their intention of coming to London this season. We shall not reproduce it, since it would occupy nearly a column of our space, and further, because the advent of not a few of them is, to use a mild expression, apocryphal. Imagine Liszt, Leopold de Meyer, Thalberg, Henselt, Dreyshock, Döhler, Wilmers, Prudent, and Madame Pleyel—all in London, at the same time. What an army of pianists *hors ligne*! What a shower of fantasias!

But where will they give their concerts?—where find their pianos? Ay, and where find their audiences? When they come, if they come, they will find the Hanover-square Rooms, and Willis' Rooms, and Wornum's Rooms, and Blagrove's Rooms, and the Princess's Concert Room, and Exeter Hall, and St. Martin's Hall, and even Crosby Hall, already engaged for entertainments of various kinds, well nigh up to the end of September. The "natives" will have forestalled them. They cannot hire a church, like Barnum. Mr. Gye will not let

them Covent Garden. M. Jullien keeps the keys of Drury Lane, doubtless ruminating, even at the present moment, on some great scheme, some embryo triumph of his teeming imagination, which, ever busy, acts upon events as the sun of old upon the muddy chaos, breeding monsters.

Allowing all the music rooms of London to be open to their disposal, where, we repeat, are their pianos? Will Broadwood, or Erard, with generous zeal, submit their instruments to the wear and tear of ninety fingers, each as strong as ten? It is scarcely probable. Enough to withstand the brunt of one lion-pianist at a time, as any tuner will attest. The hammers themselves would rebel at the repeated thumps, and, not waiting to be disabled, refuse to assail the wires; while the sounding board, struck mute with wonder, would cease to be a conductor—like the haunted Westphalian hill, under the influence of a thunderstorm.*

However, to drop metaphor, let the pianofortes be accorded. Broadwood empties his vast manufactory of its choicest wares; Erard sends to the Paris establishment for foreign reinforcement; allow it, for argument's sake; and where are the audiences? Madame Pleyel would, in all probability, "make the town run," as the French say, (*faire courir la ville*), as she did in 1846, and divert the attention of some thousands of amateurs from the doings in the gay Park. But Madame Pleyel, being a woman, and a handsome woman, and a woman of *esprit*, (without venturing on comparisons which might tell equally in her favour,) would have the game to herself. The other eight pianists, unless inclined to exhibit themselves as "échantillons" of modern mechanical skill, at the Exhibition, would be compelled to walk about London with their hands in their pockets, or to give lessons to aristocratic young ladies, ambitious to shine in the drawing-room by scrambling through impossible fantasias, for the edification of their friends, admirers, and parents. It is true this pays better than concert-giving; but there is no glory in it; and a "lion" biped without glory is no better than a lion quadruped without his tail.

We shall not discuss the chances of the violinists, vocalists, harpists, flutists, cornists, oboists, trombonists, violists, clarionetists, bassoonists, violoncellists, contrabassists, &c., who are all packing up their instruments and preparing to sail for England. Let them rest assured, however, that the only part they will be able to play, in the great assembly "of all nations," will be the simple one of *spectators*. If they be fond of sight-seeing, let them come. But, if they look for gold in exchange for their notes, let them go to California, where the "diggings," hard by, will doubtless present a far more curious spectacle than anything to be found in the Crystal Palace. If one out of twenty returns home richer than he came—if one out of ten does not find himself poorer—if one out of five can boast of having earned a hundred pounds—or if one alone

be lucky enough to reap a harvest worth his "travel" and his honour, we consent to break our wand, like Mother Goose, scatter the pieces to the winds, and give up prophesying. Time will decide.

THEATRICAL COSTUME.

UPON visiting Drury Lane Theatre, a few nights ago, to witness the representation of *As You Like it*, we were much struck with the singular appropriateness, as to time, place, and character, of Mrs. Walter Lacy's dress, as Audrey. Unlike other artists we have seen in the part, this lady appeared to disregard the idea of setting off her person to advantage at the expense of the character, or of enticing the gaze of the beholder by piquancy in the disposition of her garments. The dress was in every respect such as might have been worn by a person in the same rank of life as Audrey, and at the same period of time to which the drama may be referred. From the simple head-gear to the wooden *sabot*, every article of attire was in perfect keeping. The low dress, laced apron, fringed mittens, and silk stockings of modern actresses, who simulate characters in humble life on the stage, were carefully avoided. In their place we beheld the portrait of an unsophisticated peasant girl, dressed with propriety and in conformity with real life. The contemplation of Audrey's habiliments led us into a train of thought concerning the costume of the stage in general, and after revolving the subject in our minds, we came to the conclusion that this department of theatrical affairs required a thorough and sweeping reformation. Indeed, when we consider the vast improvements, made within the last fifty years, in all matters connected with the decorative arts; and bear in mind how sedulously and zealously, year after year, managers and actors have applied themselves to the realization of scenic effects on the stage, we are totally unable to account for the anachronisms, discrepancies, and improprieties to be found in modern theatrical costume. It is true that every effort is made in the production of new works, to dress up the personages of the drama with fitness and propriety. The French have set us the example, and as we borrow their plots, we cannot well avoid borrowing their costumes. But in the plays of Shakspeare and the elder dramatists, and, indeed, in all the old comedies, we find little but contradictions and incongruities in whatever has relation to dress.

Few are ignorant of the manner in which Garrick, and actors before his time, were accustomed to dress some of Shakspeare's characters. The pictures of the little great man in Macbeth present him as pranked out in brocaded damask coat, with broad lappets, black or pink silk breeches, and wearing a bob wig. John Kemble, following Garrick, for many years adorned Hamlet in a modern court suit. Edmund Kean, up to his last performance of Othello, persisted in considering the Moor as an African warrior, and decorated him accordingly. John Kemble was, nevertheless, the first who aimed at remo-

* Lurley, on the Rhine, celebrated for its echo, and which promised to acquire a still higher renown, had Mendelssohn lived to complete the opera which was to bear its name.

delling the stage uniform. He stripped Hamlet of his English garments and English pigtail, and restored him with his "inky cloak" and "suit of sables"—his Danish identity. By the way, how strange Hamlet's speech to his mother must have sounded, in the ears of the audiences of the days of Garrick, when the actor alluded to the "inky cloak," which he did not wear! Macready effected even more for the improvement of the stage in this respect than Kemble. He attired Othello, for the first time, as a Venetian General, and made many other important changes, now universally accepted as precedents. Mr. Phelps, likewise, at Sadler's Wells, introduced some alterations, which were decidedly called for; while Mr. Anderson, in his later management of Drury Lane, has displayed an evident desire to follow in the steps of his predecessors.

Notwithstanding, however, all that has been effected, much remains to be done. There is hardly a tragedy or comedy produced on the stage which does not present some strange anomaly of dress. In the *Jealous Wife*, revived lately at the Haymarket theatre, while Mr. Macready and Mr. Buckstone appeared in the costume of the present day, Mr. Selby borrowed his attire from the era of George II. We have seen plays in which the dresses of the actors illustrated five distinct reigns. Even when the characters are correctly dressed, we often find the changes necessitated by time and circumstance overlooked. Let us take *Othello* as an example. The Moor and Desdemona are summoned to the councils of the senators in the middle of the night. The general wears his Venetian robes of state, and the gentle Desdemona appears radiant in silk and satin. This may be all very well, although still open to criticism; but when the Moor is commanded to Cyprus, and arrives there after defeating the Ottoman naval force, we do not expect to find him decked out in the very habiliments he wore before the "Magnificos" at the Sagittary. Desdemona, too, exhibits no alteration in her attire on arriving at Cyprus, although it is hardly to be imagined that the gentle lady would have braved a sea voyage so delicately clad, unless the unromantic idea be accepted, that in flying with the Moor from her father's home, she was unprovided with a change of clothes. Iago, Cassio, and Roderigo, also, land at Cyprus in the same uniform in which they first appear, though they are supposed to have encountered perils and extremities of war after leaving Venice. The modern dress of Hamlet is, doubtless, correct; but, when King Claudius dismisses him to England, and again when he returns, after being ransomed from the pirates, we are much surprised to see the Prince of Denmark in "silken hose and velvet shoon," in jewelled cloak and bonnet plumed. The custom of making kings and queens, upon almost all occasions, wear their crowns and robes of state, is equally questionable; and so indeed are many other conventional fashions of the stage, which we shall not at present stop to notice. Enough if we have shown that there is room for improvement, and a fair occasion for some enterprising manager to undertake the task of renovation.

MADAME BEAUPRE.

AMONG the new stars whose advent may be shortly expected in the dramatic horizon, is Mademoiselle Beaupré, who, if she realize half what is predicted of her, will be likely to make the fortune of Mr. Mitchell, as well as her own. Mademoiselle Beaupré, French by birth, is a lineal descendant of one of the most celebrated actors in the history of the French stage. Her *bis-aïeul*, or something near it, was no other than Beaupré. Who that interests himself in theatrical "annals," does not know that Beaupré was the actor of popularity and talent who sacrificed himself to the vanity of Richelieu, and distinguished himself as the representative of Pyramus, in the memorable play of that name, which has furnished so fertile a theme for the manufacturers of the French "*Memoires Secrètes*?" With such a prestige in her favour, we are greatly mistaken if, judging from all we have heard, Mademoiselle Beaupré do not win for herself another name even more brilliant than that of her great-great-grandfather, in the repertoire of Scribe and his followers—a more grateful path to glory than the mazy labyrinth of the Cardinal's stage rhetoric, in which there were so many passages that the meaning lost its way—as though in his dramatic writings as in his diplomacy, it was the wily statesman's aim to illustrate a favourite maxim of certain notorious politicians, inculcating that "words are given to hide thoughts," and thus to mystify his audience as he mystified the representatives of rival powers.

Mademoiselle Beaupré's gifts and accomplishments are sufficiently evident, and require little more than their frank and zealous manifestation to arrive at the desired end. Extreme youth, and personal attractions of an uncommon kind, will at once enlist public sympathy in her favour. But these, and a voice of remarkable power and sweetness, are gifts from heaven and it devolves upon the manner of their employment to shew whether they are worthily bestowed. Mademoiselle Beaupré has been for some time studying assiduously, under the superintendence of M. Rommi, and with the aid and counsel of this intelligent master—whose acquaintance with the art of declamation gained for him, some time ago, considerable reputation in Paris, until his friend, Nourrit, persuaded him to quit the histrionic profession and essay his talents on the operatic boards, has, we are assured, made progress little short of astonishing. Mr. Mitchell has already heard her go through some scenes of Rachel's part in *Adrienn Lecouvreur*, and that wary and experienced judge expressed himself in unmeasured terms of approbation, and immediately concluded an engagement, by which the English public will shortly have the opportunity of estimating Mademoiselle Beaupré's pretensions. If expectation be not deceived and Mademoiselle Beaupré's friends egregiously mistaken, the French stage will, probably, in the person of the young and interesting *debutante*, be enriched by the acquisition of another Madeleine Brohan.

The peculiar line of business to which Mademoiselle Beaupré's taste and inclination lead her is high comedy and mixed drama of the school, already mentioned, of which Monsr. Scribe is at once the originator and most illustrious example. We shall watch her *debut* with anxiety.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

WE invite the attention of our professional readers to the list of pianoforte compositions in our advertising columns, by this clever artist, who is fast gaining a well deserved popularity. We have already, in a recent notice, expressed our high opinion of their merits, and of their peculiar excellence as teaching-pieces, at once elegant and light, and brilliant without being difficult. We are pleased to remark a growing disposition on the part of our own professors to give their pupils music written by Englishmen. We are quite sure that whatever may be the elementary value of the works of Czerny, Rosellen, Gorla, and other foreign composers much in vogue, they are not in any degree superior, as media for imparting mechanical skill and fluent execution to the learner, than those of Mr. Brinley Richards. The lighter pieces of Mr. Vincent Wallace and Mr. Osborne have lately encountered an extensive patronage at the hands of our professors and amateurs, and those of Mr. Richards promise to rival them in general estimation. We cannot but rejoice in this, and strongly exhort our musical compatriots to "put their shoulders to the wheel." The advantage that must accrue will be exclusively their own. The music publishers will be eager to purchase copyrights of English music, if English musicians will only support them, by adopting what they print, for the use of their pupils. But if, on the other hand, English professors confine themselves, out of some petty or mistaken feeling, to the music of foreigners, they cannot blame the publishers for being "shy" of their manuscripts. Commerce is commerce all over the world, and it were unreasonable to expect a publisher to lay out capital on an article that brings no profit to his business. He would most probably be laughed at for his folly, rather than lauded for his patriotism. But let English musicians uphold each other, and they need not be in apprehension about foreigners. We are of those who believe that art has no country, and that merit should be the only test; and we by no means advocate or desire the exclusion of foreign compositions; but we must say, that where a piece of music by an Englishman is as intrinsically good and serviceable as a piece of music by a foreigner, the English professor ought to give his fellow countryman the benefit of his choice. We detest cliquetry of all kinds; but this is not cliquetry; it is the sublime maxim, *Do as you would be done by*, put into action.

YANKEE FAIR PLAY.

UNDER the head of "Fair play on all sides—The Great Managers and their Great Operas," the *New York Herald*, that purest and most unsophisticated of sheets, publishes the following eager protest against puffing in general and Mr. Barnum in particular—*à propos* of Jenny Lind on one side, of Parodi and Manager Maretzek on the other, and of "the boots" on both. We cite it with a profound feeling of reverence for the bias towards justice and virtue, "immaculate," which it struggles to make apparent, however clumsily expressed, however clouded in obscure verbosity:—

"We perceive an almost universal effort made on the part of the press, through correspondents of various qualifications, and by means of fulsome panegyrics, to magnify the enterprise of Barnum in bringing Jenny Lind to this country. There seems to us to be no want of appreciation of his services in the matter. But why is it that in all that is said of Barnum's risks and enterprise, not a solitary allusion has been made to the bold and adventurous spirit of the gifted, artistic, and amiable Maretzek, who has imported a *ballet troupe*, the most magnificent vocalist of the day—the charming Parodi—and Nathalie Fitzjames, one of the most popular dancers of Paris? Some of these encomiasts forget altogether Maretzek, in their ecstasies about the daring and skill of Barnum, whose merits no one will dispute. We do not object to praise being lavished in one quarter, where it is deserved, but it should not abridge the justice deservedly due in another place. Barnum merits much credit for introducing Jenny Lind, and also is entitled to a full recognition of his services for making a show of the Fejee Mermaid—for trifling with the memory of Washington, in instructing Joyce Heth to tell the American people that she was the nurse of the sage of Mount Vernon—and for other enterprises of equal value, not easily to be forgotten in the atonement made by the advent of Jenny Lind. We have no objection to give Barnum full credit—or a full dinner—and to have a speech from him, in which he may have an opportunity to explain and illustrate, and to tell us of the new elephants he intends to import; but we do contend for the enterprise of the youthful and polished Maretzek, who seeks for no distinction but such as legitimately may arise from his honest exertions—that there should be a cordial and unanimous feeling of respect, and an earnest desire for his perfect success. He has been opposed, however, and those who listen, but never learn, have stabbed at the peerless Parodi, in order that their weapons may scathe Maretzek. Parodi, however, by her acting and singing, has interposed her great power, as with the shield of Medea, and has turned these adversaries into stone—for they are incapable of hearing or feeling, under any circumstances. Fair play—fair play."

The writer of this mouthy diatribe would have made his position stronger by some endeavour to illustrate, in his own person, the doctrine he maintains with such convulsive eloquence. But professions of this nature from professors of his kidney have ever a doubtful look. The pen, freshly nibbed for the occasion, spurts and sprawls, unwilling and unable. The ink, strange to its office, mistrusts the paper, and smothers half the periods, or falls in ugly drops upon the words, like Mammon's tears, to blot them out for ever. There is as much difference between truth felt and truth feigned, the sentiments of the heart and the sophistries of the head, as between a pearl and a perriwinkle. Jenny Lind cannot feel offended, nor Parodi pleased, by an advocate who aims at two opposite marks, and misses both.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—We commence our notice of the new comedy produced at this theatre on Thursday night with an *a priori* argument:—the comedy in which Mrs. Nisbett appears cannot prove a failure. Any play in which this most delightful actress supports a part must, of necessity, contain the very quintessence of comic spirituality, and, by consequence, possess one of the first elements of success. Wherefore, we repeat, the comedy in which Mrs. Nisbett undertakes a part carries with it an antidote to failure. Be there nothing else worth listening to, Mrs. Nisbett has a charm in her voice, which, independent of the words, carries poetry and music in its very sound. Be there nothing else worth looking at, Mrs. Nisbett's face has an unspeakable beauty, and her figure an ever-escaping and ever-renewing grace, which fas-

cinates the eye and fills the one sense to completeness, leaving the others powerless. In her grace and in her beauty; in the ringing of her laugh, which sounds like the echo of the heart's true gladness; in the music of her voice which, in its cadence, rises and falls like the breathings of the sweet west wind amid the chords of an Æolian harp; in her eyes which, in their looks, speak from the unimagined depths of emotion; in her swan-like gait; in her proud head and bending neck, she looks, and moves, and talks the very incarnation of the comic muse. How then could any comedy prove unsuccessful in which Mrs. Nisbett bore a part? No comedy ever yet failed of success in which she played, nor can fail while interfused with the spirit of so much vitality and beauty.

From the above mode of reasoning, or sophisticating, it must not be inferred that we wish it to be understood the new comedy failed. We wish no such thing to be understood, since the comedy succeeded without a dissentient voice; but we were desirous of impressing upon our readers the fact, that the acting of Mrs. Nisbett had made a deeper impression upon us than the composition of Mr. Sullivan, and that the author was in no small degree indebted for his success to the actress. Mr. Sullivan's comedy, *The Old Love and the New*, was, in fact, a genuine success, although the applause throughout the play, and at the conclusion, was by no means uproarious. If we were asked to name the sources whence sprung this success, we should perhaps find ourselves at fault. There is little constructive power evinced in the plot, the characters are loosely drawn, the incidents not particularly striking, the dialogue devoid of brilliancy or piquancy. Was the success deserved? We answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. If the author displayed no superior powers of construction, he at all events presented us with probabilities of circumstances, and situations that were not to be disputed for their reality. If the characters were mere sketches, they displayed occasionally a freedom and boldness of outline which made much amends for their want of finish. If the incidents were neither novel nor surprising, their want of originality and effect was counterbalanced by an earnest mode of treatment, and a thorough sincerity that sacrificed nothing to the temptations of the moment. Found we fault with the dialogue for its lack of brilliant sayings and epigrams, we could not fail to discover sound sense conveyed in smooth words, and philosophic reflections invested with a poetry not their own. The principal deficiency of the comedy, we mean in the writing, appeared to us to consist in the diversity of styles shown in the earlier and later acts, as if they had been written at different periods. We fancied we discovered in the first act an attempt to catch the subtle wit and pinched pungency of the Colley Cibber school, which was afterwards abandoned for a more natural and liberal mode of expression. The dialogue was sometimes forced, and on two occasions we felt that a speech or a dialogue had been introduced which, with great propriety, might have been omitted. The dialogue, also, in its aim, savoured too much of the wit-encountering essays of the school of Charles the Second's time, and fell flat upon the ear of an audience who were unaccustomed to far-fetched similitudes brought out in a long duet of words. The alternated comparisons of Jack Falstaff and Prince Hal we endure for their propriety in *tempo*, as well as their exceeding wit, but neither qualification did we find in Mr. Sullivan's dialogues to warrant their introduction.

If the author of the *Beggar on Horseback* have not, in his last comedy, written a great work, he has certainly given birth to a highly amusing and entertaining one. The scholar, the observer, and the poet, are discoverable throughout, while the

analyser and philosopher are not entirely kept in the back ground. What we particularly admire in the new comedy is its tone of heartiness and its entire freedom from bitterness of feeling. The humour is always frank and genial, and even the satire is stripped of its acrimonious poison.

We shall endeavour to lay the plot before our readers, though we cannot promise to give the details with distinctness, as on some occasions the gist of the story escaped us altogether.

Sir Algernon Courtoun (Mr. Cooper) is an old bachelor of large fortune, who had been a *roué* in his youthful days. He is captivated by Camilla (Mrs. Nisbett); the daughter of Haythorn (Mr. Barrett), a squire of the Western school. Camilla and her father are staying at the baronet's country seat, and the free manners of the young girl are translated into an encouragement of his pretensions by Sir Algernon. The father, who thinks of nothing but broad acres and broad pieces, is delighted at the prospect of becoming father-in-law to a large estate and well-paid rental. The gentlemen, however, reckon without their host. Camilla has a younger lover in her affections. This is no other than Sydney Courtoun (Mr. Anderson), the nephew of Sir Algernon, and an officer in the "Piebalds," a reputable corps, the type of which, we suspect, can only be found at Astley's. Camilla and Sydney have long seen and loved each other. Sydney comes on a visit to his uncle, but before he arrives at the Hall has an interview with his lady-love, which is observed by Miss Trimmer (Mrs. Ternan), who the author evidently intends should be emphatically the character of the drama. Miss Trimmer is certainly an original draft upon nature, although, now and then, we find reminiscences of Betsy Trotwood, in *David Copperfield*, and Harmony, in *Every One has his Fault*, suggesting comparisons. Miss Trimmer is an old maid verging on fifty. She has been disappointed in affection in early life, but instead of suffering her spirits to sink beneath the blow, she determined to turn her sorrow even into a blessing. From the ashes of a broken heart has sprung up the phoenix, universal benevolence. With a kindly feeling, but a tongue none of the sweetest, because conveying honest truth, in homely phrase, she goes about doing all sorts of good. She is, indeed, the ministering angel of the drama. She has heard of Sir Algernon's projected marriage with Camilla, and knowing Camilla's inclination in another quarter, would fain save him from degradation. Seeing no other mode of bringing all things to a prosperous issue, she acquaints Sir Algernon with the secret attachment of Camilla, and points out his nephew as the likely object. Sir Algernon is indignant. His indignation, however, is appeased by a stratagem concocted between Camilla, Sydney, Cherry Bounce, (Mrs. Walter Lacy), the housekeeper, and Miss Trimmer, in which Sir Algernon's suspicions are transferred to a certain Major Stock (Mr. Emery), who belongs to the same regiment as Sydney. The baronet, who was about to disinherit his nephew, in his delight at finding the old Major his rival, falls into a sudden fit of affection, and makes over all his possessions to Sydney. When Sir Algernon again learns that his nephew is the real Simon Pure, his rage returns with redoubled fury, but his wrath is directly appeased by certain miniatures handed to him by Camilla and Sydney, in which he sees his own face, as it was thirty years before, and the face of Olivia, as it was thirty years before, and his memory, with guano quickness, makes his heart expand, till it becomes so large that it has room for two more besides himself, and so he takes the youthful pair to his middle-aged bosom. But fancy the astonishment of the now worthy baronet at finding the long lost Olivia in no less a personage than Miss Trimmer. To be sure, the days of transport are

long past and gone, and hope is vain ; but contentment and mild friendship are compatible, and so, the OLD LOVE may be yet renewed in tenderness, if not in transports, and all their wishes fulfilled in contemplating the happiness of the youthful pair in the progress of their NEW LOVE ; and so—the moral is told, and the curtain falls.

We have already said enough to give the reader an idea of Mrs. Nisbett's exquisite personation of Camilla Haythorn. Seldom has the charming and accomplished actress exhibited to greater advantage the graces of her natural endowments, or the perfection of her art. The fact of Mrs. Nisbett being on the stage should, of itself, be enough to inspire all extant writers of comedy to infuse tenfold power into their pen.

Mr. Cooper played the old beau-baronet admirably. In this performance he demonstrated, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that there was still remaining on the stage one of the good old school, who could realize an author's conception to the fullest extent.

Nor can we speak in terms of sufficient praise of Mrs. Ternan's Miss Trimmer, which was a masterly piece of acting throughout, and, as far as the character went, was worthy the best days of the stage. When we see suitable parts entrusted to such artists as Mrs. Ternan and Mr. Cooper, we begin to have hopes for the drama.

Mr. Anderson's is not a congenial part—indeed there is not metal enough in it for him—but he played it with great spirit and vivacity. Mr. Barrett did not please us as much as Sir John Falstaff—that may be in his favour—and Mrs. Walter Lacy had a part quite below her capabilities. Mrs. Walter Lacy has too much intelligence not to invest any character with interest ; nevertheless, we could have wished that the housekeeper had been written with a keener eye to the powers of the artist. We were sorry to perceive that Mrs. Walter Lacy had received a hurt in her foot, and was compelled to have recourse to a staff for support during the performance. How many actresses for the sake of art would have done the like ?

The scenery was exceedingly beautiful—more beautiful by far than what we have yet beheld at Drury Lane, under Mr. Anderson's management ; and the dresses were all new and appropriate.

OLYMPIC.—On Monday evening a new two-act drama from the fertile pens of the Messrs. Morton, entitled *All that Glitters is not Gold*, was produced with every demonstration of the most perfect success. We have seldom listened throughout to a more neatly constructed, or a better written piece. Although restricted to the space of two acts, the first by no means "long," the incidents are numerous, and the story brought out with great completeness. The closeness with which the chief points of interest are brought together is remarkable, and displays a considerable degree of ingenuity. Indeed, for conciseness, if not aptness of construction, the new drama, *All that Glitters is not Gold*, might be cited as a model. The characters are well drawn and contrasted with effect. The heroine, Martha Gibbs, is a charming portrait, and draws very largely upon the sympathies of the audience. If we were called upon to point out defects in the new piece we should refer to the too frequent inculcation of truisms, and the loud vauntings in praise of the virtues, compliments to their own moralities, which the gods in the gallery are ever on the look out for in any serious character. The Messrs. Morton were not sparing of their truisms or their blessings, and so the gods were mightily taken, and roared lustily. But, to our thinking, it made the judicious grieve, and did not at all tend to elevate the tone of

feeling which the authors were desirous of imparting to their drama. With this exception we were entirely pleased, and are inclined to pronounce the last production as the best which has proceeded from the pen of the Messrs. Morton.

The plot is simple, and runs as follows:—Old Plum is a wealthy proprietor of a cotton-spinning establishment at Bristol. He possesses sufficient pride to ape the gentleman, has a hankering after high society, and entertains a strong desire to elevate his family by means of his riches. His eldest son, Stephen, escapes the high-reaching ambition of his father, sticks to his bobbins and reels, and falls in love with one of the factory girls, Martha Gibbs. His second son, Frederick, is brought up as a gentleman, imbued with classical notions, and shares with Old Plum in the desire for the family elevation. By some means or other a marriage between Frederick and a titled lady is brought out and concluded. The ceremony takes place at the end of the first act. Little seeming happiness is in store for the young couple. The Lady Valeria, the youthful bride, recognizes in Martha Gibbs the daughter of an old servant of her mother ; and Martha, on her side, sees in the Lady Valeria the daughter of one who conferred life and blessings on her mother. Despite their difference of rank, a mutual sentiment of friendship springs up in their breasts. Valeria confides to Martha the secret of a former attachment, which, even at the moment of yielding her hand to another, she cannot overcome. The object of this attachment, a most unworthy one, is Sir Arthur Lassell, who happens to be the friend of Frederick Plum, and the appointed bridesman at the marriage. To excuse the Lady Valeria for entertaining a feeling of affection for Sir Arthur, a profligate and seducer, the author has made her romantic, youthful, and confiding. But all this while another love affair is going forward, and far more interesting than that just named. Stephen Plum loves Martha Gibbs, and Martha Gibbs loves Stephen Plum ; but Stephen fears to open his mind to Martha, and Martha knows her place too well even to entertain a thought of Stephen beyond that of a kind friend. At last, Stephen is determined that Martha shall be his wife at any risk ; and, without telling her, acquaints his father with his intention. Old Plum at first is indignant, but, after consulting with his son Frederick, gives his consent, on condition that Martha's propriety of conduct shall be tested for three months, and that Stephen will keep her in ignorance of his intention. Stephen agrees joyfully to the proposition, and Martha is inducted into the house as one of the family. At the marriage feast, Martha discovers that Sir Arthur Lassell is the former lover of Valeria ; and conceiving that there is danger in the proximity of the pair, determines to watch over her friend and shield her.

An interval of three months elapses between the first and second acts. To send Frederick out of the way, the authors have conferred on him a situation attached to a foreign embassy. Frederick goes : Valeria is exposed to the fascinations of Sir Arthur, who remains a guest at old Plum's. Martha observes all, and sees all ; and determines to rescue Valeria at any expense. For this purpose, she draws Sir Arthur into an assignation with herself, and contrives that Valeria shall overhear his protestations. Valeria's eyes are opened, and her infatuation cured. But both her trial and that of Martha have yet to come. A prying old lady, who fancies Sir Arthur is attached to her, overhears the conversation between him and Martha ; but hears it in such a manner, that the girl alone appears to be the criminal person. Old Plum is informed of the meeting, and glad of any pretext to break off the projected nuptial between his son and her, dismisses Martha from his house. The explanation is brought about by Valeria making

a full confession, whereby the cloak of reconciliation is wrapped round all the personages of the piece, with the exception of old Lady Leatherbridge, who, being disappointed in her attempts on Sir Arthur and old Plum, retires crest-fallen, and Sir Arthur, who is dismissed with scorn and contempt.

Although we have minutely described the plot of *All that glitters is not Gold*, we have omitted mentioning the best character, or, at least, the best played character in the piece. This is Toby Twinkle, one of the head men of the factory, whom Stephen takes into his confidence, and treats in every respect as his equal. Toby is a caricature, and has little or nothing to do with the texture of the story; but Toby has his humours, and his good natures, mind you, and his quaintnesses, go to, and Compton plays Toby inimitably. Yes, inimitably; and let no one gainsay our *dictum*; and whoso doubts the inimitability of Compton—but stay, no one could doubt the inimitability of Compton, who is one of the greatest of living comedians; and whose real excellence, we fear, is but too often hidden under a bushel.

The piece in general was well performed. Mr. Leigh Murray sustained the roughness and honesty of Stephen Plum with nice discernment. Mrs. Sterling was highly effective in Martha Gibbs, and played the last scenes with great delicacy of feeling. We did not like her earlier scenes so much. A little more quietude, to our thinking, would have suited the factory girl better. Miss Louisa Howard looked extremely lady-like in Valeria; and Mr. W. Farren made the most of old Plum. The piece was received with peculiar favour, and announced for repetition every night.

ADELPHI.—Why does the village of Montroulade rejoice? wherefore are its denizens thus vigorous in their gladness? Bonaparte has been overthrown, and the Bourbon has been restored; somebody has perished; some one has succeeded; and the people, your only true philosopher out of this mixed fortune, choose the better part, and therefore it is that the village of Montroulade doth rejoice. This village is in France, but whereabouts it were difficult to say, for France is disturbed, and knows not whether she is in provinces or departments; but on a settlement of the dregs which always rise in public commotions, Montroulade will be found somewhere near Angoulême. It is the month of June, 1814, and the principal street is crowded with booths, stalls, and peasants, and returning *émigrés*. The inn bore the sign of Napoleon, and a good likeness it was, but the provident innkeeper is also a timekeeper, and very properly paints out the words Napoleon Bonaparte, while under the hero's portrait he contents himself with writing *Louis the Eighteenth*. This picture will be doubtless found for centuries hence, and will afford ground for ample discussions amongst learned men, as to whether Louis and Napoleon were not one and the same person, subsequently known as Louis Napoleon. But this is speculative and not critical.

What is a village holiday without a mountebank, with his van and seats of tumbling and legerdemain?—the idea is as absurd as a session without a Chancellor of the Exchequer without his budget. So we understand the delight with which the inhabitants of Montroulade crowd round the vehicle entering the town, with drums and cymbals beating, and flags streaming. Belphegor, the inimitable Belphegor the *paillasse*, arrives with his wife Madelaine, his two children, and Ajax the funniman, D.C.L. (defier of the sheet lightning). Let no one class Belphegor with the clowns of the ordinary raree shows; beneath this dress of the buffoon is concealed the most kind and tender of hearts. His devotion to his wife, his innocent and playful attachment to his children, may sur-

prise at first, coming from such a source, but once that strangeness past, the character of this simple-minded being ingratiates itself in a most extraordinary manner—it becomes a reality. This little family, in its misery, in its abasement, vagrants, outcasts, fawning for permission to win a dinner at the risk of limb and life, and yet so full of love and happiness, forms a most touching contemplation. But this happiness is doomed to be crossed by calamity, which comes in the shape of a certain newly returned *émigré*, called De Rollac, who is in search of a child which had been confided to a cobbler at Lamballe, during the reign of terror. The father of the child was a noble who perished in the perils of the times. The cobbler dies also, so the infant struggles on as best it can through life, but in ignorance of its noble birth. De Rollac traces this child to the home of the mountebank, Belphegor—in short, it is his wife, Madelaine, the daughter of a duke! rich, noble, great!—who can express the joy of the buffoon? But De Rollac arrests his delight with a sad piece of news. It is quite impossible that Belphegor should share the good fortune of his wife. She must change her name—the wife of a buffoon could never be admitted to court—the children of a buffoon could never inherit the illustrious ancestry of the Montbazon. This family hereupon indignantly refuses to accept this fortune which threatens the disunion of their hearts, and the simple-minded father, in terror at the very idea, bundles his dear one and his chattels back again into his crazy vehicle and flies away from the spot where such a calamity was hinted by Providence.

Now let it not be thought that De Rollac is De Rollac. No such thing. He is no more nor less than that escaped convict Savarennes, who “has been wanted” for some fifteen years previously, but escaping to America, there met a M. De Rollac, who died, and whose papers unfortunately fell into the hands of this scoundrel. Savarennes personates De Rollac, returns to France, and finding amongst these papers the details which refer to the lost child of the Duc de Montbazon, he searches for her, in hopes of marrying her himself, and securing her fortune. For such a rascal the poor buffoon is no match. De Rollac pursues him, and by playing on the maternal feelings of Madelaine, proves that one of her children is dying, and induces her to accept the offers of her family, who can provide the only means by which the precious life of the infant can be saved. The mother yields—the wife quits her husband's roof—Belphegor returns and finds it desolate. The scenes of anguish which succeed are almost too painful for contemplation. The buffoon sets out with his son in pursuit of his wife, who has carried away his daughter. Then begins that life of harrowing misery—obliged for common sustenance to do his tricks and perform antics to a grinning circle, while his own heart is breaking—uttering and exchanging with his starving boy those hackneyed jokes and quodlibets, while the tears roll down his smeared and painted face; at last, arrested, thrown into prison, and nearly executed in the place of this very Savarennes, while his wife refuses to acknowledge him as Belphegor, or as her husband, for she is under the impression that such confession will consign him to certain death.

Such is the drama entitled *Paillasse*, now playing at the *Gaité* theatre in Paris, where Lemaitre, that Prince of melodrama, moves to hysteria the crowded audiences which hail this great creation. This piece, under the title of *Belphegor the Mountebank*, was produced at the Adelphi Theatre last Monday night. We say nothing of the attempt made to introduce a comic underplot, as we suppose it is necessary that Messrs. Wright and Bedford should appear in all important pieces produced at this theatre. Suffice to say the audience

were good enough to be amused, but as what these people said and did has nothing to do with the piece, we congratulate them sincerely on their success. Mr. Webster's performance of Belphegor was evidently founded on the delineation by Lemaitre; and with this great master in his mind he attempted an elaboration of which no English actor is capable, and if he were, no English audience could efficiently appreciate. But enough was exhibited by Mr. Webster to shew that when the piece is condensed, there will remain a dramatic picture which for truth and originality, has seldom been equalled in the annals of English melodrama, and assuredly has seldom been surpassed. We speak now of the character of Belphegor and the thread of interest which follows here throughout.

As a piece the merit is not great—and what goodness there is in it, belongs purely to the French authors, Messieurs Marc Fournier and D'Ennery. We reverse the order of their names, as we have reason to believe the credit of the idea is due to the former gentleman.

PRINCESS'S.—The *Merchant of Venice* was given here last Saturday, and will be repeated to-night. The chief attraction of the performance is the Portia of Mrs. Charles Kean, a part which requires in the actress an unusual combination of the attributes of comedy and tragedy, and hence this lady is the best representative of the character that the stage at present possesses. If the famous appeal to the Jew's humanity, in the court scene, was given with somewhat less elevation and dignity than the situation and language require, it was yet, by the aid of the eloquent countenance and manner of the fair delineator, impassioned and true; and her banter of her lover in the last act was equally characteristic in its social ease and vivacity. There is no actress who so eminently possesses the *ars celare artem* as Mrs. Charles Kean; the unconscious grace with which she sinks the artiste in the woman, being, in fact, the principal charm of her acting. The house was, as usual, quite full, and the new Pantomime has as yet moulted no feather of its popularity.

MR. HULLAH'S MONTHLY CONCERTS.

The third monthly concert of ancient and modern music took place on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall. It is evidently Mr. Hullah's wish to endow his programmes with as much variety as possible. The selection on Wednesday night was a strong case in point. There were two pieces by old masters, and two pieces by modern masters, and all strongly contrasted, as much in the form of composition as in style. The first piece was Handel's fourth oboe concerto, for two solo oboes, accompanied by a stringed band. It is hardly necessary to say that the full development of Handel's immense genius was chiefly evinced in his choral works, and that his instrumental compositions hold comparatively a subordinate rank in the list of his productions. It was for Haydn to do for the orchestra what Handel did for the choir; nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that, in the instrumental works and especially in the concertos of Handel, may be traced the first idea of the symphony, which other masters, led on by Haydn, afterwards developed to ripe maturity. The embryo was in the giant's fertile brain; but it is not for one man to accomplish everything; and as far as Haydn has soared above Handel in the regions of instrumental art, so far beneath him is he in his choral music; not solely in variety and richness of invention, but in masterly and elaborate workmanship. And for example, what the symphony in E flat, No. 10 of the Salomon set, is to one of the con-

certos of Handel, so is the *Messiah* to the *Creation*. From this it is reasonable to infer, since Handel lived long before Haydn, that he was by far the greatest genius of the two. Having said this, it is unnecessary to criticise the fourth oboe concerto, which, though spirited, and in many places effective, we do not think is one of the best. It was admirably played, and we much doubt if the obligato oboe parts could possibly be made more telling than by Messrs. Nicholson and Horton on Wednesday night. Mr. Hullah, by his precise and intelligent manner of conducting, shewed an evident intimacy with this particular school of music. The concerto, nevertheless, did not appear to impress the audience greatly, and, in plain truth, its introduction was chiefly to be commended as affording to modern hearers a specimen of what was regarded as "display-music" in Handel's time.

The "Frost Scene," from Purcell's *King Arthur*, bears even stronger traces of what our contemporary, the *Morning Herald*, quaintly terms, "the bag-wig," than Handel's concerto. But then it must be remembered, that Purcell was Handel's predecessor. The style generally of this, and indeed of most that remains to us of Purcell's dramatic music, is monotonous. Time has done its work upon it; yet the eager student, the inquiring critic, and the impartial philosopher cannot fail to detect, and detecting to admire, the many points of harmony, the many and unexpected progressions of modulation, and other such matters, which shew how diligently he had explored these magnificent branches of art, and how deeply he felt their beauty, importance, and inexhaustible resources; and, indeed, it must be laid down as an incontrovertible truth, that to this early and distinguished musician, to this unmistakeable genius, the science of harmony is prodigiously indebted. Perhaps it may not be too bold an assertion, perhaps it may not be deemed a paradox by those who weigh the matter seriously, and with a fit knowledge of its general bearing and significance, to declare that Purcell was the first of the three composers who may be strictly called discoverers, if inventors be not a better term, in this particular domain of the art; the other two being John Sebastian Bach, almost a contemporary of Purcell's, and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who has lived among us. In another grand element of musical expression, which may be termed the basis of the dramatic vocal art, Purcell is equally to be cited as a discoverer, and to be studied as an example—we mean, the recitative; and here, even to this day, he seems to march with the strides of a giant. The "Frost Scene" of *King Arthur*, although the verdure of youth be no longer on it, although its forms of melody have become antiquated, and its cadences rusty, abounds in points which, did occasion serve, might stand for illustrations of our argument. It was remarkably well performed on the whole, under Mr. Hullah's direction, on Wednesday night, although Miss Kearns, who took the *soprano* solos, did not exactly come up to our expectations, her intonation being at times defective. Miss Kearns must be careful of this quicksand, or she may flounder on her voyage towards eminence. Mr. H. Phillips, in the bass solo, exhibited his usual steadiness and experience.

The *Walpurgis Night* might, and indeed should, have gone better. It would have gone better, no doubt, had it been properly rehearsed. But we presume Mr. Hullah was engrossed by the compositions of M. Charles Gounod, who, being a stranger and a debutante, so far as London and St. Martin's Hall were concerned, claimed more than ordinary care and attention. We have rarely to find fault with Mr. Hullah for want of zeal where Mendelssohn has been in hand, but on this occasion the composer of the symphony in A minor was certainly sacrificed to M. Gounod.

It is never an agreeable task to record a disappointment following on the heels of unbounded expectation; but it is our duty at present, and we must not shrink from it. M. Gounod has been so lauded, and by creditable authorities—as was stated in our last number—that we looked, at least, for an original, if not for a great musician. We found neither one nor the other. M. Gounod, in short, is a French composer in all that belongs to a French composer, except that grace and prettiness of melody which is the gift of so many French composers, and more especially of the best of them all—Auber. In this point he is singularly deficient—so much so, indeed, that he appears unable, or unwilling, to define a phrase. That, like M. Hector Berlioz, he may entertain exclusive views on the subject of melody, and be ruled by a system of his own invention, which regards “tune as a common-place expedient to tickle vulgar ears,” is not impossible. But our ears, being vulgar enough to yearn for this particular “tickling,” they are unsatisfied and unedified without it. Mozart has tune, and Beethoven, and Handel, and Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and Weber, &c., and they are not small men, nor bad models, nor despicable authorities, but the great lamps that illumine the palace of art. Nor does M. Gounod exhibit any of that daring novelty, that vast outline, that rugged and, at times, grandly poetical conception, for which Berlioz is so constantly to be admired, that no work of his can be listened to without an interest, which, while it alternately rises and falls, is never quite extinct. M. Gounod has notions of harmony and instrumentation which dissatisfy without exciting surprise. His treatment of the orchestra is singularly monotonous and tame, in the midst of a general tendency to extreme noise. In his sacred music there is nothing to impress the hearer with a deep emotion. Occasionally, indeed, (as in the “Sanctus,” from a mass, which was the third piece on the list of Wednesday night,) it is common and theatrical, not to say vapid. At other times, (as in the “Hosanna in excelsis,”) its distinguishing trait is a sort of pedantic triviality—pedantic, because making a pretence to a quality it does not possess—trivial, because destitute of all evidence of elaboration and depth. We may say, indeed, without fear of refutation, that M. Gounod has neither the learning, nor the dignity of style, which have always been regarded as indispensable in the music of the Church. Not only does he lack ideas, but the science that may sometimes hide a poverty of thought. The first piece on Wednesday, for example, a chorus, “Libera me,” from a *Requiem*, is literally no more nor less than a collection of chords, progressions, and modulations. The voices have no melody to sing, the instruments no figure to display the resources of counterpoint, and relieve the ear by variety of accent and rhythm. In the second piece, a *motet*, “Thou wilt content them, O Lord,” without accompaniments, the ambitious expedient of a double choir is resorted to, with a result absolutely abortive, since not a vestige of cleverness or contrapuntal skill is offered as an excuse for this pompous pretext.

M. Gounod cannot surely have studied the motets of Mendelssohn—much less those of Bach, in which the choir is divided to good purpose, and eight vocal parts consummately developed. The “Sanctus” begins with a tenor solo, which would serve for the commonest French opera tune, were the melody more rounded and finished. The “Benedictus,” after the “Hosanna in excelsis,” opens with a solo for *soprano*, which has about as much tune in it as a Gregorian *canto fermo* (to which, by the way, our contemporary, the *Daily News*, in a most unaccountable article, compares it). What follows this solo is all froth. We need add no more to make it sufficiently clear that we did not admire the examples of M. Gounod’s sacred composition with which Mr. Hullah favored us on

Wednesday night. Yet (except the *motet*, which being long and wholly without accompaniment, exposed the choral executants to imminent peril, and before the end left them a tolerable distance from the key in which they commenced) the performance was good, and the “Sanctus,” owing to the boisterous passage, on the words, “Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriâ tuâ,” evidently suggested by the “Robert toi que j’aime” of Meyerbeer, obtained an encore.

The selection from M. Gounod’s works concluded with a dramatic *scena*, entitled “Peter the Hermit,” which it grieves us to be obliged to condemn as unconditionally as the sacred pieces. The nearest resemblance to this *scena*—for bass solo (Mr. H. Phillips), semi-chorus, and full chorus (an imposing display of resources, out of which no legitimate effect is obtained)—may be detected in some of Verdi’s theatrical music, and especially, if we are not deceived, in the opera called *Attila*. It is true Mr. Phillips had an air to sing which was really a tune, but this tune, the first complete one we had heard, we are sorry to say we did not admire. Like the solos in the “Sanctus” and “Benedictus” it is unvoiced and unmelodious. The semi chorus is employed most inartificially, with that absence of ingenious contrivance which seems to be a characteristic of M. Gounod’s music—while all that comes from the grand chorus is a certain brilliancy, which can hardly fail to accompany the employment of the unison, but which too often presented, and with no orchestral devices to adorn it, becomes common and tiresome in the end.

We have stated our opinion on M. Gounod’s music without reserve, the more so because he was so lavishly praised in advance, that the advent of a new and original composer was anticipated. On a former occasion we felt it our duty to animadvert severely on the too flattering estimate that has been pre-administered in favour of another composer, M. Silas—who was ushered into this country as a sort of acknowledged successor of Mendelssohn, whereby in the end, M. Silas was the sufferer, even to an unjust extent, since we feel bound to assert that his pretensions as a musician, inasmuch as we can be allowed to form an opinion from the works we have heard at Mr. Hullah’s concert—are very far above those of M. Gounod, who is by some years his senior. Had we spoken more guardedly, had we insinuated the probability of M. Gounod ever being able to soar to the height to which the imagination of his admirers have lifted him, we should have done the public an injustice, and M. Gounod himself but doubtful service. At the same time let us not conclude without a pledge, due to our readers and ourselves, that we shall lose no occasion to hear more of M. Gounod’s music, in the sincere hope that we may be able to write, without violation of conscience, another and a better account. It is possible the works introduced by Mr. Hullah may be very early efforts. If so, however, it was indiscreet to introduce them, on such an occasion—that of his *débüt* before a London audience—the calmest, the most independent, and the most difficult in the world; an audience upon whom the “*prix de Rome*,” or even the *prestige* of a triumph at the *Académie Nationale de Musique* does not necessarily force conviction, as has been exemplified on more than one occasion. If they be early compositions, his advisers should urge M. Gounod at the earliest opportunity to give the English public some specimens of his more recent workmanship. Mr. Hullah himself might be consulted on the matter. That gentleman is too sincere a lover of his art to refuse M. Gounod the chance of a second hearing, on such a just and reasonable plea.

MR. FREDERICK GYE is at Berlin making arrangements respecting the Royal Italian Opera.

Provincial.

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From the *Manchester Examiner and Times*.)

This gentleman gave the last of his very brilliant and interesting concerts to a crowded audience, in the Free-trade Hall, on Saturday evening last, the occasion being graciously appropriated to the benefit of Madlle. Jetty Treffz. If we may judge from the large audiences attracted by M. Jullien, his visit to Manchester, this Christmas, must have been particularly successful; and we think we may venture to say that the faith he has kept with the public, by presenting them with one of the most complete orchestras, whether we speak of individual or collective talent, will long be remembered by vast numbers of our musical public; whilst it will give him a marked position in any future visit. If rumour be true, however, the visits of M. Jullien are approaching their close in Manchester. His talent, his ingenuity, and his enterprise, are made known in other countries beside England; tempting offers have arrived from America, France, Germany, and even from Russia. "How happy could I be with either, were to their dear charmer away."—Monsieur Jullien is no doubt somewhat "in a fix," if we may be allowed a vulgarism, looking north, west and south, and waiting for the fates on "golden opinion" to decide where must be the move. It is very possible, therefore, that we may soon lose him, and that his next visit may be that of a "farewell." We almost venture to hope not, for considering him, as we have done, among the "schoolmasters abroad," as one helping on the move towards refinement and better taste on the part of the people, we shall, indeed, be sorry to bid him adieu. He is an active spirit to whom certain classes look, at particular seasons of the year, for a graceful and a gratifying amusement. In London he indicates that Christmas is coming, in Manchester he tells us it is come, and we have learned to look upon him as one of the happy symbols of a right merry time. He has done much good in his day and generation,—though he does not talk like an oracle, but merely gives utterance by the magic of his baton to "most eloquent music?"—he has excited many a generous sentiment, called forth many a beautiful aspiration; and he has taught a lesson to vast numbers, whether artists or artizans, that industry and a strong faith in our calling will carry us through many difficulties, and do much to land us safe at last. Wherever he shall go, we are satisfied he will have the admiration of all who can appreciate these very valuable qualities.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH AT MANCHESTER.

(From the *Manchester Examiner and Times*.)

We have so often commented in these columns upon the genius displayed in this the greatest of the great master's sacred compositions, that we need scarcely enter into any detail of its many and extraordinary beauties. Mendelssohn has contrived, with rare artistic power, to combine the solemnity of the *Messiah* with a graphic illustration of his subject that may be called dramatic, in the most refined sense of the term. That such a work should have been produced at the aristocratic musical locality of the town for the first time on Thursday night, must be traced to some of those unaccountable motives which occasionally regulate the acts of public bodies. "Better late than never," says the adage, and with this spirit we congratulate the subscribers to the Concert-hall, not only upon the production, but, all things considered, upon the very respectable performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. M. Charles Hallé, in his position as conductor, must have been gratified with the discipline of his local troops;—band and chorus showed the advantages derivable from rehearsals and public performances, and he directed them with the tact of a sound musician; albeit, there were one or two points leading us to presume that he is less familiar with the sacred oratorio, than with some other classes of composition.

Miss Birch, as the principal *soprano* of the evening, gave satisfaction in those parts of the work which demand beauty of voice rather than intellectual power; but those who remember the splendid performance of the oratorio at the Free-trade Hall, with Jenny Lind as the heroine, will readily perceive how much the

latter quality is necessary for the faithful illustration of such music as the great opening air of the second part, "Hear ye, Israel," and "Be not afraid." It is in the word-painting of such compositions that greatness is shown by the vocalist, and this Miss Birch certainly did not accomplish—her performance was pleasing rather than great. There was a nearer approach to the lofty order of singing in the efforts of Miss Williams, who, with a voice not to be surpassed in the charm of its tone, read as well as sang the celebrated air, "Oh, rest in the Lord," with a fine intelligence. Admirers as we are generally of Mr. Lockey's vocal powers, he still possesses faults it would be as well if he could abandon, particularly a throatiness of voice which, without great care, will increase rather than diminish as he advances into years. In the air, "If with all your hearts," he showed more judgment than feeling; it wanted the mingled delicacy and fervour which we can imagine a singer of Mario's capacity throwing into it; and the same may be said of "Then shall the righteous," which we know Mario does sing as no other tenor has yet sung.* In making these comparisons, however, we would rather desire to point out to our own artists what may be accomplished by study, under the influence of a just spirit of emulation, than from any wish to condemn what in itself was highly creditable and praiseworthy. Mr. Phillips having recently recovered from a severe indisposition, naturally claims every indulgence. There were evidences of weakness occasionally in the upper range of his voice, but his intelligent reading was always conspicuous, and in the air "It is enough," he showed how comparatively valuable are his services in the present dearth of sterling English vocalists. Some of the concerted pieces were finely given, particularly the quartet, "Cast thy burden," and the trio, "Lift thine eyes," the latter by Miss Birch, Miss Williams, and Mrs. Thomas; the former by Miss Birch, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Craig. The chorusses were admirable, but had less effect upon the audience than might have been anticipated. There were few evidences of enthusiasm either in reference to "Thanks be to God," or the concluding chorus, a deficiency not usual when we have had the good fortune to hear this noble piece of musical writing elsewhere. Praise is due to the orchestra, from which we should be unjust not to select for particular remark the execution of two obligato passages for the oboe, by Mr. Jennings; we allude to the extraordinary accompaniment in the dialogue between Elijah and the Youth, and the beautiful obligato in the air, "For the mountains shall depart." Both of these points were given by Mr. Jennings with a fine appreciation of their importance, and with a beauty of tone that we have rarely heard surpassed. Let us, in conclusion, repeat that the performance, as a whole, was a very agreeable indication of our musical progress.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—M. Charles Hallé's extra Classical and Chamber Concert took place at the Assembly-rooms, on Saturday. The following is the programme:

PART I.

Grand Trio—Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—(In D Minor, Op. 49) - Mendelssohn.
Adagio, in A Flat, from Op. 10, and Finale from Op. 27, -
Pianoforte - Beethoven.
Song—Miss M. Williams.
Grand Sonata—Pianoforte and violin—(In G, Op. 96) - Beethoven.

PART II.

Grand Trio—Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—(In E Flat, Op. 70) - Beethoven.
Song—Miss M. Williams.
Solo—Violin - Elégie - Ernst.
Pensée's }
Fugitives. } "Lied." }
Pianoforte and Violin. } "Adieu." } St. Heller and Ernst.

We never experienced more delightful sensations in listening to an entire public concert, than to the one of which the above is a programme—it was not alone that the talent engaged, both vocal

* Always excepting the introduced *cadenza* going up to the high A flat.—Ed.

and instrumental, was first rate—it was not that such a *duo* can scarcely be found in Europe as Ernst and Charles Hallé, but it was that *all* were in good and happy *vein*—the selection was not only good—it was beautiful—the performance was more than excellent, for there was a spirit of enjoyment in it to the gifted artistes themselves, which became quite contagious, and communicated itself to the select audience. Mendelssohn's trio made an admirable opening. The first movement—*allegro agitato*—shewed the master hands that were rendering it. The second, a most lovely *andante*—got most rapturously applauded. The fantastic *scherzo* and the impassioned *finale* were pre-eminently beautiful. We shall exhaust superlatives were we to speak in adequate terms of this *recherche* concert! Let any one who has ever had the chance of hearing three such players as Ernst, Lidel, and Hallé, in a moderately sized room, engaged in the execution of that fine music, gainsay us if they can!

Hallé next gave us two of the choicest movements—from two of the best solo sonatas of Beethoven—the *adagio* from the one in A flat, Op. 10, and *finale* from Op. 27—wondering, comment, and enthusiastic plaudits, express all that can be said. Hallé surpassed himself. Next appeared our favourite, Miss Williams, in that fine old song of Gluck's, "Che Faro;" she was, perhaps, never in better voice—never sang better—and was never listened to by a more appreciating audience. The song just suited her deep full tones; she evidently felt herself mistress of it, and revelled in it accordingly—to the no small gratification of all in the room. Then came the sonata (in G. Op. 96) for pianoforte and violin—by Beethoven—a masterly display of talent by both Ernst and Hallé. They played the music *con amore*—but to attempt to describe the passionate expression which they infused into the *adagio*—the playfulness of the *scherzo*—or the *allegretto finale*—with its quaint Scotch jig sort of subject, is beyond our power. Suffice it to say, it was glorious music, gloriously performed.

Next came the grandest piece of the night. Beethoven's trio (in E flat, op. 70)—and perhaps one reason for our enjoying this so much, as well as most of the pieces given—was, that we had heard them all before; for we were not in a peculiarly happy mood for enjoyment, and went *solus* to the concert, determined not to miss our only chance at present of hearing Ernst. We came away, however, delighted beyond all former precedent. Every movement of this splendid trio was charmingly given by the three; but if anything was superlatively fine, where all was so great, we must say it was the minuet "*allegro ma non troppo*." The way this was *sung* on the first violin by Ernst, and accompanied by the other two, was incomparable; yet what could be grander than the "*Finale Allegro*?" Its harmonies and joyous melodies, reminded one, for fulness and grandeur, of the finale to "*Fidelio*"—one can only compare Beethoven with himself.

Miss Williams then delighted the audience with another display of her rich deep notes in a song called "*Lovely clouds*," by Reissiger; to show how her voice and style were appreciated by perhaps the most fastidious audience in Manchester, this, her second song, met an unanimous encore,—a very rare occurrence at these classical concerts. After this, Ernst gave us his own expressive "*Elegie*" on the violin—which he made eloquent to painfulness, almost—so intensely mournful was its appeal. By way of contrast, and as a wind up, a well known German "*lied*" by Heller and Ernst, was *sung* on his truly *vocal* violin, and accompanied by Hallé, followed by an "*Adieu*"—both from the "*Pensee Fugitive*." And an adieu it certainly was, for it was the last night we shall ever hear such magic strains in those beautiful rooms; the auctioneer has since been awakening its echoes with his hammer; and soon after this meets the eye of your readers, the Assembly-room will be razed to the ground. Well, we must hope Hallé will revive his concerts in some other *locale*. The worst of it is, there remains no other so fit in Manchester. Jullien returned again; first, for a "Beethoven," then a "Mendelssohn" Festival, the Jetty Treffz Benefit, on Saturday last. He has had a famous harvest in Manchester, this Christmas.

M. Gounod, the French composer, some of whose works were introduced by M. Hullah, at his last monthly concert, has been in London for a few days.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent).—The season is now in its meridian. Its course has been signalled by the production of two successful operas. *L'Enfant Prodigue* of Auber is running a prosperous career at the *Académie de Musique*. General opinion rates the music highly. There are not wanting some who find it too "biblical" and heavy, while others depreciate it as too "profane" and trivial. Auber, no doubt, consoles himself with the reflection that both of the demurring parties cannot be right, although it is very possible that both are wrong. The piece is one of the most ingenious of M. Scribe, while the scenery and the decorations surpass anything that has previously been seen, even at the Grand Opera. The only drawback is the want of some *premier sujet* of celebrity in the cast; for, though Roger is an excellent tenor, and Massol has proved himself an actor and singer of high pretensions, the want of a first-rate female singer is severely felt. Mdle. Dameron, who plays the part of Zephthra, is a young artist of decided promise, and Madame Laborde, a clever vocalist in the French *bravura* style; but neither can claim to a place in the *premier ligne*, which militate in some degree against the attraction of the *Enfant Prodigue*.

The *Prophète* and *Guillaume Tell* have been recently played. Madame Viardot has lost none of her hold on the public mind as the representative of Fides, notwithstanding the immense and deserved success of Mdle. Alboni. In *Guillaume Tell* M. Mairalte made his *début* as Arnold, and was well received, while M. Massol restored the part of Guillaume to the importance which it had lost for some years, by being consigned to inferior performers. M. Mairalte is the same gentleman who, as M. Meerelt, was first tenor at the Ghent Opera, and, as Signor Maralti, proved eminently successful last season in a more subordinate position at the Royal Italian Opera. A new opera by M. Gounod, called *Sappho*, is in the course of preparation. M. Gounod is an untried man, but his friends have blown loud anticipatory flourishes in his praise, of which, it is to be hoped, he may not be found undeserving.

The concerts of the celebrated Société des Concerts will shortly commence at the Conservatoire. The new rival association, at the head of which is M. Berlioz, and the Union Musicals, over which M. Seghers presides, have achieved a "succès d'estime," but have not turned out profitable in a pecuniary sense.

At the *Opéra Comique* another opera by Scribe and Halévy, *Le Dame de Pique*, has been brought out with entire success. The *libretto*, taken from a Russian tale, translated by M. Merimée, is one of the most fantastic that Scribe has constructed. It is founded on an old story about the Russian Empress, Elizabeth, who had found out the secret of invariably winning at play by means of three cards, of which the Queen of Spades (*La Dame de Pique*) was one. The music of M. Halévy is praised for its *couleur locale*—a quality in which he is generally deficient; but the wonderful singing of Madame Ugalde—or rather her wonderful *roulades* and passages of *bravura*, for therein lies her real strength—together with Condésc's picturesque and forcible acting, aided by gorgeous scenery and decorations, according to some critics, have had a main influence in this last triumph of MM. Scribe and Halévy.

Meanwhile Mr. Lumley is getting on exceedingly well at the Theatre Italien. Madame Sontag's brilliant reception in the *Figlia del Reggimento* has been followed by equal good fortune in the *Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Don Pasquale*, to both of which operas the return of Lablache has given additional

eclat. Ivanhoff, the tenor, once so well known in London, has made a "quasi fiasco," and, it is to be feared, will not be of much use to Mr. Lumley; Colini, the new baritone, was not much more successful. Opinions are divided as to his merits, but few venture to assert that he is destined at any future period to occupy a high rank in his profession. Madame Fiorentini has added greatly to the strength of Mr. Lumley's troupe, which the arrival of Madame Barbieri Nini, who has been long promised, will complete.

Mlle CAROLINE DUPREZ.—The latest event of interest at the *Theatre Italien* has been the *début* of Mlle Caroline Duprez, who appeared in company with her father, in the part of Lucy, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The critics are unanimous in praise of the young aspirant; but, of course, their favourable notices must be accepted with caution, since they have naturally been influenced by the respect so justly due to the veteran Duprez, one of the greatest singers of the French stage, who, in the part of Edgardo, (composed expressly for him by Donizetti), was himself received with the utmost enthusiasm. The acquisition of these two artists has greatly strengthened Mr. Lumley's company.

Every foreigner in the habit of visiting the Parisian theatres must be pleased to hear that M. Carlier has issued an ordinance by which the organisation of that extreme nuisance, the "claque," will be materially changed for the better. The superintendent of police has wisely resolved to deprive the "claque" of the privilege they have so long enjoyed, of entering the theatre before the public, and appropriating to themselves the most conspicuous and comfortable places in the *parterre*. It is a pity such a monstrous absurdity, such an insult to common sense and just appreciation, cannot be done away with altogether. It is degrading to a civilized community.

A new one act comedietta, by M. Emile Augier, has been received with the utmost favour, at the *Théâtre Français*, where the performances of Mlle. Rachel continue to engross public attention to the exclusion of all minor attractions. Frederick Lemaître has made a sensation in a piece called *Paillasse* (an adaptation of which was produced on Monday night at the Adelphi), scarcely inferior to that created by Robert Macaire or the *Dame de St. Tropez*. The Vaudeville and the *Théâtre Historique* are both closed, and the vain chimaera of a third lyrical theatre has again been haunting the minds of disappointed musical composers and singers. It is to be hoped, if any one else essays the speculation, that he will make a better hand of it than M. Adolphe Adam at the *Théâtre National*. The house of Leroy and Chabrol have failed in the attempt to make a bankrupt of Signor Ronconi, the celebrated actor and singer, late *impresario* of the *Théâtre Italien*. Their claims have been reduced by the Tribunal of Commerce from 150,000*fr.* to 87,000*fr.*, and Signor Ronconi is allowed two years to acquit himself. Mlle. Charton, Mr. Mitchell's intelligent and popular *prima donna*, is at Lille, where she has been playing all her favourite characters with the greatest success. She remains until the end of the month, and will then go to London.

(*Extract from a Private Letter.*)—"Some musical news from Paris I am to give. Where shall I begin? Halévy's *La Dame de Pique* has—so says Adolphe Adam, in his evidently well-intentioned "*critique*"—the same musical merit and success as the *Tempesta* had in London. The libretto of the *Dame de Pique*, by Scribe, is the most racy, spirited, and interesting comedy imaginable, and even without the music would have the greatest success. I do not doubt but it will be soon performed on all the London stages. Madame Ugalde

is enchanting as a singer and actress, and the *mise en scène* is of the most costly kind. I heard, at a *soirée "distinguee,"* a young Englishman, Mr. T. Ascher, pupil of Mendelssohn and Moscheles; he is not only an excellent pianist, but a composer of some graceful and clever "*morceaux de salons*." At another *soirée* we went through the piano-forte score of Macfarren's *Charles II.*, and notwithstanding that our public did not understand the *libretto*, it obtained the greatest enthusiasm for its charming melodies, which speak to the heart. I heard much in favor of an English lady, a pupil of M. Alphonse Re-vial, who is said to have become, under his teaching, a first-rate singer. I shall hear her soon, and then speak from facts. Erard is preparing a magnificent piano for the forthcoming London Exhibition. I have taken out several patents for new and important inventions. I long for the next concert of Berlioz—his concerts take the shine out of the "*Conservatoire*," as I hear from good judges. To-night is the first *début* of Mlle. Duprez. I will tell you of her success in my next epistle. *On dit*, "Thalberg writes an opera." *Moi je laisse dire*. Henry Smart has been here, and played on several of the most celebrated organs. I was delighted to hear his praises from the amateurs of this king of instruments."

MADRID.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mlle. Alboni has created a *furor* in the *Favorita* and *Sonnambula*. The latter opera pleased so much that it was played five times in succession (contrary to the general rule), and the Queen has been a constant visitor. Alboni played the part of Amina, for the first time, at Birmingham, in 1849, at the time of the festival; and an account of her performance appeared in this journal. The other artists at Madrid are Madame Frezzolini, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Formes. Frezzolini has pleased very much, and Formes has been completely successful in all his parts. Ronconi, who has left Paris altogether, having declined an engagement at the *Théâtre Italien*, will shortly make his *début* at Madrid, in the *Barbiere*, with Alboni and Gardoni. At Lisbon, the lovers of the opera are all on the alert, in consequence of the engagement of Madame Stoltz, who will make her first appearance in her celebrated part of Leonore in *La Favorite*.

GHENT.—Zelger has returned to the opera here, and is as popular as ever. He made his *rentrée* in the *Prophete*, in the part of the chief Anabaptist, and has subsequently appeared in *La Juive* as the Cardinal, and as Moise in the *Moise*. In all he has been eminently successful. He is a great favorite with the public of Ghent. The theatre is doing very well, and we have plenty of music and in all varieties.

NEW YORK.—We owe Madame Bishop a musical debt for her Sunday evening concerts, in Tripler Hall. With the assistance of a large and good orchestra, and a chorus which will undoubtedly improve, she is giving a series of Sacred Concerts no less profitable to herself, we fancy, than agreeable and useful to the public. She has already produced Beethoven's oratorio of the *Mount of Olives*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and is so rendering a most essential service to the cause of musical art and cultivation in New York.

We wish particularly to notice the fact that Madame Bishop has sung at two of her concerts, and on both occasions with encores, and the greatest applause, Schubert's "*Ave Maria*"—one of the most profoundly beautiful works of that rare genius. This fact indicates that music of the highest worth, when discreetly selected, is not lost upon a popular audience; and in singing that and simple arias of Handel's and Haydn's, Madame Bishop has shown the way which, we trust, other artists will follow—of benefitting the true musical taste of the community, no less than themselves—by pre-

senting the very best music. The Italians, rich and mellifluous as they are, do not monopolise melody or exhaust it. The Germans, Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn and others have written songs and scenes that will not alone strike the general ear, but please the general heart. And while the Opera continues with increasing success to spread for us a feast of sweet Southern blooms, let the single artists regale us with Northern fruit.

We thank Madame Bishop for this attempt, and congratulate her upon the result—for every Sunday evening the throng at Tripler Hall has confirmed what we say.—*New York Daily Tribune*.

Miscellaneous.

ERNST.—The great violinist has returned from Manchester. He is announced to play once in London previous to his tour in the provinces with Mdle. Angri. His name is in the programme of Mr. Balfe's forthcoming concert at Exeter Hall.

MR. BALFE has come back from Paris, in anticipation of his concert on the 27th, which promises to be a brilliant affair.

MR. MITCHELL, the enterprising ex-(*esperons non-ex*)-lessee of St. James's Theatre, has returned from Paris. What views and arrangements Mr. Mitchell's are for the season will appear in good time. Meanwhile we hold fast to the hope that he will not abandon his old patrons, the public, but yet for another season officiate musically and dramatically as one of the most zealous and favoured caterers for their amusement. Be it at the St. James's, or Drury Lane, it is all one provided we only have Mr. Mitchell once more with his Charton, his Couderc, his Guichard, his Chateaufort, his Nathalie, his Reguier, and last, not least, his Rachel.

WARRINGTON.—Miss Sinclair has opened the pretty little theatre of this place for a short season.

MR. WILBERFORCE has been appointed organist to Christ Church, Liverpool.

MISS DURLACHER, the vocalist, has returned to town for the season, after a most successful provincial tour.

BERWICK.—A meeting of members of the congregation attending the parish church was held in the vestry on Wednesday, for the purpose of devising means for reviving and maintaining the practice of singing the psalms and other parts of the church service during the period of public worship, the discontinuance of this practice having of late occasioned so much remark among the general community and regret among the congregation. Captain Smith, R.N., was in the chair, and the meeting comprised a number of ladies. A list of suggestions was presented by Mr. Hixson, the organist, from which a series of resolutions was prepared and agreed to. These were—first, that a calendar containing a list of the proper singing psalms for every day, with the names of the tunes attached, be adopted, and in no case to be deviated from—the calendar prepared by the Rev. Dr. Millar to be the one selected; second, that four leading singers (two males and two females) be engaged to lead the vocal department of the service, and that two collections throughout the year be made in the church to remunerate these parties for their services; third, that the ladies of the congregation be recommended to form private musical parties for practice at which the organist is willing to give a gratuitous attendance if required; fourth, that a committee be appointed to draw up a memorial, to be signed by the congregation and presented to the Vicar, for his concurrence in the arrangements proposed. All of these resolutions were unanimously adopted, and we hope they will be successful in remedying a defect which all seem to regret. One lady at the meeting said she was always unwilling to bring a stranger with her to the church, for she was aware of the remark that would be subsequently made, namely, the omission of the congregation in joining in the services, either in the singing or the responses—an omission which she was neither able to excuse nor apologize for.—*Berwick Advertiser*.

SURREY CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The first of a series of concerts under the above title, and which, judging from this specimen, promises to be very attractive, took place on Monday evening at the Lecture Hall, Walworth, under the direction of Mr. G. J. Lake. The programme was exceedingly well selected. The vocalists and instrumentalists were Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Madlle. Lavinia, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Sedgwick, (concertina), Mr. S. G. Callcott (pianoforte). The encores were for Balfe's cavatina, "Sweet Maid when thou art Sleeping," beautifully rendered by Mr. Herbert; "The Lost Heart," given with that purity of intonation which makes Miss Poole so charmingly effective in all that she undertakes; an English version of "Non piu andrai" by Mr. Leffler; "Jock o' Hazeldean" sung to perfection by Miss Messent; a delicious unaccompanied quartette, "Dream the dream that's sweetest," by Mr. G. H. Lake, exquisitely interpreted by Misses Messent and Poole and Messrs. Herbert and Leffler; and Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingara," sung with great spirit by Mdle. Lavinia. The latter young lady also achieved a triumph on this occasion by her delivery of "Una voce." Her voice is a clear, ringing soprano. The floriture introduced by her into the cavatina embraced a compass of more than two octaves—from the G to B. A *potpourri*, selected from *Der Freischütz*, for the pianoforte and harmonicon, and performed by Mr. Callcott and Mr. Lake, gained immense applause, the adagio movement being given most exquisitely by the latter gentleman on the harmonicon. Mr. Lake conducted, playing also with Mr. Sedgwick a Duo Concertante for the concertina and pianoforte. The concert appeared to afford the greatest satisfaction, which promises well for the deserved success of the series. We understand the second concert is to be given shortly at the Horns, Kennington.

A WORD ABOUT THE LADY OF LYONS.—I went the other night to see the *Lady of Lyons* at Drury Lane, partly because Claude is one of Anderson's best parts, and partly because the drama is the most successful of modern plays, and amuses the critic by showing what wretched attempts at wit and what *poetry* will pass current with an audience, provided the story have movement, the situations interest, and the construction be skilful. I was more than ever impressed with what struck me from the first in the strange mistake made with Beauseant. It was originally given to Elton, and, consequently, has ever since been played by one of the "heavies." Thus is the whole force of the character destroyed. Beauseant is, at least, a gentleman—a man of high breeding, and excessively proud of his birth—he offers his hand to Pauline, with a coxcombry so insolent in its assertion of superiority that she herself remarks that he does it as if conferring a favour. Does any actor represent that coxcombry? Does any actor show us the insolent aristocrat—or even the manner of a gentleman? No; Beauseant is cast to a tragedian, and he contrives to make it as scowling and offensive as possible. It seems to me that if the part were played by Charles Mathews it might be one of the most effective in the piece: a cool, self-sufficient, polished scamp—not a fop, but yet so obviously on shaking-hand terms with himself as to colour his whole manner. In a word, it should be a bit of light comedy, and, oh, heavens! given to any one but Mr. Cathcart, who in appearance, gesture, tone, deportment, and reading, was just the very opposite of what Beauseant ought to be. But actors are such sticklers for "tradition," that Elton's having once played the part in a certain way will most likely prevent any one else from venturing on a new reading.—*Leader*.

SHEFFIELD.—On Friday week the Misses Ryalls gave a concert in the Music Hall, which was crowded in every part. The principal attraction of the evening was the singing of our old favourite. Mr. William Ryalls, of Liverpool, whose qualifications as a ballad singer were agreeably displayed in "The Maid of Kildare," "The Village Maid," "Twas Post Meridian," "The Irish Emigrant," "Tom Topsail," and "White Blossomed Sloe." The Misses Ryalls sang two duets, in one of which, "What's a' the Steer," they elicited a deserved encore; and were assisted by Mr. Ryalls in several duets and trios. Both ladies are young, and we doubt not that time and practice will improve them considerably. The concert was varied by one of the pieces of Herz, played as a duet on the pianoforte by Miss and Master Parry Jones, very cleverly.

Mr. T. H. TOMLINSON delivered a very interesting lecture on ancient music on Tuesday, commencing from the antediluvian period, tracing its origin and progress in the darker ages, describing the kinds of music used in savage nations, and following its progression until the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem; he then pointed out the principal effects attributed to the music of the ancients, and closed with an account of its supposed influence on the human mind in exciting or repressing the passions. The lecture was illustrated with diagrams.

Mr. J. R. NEWCOMBE.—(*From a correspondent.*)—The benefit of this public favourite, at the Theatre Royal Plymouth, on Monday evening, presents a great variety of attractions. The pieces chosen for representation are the drama of *Giralda*, to be followed by a divertissement, after which the farce of the *Practical Man*, in which Mr. Newcombe will play Cloudsley, "a gentleman of imaginative tendencies," the whole to conclude with the new tale of enchantment called "*The Seven Castles of the Passions.*" A "bumper" may be counted on.

DUBLIN.—The last of the series of concerts given by Mr. Scates, at the Rotunda, came off on Saturday evening, and was attended by a highly respectable audience. Mr. Ryalls, of Liverpool, was encored in all his songs through the evening, and in the old ballad, "Sally in our Alley," twice—giving, on the first encore, an Irish melody. Mr. Buckland also sang in a pleasing manner, "Philip the Falconer," and the buffo song, "Young England," in which he was much applauded. Miss Balfie, in the solos and concerted music, sustained her reputation as a tasteful concert singer. Nothing could be more effective than the concertina performance of Mr. Scates, to which the audience awarded unqualified approbation.

THE REVEREND THOMAS HARVEY.—(*From a correspondent.*)—We are informed that the Rev. Thomas Harvey, who recently took up his temporary residence at Boulogne, has just arrived in England. Mr. Harvey is known to the public as the object of a systematic persecution, during many years, at the hands of a dignitary of the church. Mr. Harvey has opposed a manly yet temperate resistance, aided by the press of all shades of politics. Unable, however, to contend longer against irresponsible power, and seeing no hope of reparation, Mr. Harvey retired to Boulogne early in 1849, and became the proprietor and minister of the oldest English church in that city, situated in the Upper Town; and although a certain reverend gentleman saw fit to omit all notice of this church, in his *Enquiry into the state of the continental churches*, Mr. Harvey has a numerous and highly respectable congregation, much increased since he entered upon the office. He is, moreover, esteemed both as a minister and as a man, by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who enjoy the privilege of his public ministrations. The estimation in which he is held is evident from the fact that the members of his congregation have prevailed upon him to sit for his portrait, which has been just completed by an eminent London artist. It is also in contemplation to raise a fund for the purchase of a new organ for his church, the present one being out of repair. Indeed a subscription has been already commenced. We trust that Mr. Harvey's former public and private friends will co-operate in this work—for we are convinced the better the minister in a church, the more zealous the devotion—and that they will rally round him during his visit to England, giving him all the encouragement and consolation in their power. Though only a private grievance, this case involves a public principle, in which Mr. Harvey has manfully contended, at much personal sacrifice. The case has been recently much served by two able pamphlets, the first entitled, "*Charles James, Bishop of London. What he can do, and what he has done,*" and the second, "*The signs of the Times,*" in which, amongst many other exposures, the authors set forth the unjust oppression to which Mr. Harvey has been subjected in forcible and touching language, illustrating the effects of the present system of irresponsible spiritual power.

SINGLE STAGE DANCING.—We can strongly recommend M. Silvain, who, besides being an excellent professor, is a single, and a single-minded man, of singular ability.

CIANCHETTINI AND DUSSEK.—We believe that Mr. Pio Cianchettini, although Dussek's nephew, has no other interest in his uncle's works, than what every true lover of music must necessarily possess.

CHELTEMHAM.—Cheltenham has been more than usually busy with musical matters of late. Madame Anna Thillon and Mr. Hudson gave their popular entertainment on Thursday evening, which was announced for repetition on Friday morning, but owing to Mr. Hudson having a severe hoarseness and cold, it was postponed till a future time. The attendance was good and the entertainment itself gave great satisfaction. It was under the superintendence of Messrs. Hale and Son, who likewise engaged John Parry to give his entertainment last Friday, which was attended by a most brilliant and fashionable audience. Messrs. Hale and Son have also announced a Grand Concert to be sustained by the principal artistes from the Grand National Concerts, including Pratti, Richardson, Miss Goddard, and many other of celebrity.

Original Correspondence.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—It has struck me that an invitation to authors, composers, publishers, to embody their ideas in print, on the justice, policy, and general operation of the above subject, would serve much to enlighten your readers on a point but imperfectly understood even among the legal profession; and if you would open your columns to a fair and free discussion, I have but little doubt that the matter would be interesting to the majority of your readers.

A CONSTANT READER.

ACROSTIC.

S till bards may warble of the "Hayes"—the "Lind,"
I n strains extatic. Let the *Songstress* find
M an doing homage ever at her shrine.
S ongstler of England! *Woman* bows at *thine*.

R are power kind Nature gave thee; Science, Art,
E ach to enrich thee hath performed her part;
E ach with the laurel wreath thy brow surrounds.
V ain are the efforts of thy envious foes;
E ver for thee the stream of Triumph flows.
S ing then, while thirsting ears imbibe sweet sounds.

LISA.

NOTICE.

In consequence of an unusual press of matter the "Reviews of Music," prepared for this week, are unavoidably postponed until our next.

Advertisements.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER

BEGS to announce that he will give THREE SOIREES OF CHAMBER MUSIC at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, No. 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square on the following Tuesdays:—JANUARY 26th, FEBRUARY 11th and 25th. Mr. Lindsay Sloper will perform Selections from the Pianoforte Works of the best Composers, and will be assisted by distinguished vocal and instrumental talent. Tickets for the series, one guinea each; or for single evenings, half-a-guinea each. May be had of all the principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, No. 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park.

MESSRS. BENEDICT AND LINDSAY SLOPER'S PIANOFORTE CLASSES,

Conducted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. E. Schulz (during Mr. Benedict's absence).

FOURTH SEASON.—These Classes (for Ladies) will be resumed on FRIDAY the 24th instant, at No. 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square. Prospectuses may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, No. 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL, 89, LONG ACRE.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce a series of **THREE EVENING PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, in illustration of the Works of the great Composers, on Tuesdays, January 28, February 11 and 25. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d. To be had at St. Martin's Hall; of **WESSLE and Co.**, 229, Regent Street, and the principal Music Publishers.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.

1. *Sonata* in F sharp major, Op. 78 **BEETHOVEN.**
Adagio Cantabile, Allegro.
Allegro vivace.
2. { *Prelude & Fugue* in A flat **BACH.**
 Prelude & Fugue in F **HANDEL.**
3. *Sonata* in C minor **WOLFF.**
Introduzione, Adagio, fugue, C minor.
Allegro molto, C minor.
Adagio, A flat major.
Allegretto, C minor.
4. *Andante con Variazioni* in E flat, Op. 82, (Posth.) } **MENDELSSOHN.**
Works, No. 10)
5. *Sonata* in B minor **HAYDN.**
Allegro Moderato, B minor.
Tempo di Minuetto, B major and minor.
Presto, B minor.
6. *Selection of Studies*—
A minor **STREIBELT.**
D major **CRAMER.**
" " **ST. HELLER.**
G major **MOSCHELES.**
C sharp minor **CHOPIN.**

PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND PERFORMANCE.

1. *Sonata* in E flat minor **PINTO.**
Allegro Appassionato, E flat minor.
Andante, A flat major.
Allegro molto, E flat minor.
2. *Prelude & Fugue* in G minor (Cat's Fugue) **SCARLATTI.**
Prelude & Fugue in D major **MENDELSSOHN.**
3. *Fantasia* in A, Op. 16 (Dedicated to **ROBERT SCHUMANN**) } **W. S. BENNETT.**
Moderato con Grazia in A.
Scherzo Presto, in F sharp minor, D major.
Canzonetta Andantino, A major.
Presto Agitato, A minor.
4. *Sonata* in C minor, Op. 35 (Dedicated to **CLEMENTI**) **DUSSEK.**
Allegro ed assai Agitato, C minor.
Adagio Patetico ed espressivo, E flat major.
Finale grotesque, Allegro molto e giocoso, C major.
5. *Allegro di Bravura* **CIPRIANI POTTER.**
6. *Lieder ohne Worte* { **MENDELSSOHN.**
No. 4, Second Book.
No. 6, Sixth Book.
No. 1, do. do.
No. 4, do. do.

PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE.

1. *Sonata* in B minor, Op. 40 (Dedicated to **CHERUBINI**) **CLEMENTI.**
Molto Adagio e sostenuto.
Allegro con fuoco.
Largo mesto e patetico.
Allegro.
2. { *Prelude & Fugue* in F **BACH.**
 Prelude & Fugue in E minor **MENDELSSOHN.**
3. *Grand Sonata* in B flat, Op. 106. **BEETHOVEN.**
PART 1st. { Allegro, B flat.
 { Adagio appassionato con molto sentimento, F sharp minor.
 { Scherzo assai vivace, B flat.
PART 2nd. { Introduzione Largo, B flat.
 { Fugue Allegro, B flat.
4. *Andante con Variazioni* in B flat, Op. 83 (Posth.) } **MENDELSSOHN.**
Works, No 11)
5. *Rondo* in A minor **MOZART.**
6. *Selection of Studies*:
C minor **HUMMEL.**
E flat **MACFARREN.**
D minor **HILLER.**
D flat major **HENSELT.**
" " **THALBERG.**

MR. BALFE'S GRAND CONCERT

ON MONDAY Evening, JANUARY 27, at EXETER HALL.

Mlle. Angri, Mlle. Graumann, Mlle. F. Lablache, and Miss Poole. Signora Lucciola (the celebrated female tenor) will make her first appearance in London on this occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Signor F. Tamburini (his first appearance in London), M. Jules Stockhausen, and Signor F. Lablache, also M. Ernst (his first and only appearance this season), and other eminent artists. Leader, Herr Molique; Conductor, Mr. W. Balfe. Stalls 7s.; Tickets, 4s. and 2s.; Upper Platform, 1s.; at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and all the principal music-sellers.

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- Premier Nocturne.** (Second Edition.) 2 6
- The Irish Emigrant.** Arranged as a Rondo 2 6
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MR. J. FULLER is directed by the Trustees of Mr. Charles Coventry (late Preston) to submit for unreserved SALE BY AUCTION, on the Premises, 71, Dean-street, Soho, on Wednesday, January 22, and following days, the entire STOCK of well-manufactured MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, 18,000 engraved music plates, comprising a valuable collection of instrumental and other music, in score and parts, with many valuable copyrights by the most eminent composers. The Lease of the very capacious Premises, subject to a low rent, will be submitted on the first day. Specimens of the works may be seen on the premises, 71, Dean-street, two days before the sale. Catalogues had on the premises, and at the auctioneer's offices, 161, Albany-street, Regent's park.

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NOTICE.

. The charge for a number of the MUSICAL WORLD will henceforward be 4d. for town and country. Subscriptions, per annum, 16s.; per half-year, 8s.; per quarter, 4s.; delivered GRATIS on the day of publication.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Proprietors of the MUSICAL WORLD beg to remind those Subscribers who have not yet forwarded their Subscriptions, that unless the same be paid to MESSRS. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, prior to the publication of the next number, they must discontinue forwarding it. Those Subscribers who may have paid Mr. W. S. JOHNSON (the late Publisher), in advance for the present year, will please to send an order to MESSRS. MYERS and Co., to receive the money from him.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

. The publication of the MUSICAL WORLD having changed hands, the proprietors respectfully solicit that all who desire to subscribe from the present time will have the kindness to notify the same to Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, and to forward their Subscriptions in advance. A notification by letter, or verbal message, will receive immediate attention.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

CHANGE OF OFFICE.

. The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be printed and published at the office of Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, where Subscriptions, Advertisements, and all Communications for the Editor may be sent.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

. Arrangements have been made to produce the MUSICAL WORLD for the future every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, at which time it will invariably be ready for delivery.

Engagements have been entered into with several well-known writers, in the provinces and on the continent, who have undertaken to supply the MUSICAL WORLD with periodical correspondence on all subjects of musical interest. The services of a gentleman of high standing and ability have also been secured, for the purpose of reviewing such new publications as may be forwarded to the office with that view. This department will be strictly attended to. Original articles, from eminent pens, on general subjects of art, will also appear from time to time.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which took place on Monday night, drew one of the largest assemblies we remember to have seen congregated within the walls of Exeter Hall. The execution was as remarkable for general carefulness as, on the previous occasion, for a very opposite quality. Those who were present at the first performance had the pleasure of assisting at a grand rehearsal, the benefit of which was enjoyed by their successors on Monday night. The respect which, in common with all true lovers of music, we are bound to feel for the memory of Mendelssohn, was shocked by the negligence with which his greatest work was interpreted, under the auspices of a society more indebted to the influence of his genius than any other in England or in Europe. It will, therefore, be easily believed that we went to Exeter Hall on Monday night determined to spare nobody—champions of Mendelssohn, protectors of the subscribers, and messengers of the public, rather than shielders of the Sacred Harmonic Society from blame, deserved or undeserved, or apathetic throwers of cold water upon manifestations of unpardonable indifference.

Happily, our critical watchfulness turned out unnecessary. Our office on Monday evening was a sinecure. Mr. Costa defied us, with a performance of *Elijah*, for the most part unsailable.

Let us hope, that the Sacred Harmonic Society may take warning, and, profiting by a lesson which it cannot but in-

wardly acknowledge to be a severe one, correct the errors of its ways. To be the first musical society in Europe is a fine thing, but to deserve the distinction, even if it be not unanimously accorded, is still finer. The first musical society in Europe—were it twenty times the first musical society in Europe, and were twenty times the vigor, zeal, talent, and experience of Mr. Costa at the head of its proceedings—cannot do impossibilities. We put it to the good sense and candour of all fair, impartial and reflecting judges, whether, after an interval of six months' idleness, the correct, or anything approaching correct execution of a grand, elaborate and difficult work, like the oratorio of *Elijah*, without a single rehearsal, be not an impossibility.

The Sacred Harmonic Society is, we are sure, at bottom, quite as right-minded a society as it is a great and numerous society, and, put upon its good behaviour under the influence of a temporary reverse, will conduct itself better for the future. But if the members forget, or allow for one instant to remain in abeyance, their obligations to the great musical spirit of the present age—Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy—"there must be something rotten in the state of Denmark." And should that be the case, which we shall be sorry to believe, we must take upon ourselves the gratuitous office of medical advisers, and by the wholesome drugs of honest criticism and fearless animadversion, whenever occasion may demand, endeavour to reduce the plethora of conceit, to free the veins and arteries from the obstructions of pedantry and self-opinion, to purge away the offending matter, and restore the afflicted body to sound and uncompromising health. "He chasteneth whom he loveth."

MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

(From our City Reporter.)

These pleasant winter meetings recommenced on Monday evening, in the "throne room" of Crosby Hall. Where Richard Crookback sat of yore, delivering cruel edicts, there stood Mr. Dando, with his trusty comrades, Mellon, Hill, and Lucas, making sweet music. Among the earliest instituted of our quartet concerts, following close upon the heels of those of Mori and Blagrove, and outliving both, Mr. Dando's have ever been well conducted; and although the audience is select, it is thoroughly appreciative, and doubtless large enough to ensure a steady annual profit. We sincerely hope so, at least.

The programme was a handsome one; it was, indeed, of Mr. Dando's best. Haydn's quartet in C major (No. 32) opened the concert, and Mozart's in E flat major (No. 4) concluded it. What could be better than to begin with Haydn, and finish with Mozart? We shall not attempt to criticise either of these well-known works; which, in effect, have lived so long as to be recognized among the undying forms, immortal through the strength of their own beauty—types, ever to serve as models for the contemplation and delight of youthful genius. I need scarcely add, that they were excellently played. No violinist knows Haydn and Mozart more familiarly than Mr. Dando; Mr. Alfred Mellon (who had quitted his post at the Adelphi, for an element more congenial to his musical aspirations) is a second violin "of the first water;" Mr.

Hill is the tenor of tenors; and Mr. Lucas, as a classical violoncellist, needs no praise from us.

The grand piece of the evening, however, was a new quintet in B flat, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—one of the posthumous works of Mendelssohn, executed by the same four gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. W. Thomas as second tenor. The impression derived from listening to this at a breath, and for the first time, is, that a new masterpiece has been given to the art, a rich and bright jewel added to the stores of chamber music. To stop and analyse what was an intense and continuous feeling of delight, is not in our power. Another occasion must serve for examination. As, one by one, they slowly come forth from the engraver's hands, the few remaining works of the great master, whose untimely death has arrested for a time the progress of the art itself, possess a painful and peculiar interest. Every one, you fancy, may be the last, and think that never again can be felt the fresh sensation, the keen and engrossing interest, that invariably accompany the first hearing of any piece of music from the pen of Mendelssohn. There remains, then, but to begin the catalogue again, and go right through, from op. 1 to op. 87, at which figure arrives the quintet in B flat. This last must be left to other hands than ours, to apostrophise in a style befitting its pretensions and the fame of its inspired author. We were pleased on the whole with the performance; but we felt that much remained to do, much to refine, a world of energy, a variety of passionate expression to add, before the last published *chef d'œuvre* of Mendelssohn could be rightly interpreted and fully understood.

The pianoforte playing of Mr. Lindsay Sloper was the theme of unanimous praise. We have rarely heard this most finished and elegant performer to more consummate advantage than in Beethoven's melodious duet in F major (with Mr. Dando on the violin), and in the trio in C minor of young Silas (with Messrs. Dando and Lucas, violin and violoncello),—the latter a work which, despite its close imitation of Mendelssohn's manner and frequent appropriation of Mendelssohn's ideas, is assuredly one of no ordinary merit.

The vocal part of the programme was divided between the Misses Cole and Mr. Benson. The Misses Cole sang some of the lovely chamber duets of Mendelssohn, among which "Greeting" was admirably conspicuous—with becoming simplicity of style and a purity of execution that promised much for the future. These young ladies are clever and unassuming, and deserve every encouragement. Mr. Benson sang a ballad called "Meeting and Parting," and joined the Misses Cole in Curschmann's pretty trio, "Addio," which pleased very much. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and the concert gave general satisfaction to a select audience of connoisseurs, whose numbers, we have little doubt, were in some degree restricted by the weather, which, more than unpropitious, was downright aggressive.

ALBERT SMITH AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Manchester spinners of cotton have been made convinced at the Free Trade Hall—where they flocked to the number of some 2,222—that there is a man who can spin yarns as well as themselves, and yarns that make the mouth open to grin—not to yawn. Mr. Cobden, the manufacturer, doubtless, manufactures very long speeches; but they are sadly in want of pictorial illustration. We should like to see some "effigies" of his facts. Look at Albert. He gives you anecdotes and scenery combined. He tells you of men, and shows you their

physiognomies cunningly dispersed upon canvas. So that you must swallow all he says—that is, as much of it as you can catch, since his utterance is fleetier than most men's thoughts—or be set down for a noodle of a sceptic. *Proh pudor!* Smith no sooner says than, “schnell and beweglich,” he demonstrates. From his merry lips come assertion and proof, tumbling, one over the other, in playful strife for priority of egress. And more—the ear is content, and the eye delighted. The melody of the vocal Albert is based upon the brushy harmony of Beverley. Why does not Cobden—who was, or should have been, one of Albert's most eager admirers, “audit et spectat”—try something of the kind? If he could show us his Utopia in oil—as Beverley gives visible reality to Smith's inordinate inuendos—the world would be convinced, and “the Duke,” incontinent, disband the army, spike the guns, and turn the bayonets into tooth-picks for Gog and Magog at Guildhall, where aldermen are carnivorous, and Lord mayors given to guzzle. Cobden uses all his oil for the tongue, and canvasses public opinion smoothly enough; but there be who stand in doubt of *gab*, be it never so glib. And such were they who shouted and roared at the Smithian sallies, in the Free Trade Hall, until that gloomy precinct (the pride of Peacock), moved by the risible convulsions of its occupants, suddenly, like Tom Pipes, began to know itself flesh and blood, and joined the general laugh—so well, indeed, that Smith and his pocket theatre were taken unawares. Thus, at least, might a lively fancy have represented the effect produced by Albert the jolly and judicious, on this memorable occasion. So one-minded was the laugh, that it seemed, as it were, one laugh,—or as if the Free Trade Hall, a mighty monster with a million mouths, were opening them all at a stretch, swayed by a single impulse, that of ingurgitating egregiously the feast of wit and flow of soul which, without let or hindrance, exuded in puns, and jokes and quibbles, from the fountains of the Albertian imagination, as from pores preposterously perspiring.

You know the story—I need not relate it. I would no, indeed, attempt an abstract of it for a pipe of any wine whatever—no, not for no pipe. Were I to essay to wrap it up in the foldings of my feeble wit, it would turn my spirit topsyturvy. I have not the pen of Smith—I have not the paper, nor the ink of Smith—nor the *papier à secher*. Of the school of appreciators, I simply enjoy, not knowing how to invent. That I leave to my betters. The naked fact is that Smith gave his *Overland Mail* on the morning and evening of Monday last; and that the Free Trade Hall was filled on both occasions—in the morning by the rich and proud, (the “upper ten,” as the Yankees call them), and in the evening by the middlings and mob (the lower twenty), who monstrously enjoyed what their betters had already relished before dinner, after the usual manner of *petits maitres* and *petites maitresses*, with staid delight, and thrice diluted merriment. But it was the post-prandial people who entered most heartily into Smith's peculiar drollery, and who cried until they were near splitting their own sides and the walls'. These were the fellows for Smith's money. I say Smith's money, since once out of the pockets of the “many-headed,” it went straight into those of the “long-headed,” (we mean it in the amiable sense) Albertus; it was, therefore, Smith-money to all intents and purposes. Thus the goldocracy used their dinner to digest Smith's jokes, while the copperocracy used Smith's jokes to digest their dinner. Which of them did wisely and comfortably? We are not of those equilibrium-compensation-mongers who would say that both did wisely and comfortably, and in a level degree, because a good dinner being better than the *Overland Mail*, there was a balance, and the *Overland Mail* being better than a bad dinner, there was a balance, and so there was a

balance either and both ways—*quod erat, &c.* We are not of these sour-mouthed-equalizers; on the contrary, we say the post-prandial people had the best of it, since Albert being superior to any dinner, after dinner, and (with deference to good appetites) less tempting (*pimpant*) than a good dinner just before dinner, those who went full and devoured him as a tonic, or a *chasse* (as the temperament of the inner man might require) were happier than those who went empty, and, to use the mildest simile, must have swallowed Albert as a glass of *absinthe*—a *seurvy* metaphor, since Albert is not bitter but sweet.

I send you extracts from the *Courier*, *Examiner*, and *Guardian*, who write about Smith as though Manchester alone among towns could understand and delight in him.* We scout the egotism of these boasters, and throw down the gauntlet, as having been among the very first and hottest of his champions.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM PALESTRINA TO ROSSINI.

BY THE CHEVALIER, JOSEPH CATRUFO.

The origin of modern music may be said to be almost coeval with that of Christianity itself. The early Christians sang the psalms and hymns which were extant at that period, and it is averred that St. Paul raised his voice in his prison and glorified God, nothing daunted by the prospect of his approaching martyrdom. As the Christians were persecuted they were obliged to conceal themselves in subterranean places, and their first temples were the catacombs, where they assembled to pray and sing the praises of their Divine Master. In the year 312, after the defeat of Maxentius, the Christian religion was openly practised in the Roman empire; in 313, Constantine built several churches, and in 384, under the reign of Theodosius, the Ambrosian chant was introduced at Milan. In the commencement of the fifth century, Italy was overrun by the barbarians, and Rome, taken by Alaric, was abandoned to pillage. In the midst of this universal cataclysm, it is not to be wondered at, that music should have remained stationary; the consequence was that the Ambrosian chant was maintained in the church upwards of two hundred and fifteen years. Gregory the Great, raised to the pontifical see in the year 590, undertook to reform this branch of the service, and gave it a new constitution, which was adopted in all the churches of Christendom, and is still in use, under the appellation of the *Gregorian chant*. In 880, Hubaldo introduced a method of diaphony or harmony, which consisted in the employing of two voices, in progressions of fourths and fifths, and in the introduction of the intervals of the major second and the minor third; to him, therefore, we are indebted for the first notions of harmony. In 1022 appeared Guido d'Arezzo, who substituted for the letters of the alphabet, as devised by Saint Gregory, six syllables of the hymn to Saint John, composed by Paul Diaconus. At a later period he gave the diagram of six hexachords, *Molle*, *Naturale*, *Durum*—he continued the method of diaphony by Hubaldo, to which he gave the title of *Diaphonia et organi jura*.

Franco, of Cologne, was the first who turned his attention, in 1066, to the scholastic measure or time. He published for the Cathedral of Liege, a work, entitled *Ars cantus mensurabilis*, which may be found in the Oxford Library (842). This work is divided into six chapters: the first contains the

* We have inserted one of these in our Miscellaneous columns.

meanings of the words employed by the author ; the second, treats of the form of the notes and their value ; the third explains the ties ; the fourth treats of the rests which correspond to the different notes ; the fifth is devoted to the consonant and dissonant intervals ; and the sixth explains the *organum* and other combinations. The National Library of Paris possesses Nos. 65 and 66, (fonds du Cange) and 2736 (fonds de la Vallière), two manuscripts by Adam le Hale, surnamed the *Hunchback* of Arras ; these compositions were written about the end of the thirteenth century, or the commencement of the fourteenth ; they are for three voices, and their form differs from that of the ecclesiastical diaphony, which proceeded by notes of equal value, without rhythm, and which only contained an unpolished and incorrect harmony ; whilst the phrases of le Hale are rhythmical, proceed by a succession of thirds and sixths, and have a contrary movement. This music served as an intermediate stage between the diaphony and the concerted pieces of a higher order and more regular development. Le Hale composed, in 1285, for the court of Naples, then French, a comic opera, entitled *Le jeu de Robin et de Marion*. The time which elapsed from the first appearance of the diaphony of Hubaldo to the compositions of Adam le Hale, five hundred and twenty years, is the best proof of the slow progress made by harmony.

In 1240, the Benedictine monk, Walter Odington, published in England, under the title of "*Speculatio de Musici*," a work, in which he treats of the minor and major intervals, of the divisions of the scale, of the harmonic proportions, of the dissonant chords, of the divisions of the monochord, and of several other subjects tending to elucidate the study of harmony. Thirty-four years after, Marchetti, of Padua, produced at Venice, two works, entitled "*Lucidarium artis musicæ planæ*," and "*Musica mensurabilis*." In these two treatises Marchetti introduced for the first time the accidental *diesis* or *sharp*, and treated the subject of chromatic counterpoint, the preparation and resolution of the dissonant chords, as well as the harmonies and temperament. From this period we may date a real progress in harmony by the expungement of numerous and gross errors.

Francesco Ludinio, born blind, stands forth in the fifteenth century as the composer whose works produce most effect, owing to the unaffected simplicity of his style ; in general the masters of this period seem to have strenuously and sincerely laboured to ameliorate the art of writing, their works being free from many of the faults so frequent in the time of Le Hale.

The composers of the fifteenth century, William Duffay, Binchois, and their successors, Hoberecht, Kenheim, and Busnois, gave to harmony a more genial and regular form, whilst, on the other hand, the didactic authors began to classify facts, and found a theory both simple and analogous to the productions of the period. Consonant chords of thirds and sixths produced, with a few prolongations, dissonances of seconds and sevenths, and the rules of composition did not exceed eight in number. However, the composers of whom we have spoken did not confine their efforts to these results. They, and we may mention J. Dunstable, an Englishman, as one of the most able musicians of that period, invented canons, which in course of time were followed by the fugue and other artificial compositions : the consequence was a complete revolution in the art.

In the middle of the fifteenth century music narrowly escaped being proscribed from churches by the re-introduction of the Gregorian chaunt ; this disgrace was owing to several causes, the principal of which was that the music of this period, being always fugued, loaded with imitations and extravagant

combinations, presented insurmountable difficulties of execution. It is to this epoch that we owe modes, times, polations, emiolies, proportions, perfections, imperfections, enigmas, and knots. Compositions were always written in four, five, six, seven, and sometimes as many as eight parts ; the words were contradictory, confounded in inexplicable confusion, in short, the text was quite lost sight of, and was devoid of meaning. The composers pushed their audacity so far as to add to the Latin text French and Italian words, and they even went to the extreme of introducing profane and obscene expressions ; whilst the organists, to captivate the suffrages of the multitude, played burthens of popular melodies and mundane songs. This state of things lasted up to the sixteenth century.

It was at this period that Peter Louis de Palestrina appeared ; his compositions soon raised him high in the esteem of his contemporaries, and, in 1551, he was appointed master to the Giulian chapel in the basilica of the Vatican.

In 1554, at the age of thirty, he composed his first work which consisted of four masses for four voices, and was dedicated to Julius III. The Pope in return for his dedication named Palestrina chorister of the pontifical chapel ; the chaplains united to oppose this nomination, which was however maintained by the Pope ; but which was ever viewed with feelings of jealousy and distrust by the whole body of the chapter of choristers.

To prove his gratitude to the holy father, Palestrina composed a book of madrigals for four voices, which he purposed dedicating to the Pope, when the father inopportunately died in 1555 ; he then resolved to submit his collection to Marcel II., his successor ; but the newly elected Pope died twenty-three days after his elevation to the holy see, so that Palestrina's book appeared without any dedication. This work, written in a clear, graceful, and expressive manner, obtained great success ; the style is quite new and does not resemble any of the productions of the author's predecessors and contemporaries. John Peter Caraffa, of the order of the Theatins, having been raised to the Pontifical see, and having learned that in despite of the rules and regulations, several singers of the Apostolic chapel were married, declared that such an abuse should be tolerated no longer, and published accordingly a *motu proprio*, in terms so harsh that Palestrina, who was included in this proscription, fell ill. Two months after he was offered the situation of chapel-master to the church of St. Jean de Latran ; he entered on this new office the 1st of October, 1555, and discharged its duties for five years, four months, and a few days. During this period he composed "*The lamentations of Jeremiah*," the *Magnificat*, and the *Improperii*, which raised him to the first rank among those composers who have understood the difficult art of uniting the acquirements of science to a perfect appreciation and expression of the text. The hope of bettering his own condition as well as that of his family induced Palestrina to quit St. Jean de Latran for St. Maria Majoz. He occupied this position ten years, from the 1st of March, 1561, to the 31st March, 1571, after which period he was reinstated in his former place in the Vatican, which had become vacant by the death of John Animuccia. Palestrina who, from the time of his expulsion from the Vatican, had not published any of his works, now resumed his first title of *Maestro di Capella della Basilica Vaticana*, and produced several of his compositions already known. In spite of his example, his contemporaries sought for success in wild and extravagant compositions equally foreign to the nature and distinctive genius of ecclesiastical music.

About this period, under the reign of Pius IV., a commission was named to enforce the execution of a decree of the Council of Trent, relating to sacred music. The cardinals

Vitellosi and Borromée, members of this commission, demanded the co-operation of eight professional members named by the chapter of the lay-vicars.* In their first sitting, they agreed on the following resolutions:—1stly. That henceforth no masses or motets should be sung in which there existed any of that confusion as to the text which I have already pointed out; 2ndly. That all masses composed on burthens of profane songs should be excluded for ever; 3rdly. That no text composed by private individuals should henceforth be received, but that the words must, on all occasions, be confined to the text adopted by the church. A fourth point was also discussed; it was debated, if it were possible in florid composition so to construct the music as to enunciate the words clearly and distinctly. The cardinals were eager to obtain this condition; but the singers maintained that it was impossible on account of the fugues and imitations which constitute the principal features of sacred music, and of which it could not be despoiled without completely altering its distinctive character. The cardinals quoted in support of their opinion the *Te Deum* of Constanzo Testa, the *Improperii*, and the *mass on the Gamut* by Palestrina. To these arguments the singers replied that the works quoted against them were of limited extent; but that in compositions of greater development, the concision and clearness of the text demanded by the cardinals would be impracticable. It was decided, to clear up the difficulty, that Palestrina should be commissioned to write a mass according to the intentions of the cardinals. It was further agreed, that if these intentions could be fulfilled, the resolution should be at once adopted; if they could not, that another consultation should be held before coming to a decision. Palestrina—full of inspiration and enthusiasm—wrote three masses for six voices, which were executed at the house of Cardinal Vitellosi. The first two were received with much favour, but the third was considered as a prodigy of the human mind, and the singers themselves did not hesitate to express the admiration which they felt for this triumph of genius. It was ordered that no further change should be made in the constitution of church music; and that in future, no compositions should be received, except such as were reputed worthy of the holy place, and of which Palestrina's three masses presented such excellent models. It was at this period that Palestrina received the appellation of "*the Prince of Music*." His reputation increased, and Cardinal Pacecco gave him to understand that Philip II., King of Spain, would accept with pleasure the dedication of some of his works; and more especially of the mass, which had saved church music from destruction. Palestrina made a choice of six masses, three for four voices, two for five, and one for six; which he designated under the title of *Missa Papæ Marcellæ*, because he had had the intention of dedicating them to Pope Marcel, but had been prevented doing so by the death of that pontiff.

Palestrina, after having illustrated his century by his knowledge, his taste, his fecundity, and his genius, died at the end of January, 1594, at the age of eighty. This great man was a pupil of the celebrated Godimal, who had founded at Rome a school of music, which produced several celebrated masters; amongst whom we may mention the names of Jean Animuccia, Stefano Bettini, (*il fornarino*) Alessandro Merlo, (*della viola*) and Jean Marie Nanini.

One year after the death of Palestrina, Claude de Monteverde introduced into music the Seventh of the Dominant, the Ninth of the Dominant major and minor, as well as the Seventh of the Sensible, without preparation. These inno-

vations raised up a host of enemies against Claude de Monteverde; they accused him of having stayed the progress of the science of harmony. Claude defended himself, and the public applauded his innovations; and, after a while, the new dissonances were admitted into the schools and adopted.

Thus, evidently without being aware of the great revolution which he had accomplished, Monteverde gave us the tonality on which all our modern music is founded.

(To be continued.)

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—The new comedy is played every night, and as it becomes familiar decidedly improves. The dialogue goes more smoothly, and several points, which were lost the first night on the audience, now tell with much effect. We are glad to announce that Mrs. Walter Lacy has recovered from her lameness, and that the character of Cherry Bounce does not suffer in consequence. Mrs. Nisbett continues the life and soul of the comedy, and the concentrating point of attraction. Mr. Anderson deserves the highest commendation for undertaking the part of Sydney, quite unworthy of his ambition, and strengthening the cast by the addition of his name. Several novelties have been announced in the bills. A new five-act play is in rehearsal; Auber's *Enfant Prodigue* is to be produced as a Grand Operatic Spectacle; and a new operetta, or ballad opera, by Mr. Nelson, has been received.

HAYMARKET.—MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES. —Our last week's notice was accidentally omitted:—The performances were *King Lear* on Monday night; *Werner* on Tuesday; *The Merchant of Venice* on Wednesday; *Virginius* on Thursday; and, *King John* on Friday. The final performance of each character commenced with *Werner* on Tuesday, so that Mr. Macready was seen for the last time in *Werner*, *Virginius*, *Shylock*, and *King John*. During the current week, the great tragedian has appeared in *Julius Cæsar* as Cassius, (Monday); the single act of *Henry the IVth.*, and *The Jealous Wife*, as King Henry, and Mr. Oakley (Tuesday); in *Othello*, as Iago (Wednesday); in *Much Ado About Nothing*, as Benedick (Thursday); and, in *Julius Cæsar*, as Brutus (last night).

With all the above performances, one excepted, our readers have already been made acquainted. The exception is the Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing*, which Mr. Macready has not played for some years. His first essay in this character was, if we remember aright, at Drury Lane, when that theatre was under his own management, Mrs. Nisbett being the Beatrice. On that performance the criticisms of the day were voluminous, their general tendency leaning to the side of high eulogium.

We have not space this week, but shall give a lengthened notice of Mr. Macready's Benedick in our next, merely remarking that the performance was immensely successful.

MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Stammers is eager and indefatigable in purveying for his patrons. He is also speculative—he has tried the legitimate drama in Church-street. Mrs. Nisbett was his mainstay before Christmas: the Pantomime has proved his chief support since the holidays. The legitimate drama, while Mrs. Nisbett played, underwent no ordeal. In a race for priority of attraction Mrs. Nisbett would run the legitimate dra-

* These lay-vicars were both composers and singers at the same time.

ma, in its proudest and palmiest days, to a head. The legitimate drama is never fairly tested as a prefix to the Pantomime. Shakspeare and Lillo are equally venerated at plum-pudding season. *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell* go down the public throat, at such times, with equal gusto. Mr. Stammers has also submitted the musical drama to his audiences, and has tempted them with the stirring realities of domestic melodrama. In short, the manager has proved the taste of his supporters, and has determined to please them at all risks. "Put money in your purse" should be the manager's maxim, and the surest mode, indeed the only mode of doing this, is by consulting the sympathies of the public.

Miss Jane Mordaunt returned to the Marylebone Theatre and made her *entrées* as Julia in the *Hunchback*. Miss Annie Lonsdale played Helen for the first time. It says no little for the abilities of this fair lady that, coming so lately after Mrs. Nisbett in one of her most brilliant and captivating assumptions, she was highly successful. Miss Annie Lonsdale is sure to become an immense favorite here. Her *personnel* is singularly prepossessing, and the expression of her face animated and arch in an extreme degree. She is graceful and easy, and in her acting betokens the true *vis comica*. A little more energy, and a nicer display of art in making a point, we should have desired; but these practice may attain. Mr. James Johnstone makes one of the best Master Walters we have seen. His conception of the character and mode of acting remind us forcibly of Sheridan Knowles. The Lord Tinsel of Mr. Henry Lee was excellent. This gentleman promises to become one of the best light comedians of the stage.

The dramas of the *Dream at Sea*, and *Grace Huntly* were revived on Wednesday evening. In the former Miss Jane Mordaunt, Miss Annie Lonsdale, and Mr. James Johnstone appeared. The two fair actresses also played in the latter.

The Pantomime continues to have a joyous run, and the houses are crowded every evening.

Mr. Clement White is engaged and will appear (directly after the Pantomime. The *Beggars' Opera*, the *Waterman*, and other favorite musical pieces will be produced expressly for him.

JULLIEN AT SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last, Mr. Saunders gave his Grand Concert with M. Jullien's band, Madlle. Jetty Treffz, and M. Vivier. The success was immense, the Hall was densely crowded, and the delight universal. The *Times*, *Free Press*, and *Independent* (local papers), all speak in admiration of this Concert; the following enthusiastic apostrophe is from the *Sheffield Free Press*.

"Time was, when at Prospero and his magic wand it was ours to wonder, but ever since the unrivalled Jullien has entered on the stage of popular entertainment, we have been all but disposed to think that even in a wand a spell of potency may exist. Who that has beheld this great professor of the Baton guiding on to the choicest harmony, can in the evanescency of wandering ideas, refuse at least a temporary resting place to the thought, that his wand too, 'is not of common mould.' To us his annual concert at the Music Hall, on Monday evening last, was indeed a source of pleasure, and if, as an ancient writer has affirmed, participation heightens enjoyment, then must the entertainment referred to have been a most favorable illustration of such a kindly doctrine. When we mention that the house had, perforce, to overflow a portion of its admiring audience into the orchestra, and that the gallery doors had, at an early hour, loudly to protest against 'a pressure from without,' such of our readers as were not present on the occasion, will understand what a well-merited popularity the talented conductor has, during ten seasons, gained for himself in this country,

"The solo performances, the announcement of which tended so much to enhance the interest of the entertainment, were rendered with exquisite taste and skill. Herr Koenig, M. Lavigne, and others were in this department very effective. At an early part of the evening it was doubtful, owing to some slight indisposition, whether or not M. Vivier would have been able to pour 'through the mellow horn his pensive soul,' happily, however, the audience was not destined to a disappointment in this behalf. M. Vivier was able to proceed with his part, and the attractions of the evening were thus complete and full.

"The first appearance amongst us of the celebrated Jetty Treffz was, however, the great feature of the evening. To her charming talents as a vocalist, she unites a most happy *naïveté* of manner which bids fair to make her a universal favorite—a very German Queen of Song. Her rendering of 'The First Violet,' and the other strains with which she delighted her hearers, cannot but be remembered with the liveliest emotions by them. Successive plaudits told how warm were the acknowledgments which they in return tendered to her. The French Drummers too, failed not to sustain the laurels which they have of late been gathering amongst us. The tambour-major, M. Barbier, made his appearance in full costume, thus adding with his band an imposing effect to their share in the performances. We should not close this notice without adding how much we feel our enterprising townsman, Mr. Saunders, entitled to consideration at the hands of all admirers of the harmonious art, for his arrangements on the occasion. We understand that measures are in contemplation, which, if successful, will at an early day afford our fellow-townsmen a second entertainment at the hands of M. Jullien and his talented corps of performers. An intimation such as this, we receive with very sensible pleasure; for, when we remember the crowded aspect which the Music Hall presented, we cannot but feel justified in alleging our belief that very many indeed must have been absent, rather from want of accommodation, than lack of interest in the subject.

On Thursday evening a Grand Ball was got up by Mr. Saunders, for the benefit of the *Sheffield General Infirmary*. M. Jullien and his band were again the magnets of attraction. The Music Hall was elegantly fitted up, and the whole passed off with the greatest *éclat*; it was the best Ball ever given in Sheffield. The following remarks are from the *Sheffield Independent*.

"There were about 350 present, and amongst the company many families of distinction in the town and neighbourhood. The hall was very tastefully decorated for the occasion. The front of the gallery was surmounted in the centre by an immense transparent picture of the crystal palace, over the middle of which floated the national banner, surrounded by those of all nations, amongst which may more particularly be noticed, America, France, and Russia; and immediately beneath the transparency was placed the Sheffield Arms, on beautiful white satin, the banner which the late Mayor, Thos. Birks, Esq., took to the Grand York Banquet. The sides of the gallery were tastefully decorated with evergreens, enclosing life-size statuary, which were illuminated by various coloured lamps, over which were placed banners of all nations, giving to the whole a very imposing appearance. The floor also was covered with holland's cloth, which added much to the comfort of the company. The decorations of the room were managed by Mr. Mercer of Falgate. Dancing commenced about ten o'clock to the enlivening strains of M. Jullien's band, and was kept up with spirit until about half-past three on the following morning. The sum realized by the ball on behalf of the Infirmary will be about £35.

BLANDFORD.—Mrs. Oakley's concert took place on Thursday, 16th inst., and the crowded state of the room, which was filled with the principal families of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, proved the esteem in which the talents of this lady and her daughters, equally distinguished by their performances on the pianoforte and harp, are held. The vocalists engaged were Herr and Madame Brandt, from London. They met with a most enthusiastic reception, and were encored in almost all their pieces; their singing of Macfarren's beautiful duet, "Oh, when the weary heart," from the *Sleeper Awakened*, and Herr Brandt's interpretation of Beethoven's "Adelaide" being particularly admired. Mr. Ricardo Linter, the composer and pianist, was present, and a new duet for the pianoforte, written by him expressly for the occasion, was performed by the Misses Oakley, and much applauded.—(From a Correspondent.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Eighteenth Annual General Meeting of the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society was held at Exeter Hall on Tuesday last, the 21st instant; the President, Mr. Harrison, in the chair. The first business was to receive a Report from the Committee of the proceedings of the last year, and on the present state of the Society; and the Chairman accordingly called upon Mr. Brewer, the Honorary Secretary, to read the Report, from which we extract some of the principal passages:—

The completion of another year in the Society's history imposes upon the Committee the responsible and yet agreeable duty of presenting, in conformity with the laws by which the Society is governed, "a Report of the state of the Society, and an abstract of its accounts" for the time which has elapsed since they last assembled before their fellow members in Annual General Meeting.

The Committee are necessarily deeply interested in Meetings of this kind, seeing that they have not only to render up to those to whom they are more immediately responsible, a true and faithful account of their stewardship, but have also to endeavour so to represent the affairs and proceedings of the Society, as to yield satisfaction to that much larger body on whom it is mainly dependent for support, and whose confidence it is therefore essentially important to enjoy. The Sacred Harmonic Society has long since become an Institution in which the public at large have a great interest, and those on whom devolves the management of its affairs being continually reminded of the fact, can by no means be forgetful of it on an occasion like the present.

Although such an occasion naturally brings with it some anxieties to the Committee, it produces also a degree of satisfaction to them to have the opportunity of exhibiting in some measure the care and fidelity which they are wont to exercise in administering the affairs of the Society, and of submitting the results of their labours as developed in its operations.

The periods at which the Subscriptions of the several persons belonging to the Society at Christmas expire, are given in the following statement, viz:

At Christmas 1850	-	-	-	-	-	99
" Lady Day 1851	-	-	-	-	-	91
" Midsummer "	-	-	-	-	-	31
" Michaelmas "	-	-	-	-	-	454
						675

During the past year the weekly meetings for rehearsals have been kept up with as little deviation as possible from the regularity which has always distinguished this Society. On some few occasions it has been found necessary to make a slight alteration in the accustomed arrangements, either by a change in the night of meeting, or by appointing an additional rehearsal, and the Committee cheerfully acknowledge the readiness with which the members and assistants have generally accommodated themselves to the requirements made of them under such circumstances. Although the importance of a regular and punctual attendance at rehearsals has been frequently before pressed upon the attention of the members and assistants, the Committee cannot consider the present an unfit occasion to reiterate their earnest hope, that every one who feels desirous of upholding the Society's reputation will observe the utmost practicable regularity with regard to attendance at all such meetings.

The Public Performances of the Society during the year, from Christmas 1849 to Christmas 1850 have been as follow, viz.

Friday, January 11th	} Mendelssohn's St. Paul
" " 25th	"
" February 8th	} Handel's Saul
" " 15th	} Mendelssohn's St. Paul
" " 22nd	"
" March 8th	} Haydn's Creation
" " 22nd	} Haydn's Third Mass,
" March 22nd	} Mendelssohn's Lauda Sion, and
" " 22nd	} Spohr's Last Judgment
Wednesday, March 17th	} Handel's Messiah
Friday, April 5th	"
" " 12th	} Mendelssohn's Elijah
" " 26th	"

" May, 10th	} Handel's Israel in Egypt
" " 24th	"
" November 29th	"
" December 6th	} Handel's Messiah
" " 13th	"
Monday " 23rd	} Mendelssohn's Elijah.

The above list contains seventeen concerts, ten of which were subscription and the remaining seven, repetition performances.

The two performances of Mendelssohn's St. Paul, on the 11th and 25th of January, were rendered additionally interesting by the presence of the brother of the lamented composer, and the third performance of the same work, on the 15th of February, was attended by H. R. H. Prince Albert.

In the course of the season, the committee were solicited to undertake the management of a concert under distinguished patronage, in aid of the Building and Endowment Fund of King's College Hospital, and relying upon the wonted readiness of the members and assistants of the society to co-operate with them, in promoting so benevolent an object, arrangements were accordingly made for a performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "St. Paul," which took place as already mentioned, on Friday the 7th of June last.

The tickets for this performance, which were one guinea each for reserved seats in the area, and five shillings each for seats under the gallery were principally disposed of by the ladies patronesses, and the committee for the hospital; and at the conclusion of the undertaking, when the accounts had been made up, the committee had the gratification of receiving a letter from the Honorary Secretary to the Hospital Committee announcing that a profit of nearly £900 had been realized, and accompanied by a resolution of thanks, of which the following is a copy, viz.:

"At a meeting of the Committee for the Building and Endowment of King's College Hospital, held on Wednesday, June 19th, 1850, The Lord Radstock in the chair, resolved,

"That the warmest thanks of this Committee are eminently due
"and are hereby presented to the President, Treasurer, Librarian,
"Honorary Secretary, and Committee of the Sacred Harmonic
"Society, for their great kindness in carrying out the details of
"the Oratorio on Friday, June 7th, 1850, for the benefit of King's
"College Hospital, and especially for the skilful and efficient
"arrangements, in every department by which the success of this
"very excellent performance was so effectually secured."

"J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Hcn. Sec."

Through the zealous and judicious exertions of the Society's librarian Mr. Bowley, joined to that characteristic disinterestedness which prompts him to a continual self sacrifice in order to promote the welfare of the society, the Committee have had an opportunity offered to them, which they have gladly availed themselves of, to enrich the library by a purchase of a large and very valuable collection of musical works, on highly advantageous terms. They consist chiefly of the Standard Treatises on Musical Science, both Theoretical and Practical, with a large assortment of compositions of acknowledged excellence, of various classes, including an extensive and interesting collection of English glees; and forming altogether, a most desirable acquisition to a library such as that which the Society now possess. Having been purchased by Mr. Bowley at a sale by auction, at prices far below their real value, he offered them to the Committee in the most unreserved manner, at the same prices, although it appeared by the testimony of Mr. Puttick, a gentleman accustomed to the sale of musical property, (and who is one of the members of the Society,) that the lots which had been purchased at an expense of about seventy guineas, were fully worth to the Society about £110. The Committee need scarcely remark, how much the claims of Mr. Bowley to the warmest acknowledgments of the Society are increased by these circumstances, and by the many other distinguished services which he is constantly rendering to the Society; and which are familiar to every one connected with it.

The greatly increased extent of the Society's library, and the imperfect nature of the catalogue which has hitherto been kept of it, having rendered it advisable that a new and more complete catalogue should be prepared, the Committee have gladly availed themselves of an offer to undertake the same, which has been most kindly made by one of their body, Mr. William Henry Husk, a gentleman whose extensive and accurate acquaintance with musical literature, combined with habits of remarkable exactness, and aptitude for orderly arrangement, peculiarly qualify him for such a task, and lead the Committee to entertain a confident expectation that when his leisure shall enable him to complete what he has already begun, the result will be alike creditable to himself, and satisfactory to the Society at large.

The Committee have, during the past year, continued the course commenced in 1848, of purchasing the music required for use in the

orchestra, and have expended in respect thereof the sum of £88 11s., being rather less than one half the amount laid out for the same purpose in the preceding year. The gradual decrease in the outlay for this item of expense, will be best shewn by the following statement of the cost in each of the three years.

	£	s.	d.
In 1848	260	11	9
„ 1849	184	10	3
„ 1850	88	11	0

The above amounts, it must be borne in mind, are inclusive of the charges for copying and binding, and all incidental expenses.

The Committee have much pleasure in introducing into their Report an allusion to the extensive and important alterations which have been effected during the past year in the large room of Exeter Hall. The complaints which have been so often made of the defects of this room and its ill adaptation for the purposes for which it is chiefly used, have at last had their effect upon the directors and proprietors of the building, who have been induced after much exhortation and upon the earnest representation of those who interested themselves in the question, amongst whom the most indefatigable advocate has been the Society's invaluable member Mr. Bowley, to make such alterations and improvements in the structure as render it now perhaps the most suitable building for the display of great musical effects which this or any other country can boast of.

It would be out of place to enter in this report into a minute description of the alterations which have been effected, but as it cannot fail to be a subject of interest to persons connected with the society to possess a full and accurate account of them, and to know the course of events by which they have been brought about, the committee have subjoined in the appendix a detailed statement on the subject, which was prepared with great care by Mr. Bowley, aided by some technical details furnished by the authorities professionally concerned in the undertaking.

As the great organ had to be removed during the progress of the works, advantage was taken of its re-erection to effect considerable alterations and improvements in it. Under Mr. Walker's direction the keys have been reversed, some larger pedal pipes have been added, and the body of the instrument much improved in tone.

It now only remains for the committee to state the financial results of the Society's operations during the past year.

The accounts for the year ending at Christmas last, have, at the request of the committee, been carefully examined and audited as usual by three of the members who were nominated at the last Annual General Meeting, viz., Mr. Edgar Smallfield, Mr. William Withall, and Mr. James Taylor. From the abstract which has been signed by the gentlemen, and which is appended to this report, it appears that the aggregate receipts and payments of the year were as follows, viz.:

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand at Christmas 1849 ...	57	3	6
Dividends on Stock	29	2	6
Subscriptions	1049	9	6
Casual Receipts	45	19	9
Proceeds of Concerts	3803	19	0
	4985	14	3

Payments.

	£	s.	d.
General Expenses	841	8	9
Expenses of Concerts	3883	16	0
	4725	4	9
Balance in hand	£260	9	6

Upon this statement it may be remarked that the receipts for subscriptions have again considerably increased in the past year, the amount of them having exceeded that in the year 1849 by £92. With respect to payments it may be mentioned that independently of the expenditure for Concerts some of the more important items refer to purchases which are in the nature of valuable property to the Society, as for instance:

	£	s.	d.
Purchases for the Library.	104	10	3
Purchase of music required for performance.	88	11	0
Bookcase in Office for preserving music in.	53	18	
	£246	19	3

But in addition to this the accounts shew that an actual profit in money has been realized during the year to the amount of £203 6s., the balance in hand at the commencement of the year having been increased at its close from £57 3s. 6d. to £260 9s. 6d., so that in fact taking both descriptions of property into account, the profit realized during the last twelve months may be reckoned at £450 5s. 3d., an amount which greatly exceeds that of any year since the Society has been in existence.

The amount of property of which the Society is possessed at the present time, independent of the balance of cash in hand, amounting to £260 9s. 6d., may be stated as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Stock in the public Funds (3 per Cent Consols).	1000	0	0
Estimated value of Library, Stock of Music, Instruments, Fittings, &c. ...	1250	0	0
	£2250	0	0

Having submitted the foregoing details to their fellow members for their information and consideration, the Committee conclude their Report by offering their unfeigned congratulations upon the distinguished success which has attended the Society's operations during the period now brought under review, and their ardent hope that a like degree of prosperity may crown its exertions in the year on which it has just entered and for very many years subsequently.

Mr. TAYLOR, the Treasurer, then read the yearly Balance Sheets of the Receipts and Expenditure. Among the principal items were—*Receipts*: Subscriptions, £1,049; Proceeds of Concerts, £3,803. *Payments*: Purchases for Library, £104; Orchestral Music, £88; Professional Assistance, £2,890; Rent of Exeter Hall, £587; Printing and Advertising, £351. The Balance of Cash in hand was £260, independently of monies invested amounting to £2,250.

Mr. JAMES KITCAT, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts submitted to the meeting, observed, that containing so able and elaborate a statement of the position of the Society, it would be a waste of time to enter into any lengthy remarks on the occasion. Presenting as it did a faithful exposition of the proceedings of the Society, during the past year. The facts recorded were such as to be matters of congratulation to every member. He cordially proposed its adoption.

Mr. HARWAR having seconded the motion,

Mr. BOWLEY, in answer to enquiries, explained that the major part of the Society's library was now removed to the office in Exeter Hall, where it was available to the members, and that, having written to every one connected with the Society, he could say that every farthing the Society owed had been paid; he had been very particular in making every enquiry on this occasion, having lately ascertained that each member belonging to associations of this nature was liable for any debts the Committee may have contracted, should there not be sufficient assets to discharge them, and he had no doubt, therefore, that the members would be glad to receive his assurance that they need have no fear on that account.

This statement was received with loud cheers.

Mr. BREWER further stated that it was not the first time that the Committee had been able to state that the Society did not owe anything, as it was always a rule when they came before the members of the Society, at the General Meeting, that every account should have been paid. In reference to an enquiry respecting hire of music, he explained that the only sum paid on that head during the year had been five shillings; all the other music, which had been required for the Society, having been bought and paid for, as had been stated by the Committee in their Report, and as had been vouched for by the three gentlemen who had audited the accounts on the part of the Society.

The report was then adopted. The next business was the election of five members of the committee, when Mr. Winsor, Mr. Sims, and Mr. Cohen were re-elected, and Mr. Thomas Mitchell, and Mr. Sherrard, elected new members of the committee.

Mr. BOWLEY proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Costa, for his continued exertions on behalf of the Society. He reminded the members, that under Mr. Costa's auspices, they had attained such a position that no one had ever dreamed of. Mr. Costa's energies were not confined only to his conducting, but he was always devising means for the Society's prosperity. His heart and soul were always with it, and nothing gratified him so much, as the energy and spirit which were displayed in the management of the affairs of the society.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

The best thanks of the meeting were unanimously given to the President for the zealous exertions which he continued to manifest in the well ordering of every department of the Society.

Mr. RUSSELL in proposing the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Brewer, for the great services he had rendered to the society in the capacity of honorary secretary, feelingly alluded to the sentiments of regret, felt by every member of the society, at the alarming illness which he had experienced, and their gratification at his appearance again amongst them with renewed health and spirits. He trusted that his valuable life might long be spared for the benefit of all with whom he was acquainted.

Mr. HILL alluded to the great exertions of Mr. Bowley in every department connected with the Society, and would particularly mention his persevering and arduous labour in procuring those important alterations in the large hall, which had given such universal satisfaction. He had been met with strenuous opposition, but he had persevered, single-handed, and eventually succeeded.

Mr. BOWLEY thanked the meeting for the compliment which had been paid him. He had for some time been satisfied of the absolute necessity for the important alterations which Mr. Hill had referred to, and nobody knew better than the President, Mr. Harrison, from whom he had received most valuable aid and advice during the progress of the works, the difficulties they had to contend with, but he believed the directors were now convinced they had acted well in carrying them out, and he was quite sure the members were grateful to the directors of Exeter Hall for the kind attention which they had paid to the suggestions offered on this subject on the part of the Society. Since these alterations had been completed, the full development of the great resources of the Society's magnificent orchestra had been made apparent, and he unhesitatingly asserted, that nothing could be more grand or more splendid than the performance of *Elijah* on the previous night. Connected also with that performance, there was a very satisfactory circumstance, that it had realized a profit of nearly £150, which, he must remind the meeting, was an addition to the large balance in hand when the accounts were made up. He was satisfied that with a continuance of that confidence, which the members had invariably reposed in the Committee, they had nothing to fear for the stability of the Society, for it had gone through its ordeal, and it was now easy for any body of men who pursued a straightforward honest course to carry it on to unbounded prosperity.

The other complimentary votes having been unanimously passed, the meeting dispersed.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—Of the genuine success of Mlle. Duprez as Lucia, you have already given notice. At every repetition of the Opera the general enthusiasm has increased. They are now rehearsing (at the Italian Opera), *Don Giovanni*, in which Madame Sontag will sing the Zerlina; (notwithstanding an attempt that has been made to give the part to Mlle Duprez). Madame Fiorentini, Donna Anna, Madame Giuliani, Elvira, and Duprez, *Don Giovanni*! Mozart's *chef d'œuvre* has never, been as great a favorite with the Parisians as with the London public, and it is to be hoped that the forthcoming representation of it may amend this solecism in good taste.

I saw Thalberg, and learned from him that he is busy writing an Opera (for Mr. Lumley), in four acts, the book by Scribe, to be brought out in June, at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Saturday last I assisted (as the French phrase goes) at a *soirée*, at the house of M. Marmontel (descendant of the great poet), Professor of the Piano at the *Conservatoire*, and heard his little pupil, Plauté (eleven years and half old), who gained the first prize at the last *concours*. He played a study by Rosenhain called *La danse des Sylphes*. Deloffre and Pilet (the inseparables) played a duet of their own composition with that artistic taste for which they are noted; they will remain here until their return to London for the Opera season. A pupil of M. Reval (a French lady), sang twice; to a youthful and fresh voice she joins the method of her master. It was, altogether, a highly interesting evening. Marmontel himself, did not play, a proof of modesty very rare in the genus, *French Pianist*.

The whole world and his wife talk of going to London for the Exhibition. On dit that Mr. Lumley has engaged M. Moritz van Geldern, first solo violoncellist to the King of Holland, pupil of Douzater and Romberg, who plays the violoncello in the legitimate manner, not like some fashionable artists here, who either mimic the flageolet and bagpipes, or caricature the whining of second rate singers, and play nothing but opera airs. At Messrs. Brandus' I saw M. Schlesinger, who looks remarkably well after his six months confinement in Germany; it has by no means soured his temper; there is still the benignant smile and friendly manner towards artists in particular. I need not say that his late affair rather makes him sought after than otherwise.

The *Tempesta* is in active rehearsal, and I do not doubt but it will produce the same effect here as in London! Judge of the state of things at the Grand Opera from the following fact:—Twelve years ago an opera by Rosenhain was accepted, and only now is in rehearsal. This may serve "at home" as balm to the wounded feelings of disappointed composers.

The new piece by George Sand, *Claudèe*, has an enormous success, and I am convinced will have the same in London; it is one of the brightest, freshest, and purest inspirations of the French literature, and raises the authoress to a classical pedestal. The French are pleased to hear the simplest English ballads more than one would imagine. The other night at a grand ball given by Mr. Seymour, (Surgeon-Dentist), one of the first here, who keeps a princely establishment in the Rue de Castiglione, where a host of the first French and English aristocracy were assembled, in the midst of the "hubbub" a young English lady began to sing a ballad (Macfarren's "She shines before me"); immediate silence followed, and enthusiastic applause, and there was no end to the *Ah! comme c'est jolie!* The ballet, *Paquerette* is still continued at the Grand Opera. The *mise en scene* is splendid; the music so so—not bad.

THE UNITED STATES.

(From the New York Sunday Times.)

"NAPOLEON" FLOGGED AGAIN!—GRAND AND UNEXPECTED SET-TO!—A GREAT MAN VANQUISHED IN THREE ROUNDS.—The city was yesterday "one scene of rude commotion," owing to an authenticated rumour that James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *Herald*, had received his ninth public flogging. The flogging was administered by John Graham, a young lawyer—who, by the way, was arrested last evening for the offence, and required to give in bail for his appearance to answer. The *Mirror's* version of the affair tallies correctly with the verbal accounts we have heard, and we give it in brief:—

"Bennett was proceeding down Broadway with his wife, and on reaching White Street, Mrs. B. went into a shoe store, leaving him on the side-walk. Mr. John Graham and his two brothers, Charles and Dewitt, were passing at the time on the other side, and crossed over, when John aimed a blow at Bennett with his fist, but missed him. John then struck him with his fist below the ear, bringing him to his knees, and then seized him, twisting the small end of a raw-hide round his hand, holding him down with the other, and giving him a terrible whipping; the blows being principally aimed at his face and shoulders. No one interfered, we believe, and Graham and his friends proceeded on their way, and Bennett was conveyed in a carriage to his hotel."

We learn that Mr. Bennett was considerably disfigured, and was compelled to go into Joyce's clothing store to repair damages. An eye-witness assures us that Bennett's face was severely cut, and that his clothing was much torn and otherwise disarranged. He at first attempted to show fight, but was so speedily placed *hors du combat* that he had no chance to display his prowess.

The causes which led to this rencontre are numerous and grievous. During the late canvass, Bennett, who seems to have taken this entire country—its government, elections, and public men—under his charge, and who, presuming on his purse and his press, has been assailing candidates by the wholesale, declaring who ought to be elected, and dictating who should not be elected, with an arrogance peculiarly his. Among the individuals who, for some cause, had fallen under his displeasure—or rather, his malignity and ill-will—was John Graham, Esq., a candidate for district attorney. Bennett, long before the election, abused him in the most wanton manner. Day after day he made violent personal attacks on his character and pretensions; and even after the election, when, among honourable opponents, further attacks [are deemed unnecessary and uncalled for, Bennett continued to drag him before the public, exulting in his defeat. Mr. Graham, neither in his character, attainments, nor family, merited this wholesale abuse. He knows enough of the political world not to feel depressed or mortified at a defeat, and did not on that account feel called upon to violate the laws by a personal attack on Bennett; but there were others who were dear to him, who felt keenly the merciless character of those attacks, and he considered himself bound to resent them in the manner he has. It is wrong, no doubt, to break the peace and violate the laws, even to punish a person who, like Bennett, places himself beyond the pale of the law. He uses the columns of his paper, and has for years, as the assassin does his dagger—to strike down all who stand in the way of his interest, who rebuke his conduct, or check his power. He seems to gloat over all whom he prostrates or tramples upon. Everything falls before his slanderous pen. Youth and age—the virtuous and the good—the minister at the altar—the merchant at his desk—public credit and private character—all are ruthlessly assailed to gratify his malice. Grown rich from the morbid curiosity of the public, he has defied all law, and threatens courts, juries, counsel, and all who dare to arraign him at the bar of public opinion, or before the majesty of the laws. He is a terror to all who have not the power to reach him.

We have never, in our long pilgrimage through life, met with a man of Bennett's demoniac character and spirit. He could not live a day south of the Potomac; and even in this peaceable city he has by turns been flogged by Colonel Webb, Mr. Hale, the late Dr. Townsend, Mr. Hamblin, and several others, who could no longer submit to his slanderous abuse. A journal which speaks

daily to thousands is a dreadful weapon in the hands of an unprincipled man. Its very circulation gives it influence, for men believe what they read in its columns without possessing the means of ascertaining its truth. What can a feeble man or a feeble woman do to arrest its malice? Nothing. What is the redress? Personal violence.

Bennett fights to the last to prevent justice overtaking him. If you sue him for a libel, he pays his fine, and attacks you again. If you convict him of a misdemeanour, while others are imprisoned he waves the flag of his defiance against courts and juries, and pays any fine imposed upon him, and commences *de novo* another assault upon your reputation. A free press was not established for such purposes, and we have been greatly surprised that Bennett has so long escaped the punishment which he richly merited.

As his wife witnessed this attack, we presume an attempt will be made, as usual, to excite sympathy on her behalf. We have personal knowledge of the fact that no one deserves less sympathy. She exercises over him a most decided influence. She can control the columns of the *Herald*, and compel him, if she pleases, to become a decent, respectable man, by changing the character of that paper. But her inclinations and disposition correspond entirely with those of her husband. We have seen of late long and violent attacks on Barnum, and repeated covert abuse of Jenny Lind, in the columns of the *Herald*. This, no doubt, arose from the respectful coldness with which Miss Lind met the repeated advances of Mrs. Bennett, who appeared determined, in every possible way, to bring her under her influence; and she did not hesitate telling Barnum that she would make him adopt a certain course in relation to Miss Lind, or he would feel the effects of his obstinacy. Nothing is more common than for Mrs. B. to threaten the vengeance of the *Herald* against all who offend her; and when she found that Mlle. Lind felt no inclination to cultivate an intimacy with her, she left the Irving House, went up to the Union Place Hotel, and fastened herself upon Parodi, whom she has directed should be puffed in whole columns of the *Herald*, to the evident injury of that fair stranger.

When we first knew Mrs. B. she was a reputable, amiable girl—very poor, but very industrious—making an honest living by teaching music. Why she should demand to lead the fashion because she married James Gordon Bennett we cannot imagine. She lost caste, in our estimation, when she married him; but still she had it in her power to have drawn him from his evil ways, had she felt so inclined. He wants no more black-mail—he is rich enough. If he wants rank, consideration, influence, and the respect of good men, he must become a good man first himself. Failing to do so, and bent upon violence, malice, slander, and hatred to the whole world, he must, in his rugged journey through life, expect to meet such treatment as he has met with from Mr. Graham and many others. If he will cast his eyes about, like the cobra capello, to see in whom he can dart his fangs, he must expect some day or other to receive a *coup de grace* from some person whom he has deadly injured. We marvel how he has escaped so long.

A card from Mr. Graham will be found in another column.

(From the New York Herald.)

THE ENGLISH PRESS AND THE LIND MANIA IN THE UNITED STATES.—The English journals, and even some of the French newspapers, have indulged in ridicule, sneers, and sarcasm upon the American press and people, because we have had a Jenny Lind mania. They say that the exaggerated enthusiasm of Americans not only brings them, but the object of idolatry herself into contempt. The English journals, particularly, pride themselves upon the decent degrees of admiration to which their enthusiasm is always confined—seldom going beyond the precise sum of one pound and one shilling—that aristocratic old currency, known in Guinea times, when slavery was a current English trade, and the coast of Africa supplied a good portion of the revenues of British philanthropists. Of course there is no end to the sallies of wit and humour which have been evolved from our singularly animated reception of Jenny Lind, and it would take columns of our paper to reproduce the hundredth part of the comments of those who are

always glad to find an American theme upon which to blunder and exhibit their apparent wisdom.

There may be some reason, we confess, for the English press to indulge in humour at the scenes which have been acted here during the Lind excitement; but the very stolid, dull, and plodding character of Englishmen unfits them for understanding the nature of our public enthusiasm, or of the people of this country. We have more money than melancholy—more beef than bowels—more fun than fashion—more brains than beer—more soul than selfishness—more impulses to be enlivened than interests to be consulted—more freedom for excitements than excitements for freedom—more downright, hearty, unconsidered, frolicsome, go-aheadativeness, than ever could be generated among a people, the mass of whom are forced to live on small wages, and to find their own tea and sugar. For instance, when Dickens came over to this country, we had one of our frolics. Every part of the popular pageant had the appearance of absurdity. It was one of our carnivals of curiosity and fun—a determination to have a time—and a good time—the birth of frolic, fun, and fancy, even though we upset the temporary idol. The affair was got up by two or three individuals only, aided by the newspapers, and yet it was an affair worth talking about. Brigadier General Morris and Col. W. H. Maxwell—we are all colonels, generals, captains, corporals, or privates—lead off the army of excitation, and away we went, battering down dullness and stupidity, arousing the sluggards of society, and besieging the whole city, till all the inhabitants “came out.” No doubt, all this appeared very absurd to strangers. They could not understand it. But we did—everybody here understood it. It is a common thing to have such frolics. They destroy the monied monotony of the metropolis, and we can well afford to have them once a month, by way of merriment. When Lord Morpeth was here, at the same time we had another and different excitement, conducted in consideration of his lordship's rank, on a different scale from that which marked Dickens's career; for after all, there is poetry, taste, and method, in all these frolics. They are not all alike. They are in harmony with the characters lionized for the occasion.

Now, in the Jenny Lind demonstrations, we have only repeated in a similar way, suited to her position, the same exaggerated scenes which amused the people when Dickens, the literary lion—perchance the only literary animal—was the grand feature. We received Jenny Lind with all the enthusiasm that could be mustered, not only because we really proposed to beat the European cities in the production of that article, as we have in steam-ships, but that we could amuse ourselves, and possibly be the cause of wit in others.” How was all this excitement created? Barnum, who had long been engaged in patronizing the fine arts at his Museum, on an exaggerated scale, began to feel the pride of place. He had procured a great curiosity, at an enormous risk, and he had an ambition to excel not only in making money, but as a manager. Everybody said, “Barnum will do it.” He was in a fair way of so doing. He came to us, and appealed to our good nature for assistance—crowded letters upon us from London—freighted our columns with every breath of wind from Europe, and produced the “necessary documents,” as he termed them, with as much anxiety as if he had the woolly horse, the Fejee mermaid, or Joyce Heth. We were willing to have our good nature used to its utmost limit, because the enterprise required courage; and when Jenny Lind arrived, we did all we could to aid Barnum's frolic. By extraordinary appeals to the good-nature of editors generally, he went on successfully. His path was strewn with roses. Sunshine poured down upon his hopes, and he was in the course of being thoroughly blessed.

Few men can bear prosperity. Barnum believed that he had made Jenny Lind, as he had made the Fejee mermaid. His full-blown pride, however, overthrew him. By folly and duplicity, he assailed the press in a series of apparently fabricated letters, giving the public to understand that the public journals are in the habit of taking payment for such articles as have been published for him. From that moment we lost all sympathy for him and his enterprise. We gave him a chance to vindicate himself, and to produce the original letters, published in Boston. He has done nothing—and the inference is, that he was willing to

represent that any or all those who have befriended him are to be bought and sold to the highest bidder, like cattle in the market. This is the whole secret of Barnum's Lind mania, in its rise and fall, and it will prove a warning to those who even carelessly repeat such charges, without the slightest ground upon which to base an opinion.

The public have had their Jenny Lind carnival season. They are now coming to their senses. Her merits are fairly appreciated, and she will hold the position in the public mind to which she is justly entitled as a great *artiste*. That we can respect, criticise, and appreciate the fine arts in this country, as well as Europeans, there cannot be a question. Parodi's advent will prove this. It will be seen how a great tragic vocalist—a perfect *artiste*—will be treated. We shall show how independent we are of all those musical cliques which are barriers against genius in all European cities—how it is left to New York to discover, stamp, and place in its proper position, eminent talent in any of the realms of art. Jenny Lind had the misfortune to be engaged by a showman—Parodi's career will be quietly superintended by an artist. This difference will produce different results. We shall retrieve our character as judges of the fine arts; and while we shall continue just when we choose to do so, to have our wild, hurried, pleasant, exciting frolics, we shall do so with the same ease as the English put themselves under their railroad king, or tie themselves and and foot with an anti-corn law league. Our people do not make one portion of a pin, but learn to make every part. Stick a pin there. We want to see everything, hear everything, whip everything, do everything, have everything, and keep everything. We do not content ourselves with being indifferent lovers of art. What we expect to prove is, that we are the most liberal, capable, and enlightened critics of the age, if we have sufficient time to produce results. Watch the results.

(From the New York National Police Gazette, Dec. 9th, 1850.)

HAYNAU AND THE NIGHTINGALE.—THE BUZZARD AND THE DOVE.—The unprincipled character who presides like a spider or a centipede over the columns of the *Herald*, has been laboriously engaged for several weeks past, to depreciate the character and talents of Jenny Lind, and to attain her, if possible, with some fancied qualities, which he seeks to ascribe to her agent and manager for this country. But the satanic warfare which the accursed spirit we refer to urges against this benevolent and offenceless girl, has thus far fallen harmless. The public understand it, and they have adjudicated upon the motive and the aim, by crowding the concerts of the Nightingale to the most flattering excess, even in the very face of the *debut* of Parodi, the *Herald's* *protege*. What is more, Parodi already begins to suffer from the sentiment of indignation which has been thus inspired, and the sound and fury of the paper which has thus assumed to be her organ, cannot save her from serious injury, if she is permitted to be the medium of assault upon a saint, who is enshrined in the hearts of the world, as sacredly as any image niched in a cathedral aisle. The clap-trap that Parodi sang to the revolutionists in Italy, with the American flag in her hand, will not do even in the Bowery, as a malicious counterpoise to the substantial gift from the hands of a simple girl, of twenty thousand dollars, to the poor of the American people; nor will the stale talk, of being the only support of her family, subtract from the benevolent pre-eminence of one who is not only the support of her family, but the benefactress of her race. Who is there, with half a grain of soul, who can look upon that virgin devotee, and reflect, as he beholds her enveloped in the sacred atmosphere of her own melody, that she stands there not for profit, not for fame, not for passion, but as the missionary of good deeds, who, laying aside the guads and vanities of the world, traverses the earth, blest and accredited of God, to earn a fund for the education and instruction of the children of her own dear native land. What must be the texture of a heart that cannot be impressed with so holy an example of human excellence as this? and what must be the infernal complexion of a soul that can hate it, and put in play all the satanic powers of malevolent ingenuity to do it evil? Yet such has been the course of James Gordon Bennett and his paper for the last four weeks. Iteration

follows iteration, intended to depreciate her position and to decrease her audiences. On one day, she is coupled with the woolly horse and the negro turning white; and on the next, we are told, in the very breath that announces Parodi as the queen of the lyric drama, that Jenny Lind cannot sustain any continued dramatic effort.

We are surprised to see Maretzek and the Italians generally, second this atrocious line of policy, by an exhibition of satisfaction at the counter excitement which is thus sought to be blown up in favour of their countrywoman. We approve of their enthusiasm for the scion of their own land; doubtless she is eminently worthy of it, both in character and ability, but, Lord bless us, Jenny Lind has done them no harm. Her eye is not fixed on rivalry; she dreams of nothing but her high mission, and is too much wrapt in its grand purpose to think of professional strifes and jealousies, or to notice the efforts of the evil-minded to slip an arrow now and then against her bosom. Let them content themselves with Parodi, and with the reception which our people are sure to give her. She is a woman, and that alone is a guarantee for a generosity from our nation which is certain to span the full measure of her merits, if not to go beyond them. But let her friends leave the people unmolested in their reverence and affection for the Swedish songstress, and let us hear no more envious hypercriticism on the necessity of gravity, in our treatment of her. There has, thus far, been no want of dignity exhibited by the American people towards this fair philanthropist. The English papers sneer at our enthusiasm, and her defamer in this country, seizing at anything that may dampen the ardor of our regard, reproduces the reproach in his columns here. Let them sneer and laugh, and let him echo their abuse. We do not even mind being charged with paying her the obeisance due to a queen. It is a pleasure to love the good, and it is to the honour of the American people, that they have loyalty only for virtue and excellence, while the rest of the world content themselves with idols of dough and of brass. It is a discrimination which we are proud of. This is a country in which moral beauty may claim the largest approbation from the public sentiment, and the ardor of the ebullition is only a guage of the generosity of the bosom from which it bursts. A girl who builds schools, endows hospitals, who entrances the world by her art, who educates the children of a nation, who relieves the necessitous wherever she goes, and who all the while, contributes to the cause of virtue a personal example of the highest character, exemplifies the scriptural phrase of "how beautiful are the feet of the righteous," and deserves the unqualified admiration and applause of mankind. We have found in the lone girl who, unassisted, has done all this, an object worthy of the extreme enthusiasm of a people with whom personal qualities are the only titles of nobility; and who like all who are honest do not hesitate to fondle openly on an object which they love. When a finer *beau idéal* than genius, self-denial, and a beneficence as boundless as the sea, can be found for the reception of republican honors, we shall then accept a new sovereign for our sentiments, and suffer Jenny Lind to return to the national adoration which belongs to her in Sweden. We look upon her now, however, as the property of the world, and believe she will be canonised in its remembrance, long after this age and generation shall have passed away, as one of those bright encouragements given by the Creator, to prove how near the angels human excellence may ascend. In all this city, in all this land, nay, in all the world, there has been but one wretch found, so destitute of principle, so utterly wicked in his soul, as to attempt to wound her, and to intercept her in her sacred purpose. That wretch, that moral spider, is James Gordon Bennett, and while contemplating his heinous course against this guileless girl, against this guest of our hospitality, we have often wondered that some of the admirers of her charities, as well as the recipients thereof, have not mobbed the edifice of the miscreant defamer, and razed the pernicious workshop to the ground. It may be, however, that justice is not far off. A community so chivalrous as ours, will not suffer its dearest sympathies to be continually outraged, by an alien wretch who was never betrayed into a noble action in his life; and when the retaliation does come, it will doubtless take the defamations of the poor Dickson girls, the Martin sisters, and other helpless sufferers into the account, and make the rebuke last him for his life.

Reviews of Music.

"SIX LIEDER OHNE WORTE."—BOOK I. OF ORIGINAL MELODIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. WILLIAM VIPPOND BARRY (of Bandon). R. Coxs and Co.

MR. VIPPOND BARRY (of Bandon), is not a writer of the ordinary class. On the contrary, his *lieder ohne worte* (we wish he had given them some other name) are distinguished by an abundance of harmonic distribution, a profuseness of modulatory progression and retrogression (*pass the word*) which place them altogether beyond the sphere of mediocre executants. We observe, however, that they are dedicated to the "lion pianist," Alexander Dreyschok, and conclude that Mr. Vippond Barry (of Bandon), had an eye to the large capacity of those ten celebrated fingers, and fashioned his *lieder* to suit them. Stripped of their heavy panoply of accompaniment, the "melodies" are not without attraction, although the rhythm is occasionally dislocated, while the cadences are not always as natural as might be desired; but undivested of their artificial costume, they remind us vividly of an epigram pointed by a celebrated literary man, who said of the sentences of a cotemporary, that they were like "very small babies in very long clothes." It is this excess of ornament which spoils Mr. Barry's *lieder*. The notation used by this gentleman, moreover, is puzzling and inexplicable, and adds to the difficulty of reading his music. It appears as though he had been studying Dr. Alfred Day's *Treatise on Harmony*, without clearly understanding the author's meaning. For example, in G minor, passing to the dominant, by means of the chord of G, A, C sharp, upon E flat, he writes D flat, instead of C sharp; and in C minor, passing to the dominant, by the same chord upon A flat, he writes G flat instead of F sharp. Dr. Day never meant anything of the kind, if Dr. Day be Mr. Barry's authority; if not, however, we should like to hear Mr. Barry's explanation of such a singular method of notation.

The best of the six *lieder* are No. 4 in B major, and No. 6 in F sharp minor. These are less clogged with superfluous harmony and extraneous modulation; the melodies are good—the last especially, which is quite expressive—and some passages are elegant, while others are brilliant. We strongly recommend Mr. Vippond Barry (of Bandon) to write more simply. If his ideas be worth noting down (which we sincerely believe), why obscure them in a fog of unsightly drapery, which perplexes the ear without delighting it? For instance, No. 2 ("Silent love"—with a quotation in *Twelfth Night*), begins upon the chord of F, but never stays half a bar in any key whatever, while all the rules that govern progression are needlessly and ineffectively violated. Mr. Barry should rather have taken for his motto, in place of "She never told her love," "He never told his *key*," which would have been highly appropriate to this most strangely discursive and unsatisfactory of six strangely discursive and unsatisfactory *lieder ohne worte*. If Mr. Barry's intention, while adopting Mendelssohn's title, was to avoid any resemblance to Mendelssohn's style, however, he has succeeded to admiration.

ERNST.—It may be as well to direct the amateurs of the violin to the fact that the only opportunity they will have of hearing this great performer, in London, for a considerable period, will be at the concert of Mr. Balfe, on Monday next, when he will play three times. The day after Ernst will start with Mlle. Angri, on a provincial tour, the speculation of Mr. Beale.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS is in Gloucestershire, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, at Madresfield Court.

THE REVEREND THOMAS HARVEY.—The name of this gentleman must be familiar to our readers, his case having been frequently discussed by the English and continental press. The sympathy generally expressed in his behalf has only been equalled by the surprise that such a persecution as he has been subjected to should have been permitted in the nineteenth century. Mr. Harvey has filled situations abroad, as chaplain under the British government, for eighteen years, and wherever he has been stationed, has upheld the integrity of the English Church, and maintained his position as a clergyman, with unblemished reputation, in the combined exercise of unaffected hospitality and active benevolence, at the same time never sacrificing his independence or his principles. Yet this is the clergyman whom some, in high places, have delighted, not to honour, but oppress. The persecution of Mr. Harvey commenced in 1831, and has been from then until now continued. Thrice have false and anonymous representations in his favour been made the grounds of attack. Thrice has he been condemned without a chance of explanation; thrice also has been completely exculpated by a written expression of concern that Mr. Harvey should have been exposed to so much inconvenience, owing to the difficulty experienced in satisfying the scruples of contending parties. The jurisdiction which does not extend to foreign chaplains, has been cruelly exercised to suit a particular caprice, and in response to Mr. Harvey's reasonable appeal for reparation, a most unsatisfactory answer was returned, in which, while the right of jurisdiction was disclaimed, the exercise of absolute power was arbitrarily used to Mr. Harvey's manifest disadvantage. Difference of opinion, even in the most petty matters of doctrine, on the part of an humble chaplain, was not admitted, and independence of mind was the poor apology for wholesale oppression. Mr. Harvey, however, was so fortunate as to escape observation from 1836 until 1842. In 1842, however, an opportunity presented itself, which was not to be lost, and in reply to an appeal, on the part of Mr. Harvey, for support under trying circumstances, whilst the reverend gentleman's propriety of conduct, sound doctrine, and conciliatory disposition, were at once recognised; such assistance was accorded as more than neutralised any good that might otherwise have resulted. Nor was this all. Mr. Harvey was ultimately dismissed from his chaplaincy at Antwerp, in 1845, a post which he had undertaken at much sacrifice, in compliance with a powerful suggestion, and dismissed under circumstances which called loudly for sympathy and compensation. Mr. Harvey then hastened to England, and prayed to be allowed the means of justification. These were denied to him, and his letters, couched in respectful language, were never even acknowledged. After eighteen years' faithful service, Mr. Harvey was turned adrift, with a veritable ban upon him. At length, however, with a view of establishing his professional character, he accepted a curacy without salary, in the boundary of a certain diocese. Before he was licensed, means of accusation against him were sought, but not found; he was, therefore, licensed to a curacy of increased *spiritual* responsibility, but without stipend. Full confidence was declared in the doctrine, learning, morals, and fidelity, of Mr. Harvey, who three months previously had been designated in the eyes of the world as a scandal to the Church! This completely vindicated, after a gratuitous service of twelve months, Mr. Harvey naturally applied for reparation; but his letter was returned unread. Finding all chance of redress hopeless, Mr. Harvey at length retired from a country in which justice was denied him by those who are sheltered from attack by the circumstances of position. Mr. Harvey is at present in Boulogne, minister and proprietor of the Upper Town English Church in that city. How highly he is esteemed may be ascertained by the number and respectability of his congregation, who recently subscribed for his portrait, which is just completed by a London artist of eminence. Mr. Harvey is now on a visit to his native land, and we trust he may find generous and honest hearts ready not only to deplore injustice, but to sympathise with its object. The pamphlets mentioned in our last describe the case in glowing colours, and cannot fail to be read with interest by all whom they concern. In conclusion, let us cite an extract from the leading columns of a foreign contemporary. The *Brussels Herald*, of July 17th, 1847, in reference to Mr. Harvey says: "This excellent and efficient clergyman, whose persecution has

created such general sensation amongst the English residents in Belgium, has been as well known and appreciated abroad as he is now at home. Indeed his continental reputation has exceeded even that which he enjoyed in his native land. The reverend gentleman, during eighteen years' residence on the continent, has done more to uphold the Anglican Church than any chaplain within our knowledge, and this forsooth is the clergyman fixed upon as the befitting object of unjust oppression."

Original Correspondence.

ENGLISH PROFESSORS AND ENGLISH COMPOSERS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—I consider that the remarks in your last, appended to your general recommendation of Mr. Richards's published works, entitle you to the best thanks of the whole musical profession. So long as English teachers of music avoid using each others' works, so long are they doing *themselves* an injury, by losing opportunities of advancing the general estimation of the profession to which they belong. Nor is this remark at all invalid in the case of those professors who cannot put a teachable work of their own side by side with that of a compatriot. Many excellent teachers do not compose, or do not publish, and others either cannot or will not direct their attention to the writing of works serviceable for ordinary teaching. To these the lighter productions of an educated musician like Mr. Richards ought always to be welcome, as a means of furthering the broad object in view.

I very much fear, however, that this feeling is not nearly so general as could be wished. I recently attended a "Lecture on the Rise and Progress of the Pianoforte," by an English professor, and not only among the "illustrations" was there not a single English composition, but in the "lecture" itself even the name of English composers or pianists were studiously avoided, just as if they were not in the remotest degree associated with the subject! To prove I have no ill-feeling in mentioning this, I withhold the name of the professor referred to, hoping that, if you publish this *hint*, it may make him a better boy in future. I merely, in confidence, enclose the programme for your own satisfaction, and remain,

Yours, very truly,

CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

3, Stanley Place, Paddington Green,
Jan. 21, 1851.

[One of our reporters was present at the lecture, an account of which will be found elsewhere.—ED. M. W.]

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS ON METHUSALEM.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

LYCEUM, JAN. 21, 1851.

SIR,—At a moment when so much valuable space has been accorded to the comparatively unimportant discussion as to the authenticity of St. Peter's Chair, I will not for a moment suppose that you will refuse me a place, for the present communication, on a subject teeming with the deepest interest to all your readers.

I need hardly state that managers of theatres are inundated with an almost equal amount of epistolary matter as are editors of newspapers. Scarcely a day passes, but even I receive letters filled either with solemn suggestions, artistic advice, histrionic hints, dramatic directions, or critiques on costume. These are read of course, in every instance, with intense interest and due deliberation, and when appertaining to things of the stage, are received by me in silence and profound humility. But when my erudition is made a question, as in the instance to which I am about to refer, I feel that it then becomes a duty imperative not to "conceal the torch of learning behind the cloud of modesty."

In my small farce of the "Ringdoves," the name of "Methusalem" occurs, and has been by me so printed. A gentleman from King's College, Cambridge, who signs himself "Screw-tator," has attacked me on the correctness of the name, which, I am told by him, is "Methuselah," and I am referred to "Genesis, cap. 5, v. 27," in support of his correction, and requested to acknowledge through the public press. Now, with all humbleness of

spirit, I beg to differ from this erudite moonshee, and to affirm that "Methusalem is strictly correct. Firstly, let me premise, that the common Hebrew makes it "Methusalech," with the final *cheta*. Indeed, the name of this very old gentleman, who attained to nearly a thousand years of age, is spelt in various and dissimilar ways. On one of the sculptured rocks of Netayah, which, by the bye, is a comparatively recent authority, being but of three thousand years' date, the name is written "Methusyluman;" and even amongst the Gezides, or Devil-worshippers, who have no "written book," it is "Methuz-*iman*." The single authority extant for "Methusalah" occurs in the Chaldaic version; but the Chaldaic being in a Shemitic dialect, a sort of congener of the Hebrew and the Syriac, the authority is singularly hypothetical. The commentators—Rashi, Gomora, the Talmud, the Mishna, and the Council of the Beth Din—all agree in spelling the name "Methusalem;" and if more modern authorities are required to prove my position, I would refer to the learned Polanders, Rabbi Schmule Lock Baumer, and to the very reverend and erudite Chief Rabbi of the Jews of Great Britain, Doctor Adler. It is strange that the name spelt "Methusalem" occurs in the Shezdar of Brama, and in the Ti Kong of the Chinese Con-futzee, a copy of which is in my possession, and to which "Screw-tator" of Kgs. Col. Cam. is most welcome to refer.

I feel convinced that you, Sir, will see the necessity of my defence; for, though I should very properly submit to any correction in matters of taste, I do not think that, connected so closely as I have been for some years past with the Jews, I should suffer my Hebraic erudition to be lightly called in question.

I am, your obedient servant,

C. J. MATHEWS.

Miscellaneous.

ALBERT SMITH AT MANCHESTER.—That portion of our readers (a numerous one no doubt) who have recently made the acquaintance of the marvellous Munchausen at the Theatre Royal, may perhaps credit us when we state that last night we traversed the overland route to India, and back. By the aid of steam, diligence, and dromedary, we visited Bombay; light modes of conveyance re-transported us to Suez, Grand Cairo, Marseilles, and home;—and now we reach the *Courier*-office, brim-full of "incidents of travel" and quite undecided whether to address our readers in Arabic, Turkish, Greek, French, or our own native English. Albert Smith, well known to many of our friends as a talented novelist, was our *cicerone*, and admirably he discharged his duty; entertaining us by the way with some of his merriest merry-thoughts, lively sketches of character, and racy snatches of song, full of a rich and unctuous humour. We fancied, at one time, that he was John Parry, Charles Mathews, and himself combined, so versatile did he prove in his lively and humorous *scenas*. It is one of the pleasantest voyages any person could take in the brief interval that elapses between tea and supper; and as Mr. Smith announces his intention to conduct two trains over that great highway this day (one starting at half-past one, and the other at eight o'clock, in the Free Trade Hall), we hope, for their own sakes, that a large number of passengers will avail themselves of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of a very talented and deserving guide over the overland route.—*Manchester Courier*.

MR. T. H. TOMLINSON.—This professor's *soiree musicale* took place on Monday evening. The programme included a number of popular voices, and the singers were all in excellent voice. Miss Watson sang "The Alps the horn resounding," "Tell me my heart," and the cavatina very nicely, as also the Duets, "Fear no sorrow," and "I've wandered in dreams." The Misses Wilson gave the duet from *Norma*, with spirit and expression; and Miss K. Wilson sang "The captive Greek girl," with much feeling. Mr. G. B. Wilson sang "Friend of the brave," in such a style as to gain him applause, and "Students and Maidens" (Mr. Tomlinson's own song), produced quite a sensation, and he was hardly less applauded and admired in his other song. It was altogether a very agreeable *evening*.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET.—This eminent classical pianist is engaged to play Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brilliant," in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, at Mr. Balfe's concert, on Monday next.

MR. FRANK MORI is engaged by Mr. Beale as pianist and conductor, in the Ernst-Angri tour. A more competent artist could not have been secured for the office.

SHREWSBURY.—Jullien has been here with Jetty Treffz, Vivier, and an excellent orchestra, consisting of some of the most eminent London profession, with the renowned French Drummers and their stalwart Tambour Major. He had a very full concert at the New Hall, and left the next day for Chester.—*Shrewsbury Paper*

BIRMINGHAM.—Jullien's concert here at the Town Hall turned out a bumper, at which every body was pleased, since he is no where more generally liked than at Birmingham. He was accompanied, as at the other provincial towns, by Jetty Treffz and Vivier, but in addition to these popular artists, he had procured the services of the French Drummers, who created so great a sensation in London. The selection included those specimens from Mendelssohn's works, which your correspondents at Manchester and Liverpool have already noticed at length. I need not, therefore, go over the same ground. In the second part the singing of Jetty Treffz, Vivier's horn-playing, and Jullien's "Exhibition Quadrille," severally excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch.—(From a Correspondent.)

DUBLIN.—Jullien has arrived, and has already given three concerts at the Rotunda Rooms, all of which have been crowded. His attractions are even greater than they were last year, since, in addition to the popular and fascinating Jetty Treffz, there is the renowned cornist, Eugene Vivier, with his triple and quadruple notes, making harmony now soft, now sweet, now loudly resonant, a band more than ordinarily brilliant, and more studded than usual with the names of instrumental "stars," the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," Jullien's masterpiece, and last, not least, the celebrated French Drummers, whose terrible harmony of rolling sticks on angry parchment is firmly (not capriciously) controlled by M. Barbier, the Hercules of moustachio'd majors tambour. The result has been a flux of curiosity, which in the guise of multitudinous audiences has flowed into the Rotunda, and filled the hoary building to the sides. If I have time next week, I shall send you a more detailed account.—(From a Correspondent.)

YORK.—Jullien's ball and Jullien's concert last week were both first-rate affairs, and both crammed. Although York is always a great town for Jullien, I much doubt if he ever had so crowded a concert, or so thoroughly elegant and fashionable a ball. The programme of the concert gave entire satisfaction. Jetty Treffz pleased immensely and was encored in every thing she sang. Vivier quite "astonished the natives" with his wonderful horn-playing, and Jullien with his "Exhibition Quadrille," and the famous French Drummers created a furore. The band was better even than that of last year. Amongst the principals were Koenig, Jarrett, Summers, Winterbottom, Viotti Collins, Pratten, Lavigne, Sonnenberg, Cioffi, Demunck, &c. &c. The *ensemble* was perfect in the full pieces.—(From a Correspondent.)

GLASGOW.—The appearance which the Merchants'-hall presented on the evening of the 15th instant, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, must have been gratifying to the members, the hall being filled with the *elite* of the city. The arrangements were superior to those of last year—the orchestra being augmented, while the vocal talent was better. Under the able leadership of Mr. Julian Adams, the gentlemen amateurs have made great progress, though of course there is still room for improvement. The programme embraced selections from Donizetti, Auber, Weber, Bossisio, all of which were executed with a care that left little to be desired. The vocalists were Miss Birch, and Herr Muller, of Vienna. We have never heard Miss Birch in better voice. Her opening scene from *Der Freyschutz* "Softly sighs the voice of evening," took the audience by surprise. She was enthusiastically applauded. The duet, "Quanto Amore," sung by her and Herr Muller, was also very successful. The Jacobite song, "Over the water to Charlie," was given in splendid style, and provoked an encore, for which Miss Birch substituted "Charlie is my darling." Herr Muller was, on the whole, very successful. He appears to

want experience, but possesses an excellent bass voice, and sings with great taste and occasional effect. The other performer who calls for special notice is Mr Julian Adams, the main spring and soul of the society. His only solo was on the piano. It was a brilliant effort, and indicated a command of the instrument which places him in a high rank as a pianist. Altogether the concert, the first of a series, was one of the most delightful of the season. If the others are equally successful, the society will have reason to congratulate themselves.—*Glasgow Paper*.

CHESTER.—We find by the local papers that Jullien stopped here on his road to Dublin, and gave a concert, which was crowded. The stars were Jetty Treffz, the popular German singer and actress; Vivier, the player of the magic horn, and the notorious French Drummers, with the Tambour Major. The band was first-rate, and the several admirable soloists who officiated as principals highly distinguished themselves in the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," the last new composition of the popular *chef d'orchestre*.

MACLISE'S PICTURE OF "WERNER."—This is a portrait of Mr. Macready in one of his most celebrated characters. We call the picture a "portrait," because, although Josephine is introduced, it is for the purpose merely of setting off the principal figure, and involves the likeness of no actress. Upon Werner the artist has expended all his care, and certainly a more admirable picture, or a more splendid likeness we have rarely seen. Mr. MacLise has not only caught the exact features of the peculiarities of attitude and look of the great tragedian, but has infused into his drawing the intense care and suffering so wondrously depicted in the representation of the character, and has thrown over all the halo of genius which, more than accuracy of feature or attitude, appears to stamp the picture as a work of the highest merit. It would be well, now that we are about to lose the brightest ornament of the stage, if Mr. MacLise, in addition to his Werner, would paint Mr. Macready in some of his most popular parts. A series of portraits of the great tragedian in *King Lear*, his grandest personation, taking the most striking scenes, would be received by the play-going public as a boon, and would more than reimburse Mr. MacLise in the engraving. The picture of "Werner," may be seen at Mr. Hogarth's establishment, in the Haymarket. It belongs, we understand, to Mr. John Forster, to whom it has been presented by Mr. MacLise. It is already in the hands of the engraver.

Advertisements.

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MILLE. JENNY LIND.

THE only English Ballads sung by the above distinguished vocalists are, "Take this lute," by Benedict; "Oh, summer morn," by Meyer; and the "Lonely Rose," by Balfe, sung by Milie Lind; "Those happy days are gone," by Lavenue; "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace; "O, sing to me," by Osborne; and "My last thoughts are of thee," by Maynard, sung by Miss Hayes.

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MR. ROBERT BARNETT

DEGS to inform his Friends and Pupils he has REMOVED from 71, Dean Street, Soho, to 129, ALBANY STREET, Regent's Park.

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ROYAL MUSIC HALL, ADELAIDE STREET, STRAND.

SIGNOR MONTELLI, Director of the Italian Operatic Company, begs to announce that he has entered into arrangements to give a series of Grand Vocal and Instrumental Entertainments on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, (alternate with the Apollonicon performances,) commencing Monday, the 10th February. Signor Montelli has already secured the services of the principal Vocalists and Instrumentalists in London, and engagements will be immediately effected with several of the most distinguished continental artists expressly for these entertainments. Selections from all the most celebrated English and Foreign Compositions, with every novelty of interest, will be presented, varied every evening. Conductor, Signor Montelli. To facilitate the increasing taste for music, the prices will be at the lowest possible ratio. Stalls, 2s.; unreserved seats, 2s.; balcony seats, 1s. 6d.; upper ditto, 1s. The Hall is capable of accommodating 1,500 persons, and visitors may depend upon every attention being paid to their comfort and convenience. All particulars may be obtained of Robert W. Ollivier, Concert Agent, No. 19, Old Bond Street.

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TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS—Mornings, Two; Evening, Eight; precisely.—The most perfect Work of Musical Mechanism in the world, upon which six Professors perform at the same time. Admission, 1s.; reserve seats, 1s. 6d. Programme—see Morning Journals each day of performance. Royal Music Hall, adjoining the Lowther Arcade.

N.B.—The elegant Hall, capable of receiving 1,500 persons (the best for sound in London), is engaged on and after Monday the 10th February. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in each week for Italian Operatic Concerts by the first Artists. Director—Signor Montelli.

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E. J. DENT, Watch and Clock Maker, by distinct appointment to the Queen, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, most respectfully solicits from the public an inspection of his extensive stock of Watches and Clocks, embracing all the late modern improvements at the most economical charges. Ladies' Gold Watches, with gold dials, jewelled in four holes, 8 guineas; Gentlemen's, with enamelled dial, 10 guineas; Youth's Silver Watches, 4 guineas; warranted substantial and accurate-going Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes, 6 guineas.—E. J. Dent, 82, Strand; 33, Cockspur-street; and 3, Royal Exchange (Clock Tower Area).

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M. ALEXANDRE BILLETTS begs to announce a series of THREE EVENING PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in illustration of the Works of the great Composers, on Tuesdays, February 11th and 25th; and March 11th. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d. To be had at St. Martin's Hall; of WESSEL and Co., 229, Regent Street, and the principal Music Publishers.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.

1. Sonata in F sharp major, Op. 78 BEETHOVEN.
2. { Prelude & Fugue in A flat BACH.
Prelude & Fugue in F HANDEL
3. Sonata in C minor WOELFL.
4. Andante con Variazioni in E flat, Op. 82, (Posth. Works, No. 10) MENDELSSOHN.
5. Sonata in B minor HAYDN.
6. Selection of Studies—
A minor STEIBELT.
D major CRAMER.
C minor RIES.
G major MOSCHELES.
C sharp minor CHOPIN.

PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND PERFORMANCE.

1. Sonata in E flat minor PINTO.
2. Prelude & Fugue in G minor (Cat's) Fugue SCARLATTI.
Prelude & Fugue in D major MENDELSSOHN.
3. Fantasia in A, Op. 16 (Dedicated to ROBERT SCHUMANN) W. S. BENNETT.
4. Sonata in C minor, Op. 35 (Dedicated to CLEMENTI) DUSSEK.
5. Allegro di Bravura CIPRIANI POTTER.
6. Lieder ohne Worte MENDELSSOHN.
No. 4, Second Book.
No. 6, Sixth Book.
No. 1, do. do.
No. 4, do. do.

PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE.

1. Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (Dedicated to CHERUBINI) CLEMENTI
2. { Prelude & Fugue in F BACH.
Prelude & Fugue in E minor MENDELSSOHN.
3. Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106 BEETHOVEN.
3. Andante con Variazioni in B flat, Op. 83 (Posth. Works, No 11) MENDELSSOHN
5. Rondo in A minor MOZART.
6. Selection of Studies :
C minor HUMMEL.
E flat MACFARREN.
D minor HILLER.
D flat major HENSELT.
A minor THALBERG.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S

FIRST SOIREE'S OF CHAMBER MUSIC

WILL take place on TUESDAY next, January 28th, at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, No. 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be assisted by Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. Dando, and Mr. Lucas. The second and third Soirees on Tuesdays, February 11 and 25. Tickets for the series, one guinea each; or for single evenings, half-a-guinea each. May be had of all the principal Music warehouses, and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor—Mr. SURMAN, founder of the Exeter-hall Oratorios, and 15 years conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

ON FRIDAY, JANUARY the 31st, HAYDN'S ORATORIO CREATION, with 800 performers. The Oratorio will be preceded by the Anthem, "In that day," composed and conducted by Dr. Elvey, private organist to Her Majesty. The still parts of the Creation and Anthem will be sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Turner (of St. George's Chapel), Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Philips. Tickets, 3s., 5s., 7s. and 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the office of the Society, No. 9 in Exeter-hall. The music to be rehearsed this evening will be the above, and a selection from the London Psalmist.

HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT,"

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 30.

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MENT—Cure of a Bad Leg of more than sixty years' standing.—Mr. Barker, of No. 5, Graham's Place, Drypool, near Hull, had ulcers on his leg from the age of 18 until upwards of 80, and although for many years he had sought the first advice in the country, nothing was found to cure them. He often suffered excruciating pain for long periods together, which incapacitated him from attending to his business. He had given up all hopes of getting a cure, when at last he was persuaded to try Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he did, and however wonderful it may appear, the leg was thoroughly healed by their means, and by continuing to use the Pills alone after his leg was well, he has become in health so hale and hearty as now to be more active than most men of fifty. N.B.—The truth of this extraordinary statement can be vouched for by Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, 22, Market Place, Hull. February 20th, 1850.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Proprietors of the MUSICAL WORLD beg to remind those Subscribers who have not yet forwarded their Subscriptions, that unless the same be paid to MESSRS. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, prior to the publication of the next number, they must discontinue forwarding it. Those Subscribers who may have paid MR. W. S. JOHNSON (the late Publisher), in advance for the present year, will please to send an order to MESSRS. MYERS and Co., to receive the money from him.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS.

At the very interesting sale of copyrights and plates, the property of the firm of Coventry & Co., which took place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week, the published works of Mr. Sterndale Bennett occupied a conspicuous place. The number of plates amounted to little short of eight hundred, the whole of which were "knocked down" to Messrs. Leader and Cock, Music Publishers, at Nine Shillings and Sixpence per plate—a larger figure than was realized by any other item in the Catalogue, except the Organ Sonatas, and other works of Mendelssohn. The general opinion expressed was, that had these compositions been sold in separate lots, as per advertisement, instead of in the mass, they would have brought more than double the sum. We record this with unfeigned pleasure, as an indication, if not a prognostication, that English manuscripts are "looking up" in the music publishing world.

Independent of the intrinsic worth of Sterndale Bennett's compositions, and of the influence they have already, even at this early period, exercised on the art of playing and composing for the pianoforte—matters beyond controversy—the question, so long scouted, of the value of English copyrights, is thus triumphantly solved. The works of a composer, whose

devotion to the highest interests of the art which he professes and adorns, is not excelled even by the genius which first gained him distinction, have not only escaped the frequent predicament attached to serious endeavour (that of becoming a dead weight in the market), but, as a matter of positive mercantile value, have thrown nearly all competition into the back ground. The catalogue of Messrs. Coventry & Co. was as rich in works appealing exclusively to the popular taste, as in those which must be counted among the strongholds of art,—as fruitful of Czerny, Chaulieu, and Valentine, as of Bach, Mozart, and Mendelssohn—but, with the solitary exception of the last named composer, the right of possession in favour of William Sterndale Bennett, an English musician, was more eagerly contested, and more dearly purchased, than anything else in the catalogue.

LEARNED IN KEYS.

We reprint the following elaborate critique, from the pages of a Liverpool paper—on one of the Classical Chamber Concerts of Messrs. Thomas and Haddock—as a specimen of what criticism ought not to be.

"The fourth of these interesting concerts was given on Wednesday evening, commencing with a fine quintett in *D*, by Beethoven, for two violins (violin and violoncello), of which the first movement, allegro, was very pleasing, and appeared to give general delight, followed by an andante in *B flat*, which was very beautiful. A quartet, pretty short allegro in *C* led to a splendid presto in the same key, which was fully appreciated by the audience. This was succeeded by a quartett, in *B minor*, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, by Mendelssohn, of which the first movement was very long, and wanting in motion or intention. The andante in *E*, which followed, was pretty and very much liked. An allegro in *F sharp minor* very pretty and sparkling, and we must not quarrel with its being very original, as the allegro in *B minor* wound up the affair in a very brilliant manner; and the whole was admirably played by Mrs. H. Beale and Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Baetens, and Haddock. The first part concluded with a duo for violin and violoncello, in *G op. 57*, by Kummer, whose name is new to us. The introduction and andante, more rambling than original, led to the Theme Suisse, a well-known air, which was followed by an intermezzo allegro con fuoco, in *G minor*, which was very much applauded, and finished with an allegro molto in *G major*, which skilfully returns to the original movement, and ends very brilliantly. The second part commenced with an exquisite trio, in *G No. 2 op. 1*, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Beethoven, admirably executed by Mrs. Beale and Messrs. Thomas and Haddock. It opens with a beautiful adagio, followed by an equally delightful allegro, which ran into a largo in *E*, followed by a fascinating scherzo in *G*; and the whole concluded by a finale presto, which words are wanting adequately to praise. This magnificent selec-

tion concluded with Mozart's quartett in *B flat*, No. 5, for two violins, opening with a splendid allegro, in which the hand of this master could not be mistaken; a very flowing, beautiful minuetto, followed by an exquisite adagio, in *E flat*, full of the richest harmonies, and finished with an allegro assai, in the original key. That was altogether a gem. Everything went well—the audience delighted—but no encores, which can only be accounted for by everything being so good that it would have been necessary to have the whole concert over again."

Here is learning for you! Was there ever such a quantity of keys used to no purpose? and who would dream that the writer may not possibly know one from another? Where is Mr. *Punch*—the unflinching enemy of keys and musical terms in general, that he has passed over an article so suited to his purpose? Why has not Mr. *Punch* bitten his usual bite? If the notice had appeared in these columns our hook-nosed contemporary would have thrown a bucket of cold water at us. Perhaps, however, he disdains to break a lance with small fry; and though condescending, now and then, to joust with the *Musical World*, a Liverpool paper would not tempt him to mount his dog.

MACREADY AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

WE have already, in a recent article, alluded to Mr. Macready's retirement from the stage on the eve of the great confluence of all nations, and commented on the impolicy of selecting such a period for taking his final leave. The subject, however, is of sufficient importance to call for a separate notice, and we shall be truly pleased if, through any remarks of ours, Mr. Macready be tempted to its further serious consideration. Such a determination on the part of one who, regarding his art as a labour of love, has ever been happy in appearing before the public, seems to us an anomaly. That the actor has sound and plausible reasons for retiring from the scene of his triumphs, while yet his powers may be said to be in their zenith, we have good reason for believing; but the cause which has induced him to choose the present moment is beyond our conjecture. We have always thought Mr. Macready ambitious; and what man who loves his art is not so? His final resolution, however, would seem to set aside this "high-reaching" quality, and resolve itself into a pique, arising from some imaginary neglect. If some such motive be not at the bottom of Mr. Macready's declared intention, we know not to what it may be attributed. Of all men who have embarked in the theatrical profession, Mr. Macready has the least right to feel disappointed. The public has long done eminent justice to his talents, and the critics, with few exceptions—*exceptio firmat regulam*—have paid homage to his genius. Why then should Mr. Macready bid farewell to the stage at a time when the influx of strangers from all parts of the globe should act as an unanswerable argument for remaining? Shakspeare is acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest tragic poet. His plays are standard works wherever poetry has a home; in Germany more especially, he is idolised as the first of dramatic authors, despite the reverence paid to Schiller and

Goethe. Will not the countless numbers who are shortly coming to London anticipate as one of their highest gratifications, the opportunity of seeing Shakspeare's acted plays in the English language and upon the English stage?—and ought Mr. Macready, the Shaksperian actor of the day, to be absent on such an occasion? Mr. Macready's name is famous all over the continent, and a grievous disappointment will ensue to the lovers of Shakspeare and intellectual acting, when they learn that the artist who can most deeply and truthfully realize the conceptions of the poet, has quitted the stage on the very eve of their arrival.

Mr. Macready is not to be dissuaded easily from a settled resolution. He has never broken faith with the public. Yet surely, on such a momentous occasion, he may reasonably change his mind, and defer, for a short time, the accomplishment of a resolution, made under a peculiar combination of circumstances, without forfeiting the esteem of the public. A limited series of performances, during the period of the Great Exhibition, would be the most commanding attraction in the theatrical world, without excepting the great Italian Operas, or Rachel herself. If these performances should take place at Drury Lane, and Mr. Macready, as on a former occasion, obtain the assistance of Messrs. Anderson, Vandenhoff, Cooper, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Ternan, and other members of the corps, with Miss Helen Faucit, and Compton added, as indispensable in Shakspeare's plays—the same splendor, completeness, and taste in the dresses, scenery, and decoration as under Mr. Macready's own management at the two patent houses to strengthen them—they would constitute an era in the history of the stage, and become a fitting close to the career of the greatest living actor.

Should Mr. Macready persist, however, in his determination of ending his career with the present engagement at the Haymarket, he will greatly disappoint his admirers. For our own parts, we hold fast to the belief that the foreigners who crowd our streets during the "Great Exhibition," will never be permitted to return to their own homes without the privilege of telling their friends that they have seen Shakspeare acted in the land of his birth. The question rests with Mr. Macready.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM PALESTRINA TO ROSSINI.

BY THE CHEVALIER JOSEPH CATURIO.

(Concluded from our last.)

IN 1609, Viadana, chapel-master of the cathedral of Mantua, invented thorough-bass. The influence exercised by this invention on musical science was immense. Viadana exposed the principles of thorough-bass in a dissertation written in Latin, Italian, and German, which he placed as an introduction to a set of motetts of his own composition. The Italian masters saw, liking Viadana's discovery, a means for developing, by the study of the clavier, the sentiment of harmony in their pupils, and thereby improving the art of accompaniment. They reduced to a small number of rules the precepts of this

preparatory science, and they fancied that nothing further remained to be done in a purely practical art.

Carissimi was born in Venice in 1582. The high reputation which he enjoyed won for him the situation of master of the pontifical chapel and director of the German College at Rome, in 1649, fifty-five years after the death of Palestrina. To this great man we owe the introduction of orchestral accompaniment in church music; he improved the recitative lately invented by Peri and Monteverde, and he is the first composer who wrote cantatas. His melodies are graceful, and replete with expression and vivacity: his style, less severe than the Roman, was sustained by a pure and simple harmony. This harmony, developed by his pupils, Bassani, Buononcini, and Casti, led by degrees to that perfection which it attained in the 18th century. Carissimi was a very prolific writer: he composed a great number of masses, motetts, cantatas, and oratorios. He it was who gave to the oratorios, which he had rendered popular, a regular form, and from that period it has maintained its place as one of the most attractive forms of church music. He was the first to introduce accompaniments of the viola and bass-violoncello into sacred music, for, in the commencement of the 17th century, the violin was but little used in Italy, and the violoncello was as yet unknown. His celebrated "*Wails of the Damned*," for three voices, with accompaniment for the organ and two violas, and the oratorio of *Jephtha* obtained considerable success.

Carissimi assisted at the birth of opera. He was twelve years of age when Julius Caccini and Jacques Peri produced their *Daphne* (1594), the first regular work of this description; and he was in his twenty-fifth year when Monteverde gave his *Orpheus* (1607), in which we find both his harmonic innovations and the same style, which continued to be pursued by all the writers of Italian operas during the first half of the 17th century. We may safely affirm that Carissimi's music, diffused by his pupils all over Europe, served as the type of our modern productions.

Cavalli and Ciccognini composed together an opera entitled *Jason*. They were the first to introduce *airs*—but denuded of regular form and proper development, their effect was monotonous.

In 1663, Cotti composed an opera entitled *Dorice*, in which he introduced pieces which were calculated to display the talents of the singers. John-Baptist Bassani began to perfect the forms of dramatic music: his operas, *Falaride* (performed at Venice in 1684) and *Alaric, King of the Goths* (played at Ferrara in the following year), abound in excellent attempts in this style of composition. Caldara, chapel-master of the cathedral of Mantua, imitated Bassani's style in an opera entitled *Argina*, played at Venice in 1689.

The metropolitan school now produced a man of genius, who, shaking off the trammels of past traditions, opened a vast field for musical science. This man, who appeared with the dazzling splendour of a luminous meteor, was Alexander Scarlatti, a composer of sacred and theatrical music, endowed with wonderful fertility of invention, and was at the same time a bold and original thinker. He gave, in 1693, an opera which bore the title of *Laodicea and Berenice*, in which he struck out a new path for dramatic music. This work was the first sound attempt at genuine expression. Until then the accompaniments had been heavy and monotonous, and dragged lazily after the voices, which were themselves not free from a certain heaviness and uniformity which palled upon the ear. Scarlatti imparted more vivacity to the instrumentation, and substituted for the syllabic forms of the music a freedom of vocalisation hitherto unknown. He was also the first to introduce a repetition of the original theme. These innovations

were received with immense favour, and were adopted by all the Italian composers, more especially by John Buononcini and Ariosti. Musicians were eager to imitate the style of Scarlatti, who outshone all his predecessors, and whose popularity went on increasing up to the last hour of his existence. He wrote eighteen operas at Naples, and composed no less than two hundred masses. He founded a school, which gave birth to two profound musicians, Domenico Scarlatti, his son, and Gizzi; the latter shone by the grace and delicacy of his compositions; the former was simple and majestic, like his father; his dramatic compositions abound in passages which express with a masterly hand the affections and sentiments of the soul. So complete a revolution had been effected in dramatic music, that the conviction arose that the art had now attained its highest degree of perfection; but another revolution was about to take place, which gave the same impetus to instrumental, which Scarlatti had imparted to vocal music. This revolution was determined by the works of Corelli, and notably by his fifth. His compositions were elegant, lively, dramatic; he was the first to separate instrumental from vocal music.

At this period opera was not known in Germany. It is true that Opitz had translated *Dafné* from the Italian of Rinucini, the same work which Caccini had written in 1594, and of which Henry Shutz had composed the music, in 1627, for the Elector of Saxony; but this essay had met with no imitators, and Reiser was the first who founded the German lyrical theatre by his opera of *Bazilius* and his pastorate of *Imène*, in 1692. This great artist wrote one hundred and sixteen operas, which were followed as models by Händel and all the German school. It may be remarked that the seventeenth century was a most remarkable epoch in the history of the musical art.

Händel had received from nature an extraordinary genius for music. He was not long content to imitate Reiser; he went to Italy, where he was naturally struck with the brilliant qualities of Scarlatti's compositions. The mixture of the two styles, conjoined with Händel's own instinctive genius, produced those admirable and sublime compositions which are the wonder and delight of succeeding generations. Yet it must be remarked that his long stay in England, in a manner separated from the rest of musical Europe, rendered his success comparatively individual, and prevented him, unfortunately, from exercising over musical science that preponderating influence to which he might have otherwise undoubtedly pretended. It was only some time after his death that the full value of his master-pieces began to be known and his genius appreciated.

Among the master-pieces of Händel's composition we may mention his oratorios:—the *Messiah*, *Israël*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Saul*, *Samson*, *Solomon*, and *Joshua*; and among his operas and serenatas, *Rinaldo*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Semele* and *Timotheus*.

It was far different with the pupils of Scarlatti and Gaetano Greco. At the commencement of the eighteenth century Porpora appeared, one of Scarlatti's most brilliant pupils. His principal works are *Arianna e Teseo*, *Semiramide*, *Tamerlano*, *Annibale*, *Il Matrimonio*, and *Il Triumfo di Camillo*. Porpora also wrote a great deal of church music, and devoted himself to teaching. He was followed by Domenico Sarri, whose compositions are replete with passion and poetry; and by Ignazio Gallo, who produced a great many operas, and was director of several musical academies. Leonardo da Vinci succeeded. This composer, in his operas of *Arlaxerce* and *Iphigenia*, conciliated the favour of the Neapolitans by the charm of his melodies, the science of his accompaniments, and the brilliant colour of a pure and captivating style. Leo-

nardi Leo obtained much success in serious opera and in church music.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, the Neapolitan school gave birth to a man who exercised a most salutary influence on the progress of the musical art. Pergolese's compositions, abounding in the purest and sweetest melodies, offer a combination of simplicity and grandeur which will insure their immortality. Pergolese was equally famous in theatrical and in sacred music, and all have agreed in acknowledging the merits of the composer of the *Stabat Mater*. Durante was also a successful composer, both of dramatic and sacred music. All these artists, whose reputation was European, aimed at expression as a leading feature in their compositions, and they succeeded in producing effects which their successors have perhaps unwisely neglected. Instrumentation was also more largely developed, wind instruments were introduced into the orchestra by slow degrees, and it may be averred that in 1740 a complete revolution had taken place in the musical art.

Leo, Feo and Durante founded excellent schools at Naples, Lotti also established one at Venice. These schools produced composers of a high order of merit; Egidio Duni, Latilla, Tommelli, Fiorillo, Majo and Galuppi or Buranello. Dramatic music was further developed and assumed a greater variety of forms; obligato recitative was invented and the orchestral accompaniments assumed a more prominent feature than before. The theatrical works of the artists whom we have just named, usurped the place occupied by their predecessors, and the names of Leo, Durante and Feo, were henceforward only celebrated in connexion with sacred music. The invention of the *Opera Buffa*, by Galuppi, is one of the most important events connected with the history of music at this period; this invention occupies the interval included between the years 1740 and 1761.

Piccini was the first to introduce concerted pieces and finales. He made the first trial of this innovation at Rome, in 1760; it exercised a great influence on succeeding dramatic compositions. This onward impulsion was continued during the second half of the eighteenth century. Piccini, Sacchini and Sarti were still in the plenitude of their glory when Paisiello and Guglielmi enriched the art by the new form which they gave to the cantilena, to the construction of their pieces and to the instrumentation. Their admirable genius was prodigal of such captivating novelties and ingenious combinations and effects, that the best works of their masters were laid aside, and a complete revolution was brought about before the end of the century. A man endowed with a peculiar and distinctive genius as regards vigour of expression, Gluck invented a style of music of which no previous model had existed, and imparted to dramatic art an impulsion of which we still feel the effects. Two other composers equally remarkable for their genius and science, Haydn and Mozart, wrote for the voice and for instrument; the melodies of these two great masters bear that stamp of originality which is the great characteristic of genius. Mozart more particularly left all his predecessors and contemporaries so far behind him, that his century, unable to appreciate his compositions, unprepared for this daring precocity of genius, and it may be said, dazzled by his sublime intellect, failed to acknowledge his excellence, and it was only some time after his death that his compositions, better executed and more fully understood, assumed the high station to which they were entitled. It must be owned that Italy has never fairly appreciated the works of Mozart and Haydn, and Paer and Mayer, both men of undoubted talent, who attempted to introduce the German style of orchestration into their works, never obtained any great success at Naples;

their productions were taxed with heaviness, although they may be considered as the stepping stones to a still further reform which was then on the eve of being accomplished. Generali and Morlacchi also contributed in bringing about this new revolution; their talents of a high order had insured them a distinguished place among lyrical composers, when they were suddenly eclipsed by the appearance of a young man, then twenty years of age. This young man was Rossini, who now advanced boldly on his artistical career, struck out a new path for himself and prepared to accomplish the twelfth musical revolution, that of the nineteenth century. Born at Pesaro, in the Roman States, the 29th February, 1792, Rossini commenced his musical studies at the age of twelve. Angelo Tesei, a priest, taught him the art of singing, harmony, and a little counterpoint. After three years' study, Rossini presided at the piano with much success; in 1807, he was entered at the Lyceum of Bologna, and studied the art of composition under Father Mattei. In 1812, he produced his first works, which consisted of a symphony and a cantata, entitled: *Il pianto d'armonia*. Rossini made his debut in dramatic composition, by *L'Inganno felice*, which was coldly received; he afterwards gave, at Ferrara, the oratorios of *Ciro in Babilonia*, and, at Venice, *La Scala di Seta*, *L'Occasione Falladro*, and *Il figlio per Azzardo*. In 1813, he produced *Tancredi*, in which he effected a complete reform in serious opera. This brilliant work, teeming with the exuberance of a youthful imagination, abounds in delightful melodies, in orchestral beauties and a gush of new ideas, which are but rarely, if ever, interpreted to the full extent of the author's meaning. To *Tancredi* succeeded *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *La Pietra di Paragone*, *Aureliana in Palmira*, *Il Turco in Italia*, *Sigismondo* and *Aureliano*. In 1815 Rossini produced at Naples, *Elisabetta* and *Torvaldo e Doriska*. He wrote in 1816, at Rome, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Gazetta* and *Otello*. In this last work, Rossini began to change his manner by the elaborate developments which he introduced into serious opera, and by the brilliancy of his orchestral accompaniment; these innovations were further carried out in the scores of *Mosé in Egitto*, *Maometto Secondo*, *Zelmira*, and *Semiramide*. *La Gazza Ladra* and *La Cenerentola* were written at Milan and Rome, in 1817, and *Armida* was composed at Naples, in the same year. Rossini gave, in 1818, *Adelaide di Borgogna*, at Rome; in 1819, *Edoardo e Cristina*, at Naples; *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, at Venice, and *La Donna del Lago*, at Naples; in 1820, *Bianca e Faliero*, at Milan; in 1821, *Matilda di Shabran*, at Rome.

Rossini next repaired to Paris, where he introduced some excellent reforms, both in composition and in singing. His first production in the French capital was *Maometto*, which he arranged for the French opera, under the title of *Le Siège de Corinthe*, the second was *Le Comte Ory*, and the third and last was *Guillaume Tell*, which set the seal to the author's reputation.

All Rossini's compositions produce a magic effect; they reveal an ingenuity, a versatility, an inexhaustible fund of imagery which stamps him as a superior genius. The form of his pieces and the development which he gives them, testify to the improvement which he has effected in dramatic music. It may be said that he has resuscitated the piano-forte, by providing professors of that instrument with innumerable melodies susceptible of an infinity of variations. By his delicious cantilenas, his new modulations, and the combined effects of a powerful rhythm and piquant instrumentation, he has entirely modified the taste of his countrymen, by presenting them with a more vigorous and healthy style of music, and by forcing

them to listen to a whole opera with attention and pleasure, which no composer had ever done before him.

The music of this enchanter offers an interest so sustained and so sympathetic that it admits of no abstraction. The public attention is so strongly captivated that it is unwilling to lose any one of the composer's inspirations, and it lends a willing ear from the first bar of the overture to the last echo of the finale.

The unanimous applause which has welcomed, in all parts of the civilized world, the productions of Rossini, are sufficient proof of the enthusiasm which they have inspired. The hypercriticism of men who, for the most part, cannot understand him, are unable to analyse, appreciate, nay even to read him, is not worth refuting. I may, however, be allowed to suggest to the vituperators of Rossini, a fact, of which, by the bye, they may possibly be ignorant, that if the absence of effect be a capital fault in music, Rossini is indubitably the creator of new effects and combinations between the voices and instruments, the mere possibility of which was unsuspected before his time. Artists of known merit have owned to having learned much from a careful analysis of Rossini's scores; if, in these scores, a few insignificant oversights are to be found, they in nowise justify the attacks which musical pedantry has directed against a composer, whom I consider as one of the first of harmonists.

Since the celebrated Maestro has withdrawn from the theatre, he has produced a *Stabat Mater*, written in quite a modern style. This master-piece, which has excited universal admiration, is worthy of the other works of the reformer of the music of the nineteenth century.

From the time of Peter-Louis Palestrina to Rossini, during a period of two hundred and fifty-eight years, we may reckon twelve musical revolutions; after each of which it was asserted that nothing more could be done; yet the event has invariably testified to the contrary. The changes which have arisen as regards taste and opinion, conjoined with the instability of forms and the wreck of so many great reputations, are curious and notable facts in the history of music. It is not so in the other arts; the productions of the great painters, sculptors, and architects of Raphael's time, serve and ever will serve as models to their successors; we, on the contrary, have nothing to imitate or copy in the music of the old masters; their style and process differ so essentially from ours, that the music of former and that of our time seem to be two different arts. The names of the most celebrated composers, from Palestrina, Carissimi, and Scarlatti have become for artists little more than historical names, and for the general public a dead letter. Musical revolutions take place when, a modification occurring in the taste of generation, a man of genius appears who, striking out a new path, throws the veil of oblivion over his predecessors.

Rebels of Music.

"SONGS FOR WINTER HOURS."—Written by CHARLES SWAIN, arranged by RICHARD ANDREWS. Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

An attractive little book of its kind, the merits of which are by no means confined to the outside, although that is daintily decked in rose coloured boards and gold letters. There are ten songs in all. Mr. Charles Swain, the poet (not unknown to fame); has shewn a lively facility of rhyming by the fluent manner in which he has treated ten themes in strong contrast to each other. Mr. F. Andrews, on his part, has taxed the resources of all nations for his melodies, eight of the ten songs being founded on national tunes. The first, "Nay, speak no ill," cannot be spoken ill of. The

German air, which Mr. Andrews has adapted to it tastefully, is exceedingly simple and vocal. No. 2, "O what a world it might be," derives its tune from Norway; there is, nevertheless, no touch of the Norwegian coldness in it. No. 3, "There is beauty in a merry laugh," is wedded to an American air, which, from its cheerful character, is happily expressive of the sentiment involved in Mr. Charles Swain's very neat words. At the end of each verse Mr. Andrews has effectively introduced a choral refrain in four part harmony. No. 4, "There are moments in life," has been dug out of the rich mines of German tune. It is graceful, and remarkably unpretending; nor has Mr. Andrews made it less obtrusive by the addition of anything extraneous in the shape of harmony, the accompaniment being as quiet as the air itself. No. 5, "Procrastination," is a duet founded upon a melody by Lachner—not one of his best by the way, although the arrangement is good, and the voice parts for two sopranos are well; while the second soprano voice (a manifest advantage) may be replaced by a tenor, for which male organ Mr. Andrews has judiciously set apart a special line. No. 6, "Ne'er will I forsake thee, mother," is adapted for one or two voices. Bellini has been called upon for the melody, and has responded in a pleasant and flowing strain, disposed in the mode of B flat. The accompaniment of Mr. Andrews is studiously simple, which leads us to prefer the duet arrangement to the solo. No. 7, "The Flower thou lovest," is original, without being original; the music, composed by Mr. William Shore, having been originally suggested by another music, not composed by Mr. William Shore. In other words, it resembles too many familiar phrases to be strictly entitled to the appellation "original;" it is, nevertheless, vocal, and the accompaniment nicely written. No. 8, "Something Cheap," is again a German melody of the Styrian character. It is distinguished by a certain flow which is likely to captivate the general ear. Mr. Andrews, by his accompaniment, has rather helped it to flow more easily than impeded its course. No. 9, "When Fortune beams around you," is likely to be the most popular of the whole set. It is professed to be an Italian melody, but the opening bears a strong resemblance to some of the well-known tenor songs of Balfe. The second part contains a phrase from the second part of Rossini's brilliant march in *Otello*, in the same key (C), but it is suddenly arrested by a well devised transition into F, which for a moment interrupts the cadence. No. 10, "My life was like a fountain," being the composition of a lady, Miss Fanny H. Henslowe, must be treated with civility. Under these circumstances we are happy in being able to say that, though not striking, it is unpretending and inoffensive, and trips along gaily enough. Let us recommend Miss Henslowe to rewrite line 1, bar 5, page 46, in which the accompaniment is incorrect. The second chord would be better with G natural in the bass, and so return to G sharp in the next chord, leaving out that note in the treble. Nor do we like the harmony of the next bar but one, in which the D in the bass should carry the chord of the 5—3 instead of 6—3.

On the whole, we can recommend the "Songs for Winter Hours" as a pretty and acceptable Christmas present for any young gentleman who may entertain a sly regard for any young lady who likes singing but objects to difficult music.

MENDELSSOHN'S "FIRST VIOLET."—Arranged for the Piano Forte.—BRINLEY RICHARDS.

"THE MAID OF THE GANGES."—MENDELSSOHN.—Ditto, Ditto.

"THE IRISH EMIGRANT."—Ditto, Ditto.—CHAPPELL.

In his adaptation for the piano-forte of "The First Violet," one of Mendelssohn's most expressive songs, Mr. Brinley Richards has evinced, in equal degrees, refined taste and the utmost veneration for his author. He has preserved both the melody and harmony intact; and, as the arrangement stands, it may be viewed without disparagement by the side of the *Lieder Ohne Worte* themselves. The more such music is taught, the better both for pupils and masters.

"The Maid of the Ganges" is adapted in a more brilliant style. There are also one or two points slightly altered from the original; for this reason, and only for this reason, it has less of our entire sympathy than the other; for we hold that Mendelssohn cannot be altered for the better. But, viewing the subject in another

light, Mr. Brinley Richards has evidently intended to make a short fantasia, which intention alone could justify the episodic introduction of the theme in F flat, (the key of the song is A flat,) which prolongs without increasing the interest of the development. It would be well, however, if the concoctors of fantasias on popular melodies did no more to deface the beauty of the original than Mr. Richards, in this arrangement, which, as a brief, showy, and by no means difficult piece of display, deserves, and is likely to obtain, a very extensive sale.

With "The Irish Emigrant" Mr. Richards has been far less chary of ornament and addition; but here his alterations are all improvements; by a profuse and skilful distribution of light and graceful passages, he has invested an absolutely barren theme with a charm not inherent in itself. A little more difficult than the preceding, this graceful bagatelle is still entirely within the reach of moderately advanced performers, and is as good as anything of the kind we know from the popular and richly-rewarded pens of Rosellen and Gorla.

"THE CHRYSTAL PALACE POLKA."—J. R. LING.—SHEPHERD and JONES.

"THE CHRYSTAL PALACE QUADRILLE."—J. R. LING.—MAY.

THE author of this dance music is one of the most agreeable and prolific writers of easy pieces for the pianoforte. His compositions, moreover, are not only excellently adapted for teaching, but are finished with a care and correctness denoting considerable musical taste. The "Chrystal Palace Polka," but for a slight resemblance in the opening to Jullien's "Drum Polka," would be irreproachable. It is sparkling, lively, and well accented. The trio, in C, is especially pretty.

The "Chrystal Palace Quadrille" is constructed after the model of Jullien's "Great Exhibition Quadrille," with the exception that there are no variations to the themes. It is made up of a short introduction upon the subject of the National Anthem, followed in succession by Scotch, Irish, Welch, Swiss, French, Canadian, United-Statistic, Hungarian, Russian, Austrian, German and Polish national melodies, in alternate succession, two or three going to a figure, and the whole concluding with a coda in which "God save the Queen," is presented in 2-4 time. The tunes are judiciously and effectively selected. For what it pretends to be, nothing could be more appropriate, or (for the special information of our lady-amateurs) more facile of execution, than this quadrille.

"THE INDISPENSABLE POLKA."—J. G. CALLCOTT.—CRAMER and BEALE.

Mr. Calcott has not ill-chosen a name for his Polka, which, to a certain class of our readers, the dancing class (a very large one, no doubt), in this season of the year, is positively "indispensable," being one of the most catching polkas, and one of the most original polkas (not to compare it with the "Original Polka"—no pun, reader), that has appeared for some months. We say months, since, in these fructuous times, polkas spring up like mushrooms, increase like apples, and, in autumn, drop from the tree of public opinion, whose branches are shaken by the "trade-winds" of satiety, like mulberries and medlars. Not that we intend our trope to apply to Mr. Calcott's "Indispensable Polka." That, if we may be allowed to express so much confidence in a matter materially evanescent, will be quite as "indispensable" next Christmas, as in the present month of January, which may be figured to have opened the gates of the year, 1861, to allow it its part in the coming festivity of "All Nations." We can discover nothing of the decaying element in Mr. Calcott's polka. It is not likely to run to seed; or, if it does, the "winged winds" will seize on each particular grain and bury it in some fertile spot, where, in a future time, it will give birth to many other polkas equally "indispensable"—if not so many as Jullien's "Original," at least as many as will give the "trade winds" of the autumn of 1862 plenty of work. And thus it is ever with a new idea, which, but now born, straightway is a type, and multiplying egregiously, becomes the progenitor of a hundred "effigies" of itself, until too often, as in the books of certain philosophers, the cause is confounded with the effect, and

the meaning of the first inventor is lost in a cloud of preposterous progeny. Mr. Calcott's polka consists of two figures and a coda, either rivaling the other in vivacity and glibness. It is well put upon the key-board, and is enlivened by the potent co-operation of a cornet-a-piston. We recommend the "Indispensable" to all our amateur pianists and cornet-a-pionists. A more apt, and, indeed, moving, and, moreover, jubeant medium for a quarter of an hour's innocent relaxation between a young lady and a young gentleman, each eager to please and to be pleased, at a comfortable confarreation, or social *soiree*, we leave for those to find who have diligence to search; with this proviso—that as well might they seek for a needle in a bundle of straw, an earwig in a haystack, or a midge in a morass.

"THREE ROUNDS FOR EQUAL VOICES."—JOSEPH MC. MURDIE, MUS. BAC., OX.—BREWSTER and Co.

Mr. Mc. Murdie's "Rounds" are really round; by which, we mean, there is nothing laboured or square-cut in them. They are simple, brief, and unpretending; but written with a purity, and voiced with an aptitude which can hardly fail to serve them as recommendations to the amateurs of glees in general and rounds in special. Mr. Mc. Murdie does not go round the corner to accomplish his "rounds," nor step out of his way, nor stumble in his path, but marches straight round, like a well drilled sentinel taking his rounds.

The first round, "Ye Little Birds," is set to a dainty lyric from the *Fayre Maide of the Exchange*, 1615, discoursing of Phyllis "walking sweetly in her garden allies," while the "wanton warblers" watch her wakefully. The poet (anonymous) has not gone round about the bush in disposing of this theme, but has treated it roundly and frankly. Mr. Mc. Murdie has found a guileless tune, in strict sympathy with his text, and has pitched it in the cheerful tone of A. Nothing can be smoother than the general effect, or more satisfactory than the cadences which alternately preface the entry of the voices. Round No. 2—"The Daisies peep from ev'ry Field"—by Dr. Woolcott, combines in three verses, facts botanical, ornithological, and astronomical, treating of flowers, birds, and suns. The melody of Mr. Mc. Murdie, placed in the mode of A flat, a mode, by the way, softly congenial with the triple topic, is even more vocal, and more pleasantly developed than its predecessor, while the harmonies, if possible, which is not improbable, are sweeter and more *recherche*. Round 3 and last—"Hence, smiling mischief, Love,"—we like the best of all, although the rhymes of the anonymous poetaster, who defies the "great passion" (in dreadful distich,) comparing the odour of its treacherous sigh to the poison infused into his, the poetaster's breast, by a rose he fondly pressed (in tearful tetrastich), are of the looser sort of ordinary; but Mr. Mc. Murdie's music is made of other stuff, and, indeed, there is more stuff in it than such stuff merits, as the brain of the poetaster above anonymed would seem to be stuffed withal. The melody, *spiritoso*, in G major, is fresh and charming, and the distribution of the voice parts shows an excellent taste for harmony. In short, for a short round, we might go a long way round the sphere of musical invention without meeting a happier specimen of this class of vocal composition.

"THE DECEIVED."—SONG.—FRANK MORI—JULLIEN and Co.

In the choice of words for the song before us Mr. Mori has shown an excellent discrimination of poetical merit. He has adopted the beautiful lyric, "Take, Oh! take those lips away," from one of Shakspeare's plays, and the highest compliment we can pay him is to say that he has set them in a congenial spirit. We have not, for some time, met, in the shape of a brief song, with anything more plaintive and legitimately expressive. In choosing the mournful key of B minor, Mr. Mori evinces a true feeling of the character that depends upon tonality, about which some writers, (among them, Mr. Punch), profess to be sceptical; but in which others, and among the rest, ourselves, entertain a hearty faith. As "The Deceived" is very short and entirely beautiful, criticism is disarmed, and we are content to lay down our arms and own its beauty. It is unnecessary to recommend this song to our professional vocalists, since it has already been so fortunate as to

attract the attention of that very accomplished English singer, *Mrs. Dolby*, who has introduced it at one of her elegant and classical *sociétés*, with distinguished success.

"THE ASSIGNATION."—SONG.—FRANK MORI.—JULLIEN and Co.

Though of a less elevated character than the preceding, the present song must please by its grace and sprightliness. Mr. George Wood, while inferior to Shakspeare as a poet, has some very pretty thoughts about flowers, birds, and ladies fair, and expresses them in verse, which to say the least of it, is natural and flowing. The melody of Mr. Mori, in F major, adapted, like that of the first song, to a contralto voice, is of a lively character, but in the midst of its vivacity preserves a certain air of elegance, which recommends it to the polite ear. The accompaniment is easy and musician-like.

Both these songs may be regarded as a welcome addition to our stock of vocal chamber music, and, we trust, will often serve as antidotes to the unhealthy trash with which our concert programmes are deluged. We are glad also to hail them, as minor contributions from the pen of a young English musician, whose name alone would be a guarantee in his favour, had he not already excited, in musical circles the general anticipation, that a new and promising addition to the list of our dramatic composers will, in all probability, be declared in his person.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—A new Operetta was produced here on Monday. The action of the piece is a mere vehicle for some pretty music by Mr. S. Nelson. Two damsels, personated by Miss Eliza Nelson and Miss Morant, compel their lovers, two young tradesmen (Messrs. Rafter and M. J. Chester), to reverse an insolent inscription over their doors, which implies that women are but the born slaves of the other sex. The composer of the music is evidently familiar with the most popular forms of melody, and writes with fluency and correctness.

The first two songs were deservedly encored. Miss Eliza Nelson has a *mezzo soprano* voice, sweet in quality, if not very powerful in the upper notes. Her lower notes want cultivation, being somewhat thin and reedy; for this reason we would caution her against singing songs of the florid or *bravura* class, to which her voice is at present scarcely equal. She is very young, and her abilities as an actress are of unusual promise. Her gestures are graceful, and her manner evinces thorough self-possession; she is full of archness and vivacity, and has as pretty a pair of laughing-eyes as a damsel need wish for, to expound and minister to her will.

HAYMARKET.—MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES. We have now approached the last week of the series. On Monday next Mr. Macready ostensibly takes his leave of the stage in *King Lear*, but there will be an extra performance at some theatre unnamed, for his farewell benefit, on the 19th instant, when, so says the announcement, he will bid adieu to the stage for ever.

The performances of the present week included *Othello*, on Monday night; *Cardinal Wolsey*, on Tuesday; *Hamlet*, on Wednesday; *Richelieu*, on Thursday; and *Macbeth*, last night. It is needless to say an unusual degree of interest was attached to each of these representations, more particularly to *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, two of the most finished assumptions of the great tragedian, and, on no former occasion, have we seen them represented with more vigor and truth. Indeed, when we consider that Mr. Macready now plays five times a week, and bear in mind the arduous task he has to undergo at each performance, the unflagging spirit with which he sustains his various parts shows that he is still in the height of

his powers, and makes us doubly regret his untimely departure.

As we are preparing a series of essays on the genius and talent of Mr. Macready, to commence with an early number of the *Musical World*, we need not pause here to comment upon his recent performances, with the single exception of *Benedick*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, our notice of which was omitted last week, but which, from its comparative novelty, demands a few words.

Mr. Macready, if we remember right, first played *Benedick* at Drury Lane, when that theatre was under his management. Mrs. Nisbett was the Beatrice, and Helen Faucit the Hero. The cast, it must be owned, was first-rate. The critics of the day, with one or two exceptions—Oh! those exceptions!—were loud in praise of Macready's performance, and *Much Ado about Nothing* was in high favour with the public during the season.

Mr. Macready appeared for the first and last time at the Haymarket, as *Benedick*, on Thursday night week. The performance was a remarkable one. We entirely agree with the able critic in the *Times*, who pronounced it one of the best efforts of the great tragedian, and expressed his opinion that, if Mr. Macready were induced to give an extra final performance, he could undertake nothing more welcome to his admirers than *Benedick*. Since the days of Garrick, who was pre-eminent in this character, we find no tragedian, at least no acknowledged great tragedian, attempting the part of *Benedick* with accredited success. Elliston and Charles Kemble were both admirable; but neither Elliston nor Charles Kemble come strictly within the category of "great tragedians."

The surprising part of Mr. Macready's *Benedick* was its buoyancy and lightness. In this respect it certainly equalled any piece of comic acting we have seen. In every scene something new and striking was exhibited. Nor was this its sole or its chief merit. The manner in which astonishment and perplexity were assumed when *Benedick* learns that *Beatrice* loves him—developed in the soliloquy on her leaving the harbour, after overhearing the conversation between the Prince, Claudio, and Leonato; the mingled hesitation and awakening respect towards *Beatrice* when she is sent to bid him to dinner, and the subsequent comment on her expressions; the whole of the colloquy with *Beatrice*, when, after acknowledging his love, she asks him, as a proof of his sincerity, to challenge Claudio, and the sudden change from half bantering to downright earnest, were assumed with inimitable tact, and produced a genuine effect. The "business" of the scene, when *Benedick* sits down on a chair to ruminate on the passion of *Beatrice*, so unexpectedly revealed to him, excited roars of laughter. Indeed, we have seldom heard more sincere and hearty merriment than that elicited on Thursday night by Mr. Macready. But the finest bit of acting in the whole play, one of the most striking examples of racy comedy we ever witnessed, was the soliloquy in which *Benedick* rates the absent Claudio for falling in love. This was perfect.

We are inclined to think that had Mr. Macready made *Benedick* a standard part, it would have proved, beyond a doubt, one of his most admirable performances. There were certainly occasions in which self-possession did not serve him in good stead, and the natural ease, which in tragedy he has so entirely at command, occasionally deserted him; but this, being only apparent in the level passages, evidently resulted from want of familiarity with the part, which prevented him from identifying himself with it so completely and abstractedly as is his ordinary wont. The performance, nevertheless, was a fine piece of comedy.

Mrs. Warner was out of her element in *Beatrice*; it would,

therefore, be unfair to criticise her performance. Of Mr. Davenport's Prince we can speak more favorably; it was in every respect excellent. Mr. Howe's Claudio was also good, and Miss Reynolds' Hero prettily conceived and prettily played. Mr. Buckstone made a decided hit in Dogberry. It was the first time he performed the part, and he must have taken the greatest possible pains in its delineation. He kept the audience in one continued roar of laughter while he was on the stage, and made some admirable points in the examination scene. Mr. Buckstone's Dogberry, with a few repetitions, would, undoubtedly, become one of his most popular performances. Mr. Henry Bedford's Verges was not sufficiently quaint; but Mr. Clark, as the first watch, was capital.

At the end of the third act a loud call was raised for Mr. Macready, who declined, however, to appear; but at the end of the play he came on, and was hailed with tremendous cheers, which were continued long after he quitted the stage.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Her Majesty the Queen gave a dramatic representation at the Castle on Friday evening; the performance took place in the temporary theatre, which was fitted up the same as on former occasions.

About 8 o'clock Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena, accompanied by the Royal dinner guests, entered the temporary theatre.

The Queen and Prince Albert being seated, and the illustrious circle having also taken their seats, the performances commenced.

The following was the programme:—

By command, Her Majesty's servants performed a comedy, in two acts, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, entitled *The Prisoner of War*.

Captain Channell, Mr. Webster; Basil Firebrace, Mr. Charles Kean; Peter Pallmall, Mr. Keeley; Tom Heyday, Mr. Belton; Beaver, Mr. King; Boaz, Mr. Meadows; Chenille, Mr. Selby; Nicole, Mr. Wynn; Forest, Mr. Ryder; Monsieur La Rose, Mr. Hance; Officer, Mr. G. Everett; Gaoler, Mr. R. Cathcart; Gargon, Mr. Stacey; Prisoner, Mr. Daly; Frenchmen, Mr. J. F. Cathcart, Mr. Paolo, Mr. Stokes; Clarina Channell, Mrs. Charles Kean; Polly Pallmall, Mrs. Keeley; Madame La Rose, Mrs. Alfred Wigan; Madame Violette, Mrs. W. Daly; Babotte, Miss Mary Keeley.

After which, a vaudeville in one act, by Mr. J. R. Planche, entitled *The Loan of a Lover*.

Captain Amersfort, Mr. James Vining; Peter Spyk, Mr. Keeley; Swyzel, Mr. Addison; Delve, Mr. Stacey; Gertrude, Mrs. Keeley; Ernestine Rosendaal, Miss Murray.

Director, Mr. C. Kean; Assistant-Director, Mr. G. Ellis. The theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed on Thursday night, for the first time during the present season, and, as was to be expected, attracted an assembly that crowded Exeter Hall to the extremities. This masterpiece, which stands at the very pinnacle of the art, and is, perhaps, the most transcendent example of choral writing extant, has lately been assuming a place in public regard not inferior to that which the *Messiah* has maintained for nearly a century. It is no longer considered laboured and dry; the choruses are no longer reproached for their profusion, uninterrupted succession, and extreme difficulty; the vocal solos, airs, and duets, no longer con-

sidered inexpressive, or too few. All such criticism is consigned to oblivion; and were it to arise again from the dust, and appeal to the judges and amateurs of the present hour, it would be unanimously welcomed with the kicks, and cuffs, and derisive sneers of the musical community at large.

A contemporary has insinuated that Mendelssohn's preface to the *Israel in Egypt*, prepared for the Handel Society, had some hand in establishing this admirable reform. We are certain of it. When such a man as Mendelssohn approaches the text with religion and veneration, and even proffers an excuse for the organ part (printed in small type) added by himself—not with the hope of supplying what Handel was wont to play and left unwritten, but as a guide and assistance to the generality of organists—it would be preposterous and impertinent on the part of any other to meddle with the score—which he (Mendelssohn) restoring to its purity, has pronounced “one of the greatest and most lasting works” of the human intellect. Happily Mr. Costa, a powerful agent in these days, is of a mind with Mendelssohn, and will not suffer a single bar to be interpolated into the oratorio of the *Israel in Egypt*—to which, we firmly believe, may be traced the cause of its rapidly growing popularity. The songs and duets, introduced by Professor Taylor, broke the chain of miraculous choruses, interrupted the dramatic and ever-augmenting interest of the musical description, and spoiled the clear and masterly design, which made one whole of all this gorgeous variety of effects. Much the same consequence, indeed, accrued from the officious meddling of Naham Tate with *King Lear*, Dryden with *The Tempest*, Thomson with *Coriolanus*, and Garrick with *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*, “cum multis aliis.” But the genius and uncompromising principles of Mr. Macready cleansed this Augean stable of its filth, and restored the drama of Shakspeare to its purity and pristine strength. What Mendelssohn has done for the orchestra Macready has done for the stage. Why should not Mr. Costa stir up the embers of the half extinguished opera, and emulating his great contemporaries, earn for himself the name of a reformer, by restoring Mozart to his original proportions, and giving us *Don Giovanni* as the immortal composer wrote it. None but he is capable of this, since no other has the strength of position to enforce it. Were Mr. Costa to do it, it would ensure him, after death, a niche in the Temple of the Unforgotten.

Our opinion of the performance of Thursday night may be expressed in a few words. It was on the whole a very fine performance, but not so perfect as we could have wished, and as Mr. Costa has the power to make it. The choruses, with the exception of three, were executed in such a manner as to leave little room for Criticism, who might wag his tongue in vain anticipation of a point whereon to exercise the eloquence of reproach. But the exceptions were grave. It is true that “He sent a thick darkness,” is rarely—nay, never—sung in tune; but is that a reason why it should not be sung in tune? Did Handel write under the separate voice parts, “Please sing out of tune?” No, assuredly. It is, then—since to sing in tune has never been pronounced impossible by renowned professors of the vocal art, who, on the contrary, have urged it on the student's attention as the first and most indispensable point to which his industry should be directed, and in the absence of which singing is no better than any other unpleasant noise—it is, then, we say, the bounden duty of a conductor to enforce this wholesome regulation with might and main. If sung perfectly in tune, the chorus, “He sent a thick darkness,” would be far more intelligible, and its sublimity more directly impressive.

It is true the chorus “With the blast of thy nostrils” is elaborate and difficult to perplexity, and for this reason, has

rarely,—never indeed—been rendered correctly. But if a chorus, because it is elaborate and difficult to perplexity, is to be passed over with the same *nonchalance* as another chorus, which is unelaborate and easy to convenience, what is the use of the custom of rehearsals, and where the advantage of a talented and energetic conductor? Mr. Costa has it in his power, and should exert his influence and authority, to obtain that precision and clearness of outline and general execution for the chorus "With the blast of thy nostrils," which has hitherto been wanting, and, until which be achieved, the effects Handel calculated upon must for ever remain unrealized. We admit that there are three separate subjects in this chorus, developed in the most complex manner; but when Handel wrote them, he intended all three to be distinctly heard throughout, which he knew to be possible, or would not so have planned it. The effect is clear enough upon the piano-forte, and there is no reason why it should not be equally clear in the choral orchestra.

It is true that the chorus "The people shall hear," the most prodigious and terrible in the whole work, has suffered, time out of mind, from the same want of decision, false intonation, and unsteady accent. In this chorus, indeed, the exercise of severe discipline is even more loudly called for than in the other two. The confusion of the minor and major chords and scales, from first to last, tortures the ear, and is destructive of the general effect. Yet this chorus is as capable of execution correct and steady, as the others; or, we repeat, Handel would not have written it. Our contemporary, above alluded to, recommends Mr. Costa to call a special rehearsal for the two last of these choruses. We join in the recommendation—merely suggesting the addition of "And he sent a thick darkness."

The solo singers in *Israel in Egypt* have but light work in comparison with what is allotted them in other oratorios; and it was as well for them, since, with the exception of Miss Dolby, they were by no means in great force on Thursday night. The return of Mr. Manvers from America promises a valuable addition to our list of concert tenors. His voice has the same qualities for which it was remarkable before he quitted England. It is strong, and clear-toned, without being flexible. His singing is sensible and vigorous, but wants refinement. The two *sopranos* were Miss Birch and Miss Eliza Birch; the two *basses*, Messrs Whitehouse and Machin. Mr. Whitehouse does not yet come up to the expectations formed of him. His singing was nervous, and endangered the duet (with Mr. Machin) "The Lord is a man of war," which did not go as we could have wished. Miss Dolby's singing in "Thou shalt bring them in" (the most melodious air in the oratorio,) would have been perfect, but for some slight intrusions of modern ornament. Miss Dolby, however, shared with the chorus "He gave them hailstones" the honours of "encore," which were only twice bestowed. The custom of encoring is, nevertheless, better honoured in the breach than the observance, at these sacred concerts. *Israel* will be repeated on Friday the 12th, and the next oratorio announced is *Samson*, on the 26th—the first time under Mr. Costa's direction.

JENNY LIND AND THE WIDOW.—The citizens of Calais were much pleased, and the heart of a needy woman cheered, by the receipt on Thursday (the 19th ult.) of a check on the bank for 500 dollars, drawn by Miss Lind in favour of Sarah W. Clark, widow of the late Joseph N. Clark, mate of the barque Sophia, of Calais, who lost his life on the 3rd of September, in removing the cargo from the Swedish barque Joanna, which was in a sinking condition.—*Saroni's Musical Times*.

DEATH OF HERR LORTZING.

(From a Correspondent.)

Germany has lost a talented composer—Gustave Albert Lortzing—on the 23d of January.

Lortzing was born at Berlin on the 23d of September, 1803, and from his early youth was destined for the stage. He had a fine tenor voice, and became an excellent singer; to which he joined histrionic talent. He composed his first opera at the age of twenty-three, *Ali Pacha de Janina*, which was received with much favour at Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna. The *Pole* and his *Child*, the *Dierstalker*, and the *Czaar* and *Zimmermann* followed in quick succession. The last opera, in particular, was performed, within six months of its appearance, on every stage in Germany. The other operas are *Hans Sachs*, *Der Waffenschmidt*, *Undine*, and *Rehearsal of an Opera Buffa*, the last written expressly for the Frankfort stage. Besides these works he composed several vaudevilles, songs, and morceaux for flute and piano. On both instruments he excelled as a performer. Lortzing's death was sudden and unexpected. After rehearsing the *Matrimonio Segreto* he went home to draw up the prospectus of a new Philharmonic society, of which he was to be director. Feeling rather oppressed in the night, he sent the servant to the doctor in the morning. The doctor, on his arrival, found him already dead. A fit of apoplexy was the cause. In Lortzing Germany has not only to lament an excellent musician, but society an upright, amiable, and single-minded man.

Provincial.

HULL.—(From a Correspondent.)—Master Werner, the pianist, has been giving concerts here, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Jeffreys, one of our most spirited *entrepreneurs*, no less than one of our liveliest poets and librettists. The boy's performances really astonished the good people of Hull. Yorkshire, you know, is not the least noted of England's counties for musical taste and the number of its amateurs; and Hull, you know, is not the least noted of the towns in Yorkshire for ditto ditto. The favourable verdict of Hull, therefore, must be regarded by the friends of the boy as a decided step, and a step in the right direction, and a step which it depends upon the boy himself not to retrace back again, in his youthly march towards the goal of his aspirations. The *Hull Advertiser*, too, a large and independent sheet, which is generally cited as an authority where matters musical are concerned, is in raptures with the boy, and thus gives written expression to the admiration that stirs up emotion in his critical breast:—

"The musical public of Hull are under great obligations to Mr. Charles Jeffreys for affording them an opportunity of witnessing the piano-performances of one of the most extraordinary prodigies of musical ability ever seen in Yorkshire. Heinrich Werner is one of the wonders of this wonder-producing age. A mere child in appearance and in years, he performs the most complicated pieces with a brilliancy and an intensity of feeling of which it would be almost impossible for those who have not heard him to form any conception. And not the least marvellous thing about him is his memory. The most difficult compositions of the great masters of musical science are performed by him with minute accuracy without the assistance of a single note of music. In him the real genius of music is impersonified. If he visit Hull again we strongly recommend the heads of families to bring their children to hear and see him."

I was the more pleased at reading this, since, by what I had heard on good authority, I had jumped to the conclusion that some of the London papers were unduly critical upon the boy's gifts and pretensions. It appears that the boy was persuaded, *à rebrousse poil*, to undertake a piece of Liszt, too difficult for Liszt, much more for the boy, and the result was a temporary metropolitan disaster, which the boy's provincial progress, however, seems likely to correct. At all events, the boy is now put on his legs upon the platform of public opinion; and it depends

less even on himself than on his friends and advisers, whether he shall continue to preserve an erect posture, or slide involuntarily upon the slippery path of dangerous and unyouthful ambition, until, reprobate, he may be unable again to reinstate himself firmly upon his feet. It is better to possess a fixed substratum on the boards of reality, than to dance obliquely, *à casser le cou*, on the tight-rope of adventurous uncertainty. That the boy has talent I am certain; that he has genius I can well believe. Let him not peril the good results of both by such unfinished performances as may lead the best-inclined to the suspicion that he has neither.

I may as well end my account of the concert in the quaint, but not inexpressive prose of the *Hull Advertiser*, who thus apostrophises the singers:—

"The concert was well supported by the excellent band of the 46th Regiment. The female singers were Miss Leng, who sang very pleasingly; and Miss Henley, a sweet, agreeable singer. The male singers were Mr. Henry Haigh, well-known to the musical public of Hull; and Mr. Delavanti, whose style of singing Lover's ballad of 'Widow Machree,' would half incline us to fancy that his real name was Delany, and that his birth-place was not far removed from 'that beautiful city called Cork.'"

Julien and his *troupe* are shortly expected here. I shall send you an account of their reception.

MAIDENHEAD.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Taplow and Maidenhead Choral Society's second concert took place in the Guildhall on Thursday, by permission of the Mayor, Charles Cooper, Esq. The performance included a selection from the *Messiah*,—we wish we could say the entire oratorio, since the band, chorus, and principals were fully competent to do justice to it. The singers were Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Ward, from London; Mrs. Mainott, Mr. Mudge, and Mr. Whitehouse, gentlemen of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The band was assisted by several members of Her Majesty's private orchestra, which, with the chorus, made nearly 100 performers, the whole under the direction of Charles Venables, jun., Esq., founder and conductor of the Society, whose exertions to create a taste for oratorio and madrigal music among the gentry in the neighbourhood deserve the highest praise. This gentleman assembles his workpeople at his splendid establishment at Cliefden, weekly, supplies them with a convenient room, gas, and music, after which he regales them with a substantial repast, and those who come from a distance he sends home in a comfortable conveyance. As a conductor, he is equally conversant with the sacred, operatic, and lighter styles of music. The selection from the *Messiah* was preceded by the grand duo concertante on *Guillaume Tell*, for violin and violoncello, by Messrs. Day and Horatio Chipp, admirably executed by these talented English artists. The selection commenced with the overture, and terminated with the "Hallelujah," the audience, as is customary, standing. Mr. Whitehouse gave an excellent reading of the recitative and air, "The people that walked," but was less successful in "Why do the nations?" Mr. Whitehouse has a fine voice, and with study and experience may become an excellent singer of sacred music. A miscellaneous selection of secular music, forming the second part, began with the overture to Winter's *Opferfest*, followed by the madrigal, "My mistress is as fair as fine," sung very smoothly. Mrs. A. Newton gave the *aria*, "O luce di quest' anima," in which she was rapturously applauded and encored. The concert finished with the *Sturm Marsch*, by Bilse, with which the audience seemed much pleased.

MAIDSTONE.—The Distin family gave a concert here on Thursday, at the Corn Exchange.

BRISTOL.—At our Cathedral on Wednesday week, one of Boyce's services, with Tallis's responses, and the anthem, "Where is wisdom to be found?" were performed by probably the fullest and most efficient choir ever assembled within its walls. Many choristers from Worcester, Salisbury, Exeter, Oxford, Gloucester, and the Chapel Royal, Windsor, being in town for the purpose of assisting in the Madrigal Society's opening night, advantage was taken of that circumstance, and, by permission of the Dean, strengthened our regular choir.—*Bristol Gazette*.

OXFORD.—The Ransfords gave two vocal concerts at the Town Hall, on the 22nd and 23rd ultimo. On Wednesday the 22nd an audience of upwards of 900 persons attended, and on the following evening there were more than a thousand persons present. They were encored in several of their pieces. We may mention more particularly, Glover's "Smiling Faces," "The Merry Sunshine," George Barker's new Irish ballad, "Norah Bray," Bittella's "Gipsy King," &c. The concert on Thursday evening concluded with "God save the Queen," the whole of the audience joining in chorus, and departed highly pleased with their evening's amusement.

EGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The second of a series of subscription concerts took place at the Assembly Room, on the 27th, under the direction of Mr. S. Smith, organist of Egham church. The services of the Misses Pyne, and Messrs. Hobbs, Knowles, Montem Smith, and Whitehouse, were secured. In the instrumental department Mr. J. Day (violin), Mr. Lake (concertina), and Mr. Edwards (flute), contributed solos. Miss Pyne was encored in Romer's ballad, "They bid me never see him more," and her sister Louisa was similarly honoured, after her brilliant execution of Rode's air, the honour being divided between the sisters in one of Auber's sparkling duets from the *Crown Diamonds*. Mr. Hobbs sang a comic song by Blewitt, "What do the gentlemen do before marriage?" and being encored, gave the "Gentlemen after marriage," with an *impromptu* musical illustration. The audience skewed discrimination in demanding a repetition of Bishop's rondo, "To see his face." A succession of concerts in this style, and with such performers, will greatly improve the musical taste of the neighbourhood. Much credit is due to Mr. Smith, for the spirit with which he has commenced this series, and no doubt he will be liberally supported by the inhabitants. The concert was well attended, and terminated at a convenient hour for those who have a distance to go.

CHELSEHAM.—Messrs. Hale and Son's Concert, on Thursday evening, at the Assembly Rooms, falling short of our expectations in respect to its audience, surpassed them in the quality of the performances. Miss Goddard's fantasias were charming examples of pianoforte playing—brilliant rather than showy execution, and remarkable clearness in rapid passages, being the characteristics. Signor Piatti's violoncello performances were beyond praise, exhibiting a mastery over the instrument we never heard surpassed. Mr. Richardson discoursed more eloquent music than we remember to have listened to before upon the flute, even from Nicholson. In short, the instrumental parts of the concert were all that could be desired. Nor were the vocal parts inferior. The beautiful singing of Miss Williams, made us almost forget that the scheme had lost one of its chief attractions, Mrs. A. Newton. Mr. Weiss's voice was also heard to the best advantage. We were never more pleased with a song of the kind than with Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," sung by Mr. Weiss on this occasion. The applause was enthusiastic, the encores numerous, and the performances well deserved such marks of public favour.—(*Looker On.*)

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has commenced her readings of Shakespere at the Philharmonic Hall. Mr. Templeton, the Scottish vocalist, has been giving his entertainment, entitled *Mary Queen of Scots*, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street.

GLASGOW.—Mr. Julian Adams is about to give a series of chamber concerts in Glasgow. He has engaged Willy, Hausmann, Hill, and others, for the purpose of performing trios and quartets, a style of music that will be quite a novelty to Glasgow. The concerts are to be given at the expence of Mr. Adams, who is desirous to improve the taste of the Glasgow amateurs; and no charge is to be made for admission.

GREENOCK.—We understand some musical amateurs have subscribed a certain amount of money, rented a chapel in Greenock, and engaged Messrs. Willy, Hausmann, Harper, Nicholson, and twelve or fourteen members of the London Opera bands for the purpose of giving concerts three times a week; the admission is fixed at threepence, the reserved seats sixpence, and the series to embrace a period of two months.

LIMERICK.—The first concert of the Limerick choral society took place on Wednesday evening, at the Philosophical Rooms, under the direction of Mr. Vickers, before a fashionable audience.

The arrangements reflected credit on the conductor and committee. Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, can each boast its musical societies. Limerick, hitherto little known in this respect, may now fairly compete with her sister "Harmonics." The programme was judiciously selected, and comprised works of the classical writers. The chorus comprised upwards of seventy voices. Lord Mornington's glee, "Here in cool grot," was interpreted effectively; particularly in the refrain towards the close, "Listen, listen," which was delicately whispered by the whole chorus as if by one voice. The German quartets were given with a delicacy which elicited unanimous applause—the "Two Roses" being re-demanded. Dr. Arne's "Where the Bee Sucks," was carefully given—the sopranos and contraltos telling with good effect. The quartet from *Oberon*, "Over the dark blue Waters," was sung with great spirit and accuracy by between 60 and 70 members of the society. The lights and shades in a charming chorus from *Euryanthe* were given with a degree of finish seldom attained by so young a society. The opening duet for sopranos was well sung and encored. The encores during the second part were frequent and unanimous. A trio from Mr. Laurent's Opera of *Quentin Durward*, was given with much nicety. "Oh Vane Pompe" was beautifully executed by Miss Vickers. Her voice is a pure soprano, of rich and pleasing quality. The ease with which she executed florid passages was unanimously admired. A duet by Tully was also remarkably well sung. We must specially notice Bishop's chorus, "Now Tramp." Little was wanting to make it perfect. We were surprised at the number of amateurs which this society has been the means of bringing together, and feel convinced that our fellow-citizens will appreciate the efforts of the committee and their friends in drawing forth the talent of our city. We rejoice that an opportunity now offers for the cultivation of an art to which Limerick can give as much talent as other cities, and which in so great a degree tends to the refinement of the community at large.—(From a Correspondent.)

Foreign.

(From a Correspondent.)

PARIS.—Since my last I have had a treat at M. Erard's soirée, where all the fashion of musical Paris was assembled, besides several eminent artistes, who, in graceful union, created one of those evenings of "*causerie spirituelle et piquante*," that leave such agreeable remembrances behind. I will not speak of the beauty of the "*fairest flowers*" of the French and English aristocracy, nor of their tasteful "*toilette*." Felix Godefroid was king of the evening's entertainment, and played as I never heard him play before. His genius, taste, and energy seemed to have entered into his fingers, and the sounds he struck from the suffering harp-strings, like electric sparks, smote the senses of the listeners, and straightway kindled enthusiasm. The applause was really boisterous, considering the place—a "*Salon de haute volée*" (a drawing-room of high flight!)—but the end sanctified the means. Godefroid was well worth putting aside decorum. Madlle. Vera sang, and Gottschalk, the pianist, was in high favor, with his "*Bananier*" and other exuberant trees of trait and trill and *arpège*. Madlle. Oury played, with M. Oury, a brilliant duo for piano and violin, in masterly style.

At a party at Lord Normanby's, Moritz Van Gelder performed several solos on the violoncello. He is certainly a fine performer on that instrument; and moreover, his compositions bear the stamp of his schooling at the *Leipsic Conservatoire*, where, I understand, he studied with Mendelssohn.

Great pains are taking with the forthcoming representation of *Don Giovanni*, at Mr. Lumley's *Theatre Italien*. It is announced to be performed "in its entirety." Hitherto at Paris it has been only given curtailed.

Messrs Erard have taken out several new patents to be

exhibited at the London Exhibition for pianofortes of all shapes and sizes. Pleyel, Pape, and Herz do not think of competing.

The *Gazettes des Théâtres* has recently stated that by "*decision ministerielle*," Madlle. Rachel is again admitted to enter as member in the society of *la Comédie Française*, to fulfil the ten years of service which she owes to that establishment. In each of the first three years she will have six months holiday, and the following seven years, only three, (as it is usual)—to play twice a week, and receive 30,000*f.* a year, (instead of, as formerly, 42,000.) This sum she receives from the Government allowance (subvention.) Her extra nights will be paid by the director, as also the time of year for her leave of absence will be fixed by him.

I dare say you have heard that Madame Stolz has made a *furor*, in *Semiramide*, at Lisbon, and sent 50,000 reals to the poor of that town.

NEW YORK.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The establishment of a musical Art-Union, something similar to the Painters' Art-Union in London, has been seriously discussed. It is proposed that this Art-Union shall consist entirely of native professors, and that the works of native composers, approved of by a committee chosen from among the members, shall be published. The idea of a lottery is rejected, and the public are to have no interest in the matter.

Parodi's success at the Italian Opera in Astor Place goes on steadily increasing. She is really a great favorite. M. Maretzek, the director, has turned up a trump card in the young and handsome pupil of Madame Pasta. A new Opera, called *Giovanna di Napoli*, the music by Mr. Maurice Strakosch, the piano-forte player, is in preparation. This gentleman is very well known in his own particular sphere, but how far he is capable of writing an opera for the Italian stage, or indeed for any stage, has yet to be established. Meanwhile his work is anticipated with considerable interest. The possession of Madlle. Parodi, as *prima donna*, is a fortunate circumstance for Mr. Strakosch.

Some concerts are taking place at Tripler's Hall in the style of the "Tombola," though on a larger and more liberal scale. The first was entitled "New Year's Gift Concert," at which those who purchased tickets at the price of two dollars were entitled to draw for certain prizes, musical instruments, printed music, &c. &c. The success, it appears, was so great, that a second "Gift Concert" has been announced, at which, among other prizes, is advertised, as *first gift*, "the magnificent boudoir Dolce Campana Piano of Jenny Lind, valued at 1000 dollars." The description of this instrument is worth quoting:—

"This superb instrument was manufactured expressly for Jenny Lind, and was used only by her in her private room while in New York. This piano is elaborately finished, exquisitely ornamented, with her National arms opposite those of America, gorgeously emblazoned in colors. This valuable memento of the glorious Jenny Lind has been much sought after, and many liberal offers have been made at private sales, but the subscribers have deemed it advisable to leave it open for public competition."

Because, it may be presumed, as much as 1000 dollars, the stated value, was not offered by any *private* purchaser. The second "gift" is another "Dolce Campana" piano, valued at 700 dollars; the third and fourth more pianos; the 5th to the 16th inclusive, "beautiful and elegant guitars." Only 2500 tickets, at two dollars each, are to be issued, although the value of the "gifts" is put down at 5000 dollars, so that the speculation must be a loss,—since the singers and instrumentalists have to be paid. The general admission to the concert, without reference to the lottery, is 50 cents (half a dollar). The ceremony of drawing is thus explained:—

"The tickets, numbered from 1 to 2500, will be placed in the drawing box. The drawing (after the first part of the concert) to be under the supervision of gentlemen well known to the community, and of integrity unimpeachable. The first number drawn to be entitled to the first gift, and so on in succession. The gifts, if desired, to be delivered to the fortunate winners on the evening of drawing. The gift music can be obtained of S. C. Jollie and Co. at 300 Broadway, during the next day, or any succeeding day after the concert."

Sig. Guidi, who may be remembered performing small tenor parts at Mr. Lumley's, two years ago, has been engaged by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society,—who according to *Saroni's Musical Times*, "had travelled half through the continent, and sent their agents through the other half, to procure a tenor for their oratorios, but without success,"—to sing the *Creation* in English, in which a Scotch vocalist, not named, had failed and got laughed at. "The Modern Swan of Pesaro," as the same journal facetiously entitles Signor Guidi, has lately taken to the study of English, and one of the committee of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, happening to hear him sing a ballad, was so astonished by his pronunciation, "that he did not trust his own ears" (rather a queer compliment), but brought his brother committee men to hear him, who, straightway, came to terms, and secured "the modern swan." Signor Guidi is a member of Maretzek's Italian troupe.

A society has been recently founded at New York, under the name of "The American Musical Fund Society;" similar in aim and constitution to that of the London Royal Society of Musicians. The stated objects of the society are the "payment of annuities, relief in affliction, protection to the widow, and guardianship to the orphan," for which a fund of 2000 dollars is to be vested. The purpose is admirable, and it is to be hoped it may be carried out without jobbing, the grand danger in all institutions of the sort, as London can prove too well.

Mr. and Mrs. Doctor, pianists, from Vienna, have been giving concerts here, without producing any great effect. A musical journal (*Saroni's Musical Times*) which published an immense "puff" on these worthies, accompanied by their portraits, in anticipation of their performance, criticises them thus savagely after the concert is over:—

"The pre-eminent points of Mr. Doctor's playing are a sluggish careless execution, uncertain in octaves (leaping, jumping, great intervals) eccentric conception of every style of music, and less than ordinary facility in every manual difficulty. The style of Mad. Louise Doctor is that of a hundred young ladies in this city, in no other way expressible than by calling it Boarding-school style."

As a composer Mr. Doctor fares even worse than as a pianist at the hands of the merciless reviewer, who, in a previous number, compares him to the greatest of performers.

HAVANA, 31st Dec. 1850.—(Extract from a Private Letter.)—We have a pretty good opera—Steffanoni, Salvi, and César Badiali, being the Stars. A new tenor has just arrived, one Geronimo Bettini, who bids fair to become a formidable rival to Salvi. He has already thrown down the gauntlet by making his *débüt* in *Lucia*, said to be Salvi's best part; and notwithstanding his indisposition and the effects of a long sea voyage, he made a very favourable impression, which augurs well for his success. Jenny Lind is to be here on the 4th of January. High prices are talked of, but the general impression is, that she will not take here so well as in the United States and with you. *Nous verrons!* People here are fond of music, but they don't like paying dear for their whistle.

[Bettini is from the *Académie de Musique*, in Paris, and will be remembered at the Royal Italian Opera a couple of seasons ago. He was engaged by Maretzek for New York, but was prevented by illness from appearing.—ED. M. W.]

MR. MACREADY'S RETIREMENT.

(From the Observer.)

Mr. Macready will terminate his dramatic career on Monday. For several days every place has been taken at the Haymarket for the farewell performance, much to the disappointment of numbers of his admirers, and it is therefore suggested that another short series of nights should be set apart for his further performances. That the management would only be too glad to accede to such an arrangement can easily be credited, and that Mr. Macready should create any difficulty under the circumstances is scarcely comprehensible. Such a career as his has been should not be cut short all of a sudden, and should he cease altogether to perform, pending the Great Exhibition, the public will have some right to hold they are treated with scant kindness—a thing which those who know Mr. Macready best aver him to be wholly incapable of. It will be, consequently, for the actor and the manager to take counsel on this strait, and decide in accordance with the popular feeling on the subject. Mr. Macready is the last of that race of great English actors to whom there does not seem, at this moment, to be a successor. He has kept up the character of the actor's profession also, by the integrity of his private conduct, as well as by his undoubted ability. Mr. Macready has, therefore, become *pro tanto* public property, and as such he cannot, without a sufficient cause, retire from the stage. This sufficient cause has not been shown in the present instance. He is in the full possession of his faculties; indeed, he is a greater actor than ever he was; and, consequently, it is not within the compass of his power, without the consent of the public, "to that effect had and obtained," to withdraw from the public service, always presuming that his wish is to stand well with his fellow citizens. At this point of time Mr. Macready's retirement would certainly be a minor catastrophe. The metropolis is about to be filled with a countless crowd of persons of almost all nations under the sun, most of them anxious for amusement, many of them amateurs of the drama. In case of Mr. Macready's secession, however, there will not be a single adequate representative of the tragic muse of England left to inform foreigners of what the English stage has been; and the country will, therefore, be deprived of its only great living actor, at the very moment when it required most his aid and assistance for the purpose of keeping its place, histrionically speaking, in the array of civilization. Mr. Macready consequently cannot retire, at least as yet; and Mr. Macready consequently will not retire—such certainly is the desire of the English public. We have upon no occasion spared Mr. Macready's defects—indeed few metropolitan journals have been more free in commenting upon his imperfections as a performer; but we are satisfied that Mr. Macready had no successor, as he had no equal for many years past, and therefore feel that it only echoes the voice of the community, when it cries aloud to him to "tarry yet a little longer" on the scene of his triumphs as an actor—that stage wherein he has gathered his undying histrionic laurels.

Original Correspondence.

AFROPOS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—It appears that the Great Exhibition is to be provided with a supply of musical instruments, representing the genius and discovery of modern times in that mechanical branch. Beyond doubt, the art to which such improvements belong will be much benefitted by the appliances of modern skill, and the discussion which will be promoted in that particular branch. It has been suggested in your paper that such discussions, relating both to the theory and art of music, should be fully and mutually entertained by those competent from experience to speak on such subjects. For one, I am inclined to think that the present meeting of musicians of all countries will do much towards dissipating those jealousies which do not properly belong to the high art of music, but are the results of national prejudices, which display their fruits in every matter, whether of art or science. That which will best promote the advancement of music in any shape, be it in science or in art, should

be hailed by all who love it as an object of the highest consequence, irrespective of age, country, or predilection. As regards the display of instruments we are to have, what more desirable object can be conceived, than that the skill and experience of modern times shall be fairly examined and tested by artists of all countries, who will of course be competent to decide as to the merits of each invention or improvement displayed, and by their adoption of the same form one common bond of union amongst all? We know the variety of forms and changes which some instruments have lately undergone, and the perplexity it has afforded to artists at large. Let me, for example, mention one. A very beautiful and very useful instrument in the orchestra has been so cut up and changed since the old masters scored for it, that no one would recognise it now to be the same, either in volume of tone, or the power we have gained on it for the purpose of execution. I speak of the flute. Who would credit the present condition of this lovely instrument? We see almost all the professors in this country of any note, at open feud with each other on this point, and using instruments which, in structure and appliances of fingering, are so totally different, as scarcely to bear the smallest comparison one with the other. Let me enumerate them. Nicholson subdivided his flute into large, small, and medium-sized bores, using in the highest octave different fingerings for each. Böhm reversed the whole order of fingering, and professors had to relearn the instrument. He subsequently re-modelled it, and tortured the vocal sound of wood into the shrill blast of metal. Another change of fingering ensued. A failure here set all to work; they cut up, reversed, changed, altered, and so modified Böhm's invention, as to annihilate his system. Mr. Carte has now two flutes of his own invention for sale, differing from each other. Mr. Siccama has another; Mr. Briccialdi has another; Mr. Clinton has just favored us with another. Now, Sir, the evil of this is apparent. Those who learn under one of these masters will not presume to go near another for improvement, because, either they are wedded to their own system, or they do not understand the nature of the flute you bring them. Hence each system has become a monopoly, and so the art has become crippled. Why should not a committee of able artists this year set the point at rest as to which is best, and so make one system *universal*? The general and, I believe, the best-founded opinion is to retrace the old ground, and get back to the old fingering. The only two that have attempted this practically, are Mr. Siccama and Mr. Clinton. The Böhm system of open keys has proved a failure, and so by consequence have all modifications founded on the same. Hence, those two above-mentioned will I conceive be the only lasting patterns, as they are founded on the old shut-keyed system. Which of the two is best must be decided by a combination of practical and experienced artists. Let them examine these instruments in respect to the ease of the fingering, the purity, equality, and quality of their tone—the theory of their structure, and greatest perfection of *tune* they give in all the keys in music—I am confident, if fairly done, no first-rate professor will dispute their decision; and the benefit it will cause to the large body of players on that instrument, will be great beyond all conception; the flute will then become, as it once was, the true study and amusement of all lovers of the art, and not, as it now is, an object of a petty rivalry, partisanship, and strife.

I remain, Sir,

Your constant reader,

25th January, 1851.

MARSHAS.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Availing myself of the invitation conveyed through your columns by "A Constant Reader," and stimulated thereto by the statement of your correspondent "Chas. E. Stephens," in the succeeding number (Jan. 25) I am induced to take up the subject of "International Copyright." I wish it were possible to avoid personality in this matter; but to whisper in an undertone the cause and effect is to treat it with ambiguity, and to leave your readers just where the point has been suggested, without giving the reflections which naturally arise from the considerations evoked by them. Truly does Mr. Stephens say, "so long as English teachers of music

avoid using each other's works, so long are they doing *themselves* an injury." Had, however, the injury rested there, it might in time have righted itself, but the real mischief has arisen from the unqualified preference given both to foreign publications and foreign tutors. English teachers have not only been auxiliary to the exclusion of one another by the anti-patriotic preference given to and introduction of the works of foreign authors, but by the censure they have thereby conveyed upon the productions of native writers, and the inlet made to the rivalry of French, Italian, and German masters of very inferior talent frequently to themselves. Look also at the state and condition of music arising from the assumption of copyright claimed by importers of foreign works, who, by republishing them in an English dress, have in this way accumulated large profits, taken from the pockets of English composers and arrangers by the fact of doing, as publishers, what Mr. Stephens complains of, through excluding the native author from that share of employment and remuneration for his talents bestowed upon foreign works and foreign writers of inferior merit—or rather, by the illogical assumption of copyright for foreign works under statutes passed expressly for the encouragement and protection of English authors; thereby depriving the latter of their birthright and putting the proceeds into their own pockets. I am no enemy to the patronage and encouragement of talent, let it come from what part of the world it may, but let it be done upon right principles. The foolish and ignorant jealousy by which one man thinks to elevate his own fame and promote his own interest by decrying that of another, is always looked upon with suspicion by persons of discernment. "Honesty is the best policy" in such matters, as well as in those of trade, and it may safely be averred in a somewhat homely aphorism, that "what is got over the devil's back" is commonly dissipated in another way. "Honour to whom honour is due," is no less an injunction in regard to others' due, than the observance of any moral law or obligation; and I think it will be found that the mischiefs brought upon the musical trade and profession by what I have pointed out, will ultimately recoil upon those whose policy has been the occasion of them. And now a word respecting the "International Copyright Act." What did our legislators mean by the very designation of this law, but that the "*quid pro quo*" should be the very basis of it. We don't, say they, object to the introduction of foreign genius or talent, but the advantages accorded by us as a nation shall be reciprocated towards the subjects of Great Britain placed in the same circumstances. Is it so? We trow not, and why not? Because a number of gentlemen who are monopolists, calculating upon their ingenuity in torturing the laws, as in bolstering up their assumptions and continuing their indefensible proceedings, have made use of the terrors, procrastinations, and expenses, connected with litigation, under pretext of maintaining pretended right, and thereby prevent the reciprocity contemplated by the legislature being carried into effect. Do not English authors see and feel how this system affects their interests, both at home and abroad? If not, they should apply their minds to the inquiry, and by one united effort rally round the only individual who has had the courage to contend for their rights and the privileges which a monopoly would deprive both him and them of the full enjoyment of.

Yours, very faithfully,

MUSICUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In reading the account of our society in your excellent journal, which, I presume, has been furnished you by some of the officials of our committee, there appears to me some statements in our accounts calculated to mislead the public and our subscribers. The report states that our balance in hand, at Christmas, 1849, was 57l. 3s. 6d., but I would ask, where did it come from? Was it from monies paid by the subscribers, for which the committee had to give concerts? The dividend on stock, I can understand, and is correct enough. I can also believe that 1,049l. 9s. 6d. has been received for subscriptions; but have we not to give, viz., to ninety-one subscribers, concerts to Lady Day, and thirty-one to Midsummer, and *four hundred and fifty-four* to

Michaelmas, 1851—making a total of six hundred and seventy-five subscribers to provide concerts for to the above dates. Our casual receipts are stated at 49*l*. 19*s*. 9*d*. I suppose this arises from the loan on commission on the sale of music, although we were given to understand that we do not borrow; but, I believe, that we lend to country festivals, which, I think, is not very much to our credit, as it must tend to injure such persons as Hedgley and Goodwin, whose business it is. The next item is, proceeds of concerts 3,803*l*. 19*s*.; but then as our expenses are 3,883*l*. 16*s*., we evidently are losers to the tune of 79*l*. 17*s*., and as the amount of our subscriptions is 1,049*l*. 9*s*. 6*d*., and our general expenses are 841*l*. 8*s*. 9*d*., it appears to me that they swallow up our subscriptions within 209*l*. 0*s*. 9*d*., so that I cannot see where the money for the Standard Treatises on Musical Science both theoretical and practical, with the interesting collection of English glees, bookcases, &c., amounting to 246*l*. 19*s*. 3*d*., is to come from, unless the committee have been making use of the monies received from our subscribers, for which we have to give them concerts; consequently it is not so clear to my mind that the profit realised during the last twelve months is 450*l*. 5*s*. 3*d*. Our reported balance in hand, is it not in perspective? Suppose we were to give no more concerts—should we not have to return our subscribers their subscriptions, and where must the money come from to do so with, but out of our 1,000*l*. stock in the Consols? I fear our library and stock of music, instruments, fittings, &c., would fetch, if brought by Mr. Puttick to the hammer, not more than half their estimated value. I do not know if you have among your subscribers the celebrated accountants, Messrs. Quilter, Ball, Jay, and Co.; but if so, perhaps they would be kind enough to oblige your readers with their opinion on our financial prospects.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your constant reader,
A MEMBER OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—I consider the valuable remarks made by you on English composers and performers, ought not to be passed over without a vote of thanks from all English musicians. The recent lecture given on the "Rise and Progress of the Pianoforte," by an English professor, wherein he avoided the name of an English composer or pianist, shows that it must have been done out of ill will. I cannot think how any one could give a lecture on pianoforte playing, without some illustration from the works of our great musicians; for instance, there is John Cramer, who, as a composer and performer on the piano-forte, has never been surpassed, if equalled, and as performers, there was Henry Field, of Bath, and John Field, both Englishmen. Among our living composers and pianists, we may mention Sterndale Bennett, C. Potter, W. H. Holmes, B. Richards, Mrs. Anderson, and last, but not least, Kate Loder, who, as a performer of classical and modern piano-forte music, I consider, has no female rival. There are a great number more I could mention as composers and performers, both instrumental and vocal, each of whom, all Englishmen ought to be proud of. I am, Sir, wishing your valuable publication success,

Yours very truly,
ORPHEUS.

Bristol, January 30th, 1851.

[Our correspondent is in error about John Cramer, who is German, not English, by birth.—ED.]

Our Scrap Book.

SINGING.—The mechanical part of singing, even the most perfect, is an indispensable part of the merit of a good singer; but it is not all. The most successful delivery of the voice, the best-regulated respiration, the purest execution of the ornaments, and what is very rare, the most perfect intonation,

are the means by which a great singer expresses the sentiment which animates him; but they are nothing more than means; and he who should persuade himself that the whole art of the singer is comprised in them, might sometimes give his audience a degree of tranquil pleasure, but would never cause them to experience vivid emotion. The great singer is one who identifies himself with the personage whom he represents, with the situation in which he is placed, and the feelings which agitate him; who abandons himself to the inspiration of the moment, as the composer would do in writing the music which he performs; and who neglects nothing which may contribute to the effect, not of an isolated piece, but of the whole character. The union of all these qualities constitutes what is called *expression*. Without expression, there never was a great singer, however perfect the mechanical part of his singing might be; and expression, when it is real, and not merely laboured acting, has often obtained pardon for an incorrect performance.—(Extracted from —; by Aurelian.)

MUSICAL ANALYSIS.—But, it is said, there is no need of all this examination, to know whether a particular melody is agreeable or otherwise. This is a matter of feeling rather than of analysis, and everybody is capable of judging of his sensations. All this is undeniable; but what must we conclude from it? That every one has the right to say that such a melody pleases him, or that it seems insignificant or disagreeable to him; but not to decide upon its merits, if he is not capable of analyzing it. Thank heaven we are not obliged to analyze the measures of phrases, in order to ascertain whether they are properly balanced; such a labour, unworthy of any one who has the sentiment of music, is never necessary, when the ear has been properly cultivated in respect to rhythm and number. We must labour to give perfection to this organ; and to do this, attention alone is required, without resorting to the aid of science. Let any one, instead of giving himself up, without reserve, to the vague pleasure which he receives from an air or duet, set himself to examine its construction, to consider the arrangement and repetition of its phrases, the principal rhythms, the cadences, &c. At first the labour will be painful, and will break in upon his enjoyment; but, by degrees, a habit of attention will be formed, which will soon become *spontaneous*. Then that which, at first, seemed to be merely a matter of dry calculation, will become the foundation of a ready judgment, and the source of the most lively gratification.—(Extracted from —; by Aurelian.)

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE MIND.—The power which music exercises over the human mind is easily to be recognised from the assistance which it lends towards the expression of the strongest and most opposite of the passions, such as joy and grief. Of this assistance we have testimony in the proofs which exist of its having been the custom of the most ancient and barbarous nations to introduce music at their feasts and funerals. Josephus tells us that the pomp and expense of funerals amongst the Hebrews was carried to a ruinous excess. The number of flute-players who led the procession amounted to several hundreds, and the guests were invited not only amongst their own relations, but friends and neighbours, for thirty days successively, to attend these solemnities. That they also made use of music in their feasts is ascertained from several passages of Scripture, amongst which is one in the 5th chap. Isaiah, 12th ver.—"And the harp and viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are at their feasts." But the principal time for rejoicing was at the vintage, and then music was most required and held in the highest estimation.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.)

MUSIC IN ANCIENT TIMES.—From the most ancient records, we find that music was held in the highest estimation by every people, and in all ages, and in it they took the greatest delight, and made use of it upon occasions the most opposite. It gave dignity and solemnity to their festivals, inspired them with courage in the war-dance, and excited mirth, cheerfulness, and activity in the frolicsome dance of peace. What the music of the ancients really was, is not easy to determine; it is however certain that it was something with which mankind were extremely delighted, and that it had progressed and arrived at a state of great cultivation, and was studied by a great number of persons of the highest rank, and that it led to great distinction and honour, is to be found recorded when Solomon commenced the arduous task of collecting materials for building the Temple, and determined the manner of its construction, and appointed the number of persons who were to minister; amongst whom, not the last or least important were the musicians, both as regards their number and the dignity of their office. The princes of Israel, the priests and Levites, being assembled, four hundred and eighty professors were chosen, and the rest disciples, making altogether four thousand, a part being musicians and the others singers, who were employed in all the ceremonies of the Temple; for Solomon strictly observed the most solemn pomp and magnificent display, particularly in the dedication of the Temple, where we find, according to Josephus, that this great prince employed two hundred thousand trumpets, and forty thousand instruments of music, to record and praise God with; and it appears that he considered music not only as a proper aid in religious ceremonies, but as an agreeable act, for he is mentioned in the 4th chap. of the 1st Book of Kings, and the 31st ver. as being wiser than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol, who were all singers. And it appears that during the long reign of Solomon, the Hebrews were in the greatest prosperity, which not only enabled them to cultivate the arts and sciences amongst themselves, but stimulated foreigners to visit and assist them; for the immense wealth, the great renown, and the enormous sums paid the musicians, could not fail to attract the greatest talents from all parts of the neighbouring kingdoms.—*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

"**MUSIC,**" said Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charm of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. How is it," continued he, "that on profane subjects we have so many fine verses and elegant poems, whilst our religious poetry remains so languid and so dull? Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," added Luther, "and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEBASTIAN BACH.—The only life of Sebastian Bach, in English, with which we are acquainted, is a short memoir translated from the German of Forkel, published some years ago by Boosey and Co., Holles-street.

MR. BALFE AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.—The concerts of these eminent musicians will be noticed in our next. Press of matter compels their postponement, together with much interesting provincial news and correspondence.

Advertisements.

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For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

LONDON versus LIVERPOOL.

We quoted last week a notice of a concert from a provincial paper, as an example of what musical criticism should not be. We have now before us an article from a metropolitan contemporary, which completely puts to shame the Lancashire scribe. It is *à propos*, or rather *malà propos*, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, on the occasion of the second performance of *Elijah*—decidedly the best ever given at Exeter Hall. The critic falls foul of the society in a merciless manner; but unfortunately, the cloven hoof is visible under the robe of independence, which is but clumsily attached. We insert the article, "in its integrity," as the *Post* says.

"Mendelssohn's magnificent oratorio *Elijah* was performed here last evening by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. This is perhaps the most elaborately constructed of Mendelssohn's works, and therefore the choice of it for performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society exhibits a degree of ambition which would have been highly laudable had the performance borne any proportion to the daring nature of the attempt. We have frequently heard this sublime composition both in this country and on the Continent, and we could not but be sensible of the lamentable deficiencies of the chorus last evening. There were certainly five-hundred persons singing, not together, but at the same time, and all, as Byron once said of some other performers of sacred music,

"Singing out of tune,
And hoarse,"

but the effect of the *contemporaneous performance of 500 solos* was anything but pleasing, and we felt grateful to Mr. Brownsmith when he occasionally poured in a flood of sound from the organ, drowning for the time the din. The English music public has of late had frequent opportunities of hearing really good *choral singing*; they know what it can and ought to accomplish; the performances of the chorus at the German Opera, and of the Berlin chorus at Her Majesty's Theatre, has rendered them intolerant of even mere mediocrity, and the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society must work much harder, and rehearse much more frequently, before it can occupy the position at which it evidently aims. Mr. Costa also, excellent as he is as a leader of opera, does not altogether satisfy us as a conductor of sacred music; he last night took the music throughout the whole of the oratorio *too fast and TOO HIGH*."

The above is from our respectable evening contemporary, *The Sun*, who is rarely given to such curious blundering, since, nine times out of ten, he borrows his musical articles from the morning papers. *The Sun* does not shine in the atmosphere of the fine arts (if *Punch* will allow music to be a fine art). His original light is obscured in a fog of ignorance.

Let us enlighten the *Sun* in some particulars. The *Sun* ought to know that the performance of *Elijah* exhibits no particular amount of "ambition" or "daring," on the part of the Sacred Harmonic Society, since the Sacred Harmonic Society has performed that oratorio "many a time and oft," during the last four years. The *Sun* ought to know that the "*contemporaneous performance of 500 solos*," means nothing whatever. The *Sun* ought to know that "*choral singing*" does not "accomplish," although *choral singers* may. The *Sun* ought to know that to be "intolerant of even mere mediocrity" argues no vast amount of intolerance. Last and most essential, the *Sun* ought to know that Mr. Costa may conduct an oratorio "too fast" (not his prevalent fault by the way), but that to tax him with conducting it "*TOO HIGH*," argues a vacuity of meaning, which leads to the inference, that the head of the writer must be as empty as the language in which he prefers the charge. The *Sun* should know all these things; but, being enveloped in a cloud, he cannot perceive them. We have therefore fulfilled the office of *bons camarades*, in blowing away the misty obstruction. Waving the torch of truth over the map of his mistakes, we have afforded him the opportunity of plainly beholding and correcting them. Prythee, good *Sun*, wipe thine eye, use thy kerchief, put on

thy spectacles, read thy criticism, and confess thy sins. Thou art not blind from excessive light, but from the want of it. Why meddle with that which thou dost not comprehend? Place thy forefinger upon thy countenance, and own thou art not conscious of the exact difference between a duet and a fiddle.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

WE invite the attention of our readers to a memoir of this gentleman, inserted in another part of our columns, which we have borrowed from the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*. The mere fact of an article of such length being devoted to the life and works of an English musician, by a journal of strictly literary character, is of such significance, that we cannot pass it over without an expression of satisfaction. That music is becoming daily better appreciated in this country, can hardly be denied. But, gratifying as this circumstance undoubtedly is, it is even more consoling to know that our native professors are gradually occupying that rank in public consideration which is their undoubted due, and of which only bigotry and short-sighted ignorance have so long deprived them.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation*, and Dr. Elvey's new Anthem, "In that day shall this Song be sung," were performed on Friday evening, the 31st ult., by the members of this Society. The performance in general was unusually good, and reflected much credit on all concerned. The chorus, "The Heavens are telling," excited a great sensation, and the chorus, "Awake the Harp," was highly effective. These were the principal points. Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Turner, were the singers. Miss Birch sang "With verdure clad," with admirable taste and expression. We have seldom heard her in better voice. Mr. Lockey displayed his pure tone and refined feeling to the best advantage in Haydn's music. The difficult song, "Now vanish," he gave with proportionate spirit and vigor. Mr. Henry Phillips was entirely successful in the bass music. "Rolling in foaming billows" was finely declaimed and articulated—the chief desideratum, we take it, in grappling with this song. The chorus in general were steady, and Mr. Surman appeared to take the greatest possible pains to make them go well together. Mr. Surman's pains, however, were occasionally unrewarded, and the mass of singers sometimes eluded the command of his baton. The performance, nevertheless, was entitled to much praise, the more especially as every one engaged in it seemed to do his utmost. Mr. Surman obtained an immense reception. He is decidedly one of the popularities of Exeter Hall.

Of Dr. Elvey's Anthem we have already recorded our opinion in the *Musical World* (No. 2). Upon hearing it performed at Exeter Hall, our opinions are confirmed as to its merits and specialties. The anthem is modelled in the style of our great cathedral masters, and is written with the correctness and purity of a well-grounded musician. Dr. Elvey presided in the orchestra. He was received with prolonged cheers on his entrance. His work could not have been entrusted to more zealous executants than the members of the London Sacred Harmonic Society. It was carefully and excellently

performed, and elicited unmistakable demonstrations of approval throughout. The pieces which appeared to afford most gratification were, the short chorus in full harmony, in B flat, "Trust ye in the Lord," leading to a choral fugue in the same key; the chorale in G minor, "Be gracious unto us;" the solo for tenor, "Thou wilt keep him," remarkable for its skilful voicing; and the final fugue, "Amen," with its well-marked and carefully elaborated theme. All these had their enthusiastic admirers, who applauded them to the echo.

The grave objection we have to offer to Dr. Elvey's Anthem is, that it begins in one key and ends in another. In so short a composition, this is hardly to be countenanced. The effect is unsatisfactory, and the work is rendered fragmentary and disconnected. Dr. Elvey, as well as ourselves, must be aware that among the works of the great masters, no precedent is afforded for such innovation.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

If we draw an inference from the great improvement manifested this year in the Amateur Musical Society, there is much hope for musical England. The progress made within a twelvemonth is indeed remarkable. That a body of amateurs, for the mere love of art, and the ambition that love generates, should, to the exclusion of all native-born—no, rather, native-taught—pleasures, devote their time and talents to a difficult branch of learning, the approach to which is impeded by innumerable and nearly insurmountable obstructions and difficulties, speaks "trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation" of foreign scoffers, who deny us a right to the title of a musical nation; and should act as an additional spur to the professional man, lest the toe of the amateur should tread on the kibe of the artist.

We were vastly taken with the first concert of the Amateur Musical Society, which took place on Monday night, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and brought together a large influx of fashionables. The members reckoned about eighty strong, including the professional players, who were—Blagrove (first violin), Zerbini (second violin), King (piccolo), Boose (clarinet), Baumann (bassoon), Zeiss (trumpet), C. Harper, Wander, and Mann (horns), Ireland (harp—a good name for the harp), and Pratten (double bass). Signor Negri, as heretofore, conducted.

The C minor Symphony of Beethoven was an ambitious attempt on the part of the society, but was, nevertheless, crowned with decided success. Signor Negri, thinking thereby to ensure a steadier and more correct performance, took each of the movements too slow; but we very much doubt whether the Symphony would not have gone better—well as it did go—had the conductor indicated the composer's time as it was intended. We are the more convinced of this, as in the overture to *Oberon*, given later in the evening, the second movement taken in the usual time, went admirably, while the first movements, played too slow, suffered materially. The overture to *Zanetta*, and the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, were brilliantly executed. Both wind and stringed instruments were excellent, and the alternation of light and shade observed with great nicety. The piano passages in the overture were rendered with great delicacy; and the winding up of the Wedding March brought out the power and energy of the band in a conspicuous light. A selection from *Robert le Diable* went off with considerable eclat. Messrs Boose and Baumann, who played the clarinets and bassoon solos, were mainly instrumental in conducting to this effect; but not altogether; for the amateur who played the oboe executed his task in such a manner, as to divide the ap-

plause with his professional compeers. This was the more remarkable, as his playing on the oboe involved a transposition of keys, the part being originally written for a Corno Inglese.

We have but to notice the very clever execution of Stern-dale Bennett's fourth concerto in F minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, by a young amateur. This gentleman, whose youth, had he no talent, would stand pardon for his presumption, might certainly have selected a better vehicle for the display of his powers. His ambition, however, was excusable, as the manner in which he overcame many of the difficulties indicated capabilities of no mean order. His touch is firm and distinct, his tone round and full, and he marks the time with great precision. With care and study, and a stringent abnegation of the flattery of fools, the juvenile amateur may really become celebrated as an aristocratic and unbought pianist.

On the whole, we do not hesitate to pronounce this concert by many degrees, the best which, as yet, has been given by the members of the Amateur Musical Society.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

(From Bentley's Miscellany.)

Music has for some years been gradually assuming that place which is its undoubted prerogative among the most refined and humanising of the arts. For a long time England held aloof from the faith which had been strong in the rest of Europe since the days of Lully and Louis XIV. The indifference of literary and scientific men, with the bitter sneer of Swift for a motto, outweighed even the potent influence of Handel, whose position in high society was the chief cause of jealousy in the bosom of the celebrated Irish clergyman, politician, and satirist. Swift could not brook that the same respect should be paid to a "fiddler" as to his intellectual self. But times have changed. The personal influence of Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other distinguished musicians who have resided, at various periods, in England, during the last thirty years, has dissipated prejudice, and taught us to know the difference between composers of music and mere players upon musical instruments, and to give to each his proper share of honour. A great musical composer now holds rank with a great poet or painter, and Mendelssohn being the frequent and intimate guest of royalty is no longer a matter for surprise. Although the days of Elizabeth are not exactly restored—when music was regarded as an essential feature in polite education, and gentlemen as well as ladies would have been ashamed not to be able to sing a part in a madrigal at sight—the general appreciation of music is far more remarkable now than at any former period of our history. The fact that nearly three thousand persons, chiefly from the middle classes, can be attracted, twenty times a year, to the performances of Oratorios at Exeter-hall, is a sign of the times that cannot be over-estimated. It places London at the very head of the musical cities of Europe, since no such institution as the Sacred Harmonic Society exists in any other part of the world. The number of societies, amateur and professional, for the public and private execution of the music of the classical composers is far too numerous to specify; nor is it requisite for us to insist that a pianoforte is now considered an absolute necessity in every "well-regulated" house. While, as might be expected, a great deal of meretricious taste prevails, and a vast quantity of bad music finds a market, it can hardly be denied that the influence of good example is daily augmenting, that the general tendency verges towards a healthy feeling, and that a modern English school, the one thing wanting to give us a high rank among musical nations, is already in the germ. We need not catalogue the names of those upon whose talent and industry such a desirable consummation depends; it is enough to assert, without fear of refutation, that at the present moment London possesses a greater number of composers of high promise, if not of decided genius, than any other capital in Europe.

Among the cleverest and most rising of our young mu-

sicians, the subject of the present brief sketch must be allotted a conspicuous place. The popularity of his writings for the voice and pianoforte has recently brought him before the public in such a manner, that a new name added to the list of meritorious native composers has been unanimously recognised. Mr. Brinley Richards was born at Carmarthen, in South Wales, of a musical family. His father was for many years organist of the principal church, and his youngest brother, the Rev. John Richards, now curate of New Church, in Radnorshire, displayed such an aptitude for music, while a student at St. David's College, Lampeter, that he obtained an additional scholarship, in recognition of his services as organist in the chapel of the college. The scenery of Carmarthenshire—the vale of Towy, Granger Hill, celebrated by the poet Dyer, and other romantic spots—had no doubt a peculiar influence on our young artist, and filled his mind with early images of beauty. It is worth noting by the way that three of our most popular musicians are "Celts"—Vincent Wallace, George Osborne, and Brinley Richards. The last mentioned was educated in the Royal Academy of Music, at which institution he contested and obtained the first King's Scholarship, in two successive years. This distinction entitled him to free instruction in the various branches of music, besides the most essential parts of general education. His first masters were Mr. Macfarren for composition, and Mr. W. H. Holmes for the pianoforte, under whose experienced guidance, having acquired almost all that masters can communicate, he was transferred to the class of Mr. Cipriani Potter, Principal of the Academy. It was with the advice and assistance of the late Duke of Newcastle that Mr. Richards directed his steps to the only musical institution of London; and that lamented nobleman subsequently took a sincere and liberal interest in his welfare, and honoured him with his friendship and correspondence to the last. The Earl of Westmoreland was also his kind and constant patron. Having been originally destined to the study of medicine, and, indeed, actually placed with a surgeon of eminence at Carmarthen, Mr. Richards devoted his attention to music somewhat later in life than is usual with those who practise this difficult and most exclusive of the arts. His progress, nevertheless, both on the pianoforte and in counterpoint, harmony, and original composition, was remarkably quick, and he very soon became one of the ornaments of the Royal Academy of Music, where he assumed the duties of sub-professor, and shortly afterwards was appointed one of the professors of the institution. The composition which first acquired him distinction was a grand concerto for the pianoforte and orchestra, performed by himself, with great applause, at one of the Academy Concerts. This was followed by two overtures, for full orchestra, the last of which has been frequently played in London, and when introduced at a public concert in Paris, during Mr. Richards' first visit to the French metropolis, attracted the notice of the late Chopin, and laid the foundation of an intimacy which lasted until the death of that celebrated artist. Mr. Richards now played frequently in public, and composed many pieces, vocal and instrumental, which coming under the notice of music-publishers, proved of ultimate advantage to him. A *caprice*, for the pianoforte, called "The Birds and the Rivulet," was heard by Mr. Beale (of the firm of Cramer and Co.), an excellent judge, and well known connoisseur, who was so pleased with it that he at once made a liberal offer for the copyright, and entered into further treaty with Mr. Richards for the purchase of new MS. compositions. Among his numerous vocal writings, a madrigal, quaint and learned as though it had sprung from Elizabethan period, has been greatly praised, and a ballad called "The Blind Man and Summer," which Miss Dolby, the best of English singers, has sung repeatedly, may be cited as a faultless example of that primitive and universally popular style of composition. Mr. Richards also dedicated his talents to the stage, and some songs introduced in the English version of Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, at Drury Lane Theatre, betrayed such a happy resemblance to the character of the original, without the slightest evidence of plagiarism, that much was predicted of his dramatic talent at the time. With this growing artistic fame, Mr. Richards soon combined a position in society, not more due to his eminent musical talent, than to his gentlemanly manners and educated mind. Lady Morgan, the Countess of Beauchamp, and others distinguished in the highest circles and in

the world of literary connoisseurship, honoured him with their patronage and friendship. In fact, industry, talent, and good sense have seldom met a more rapid and substantial reward than in the person of Mr. Brinley Richards, whose social and artistic position is entitled to envy and emulation.

As a pianist, Mr. Richards holds a very prominent rank. His school is the classical school of Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, in the performance of whose admirable works, and those of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, and the other great pillars of the art, he particularly excels. But he is not less versed in the more brilliant style of execution which belongs to another class of pianists. Few, indeed, can play with greater energy and effect the difficult fantasias, &c., of Thalberg, Liszt, Herz, Henselt, their rivals and their followers. In short, Mr. Richards is a thoroughly accomplished pianist. As a composer, Mr. Richards has demonstrated, by a symphony (MS.), a concerto and two overtures, already mentioned, a *caprice* dedicated to Potter, another called "Le Soir," dedicated to Chopin, "Contemplation," "Midsummer Day" (*schërzo*), &c., his acquaintance with the serious school, and his familiarity with the great classical forms, ancient and modern. On the other side, his "Sybil," "Angela," "Picciola," "Fairy's Dream," his pianoforte arrangements of Mendelssohn's vocal songs, and a large catalogue of sparkling and attractive trifles, declare him a gifted follower, if not a warm disciple, of what has been termed the "modern romantic school." Among his vocal compositions may be specially singled out a trio for *soprano* voices, "Come hither," and a bacchanalian *scena*, full of characteristic melody and vigorous expression, with which the great German bass-singer, Staudigl, was so delighted that he sang it in public, producing an effect quite equal to that of his most esteemed Teutonic master-pieces.

Without entering into further details, we have adduced enough to explain—if explanation be necessary—the appearance in our pages of an article on a musical subject. But the present high estimation enjoyed by the musical art would be a sufficient reason for alluding at some length to the career and works of one of our most rising native professors, were it not equally true that a new name in the intellectual world, a new evidence of artistic invention, must always be heartily welcomed by those who admire talent and genius, in whatever sphere exhibited. Mr. Brinley Richards is only thirty years of age. A brilliant prospect lies before him, the full realization of which depends upon a continued exercise of those excellent qualities to which he is indebted for the position he already enjoys.

MACREADY.

(From the "Era.")

Mr. Macready is essentially an actor. His estimation of his art—his notions of himself—his devotion to his task—these are patent. His life has been a prolonged attempt to embody the conceptions of the Poet—he has never tired, never faltered, and his success has been complete. His retirement is a national loss, because high dramatic talent is scarce; and the Stage will suffer because of the respectability his name reflected upon it. His very exclusiveness added to his importance, and even where his mimic powers failed to gain approval, he left impressions favourable to his character as a scholar and a gentleman. May his final exit from "the world's wide stage" be long delayed, and may he enjoy, in domestic life, the repose to which he is well entitled, and to use words which he has often spoken with touching eloquence:—

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

May these be his! The eminent Tragedian is, as a public individual, no more. It was for thousands to know him as they will never more behold him, and to remember him as he was—of the Past. "Why should we," said poor Hazlitt, "prick the bubble that reflects the world, and turn it to a little soap and water?" The motto of Macready has been, "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.*" Macbeth will be his last character—"Close, close

the scene upon him, and never break that fine phantasmagoria of the brain which the player has conjured up."

One night more, Wednesday the 26th, the night fixed for his benefit, and last farewell, and the curtain will fall upon his theatrical achievements. He will have been upwards of forty years before the public, affording varied and intellectual entertainment of an elevating character, and realizing the creations of genius.

Mr. Macready is known to delight in the quietude of domestic life, where, surrounded by his wife and family, his social qualities are conspicuous—where he may be less a hero, but not less a man. Upon the threshold of his *home*, with all that makes it dear to an Englishman, we must take our leave of him, wishing lasting happiness to his hearth—all that the most liberal of his many admirers can do in the way of showing their gratitude for what he has done for them while labouring in the cause of the British Drama.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

Thou hast winning eyes, Mary,
Glad and passing bright;
Ever by their gentle fire
Setting hearts a-light.
Beaming,
Gleaming,
Fairly streaming
Forth with lightsome glee!
They must shine on somebody—
Let them shine on me.
Thou hast pouting lips, Mary,
Red as ruby gem—
Tempting as the autumn cherry
Drooping on its stem.
Glowing,
Showing
Dimples knowing
Dangerous to see!
They must smile on somebody—
Let them smile on me.
But thou hast a heart, Mary,
Well its worth I know!
How it bounds at others' pleasure—
Melts at others' woe.
Fairest,
Rarest
Charm thou bearest—
Rich though others be—
It must beat for somebody,
Let it beat for me!

(The above words are copyright.)

MR. HENRY LINCOLN.—This eminent professor has resumed his interesting lectures on the works of the great composers, ancient and modern, at the Whittington Club. His first was on Weber, his second, on Rossini. Both were highly instructive, and illustrated by various and appropriate examples. At the last lecture, Mr. Lincoln was assisted in the vocal department by Miss Noble, Miss Eyles, Miss Fanny Rowland, Mr. Herbert, (who sang with excellent effect, the graceful *cavatina*, "Languir per una bella," now almost forgotten) and Mr. J. A. Novello. The *terzetto*, "Zitti, Zitti," by Miss Eyles, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. J. A. Novello, was encored. Mr. Lincoln himself presided at the pianoforte, an instrument upon which he is an accomplished performer.

MADLLE. BESNIER, the vocalist, has arrived in town, after a most successful season at Brighton.

Reviews of Music.

"THREE MUSICAL SKETCHES FOR THE PIANOFORTE."—HENRY BAUMER. Duff and Hodgson.

If it be true, as we are informed, that the author of these sketches is a mere boy, and that they constitute his first published work, we are justified in saying that they hold out no ordinary promise. Without presenting any striking marks of original thought, the model Master Baumer has taken is the best, provided only that he follows it as a guide, and be not led away by its attractions of style to a slavish and abandoned imitation. Since the death of Weber, composers for the pianoforte may be divided into three classes; those who caricature Henri Herz; those who caricature Sigismund Thalberg; and those who caricature Felix Mendelssohn. In the first category may be ranked such men as Rosellen, Gorla, &c. In the second, Prudent, Kontaki, Willmers, &c., &c. In the third, almost every writer professing to belong to the school called "classical." We must confess we have but little respect for any of them, and least of all for the last. There is, it must be admitted, some ingenuity in contriving new variations, even on the Herz and Thalberg pattern; indeed, were the variations not new, the efforts of the composers of the "Romantic" school would be little better than plain copies of the two originals, since the themes upon which these originals construct their fantasias are very rarely their own, Rossini, Auber, Bellini, and Donizetti being the fountains of melody at which they continually fill their watering pots, proceeding, after their own fashion, to sprinkle them upon their own barren plots of thought, and the flowers that spring up are but *façades*, bearing a sickly resemblance to the types from whence they draw their origin. But the imitators of Mendelssohn, who carry not their watering-pots to the fountains of Rossini, Auber, Bellini, and Donizetti, have recourse to an old well, the water at the bottom of which has become foul and stagnant, and choked up with rubbish. They dare not appropriate Mendelssohn's own ideas—the themes or melodies upon which he formed his compositions—but they use, without ceremony, his form of accompaniment, his peculiarities of harmony, his style of modulation and progression, to dress up their fleshless skeletons and make them look young and fresh. But the "reviver" does not act. The dead well will not mix with the living fountain; the faded forms only look the more withered in their gay attire, like old maids with low dresses, or Pantaloon in Harlequin's suit. Like the wicked sisters in *Cinderella*, they would fain be shod with a glass slipper. But it does not fit them—attempting to walk they limp and stumble.

The above remarks are not intended to apply to Master Henry Baumer, whose sketches, besides a depth of feeling rare in so very young a composer, present more than the example, if not of absolute originality, at least of a strong desire to draw upon his own resources and think for himself. We have mentioned them with the hope that they may act as a warning, by which he may ultimately profit. The first sketch, entitled "Sorrow," in G minor, has a sweet vein of sentiment running through it; but the form of the accompaniment, to say nothing of the 3-8 measure, and the peculiarity of one or two of the cadences, can too readily be traced to the *lied* in A minor, in the first book of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words." The general flow of the composition is also impeded by eight bars of *remplissage*, which connect, or rather disconnect the second theme, in the dominant key, from the cadence in the dominant, which is otherwise agreeably contrived. We recommend him to omit these eight bars in a future edition. The second sketch, "Hope," in D flat, is more original, both as to melody and accompaniment, but less symmetrical in form. The second phrase, in F major, the major third of the key, is intrinsically graceful; the modulation thence into D, both effective and charming; but the return to F again, before the re-appearance of the first subject in the original key, is a decided miscalculation. From the point in D major Master Baumer should have found some progression to lead back naturally to the key of D flat; or he should have omitted the modulation into F altogether. The third sketch, "Joy," in G major, is the longest and best of the three. The transition to the dominant is easy and effortless. The episode in A major (page 8) involves a melodious *cantabile* subject,

accompanied with great taste and cleverness, while the resumption of the first *motivo* is well managed, and the *coda* brings the whole to a close with great brilliancy. Our only objection to this sketch is that which always applies to redundancy. There are too many repetitions, and too much of the alternate tonic and dominant form of passage.

We have spoken thus frankly of these sketches, because they display, not only a talent far beyond the average, but decided promise of better things. Had we told Master Baumer that his composition was faultless, we should have been untrue to our office and unkind to him. One who can write already so well, at so early a stage of his career, will not be offended by honest counsel; but if, on consideration, he believe it good, will employ it to his profit and advantage. Mr. Baumer is a pupil of Mr. William Dorrell and Mr. Lovell Phillips, and is a decided credit to both his masters.

"THE SCORPION," Song.—Words by E. FARMER, Music by G. SIMPSON. Ransford.

This ballad, which has attracted considerable attention in the provinces, through the singing of Mr. R. Paget, of Atherstone, is essentially remarkable for the qualities that ensure popularity and command encores—a flowing melody, easily retained, and addressed to the general ear. The accompaniment is easy to play, but effective and appropriate. Mr. Simpson's song does not aim at anything higher than an agreeable medium of display for a concert singer, ambitious of producing that particular impression which cannot be better described than as the "*ad captandum*." In this he has been perfectly successful. At the same time, it is our duty to state, that this song is written with irreproachable correctness, and is happily adapted to the great majority of voices. It has every chance of popularity, and will doubtless be shortly laid hold of by some of our public singers. They might go further and fare worse.

"THE QUEEN OF NIGHT."—Valse.—J. G. CALLCOTT. Cramer, Beale and Co.

The qualities which we noted last week in Mr. J. G. Callcott's "Indispensable Polka," are not less conspicuous in the set of *valse*s before us, which, if liveliness go for anything, had been more appropriately designated "The Queen of Day Valse," than "The Queen of Night Valse." In the actual style of "Valse," invented and multiplied by Lanner, Strauss, Labitsky, and last, not least, Jullien, "The Queen of Night" is composed of a short introduction, four figures and a *coda*, in which last, the conglomerate themes are dished up, with *sauce à la remplissage*, as it were an *olla podrida*. The general effect of the whole is brilliant and band-like; Mr. Callcott having cleverly given to his key board the effect of fullness and brass which appertains to a "harmonic," or wind orchestra. At the same time we may insinuate to our lady readers who exult in "Valse à deux," and in "Valse à trois," that the "Queen of Night" is easy to catch hold of, and though she wear a veil and wings, is not likely to slip through their fingers. Of the four figures, while all are rhythmical and bustling, we prefer the first, which involves an effective adaptation of the military accent; and the second, which, so to speak, is an idealization of the musical snuff-box style, until the bold and happy transition to E flat, in the second part, suddenly changes its character, and ensures a variety of color, without injury to the general effect. The theme of the first is admirably suited to a cornet-a-piston, in A natural, which, of course, would play in F; and we find that Mr. J. G. Callcott has judiciously added an independent and well written part for that instrument, which renders the "Queen of Night" simultaneously approachable by a lady pianist and gentleman cornetist. For which pleasant co-execution, we heartily recommend it.

"SIX MELODIES."—(Lieder ohne Worte)—For Flute and Piano. B. MOLIQUE. Transcribed by JOHN CLINTON. Wessel and Co.

Mr. Clinton has selected six of the most charming songs from the many gems with which Herr Molique has enriched the *repertoire* of vocal chamber music, and has arranged them with a conscientious respect for his author; preserving both the melody and accompaniments, *notatim* according to the text, and in most cases even

retaining the original keys. When Mr. Clinton has altered the keys, the transposition has been inevitable from the peculiar nature of the flute, which cannot adapt itself so readily to varieties of pitch as the pianoforte or violin. The mere catalogue of the songs selected by Mr. Clinton will conjure up a world of agreeable reminiscences. A more captivating lyric, in the ballad form, than "If o'er the boundless sky," (No. 1) has rarely been given to the public; but, apart from its irresistible prettiness, the finished neatness of its accompaniment and its *recherché* harmonies and modulations display the hand of a master. The great popularity of this song confers equal credit upon our concert singers, the majority of whom have introduced it, and upon the public who have so unanimously appreciated it. Mr. Clinton has transcribed this song in the author's key, B flat. No. 2, "Fair Annie," is another cheerful inspiration, of a less romantic character, though, perhaps, more directly appealing to the popular ear. For what reason we are unable to guess, this animated little song has not received the same degree of attention from our concert singers as the preceding, though we cannot imagine it being well sung without obtaining an encore. Mr. Clinton has transposed "Fair Annie" from E to F to suit his instrument, the amateurs of which will easily apprehend his reasons. Nos. 3 and 4—"When the moon is brightly shining," and "Come, all ye glad and free," (Schifferlied) respectively in A and G, the original keys being preserved, are of essentially a different character from the preceding; their specialty being tranquil grace, their melodies flowing and transparent as deep, untroubled streams, their accompaniments richly varied, and distinguished by exquisite taste and finish. If a preference may be made, where all is so well deserving of admiration, we should suggest that these two songs are more entirely suited to the character and capabilities of the flute than any of the others. No 5, "Come, dearest, come," the words of which are translated from a German lyric by Prince Albert, may be classed in many respects with the preceding, the melody being of the same elegant and flowing character, although the accompaniments are more elaborate and difficult, while the modulations are more abundant and *recherché*. To perform them with effect demands a refinement both of expression and execution which not every flautist possesses, but which he who does possess may use to manifest advantage in the present instance. The original key, A, has again been preserved: No. 6, "O that my woes were distant," is far different from all the preceding, being essentially passionate and romantic. Miss Dolby, however, and other eminent singers, have made the musical public so familiar with the beauties and prominent features of this exquisite song, that any further description of it is unnecessary. Suffice it to add that Mr. Clinton has been again compelled to transpose the key from F sharp to F minor, not to D flat, as the title-page indicates.

In the transcription of these songs Mr. Clinton has displayed taste, discrimination, and love for his author—indeed, the only qualities demanded for his task—in no ordinary degree; and it is creditable to him, that, though one of our most brilliant flautists, he has carefully avoided all attempt to display the mechanical properties of his instrument, at the expense of the expressive simplicity of Herr Molique's beautiful songs. We can, therefore, recommend his arrangement unconditionally.

"THE MUSICAL BIJOU FOR 1861." Edited by F. H. BURNBY.
D'Almaine and Co.

The Musical Bijou for the present year, if not so glittering and splendid in point of decoration as some of its predecessors, is strikingly handsome, and contains some very superior designs by eminent artists. The illustrations consist of the Covers, the Title, and Border, the Presentation Plate, the Minstrel Knight, the Battles of Wellington, and a portrait of Mr. Sims Reeves. The Covers are achieved in white, gold, and black and brown colours. The front cover represents a framework of intertwining branches and leaves, with two female figures at each side, illustrative of the musical art, enclosing a space for the title. The back cover is but a skeleton of the first, the gold and dark colours being absent. The frontispiece, the "Minstrel Knight," is drawn on stone by E. Walker, and is tolerably well designed, but the execution is faulty.

The title and border are exceedingly beautiful. They are very cleverly designed. The introduced figures in the border are drawn with much propriety and taste. Gold and black are the only colours used in this illustration. The Presentation Plate is by far the neatest we have seen in a work of this kind. A raised framework in imitation of lace, entirely devoid of colour, surrounds a large "TO" in gold fancy work, neatly executed. This has a particularly chaste and pleasing effect. Contrary to custom, the Musical Bijou dispenses this year with an embroidered Contents. We do not think the supporters of the work have lost anything thereby. We have heard it laid to the charge of former numbers of the Musical Bijou that the old English letters employed in the contents rendered them perfectly useless, except to those versed in antiquarian type. The portrait of Mr. Sims Reeves is a most striking and admirable likeness, by Baugniet, and should really entitle the volume to the strong recommendation of the public, had it no other merit. The expression of the countenance is caught with singular force and precision. "The Battles of the Duke of Wellington," illustrative of the "Wellington Marches," composed by Stephen Glover, is well designed and coloured. The centre-piece consists of a group of warriors on horseback, the Duke being the most prominent figure. Surrounding the group are miniature representations of the battles of Vittoria, Badajoz, Assaye, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, and Waterloo. The whole is surmounted by a pair of regimental colours, and the pedestal supported by figures of the Foot Guards, Line, Highland, and Rifle regiments. It has been lithographed by E. Walker, the artist already mentioned.

The contents of the "Musical Bijou" include various names well known to the public. The vocal portion has been contributed by Miss Ann S. Mounsey, Mrs. Mackinlay, Alexander Lee, G. H. Rodwell, J. H. Cave, W. H. Holmes, Stephen Glover, J. L. Hatton, C. F. Desanges, Edwin Flood, and Guilie Alary. The poets who have volunteered, or whose lyrics have been borrowed for the nonce, are W. Bartholomew, S. Bruton, W. Beattie, E. J. Gill, Mrs. Mackinlay, M. Abrahams, Kirk White, A. M. Samuda, Lord Byron, and Herrick. This division contains nineteen *morceaux*.

The instrumental department is not so diversified. The contributions are confined to Stephen Glover, Ricardo Linter, M. Szekely, J. M. Jolly, and Wellington Guernsey. The first has supplied six, and the second five pieces, out of fourteen. Marches, quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes make up the quantity of the instrumental contents.

Altogether, the "Musical Bijou" is a very elegant and desirable drawing-room book, and as such will not disappoint the purchaser.

"JULLIEN'S ALBUM FOR 1861." Edited by THOMAS BAKER.
Jullien and Co.

If Jullien's Album this year be less gorgeous in its covers, less resplendent with blazony, and gold, and barbaric colours than its predecessors of by-gone seasons, the contents make ample amends, even to those who attach importance to the rich varieties of the modern decorative art. The covers are plain to a degree, certainly not to a fault. The interior title-page is very neat. Scrolls of raised flowers on a pink ground, from lithographs of M. and N. Hanhart, enclose the name and date: all other ornament is discarded. Jullien's autograph, no small recommendation to the admirers of the celebrated conductor, is affixed. Two rich portraits of Jenny Lind and Jetty Treffz, in oil colours and gold, by G. Baxter, are given before the Presentation Page. They are both beautifully done, although a certain pinkness of haze thrown over the pictures, deteriorates greatly from the effect. Jenny Lind's likeness is not particularly good; nor does the somewhat stunted figure afford a happy idea of the thin and elastic Swede. Jetty Treffz's is a better picture, and a better likeness in every respect. The face is not an exact resemblance, nor has the draughtsman caught with much truth the character of the head, but the general appearance is sufficiently striking to suggest the similitude. The figure is admirably done, and the attitude is graceful and correct. We acknowledge the great difficulty in obtaining an exact likeness by the means used by Mr. Baxter, and therefore our praise is due.

to him for having done in so skilful a manner that which is so very difficult to do. Nevertheless, we see but little probability of this peculiar branch of the "taking art" ever being brought to any thing like perfection. Mr. Baxter, we understand, has taken out a patent for printing in oil colours after this fashion. If this be the case, we trust that for the future, when he does affect likenesses, he will not render them subservient to the decorations.

The Presentation Page is exceedingly chaste and beautiful, and is painted on stone by the Messrs. Hanhart in raw sienna. The illustrations in the body of the work are two; one to the song, "Rose de Mai," the other to the ballad, "One smile of thine." The first is a picture of two young ladies; the last a picture of one young lady. Both are well executed in lithograph; but as we do not exactly see what the pictures of the young ladies have to say to the songs, or in what manner they explain them, we shall pass them by without further notice.

The contents of the volume ask little more for their recommendation than the mere chronicling. And first of the vocal section. The songs and duets are seventeen in number. They include among the composers the names of Balfe, G. A. Macfarren, E. Loder, John Barnett, Henry Smart, H. Lavenue, Roch-Albert, G. Stanley, T. Baker, Walter Maynard, A. M. R. Barret, G. Barker, Angelina and George Linley. The poets are H. J. St. Leger, G. V. Irving, E. J. Gill, G. Barker, Shirley Brooks, George Linley, Miss Rollo, J. W. Lake, Colonel Addison, and Desmond Ryan. The names of some of these speak for themselves. The musicians have a decided advantage over the poets. The pianoforte department is rich in gems of Jullien, there being no less than six of his compositions out of fourteen pieces. Among these we find the "Hungarian," the "Charles the Second," the "Hibernian," and the "Nepaulese" quadrilles; the "Derby Galop," and the "Ghoorka March." The other composers are Osborne, König, Fitzgerald, Vogler, Buller, and Lavenue. Their efforts comprise fantasias, waltzes, polkas, and galops.

BALFE'S CONCERT.

A very large concourse assembled at Exeter Hall on the evening of Monday week, attracted by the announcement that Balfe, the popular and the talented, would take his benefit. That Balfe would provide good entertainment for his supporters, was universally anticipated; and was, to a certain extent, corroborated by the names of Ernst, Angri, Sims Reeves, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Billet, and others of note, established or promissory, being appended to his list. And yet was not Balfe's programme all that it should have been. It is true that a numerous and efficient corps of instrumentalists were engaged, and that the soloists were unexceptionable; but the matter, sir, ay, the matter was not the thing looked for, or to be coveted, when Balfe gave a concert, and had such interpreters at his command. But we must not be too severe with the vivacious and versatile composer. Little doubt but that he knows the peculiar taste of John Bull, and supplies him with food to suit his palate. Yet Balfe, we think, might have had an ulterior object in view, besides pandering to the bilious appetites of the mob; and yet, again, unless he had done so, he, perhaps, instead of a "benefit," might have had a "malefit." In short, while finding fault with Balfe as a conscientious artist, we must award him credit as a politic man; and so, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, he stands suspended midway between our praise and dispraise—*laus et vituperium*.

The programme, for the most part, was composed of a string of *morceaux*, Italian, and English, stale as a nine days' herring, and threadbare as an Irish reaper's wrap-rascal. Of these, we shall say nought, saving that, being interpreted by such artists as Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mademoiselle Angri, and Miss Poole, they were treated better than they deserved. A new song, by Mr. Frank Mori, called "Come where sweet-toned Zephyrs," and another by Balfe, entitled "Old Friends," pleased us much. Being good, as well as new, these constituted an exception to nearly all the vocal music. It must be admitted, that the audience were as enthusiastic as ever about Mr. Sims Reeves' "Death of Nelson," and the ballad about "other lips," from the *Bohemian*

Girl, together with popularities, duetto and solo, from Donizetti, and elsewhere; but, we contend, Mr. Balfe might have done better on such an occasion, and should have looked larger in the eyes of the musical world. Whatever faults we may have found with the vocal section of the entertainment, we discover little or nothing in the instrumental department to cavil at. Ernst played two fantasias, the *Otello*, and the *Airs Hongrois* (both magnificently: for the last, he supplied his *Carnaval*); M. Alexandre Billet performed Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillant* in E for pianoforte and orchestra, and the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (receiving great applause in both); and the band executed Balfe's overture to *Falstaff*, and Lindpaintner's "Battle Overture." What may be termed emphatically the novelty of the evening, was Mademoiselle Lucciola, who has come to London from Italy to astonish the natives. The fair artist has been styled "the celebrated female tenor"—to what purpose, we are at a loss to guess. "Celebrated" she may be in her own country; "female" she most probably is in any country; but wherefore "tenor" in this, or any country, puzzles us beyond measure. Mademoiselle Lucciola certainly has a deep *contralto* voice, but not deeper than that of Miss Masson, Miss H. B. Hawes, Mademoiselle Brambilla, and others, whom we never heard designated by any other name than that of *contralto*—and she has some notes which might be considered *falsetto* notes, but the quality is unlike that of a tenor, and the *timbre* is decidedly that of a woman. Despite of puffs, and partizanship, and the expectant novelty, Mademoiselle Lucciola did not create a favourable impression. An attempt to sing Mario's Bacchanalian song from the *Prophete*, was the reverse of successful; although some strenuous supporters of the "female tenor" did, with night and main, endeavour to enforce a repetition of her attempt upon the audience. In addition to what we have already named, Madame and Signor F. Lablache sang several times, and obtained encores; and Mr. Gerhard Taylor performed a harp solo. Mr. Frank Mori attended at the piano, and Mr. Balfe directed the orchestra.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—MACREADY'S LAST PERFORMANCE.—Monday night was a memorable night at the Haymarket, and will remain so for ever in the annals of that theatre. The scene which occurred there can only be met with once in half a century; and he who had the fortune to be present, will carry to his latest hour the remembrance of one of the most stirring and interesting incidents in his life. The immense crowds which assembled at the Haymarket Theatre, during the last few weeks of Mr. Macready's final engagement, increasing every night until the last week, when the house was crammed to suffocation at each performance of the great tragedian, gave indication of what would be the state of things on Monday when his last appearance was announced for King Lear, his most transcendent personation.

For two months previously every available seat in the house was taken, and for nearly three hours before the doors were opened the boxes, pit, and gallery entrances were besieged by multitudes. Every precaution had been taken to guard against accidents and inconveniences, and so admirably provided were the arrangements under the direction of Mr. Manby, that not a single disturbance took place during the evening, nor was there a moment's interruption given to the performance, although every part of the theatre was packed, and hundreds were forced to put up with standing room in the pit and upper boxes. Many were satisfied if they could only obtain an occasional glimpse of the stage; the orchestra was converted into stalls, and the band officiated for a part of the evening on the stage.

The demonstration which took place when Mr. Macready appeared as the old King, may be surmised, provided the reader be endowed with no mean share of imagination.

Cheer followed cheer in rapid succession, and rose and fell like a tornado near the Cape of Hope, or the simoom in the desert of Sahara. The actor appeared somewhat overpowered at first, and seemed to express his deep feeling by a slight pressure of his palms together, and a gentle inclination of the head, but he soon recovered his entire self-possession, and went through his performance with all his wonted power and energy. We shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed the termination of the play. One thing struck us as particularly applicable to the circumstance and occasion, and implied a greater compliment than any amount of ebullition or enthusiasm. The scene of the death was listened and attended to with breathless interest, and when Lear expired there was no attempt, as on former occasions, to get up an instantaneous and vehement display. The sympathies of the audience were wound up beyond the usual point. Attention and reverence held them mute. When the old King fell dead from Cordelia's arms and Kent cried, ;

"Vex not his ghost,
He knows him not, who on the rack
Of this vile world would stretch him out further ;—"

and the band played the dead march behind the scenes, you might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the silence. Nor was this deep silence broken as long as the curtain continued to descend, which must have occupied the space of two minutes at least, until it touched the boards of the stage. Then indeed, the pent-up volume burst forth, and the storm raged with re-invigorated fury. Mr. Macready came on and every individual in the house rose to greet him. Upon his retiring the tempest, lulled for a moment, again broke forth, and amid the roar Macready's name was heard at intervals shouted from all parts of the theatre. Again the great actor appeared, and this time it was expected he would address the audience. Silence was bawled out lustily by every one, and instantaneously obeyed. Mr. Macready then advanced a few paces towards the foot-lights, and in a few words, delivered in a tone of voice the most musical we ever heard, and with an intensity of feeling that penetrated the hearts of all present, he expressed his thanks to his "true patrons" for the warmth of their reception : told them he stood, indeed, on the verge of his theatrical career, that one night more, and then he would depart from them ; and that to that last night he would refer his brief expressions of regret and gratitude before bidding them farewell for ever. The cheering was then renewed, and throats were opened wider than before, and palms met together in harder clap ; and hats and kerchiefs were wilder flung about, and all things were made more extravagant ; and so, with dignified step, and bending head, and intertwining fingers, and would-be-lingering looks, KING LEAR departed from the scene of his glories for ever and ever.

On Tuesday, after the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, a new farce in one act, entitled *Good for Nothing*, was produced. It is from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, and promises to become one of the most popular of his small pieces. Indeed, we have seldom seen a farce with so decided a moral tacked to it, or one in which the intention has been more legitimately carried out. The plot runs thus :—Two brothers, the one a railway fireman, the other a market gardener, residing together, have brought up a poor orphan thrown on their hands by fortune. Poor Nan is allowed to run at large and do as she pleases ; the consequence is, she becomes a regular tom-boy, a ne'er-do-well, or, as the title of the farce pronounces her, a "Good for Nothing." She idles all day, plays with the boys in the street at "hop-sotch," "trundle-hoop," "string-peg," and, no, not "leap-frog" and always gets into some scrape or other. The

brothers, occupied with their own affairs, pay Nan little or no attention ; and what service they might do her is interrupted by disputes among themselves as to how she should be treated. Harry, the fireman, contends for the application of moral force ; but Tom, the gardener, will listen to nothing but conciliatory measures and the soothing system. Between the physics of the one and the ethics of the other, Nan's education in every respect is brought to a stand still, and she herself is little better than an infant out of swaddling clothes. Nan's ideas are not of the most refined. Such domestic matters as combing her hair, washing her hands, and other enforced requisites of society, are not held in absolute regard by Nan, who inclines to the normal state of nature. It is doubtful if Nan ever heard the maxim, "Cleanliness is godliness," or having heard it, that she ever paid it any attention. Love, at length—Love, time out of mind, the universal reformer of mankind, and every other kind—works a revolution in Nan. There is a certain carpenter (even Charley), who, amidst all Nan's unsophistication and normality, sees glimpses of sense and kindness, which lead him to entertain a hope that by a little stratagem she might be made sensible of her dusty ways, turn from them to the light, and behold truth with unblinking optics. The stratagem—one worthy of a more exalted sphere of life than that in which moved the honest carpenter—is put in force and takes effect ; Nan sets to her proper reformation with hearty will ; turns herself out as agreeable and good looking as possible to the eye of the carpenter, who wins her in the end to the promise of teaching her the rudiments of reading and writing—a happy prologue to the connubial theme—and so Nan is dismissed at the end with the growing respect of the audience. There are several points in Nan's history, all tending to the development of her character, which Mr. Buckstone has seized with much truth and forcibleness, and without which a certain repulsiveness would be felt. Thus, Nan's good nature is abundantly testified in her refunding the money, scraped together by the brothers to bind her apprentice to some profession, when they were unable to pay their rent ; the soundness of her sense is manifested clearly and unmistakably in reconciling the brothers when they quarrelled ; and the quickness of her intelligence becomes apparent in drawing her inference from the hints of the carpenter (even Charley), and applying them with so much readiness. With a little more colouring, and a little more particularization with respect to the details, Nan as a sketch, would have proved worthy of Dickens, and we do not think we could have paid Mr. Buckstone a higher compliment. But the rapidity of action necessitated in a one-act piece precludes minutiae of details, and the author is compelled to jump at conclusions ; for which reason we are bound not to find fault with Mr. Buckstone if a small tinge of over-coloring be given to his picture. This praise, however, we can bestow upon Nan, that she is the best and most truthful character we have witnessed in a farce, for a very long time. Mr. Buckstone, as brother Tom, had little more to do than to preach peace, and fly into a passion with every sentence ; nevertheless, he did wonders with his part, and was irresistibly droll ; when he came on with his garden garniture all covered with mud, and a huge head of cabbage in his hand, he was received with shouts of laughter. Mr. Howe played brother Harry, in a very bluff and mechanical manner. Upon Mrs. Fitzwilliam's shoulders fell the entire weight of the piece. The part of Nan was performed by her with excellent comic force, every shade and peculiarity of the character being caught with much truth. Mrs. Fitzwilliam has not been seen in any part for a long time which exhibits the correctness and versatility of her talent to so much advantage.

At the fall of the curtain, an unmistakeable and unanimous success was betokened in the general cheers of the audience, and a loud call was made for Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who accordingly came on, and were received tumultuously. Mr. Buckstone then announced the repetition of *Good for Nothing*, for every evening until further notice.

On Thursday a new two act comedy, by the author (as it was announced) of *The Vicar of Wakefield*—not Oliver Goldsmith we presume, but Mr. Stirling Coyne—entitled *Presented at Court*, was produced with unequivocal success. The story belongs to the gallant times of Charles the Second, and among the persons of the drama we find Rochester, Sydney, Etheredge, Secretary Pepys, Killigrew, and other flauters in the court beams of the day. The plot is as follows:—

Mistress Anne Franklyn (Miss Reynolds), is the daughter of a rich mercer in the city, whose beauty and fortune has attracted a host of adorers. Among her ardent and most pertinacious admirers she reckons the Earl of Rochester (Mr. Davenport), Mr. Secretary Pepys (Mr. Lambert), and the Marquis of Flamareus (Mr. Selby), an old French *émigré*, who had been a *perruquier* in his youth. To none of these gallants does Mistress Anne render more than her sweet looks and silver tongue. For simple Captain Montague (Mr. Howe), does she reserve the devotedness of a true heart; but Mistress Anne is ambitious and would fain be presented at court. She is the more impelled to this to do spite to Lady Castlemaine and other flatterers round the throne, who look upon her as an upstart, and are driven frantic with jealousy when the king's admiration is turned towards her. But obstacles intervene to the presentation, the most difficult of which is the finding a lady of rank to present her. At last old Lady Trumpington (Mrs. Stanley), an ancient friend of the Franklyn, is raked up in Devonshire and brought to town for the purpose. The court ladies, aided by Rochester, lay a plot to defeat Anne's presentation. The court dress she has made is stolen, the coachmaker and *perruquier* are bribed, and old Lady Trumpington run away with. The last named incident is effected thus:—Lady Trumpington is accompanied from the country by her nephew, Master Geoffrey Wedderburne (Mr. Buckstone), a loose rustic. Rochester, disguised as a countryman, calls on Geoffrey, passes himself off as the friend of an acquaintance, makes him drunk and locks him up in a closet. The road being now clear, he meets Lady Trumpington, feigns to be an envoy from the Emperor of Russia, and, by some roundabout rhodomontade, which touches the old dowager's weak points, persuades her that the peace of Europe depends on her intervention, and carries her off in a sedan to the Turkish Ambassador. The conspirators now make sure of having foiled Anne and are in high glee. The first act ends here.

The second act opens at the house of Mrs. Anne Franklyn. The young lady is in despair. Lord Rochester enters and offers to recover her carriage, dress, *perruquier*, and bring back Lady Trumpington, provided she grants him her love. The dress, he informs her, is below at the door in a sedan. Though offended, the lady refrains from expressing her indignation, anxious to hit upon some plan by which she might conciliate the gallant lord without compromising herself. While she is pondering, the French Marquis is announced, and Rochester is allowed to conceal himself in a closet. Anne's servant, Mildred, then suggests the possibility of inducing the Marquis to dress her hair. What a triumph for Anne to have her *coiffure* made by a Marquis! After a little finesse, the Marquis is carried off to officiate as *perruquier* to the lady, but not before the bandbox containing the court dress is recovered from the sedan, by the aid of Geoffrey. Thus two objects are secured

towards the accomplishment of the presentation. But two more remain: the procuring a carriage, and the recovery of Lady Trumpington, or finding a substitute for a patroness. Fortune favors the fair, no less than the brave. Mr. Secretary Pepys arrives in his state coach to pay Anne a visit. Mildred engages him, and induces him to write a note to his coachman placing his carriage at her disposal. She then stows him away in another closet to await her mistress. All is in good train—but Lady Trumpington is not forthcoming. An idea strikes Geoffrey—he attires himself as his Aunt, and carries off the fair Anne to Court, and so the presentation is effected, but not without a little farcical manœuvring, in which the real Lady Trumpington appears in the Presence Chamber, and the false one is carried off as a madman.

This piece is well written. The dialogue is neat and pointed, and occasionally flavoured with the sauce piquant of right courtly wit. The characters are well contrasted, and drawn with spirit. The story is well developed, until towards the end, when the interest flags, and the tone partakes of the broad farce. Were it not for these exceptions, *Presented at Court*, would be irreproachable. The acting was good. Buckstone was inimitable in Geoffrey. His drunken scene was uproariously comic, and made the audience scream with laughter. Mr. Davenport sustained the part of Rochester with becoming dignity and ease, and Miss Reynolds made a very pretty and highly agreeable City Madam, and supported the interests of the ladies of the Corporation with native grace and propriety.

The dresses for the most part were appropriate, but attention was not always paid to the customs of the period. Why did Miss Reynolds wear her hair after the modern fashion? and why did some of the gentlemen wear perriwigs, and others none? Also, why were the same costumes of the gentlemen worn on the Mall and at Court? and why did Mr. Howe wear his hat on in the drawing room, in presence of a lady? We pause for a reply!

Provincial

DUBLIN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—I informed you in my last of the arrival in Dublin of Jullien, accompanied by his excellent orchestra, the charming Jetty Treffz, Vivier, the horn-wonder, and lastly, and by no means the quietest portion of the *troupe*, the French drummers. Of the many and welcome visits of Mons. Jullien, none, I should think, have been more, if so successful as the present. The Rotunda has been crowded, and hundreds have nightly sought in vain for admission. The programmes have been varied on each night of the performance, and have introduced the soloists who produced so lively a sensation at the concerts in Drury-lane, during the months of November and December. Mons. Jullien deserves unlimited credit for his spirit in securing the services of so many artists of undoubted talent. The bands which, in nearly every instance, have been engaged for *tournées* in England, have been made up of materials which could not bear a close examination, generally being a kind of stage scene, which required stage light, in the shape of a "star." The consequence was, that the performances were tedious, and seldom remunerative to the speculator. Mons. Jullien has reformed this: his *troupe* is composed of artists, of London and European fame. His band comprises the most eminent orchestral performers in London, amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. Lavigne, Pratten, König, Jarrett, Cioffi, Collinet, Somers, Baker, Doyle, Bezeth, V. Collins, L. Collins, Sonnenberg, Kliegel, Winterbottom, Band, &c. &c. The *ensemble* produced by such a combination of talent is naturally very fine; in fact, it is worth buying a concert ticket, if only to hear one movement of a symphony. It is the only opportunity we have of hearing many points in those great works given with delicacy and precision, which can alone be effected by performers possessing great mechanical skill and long experience.

All—nearly all—the artists I have mentioned have played solos during the series of concerts, and have met with great and deserved success. I would particularly mention the performances of M. Lavigne on the oboe, and those of Mr. Winterbottom on the bassoon. It was the first opportunity we had of hearing M. Lavigne in Dublin. He has an extraordinary command of his instrument; his tone is remarkably pure, and his taste unexceptionable. He played two solos, and was encored in both. Mr. Winterbottom is a great acquisition to our instrumentalists in this country. The bassoon being an instrument so rarely studied with success, it is rare to meet with a performer who has any pretension above mediocrity. Mr. Winterbottom, though evidently a very young man, has already accomplished much towards obtaining a distinguished position. He has a beautiful tone, wide compass, and plays invariably in tune. With perseverance he is sure of success. Mr. Viotti Collins (violin) was loudly applauded and encored for his clever playing in the *Carnaval de Venise*. Signor Cioffi obtained a similar compliment for his admirable performance on the trombone.

Madlle. Jetty Treffz has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. She has been in first-rate voice during her visit. At the concert given for her benefit, which was filled to overflowing, she sang Mozart's "Vedrai carino" deliciously, and was unanimously encored; and in the second act she gave some Irish melodies, which quite enchanted the audience. I think her voice is more powerful than it was last season, without having lost any of its sweetness. A residence in our generally condemned climate appears to agree with the fair artiste. I hope she will make up her mind to stay amongst us. She is a universal favourite, and will command admiration and respect wherever she may go.

I have not yet mentioned the performance of M. Vivier. We have made several attempts to induce M. Vivier to visit us, but hitherto without success. The honour of introducing him to an Irish public was reserved for M. Jullien. Our curiosity was great to hear and see him, having heard so much mention of his talents as a musician, philosopher, and *homme d'esprit*. Of the two latter I have had no opportunity to judge, not having any personal acquaintance with M. Vivier (although his intelligent physiognomy leaves me no doubt in the matter); but of his performance on the French horn I can answer; and I agree with all who had an opportunity of hearing him, that he is one of the most finished and impressive performers I have ever heard on any instrument. He is sure of every thing he attempts—by no means a common occurrence with performers on the horn—and his tone is magnificent. He is a first-rate singer on his instrument, which in his hands may be called a horn of many notes—a horn of plenty for M. Jullien, since it attracts crowds nightly, to hear the two or three, and I know not how many more notes produced simultaneously. M. Vivier's new effects are no less wonderful than pleasing; but independent of these he is a great performer on his instrument. His success has been immense. The French Drummers have created quite a *furor*.

A Review (in honor of these warlike visitors) of all the regiments stationed in Dublin took place on Thursday last. The British soldiers seemed to enjoy the scene. They were mightily amused with the *Tambour Majeur*, who had decorated his person with all the colors of the rainbow, and walked at the head of his "corps" with the authority and pomposity of a huge turkey-cock strutting at the head of a brood. He is a most amusing personage, and appears to attach no slight importance to the functions of tambour-major. He formed a strong contrast to the business-like manner and quiet demeanor of the British drum-major. However, the French and English soldiers appear to entertain a high respect for each other, which, aided by an excellent dinner, provided by the town-major and the officers of the different regiments, ripened into a positive attachment. M. Jullien and his orchestra were also invited to lunch with the officers. It is an unusual thing to meet French and English soldiers, arm-in-arm; but here, when you meet a French soldier, he is sure to be accompanied by some of his ancient rivals. Of the performances of the French drummers so much has been said, and so many have been to hear them, that it would be superfluous to compliment them further. Their style of performance was new to us, and as introduced by M. Jullien in

the *Exhibition Quadrille*, exceedingly effective. During the series of concerts we have had movements from the symphonies of Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; selections from "Robert," "Le Prophete," "Les Huguenots," and "Norma;" the *Exhibition Quadrille*, waltzes, polkas, &c., &c., by Jullien and Kœnig. On dit, Jullien intends to visit America, and that the present is to be his last visit but one. We shall all regret the discontinuance of his annual visits; he has done a great deal towards improving and directing the taste of the public; his concerts have served as a neutral ground for amateurs of the most opposite tastes. Every one has found something to his fancy. We shall really miss him when he leaves us.

The concert for the benefit of M. Jullien, and the last of the present series, was the fullest of all.—I understand that he has been very successful in Cork and Limerick. I will write again as soon as anything musical occurs.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—I shall commence my communication this week with the following article, abridged from the *Courier*, concerning the Liverpool Welsh Choral Society:—"This society gave its eighth public performance in the lecture-hall of the Mechanics' Institution, on Wednesday last. The audience was numerous and respectable, though not so large as on a former occasion. Mr. W. Thomas conducted, and Mr. W. B. Rogers presided at the organ, the principal vocalists being Miss Williams, Mrs. Morris, Messrs. Morris, Roberts, E. Jones, and Pierce. The first part consisted of selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, and the second part of a miscellaneous selection of sacred music, with Welsh words. Miss Williams possesses an excellent organ, and read her part very correctly. The air, "From mighty kings," she sang exceedingly well, and deserved the hearty encore she received. Mr. Pierce sang nearly all the portions assigned to him very efficiently. With due attention, proper training, and practice, he will soon take his place as one of our best local bass singers: The society is fortunate in having the services of Mr. Rogers, whose performances were warmly applauded. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Thomas for the great improvement he has effected during the short time he has been conductor, and if the same perseverance be displayed during the next year, we may expect this society to rank as one of our best."

Mrs. E. Kemble commenced a series of readings from Shakespeare on Wednesday week, at the Philharmonic Hall, on which occasion she read the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, before a small but delighted audience. On Friday she selected *Romeo and Juliet*. The applause, as on the previous occasion, was incessant and spontaneous—an honour well merited by the talents of Mrs. Kemble. On Wednesday that most sparkling and delightful of comedies, *Much Ado about Nothing*, was the play chosen for the reading. The versatility of Mrs. Kemble was again conspicuous; the war of words between Benedick and Beatrice were given with much unction, while the stolid pomposity and senility of Dogberry and Verges were most truthfully hit off. The reading of the scenes in which these two worthies appear, created roars of laughter. The more poetical and serious portions were delivered with graceful and expressive feeling.

At our Amphitheatre the monotony of the scenes in the circle have been relieved by a grand military spectacle, entitled *Napoleon*, in which M. Bastien Franconi personates the Emperor with a truthfulness that would make Gomersall die with envy. In addition, the artistes, assisted by some of the privates of the 91st Regiment, were dressed in the veritable uniforms worn by Napoleon's Generals and the Imperial Guard. The effect was highly pleasing and novel. There was no dramatic representation, but a series of graphic tableaux, which advantageously displayed the peculiar excellencies of the troupe, and elicited loud applause. The scenes in the circle presented no novelty, though the astounding performances of M. Maus on the slack-wire created the usual astonishment—a more wonderful performance we never witnessed; and, like George the Third when he saw the apple in the dumpling, we cannot discover how it is done. The eleventh morning performance took place on Wednesday, before a fashionable audience.

At the Theatre Royal the pantomime terminates its successful career next week, the last performance taking place on the 15th instant. On Monday evening Mr. Hackett, of American celebrity, will appear as Falstaff, and during his engagement, in several Yankee farces.

Speaking of the forthcoming Philharmonic Concert, the *Times* says, "The first subscription concert for the season takes place on Tuesday next, and, if the talent engaged is a criterion of what is to follow, we may congratulate the music-loving public on the fact that the forthcoming season will be one of the most brilliant that has taken place in Liverpool. Madlle. Angri is the only contralto living who can stand the test of greatness after Alboni. As a singer of English ballads and the florid bravuras of Rossini, she holds a higher position than any foreign vocalist who has lately sung in English. Of Madlle. Graumann we know but little, though we have seen her name favourably mentioned by our contemporaries. M. Jules Stockhausen has already become a favourite, and Signor S. Tamburini gives promise of excellence. Of the instrumentalists, it is sufficient to say that Ernst is the greatest of living violinists, while Mr. F. Mori bears a name associated with musical attainments of the highest order. We trust that the chorus will this season be brought forward more prominently, and give us a little novelty; for instance, some of those massive concerted pieces from the *Prophete*, *Huguenots*, *William Tell*, *Moisé*, &c., which have nightly created such unwonted enthusiasm at the Royal Italian Opera. Such a step would, we feel certain, give universal satisfaction. Our choir is the best-voiced (if we may coin a word) in England, while their musical proficiency has been universally praised by the most critical and competent critics in the world."

I understand that Mr. Albert Smith, the wit, the novelist, the dramatist, and we know not how many other things, will shortly appear in his new entertainment, entitled, *The Overland Mail*, at the Philharmonic-hall. Wherever the all-talented Albert has appeared, he has been welcomed by overflowing audiences, and we advise those who love a hearty laugh, and instruction mingled with amusement, to go and hear the "Prince of Smiths" relate his adventures by sea and land.

We hear Mr. Thomas, leader of the Philharmonic band, has arranged to go to London, to assist his friend, Mr. Horsley, on the event of the performance of *David*, at Exeter Hall this month. It is a display of zeal we are glad of being able to record.

Messrs. Thomas and Haddock's fifth Chamber Concert will be held on the 1st instant. The programme is peculiarly attractive, and includes the posthumous quartet of Beethoven.

February 6, 1851.

J. H. N.

CLIFTON.—On Tuesday, the 28th ult., Mr. H. C. Cooper gave his annual concert at the Victoria Rooms. The programme was almost entirely composed of classical chamber music. The room was filled by an audience of little short of 400 persons. A local journal writes as follows:—"A more chaste and classical entertainment has seldom been heard in this city. The main features were selected from the instrumental writings of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Molique, which were performed by Herr Molique and Mr. Cooper (violins), Mr. H. Hill, of her Majesty's private band (viola), and Mr. Scipio Rousselot, Director of the Beethoven Quartett Society (violinello). Herr Molique is a finished performer; his tone pure and silvery, his intonation faultless, and his style altogether suited to the interpretation of classical music. Mr. H. Hill is a master of his instrument, and, like Molique, depends for his effects upon legitimate expression. M. Rousselot's violinello playing is polished, and he seems quite at ease in the execution of the most complicated passages. With Mr. Cooper's powers our readers have been long since familiar. The concert commenced with a quartett on F, by Molique, classical in form, and sufficiently intricate to test the powers of the performers. The quartett was finely played, and the *finale* called forth repeated plaudits. Miss Owen followed in a ballad by Sterndale Bennett, "To Chloe in sickness." She is young, and possesses a *contralto* voice of limited compass, but of pleasing quality. She sang the ballad in question, and, in the second part, Mendelssohn's "Savoyard's song," slightly varied, to bring it

within her register, with agreeable effect. The next performance was an *andante* and *scherzo* from a posthumous quartett, by Mendelssohn, in the best style of the master, original and striking; the simple melody of the *andante* gave prominence to the tenor part, and displayed to advantage the rich tone of Mr. Hill. The *scherzo* is singularly light and fanciful, and replete with passages which enabled the performers in turn to display their powers of delicate execution. The piece was effectively rendered, and an attempt was made to encore the *scherzo*, but it was not complied with. The first part closed with a duet *concertante* for two violins, played by Herr Molique and Mr. Cooper, which afforded a fine opportunity of estimating the merits of those eminent performers. Like most of the violin compositions of Spohr, it is full of difficulties, all the effects of expression and contrast of which the instrument is capable being brought into requisition. In the *allegro*, which was finely played, the tones of the two violins blended exquisitely. The theme *adagio*, full of tender and expressive melody, is given alternately to either instrument, while the other plays a *pizzicato* accompaniment. The *finale presto*, a masterly piece of writing, was played with great precision and spirit, and elicited repeated bursts of applause, and a call for repetition, which was, however, met with no better success than attended the previous encore. The second part opened with Beethoven's *quartet* in E flat, No. 10, op. 74, one of the finest compositions of its class, original, sparkling, fanciful, and grand, presenting effects which one would scarcely believe capable of being produced by so limited a number of instruments. The concert closed with another fine quartett in E minor, by the same master (No. 8, Rasamovsky), played with precision and regard to expression, which gave the utmost effect to every point. The concert finished at eleven o'clock, the audience being evidently gratified by the entertainment." The quartetts were led alternately by Herr Molique and Mr. Cooper.

GLOUCESTER.—Mr. J. W. Needham's Quartett Concert took place on Wednesday evening last, at the Shire-hall in this city; a great musical feast to those whose taste was sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the selection, which for the most part was of the highest order. The executants, Molique, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot, rendered the pieces entrusted to them with the fullest effect. The quartetts were one of Molique's in F, op. 18; a posthumous quartett of Mendelssohn, op. 81; No. 10 in E flat, op. 74, and No. 8 in E minor, op. 59, of Beethoven; a duetto *concertante* for violins, No. 6 in D minor, by Spohr; a sonata by Beethoven for piano, and three songs. The duet for the violins was brilliantly executed by Molique and Cooper, and elicited much applause. The songs by Miss Owen were pleasingly sung. Whilst we admit the high character of the music selected, we think Mr. Needham miscalculated the capabilities of the audience. Musical taste requires much cultivation to appreciate such a selection. The two quartetts of Beethoven are of the most intricate and elaborate character, requiring a large acquaintance with them before they can be really enjoyed. There are many of his quartetts more simply constructed and more full of flowing melody, appreciable to ordinary ears. Again, why could not a place be found for one of the charming quartetts of Mozart or Haydn? We say this in good feeling towards Mr. Needham, for we consider that he deserves well of the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood for the spirited attempt to introduce amongst us a character of music rarely enjoyed out of the metropolis; and it is because we fear the attempt on his part to "feed babes with strong meat" will nip in the bud a taste which he has been mainly instrumental in encouraging, that we throw out these remarks. The room was thinly attended, but the very unfavourable state of the weather, and other circumstances, contributed to keep many away. The musical pleasures of this city have been this week agreeably varied by the performance at the theatre on Monday night of Balfe's well-known opera of *The Bohemian Girl*. The musical corps consisted of Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Honnor, Mr. Travers, Sig. Borroni, and Herr Kuchler. The opera is familiar to all lovers of stage music; and we need only say that it was, for a country theatre, in which such representations are entirely new, most creditably performed, and was well received by a crowded and fashionable house. Miss Isaacs sang, "I dreamt I dwelt in

marble halls," and the other parts falling to her lot, with taste and effect. The vocalization of Borroni, of Travers, and Kuchler, was admirable.—*Gloucester Journal*.

WINDSOR.—The second concert of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Choral Society, for the season 1850-1, took place at the Town Hall, by permission of the Mayor, on Tuesday evening. The hall was crowded in every part. The principal vocalists were Miss Byers, Master Hardy, Mr. John Mitchell, Mr. S. Smith, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Marriott, Mr. Knowles, and Mr. Whitehouse. The instrumentalists consisted almost entirely of members of her Majesty's private band, and the band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). Dr. Elvey officiated as conductor, and Mr. E. Chipp as leader. The leading feature of the entertainment was the Cantata on the birthday of her Majesty, performed before the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Court, at Windsor Castle, during the Christmas week. The instrumental introduction called into action the combined force of the bands. The recitative—"The rolling year leads on the bounteous May," and the air—"Sov'reign before whose honor'd throne," were nicely given by Mr. Montem Smith, and was followed by the chorus—"The signal chime breaks on the list'ning hour." The clear shrill notes of the boys from St George's choir, mingled with the full-toned melody of the principal vocalists, and the host of chorus singers, had a commanding effect, heightened by the appropriate instrumental accompaniment. The madrigal—"Through the realm from sainted pile," came upon the audience as a welcome change. The chorus again broke forth in "Again the chime—again o'er hall and bower," and was followed by the solo-soprano—"O thou Supreme o'er earth and skies," by Miss Byers, who rendered the words with considerable emphasis. The solo mezzo-soprano—"With thy enduring aid, O Lord," by Master Hardy, was highly creditable, and promised well for the future career of the youthful vocalist. The semi-chorus—"Great Father, guard their princely race," was excellently given. The chorus—"Thine, Britannia, evermore," concluded the Cantata, and we do not exaggerate the feeling of the audience when we say that the composition, as a whole, was rapturously received. Mr. Marriott gave "The Death of Abercrombie" and was warmly applauded. Dibdin's words and Braham's music, in less skilful hands than Mr. Marriott's, would have commanded a cheer from any British audience. Schubert's German song "The Wanderer," was well adapted to display the compass of voice and execution of Mr. Whitehouse. As might have been anticipated his "endeavours to please," were "crowned with" an encore. Mendelssohn's glee—"O hills, O vales of pleasure," the ancient madrigal—"Down in a flowery vale," and Miss Byers's Italian song, by Donizetti, completed the vocal portion of the first part, which was brought to a close by Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio*. The second part commenced with the "Wedding March," by the entire band. Then followed a duo on the violin and violoncello, by Messrs. Day and Horatio Chipp (of her Majesty's private band), on themes from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. The execution of Messrs. Day and Chipp (masters of their respective instruments), called forth reiterated bursts of applause. Mr. Montem Smith sang "Lily Gray," and Mr. Knowles was encored in that established favourite "I'm going Jessy, far from thee." A glee and a madrigal intervened. Then followed a solo, by Mr. Chipp, on the violoncello, which we need scarcely say was all that could be desired. Another glee, a ballad by Miss Byers, and the National Anthem concluded by far the most successful of any of the Society's concerts.—*Abridged from the Windsor and Eton Express*.

GLoucester.—It spoke well for the attractions of the concert on Wednesday night, that, amidst torrents of rain and the howling of the pitiless storm, there was mustered in the Shire-hall so large and so fashionable an audience as we found seated at eight o'clock, round the little platform raised in the centre of the room. The inclemency of the weather, nevertheless, had evidently a detrimental effect upon the attendance, as was evinced by numerous vacant seats, previously taken by parties intending to be present. A recent melancholy circumstance also kept away several influential families; but the select

audience was capable of appreciating the "concord of sweet sounds" produced by the union of poetry and artistic skill. The artistes engaged held a position which almost place them above provincial criticism. Herr Molique, the eminent composer; Mr. H. C. Cooper, of the Royal Italian Opera, and one of the soloists at the Philharmonic Concerts; Mr. H. Hill, of her Majesty's private band, and principal tenor at the Royal Italian Opera; and M. Rousselot, the distinguished violoncellist, are all members of the "Beethoven Quartett Society." The quartetts selected for the occasion were two by Beethoven—No. 10, in E flat, (op. 74), and No. 8 in E minor (op. 59); a posthumous quartette in F minor by the lamented Mendelssohn, and another by Molique himself. Besides these, there was a *duet concertante* for two violins, by Spohr. If we could make any distinction we should, perhaps, give the preference to Mendelssohn's quartett, although all were performed in a first-rate style of excellence. The duet between Herr Molique and Mr. H. C. Cooper, a delicious *morceau*, was exquisitely rendered and elicited the greatest enthusiasm. Mdlle. Clara Loveday also gave great satisfaction by her performance of a pianoforte sonata by Beethoven. The instrumental part of the concert was varied agreeably. Three songs were given by Miss Owen, a promising pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, who possesses a clear and musical *contralto*. On the whole, the concert was one of a highly classical character, and we only regret that we have so few opportunities in Gloucester of enjoying such a treat as was afforded on this occasion.—*Abridged from the Gloucester Chronicle*.

CHELENTHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Woodward, a highly respected *entrepreneur* in this town, gave a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, on Friday morning (the 31st ult.), at the Assembly Rooms. The singers were Mdlle. Angri, Signor S. Tamburini, and M. Stockhausen: the instrumentalists Herr Ernst (violin), and F. Mori (pianoforte). After a duet from *Don Pasquale*, by Signors S. Tamburini and M. Stockhausen, Mdlle. Angri sang the "Una voce" in a dashing manner. Herr Ernst then came forward and was greatly received. He played his own fantasia, *Otello*, in a superlative style of excellence, and was immensely applauded. I never heard such fine, broad violin playing, allied to such deep and varied expression in my life. I have no remembrance of Paganini, although, when very young, I was present at one of his concerts. M. Stockhausen, a clever bass singer, gave two songs, by Mendelssohn and Kucken, in conjunction. That of Mendelssohn, "On song's bright pinions," is a perfect gem; it was well sung and capably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. F. Mori; that of Kucken was rather insipid, though not devoid of a certain kind of prettiness. A song called "Assination," by Mr. F. Mori, with a lively accompaniment, was sung with much taste by Mdlle Angri; but I did not greatly care for Signor Tamburini's *Canzone Napolitaine*, which followed it. A duet for violin and piano, on the *Huguenots*, by Thalberg and De Beriot, was finely executed by Ernst and F. Mori; but with all its brilliancy, it appeared to me very flat and stale as music. In the second part there were "La ci darem," by Angri and Tamburini, some Swiss melodies by M. Stockhausen, and the *Carnaval de Venise* by Ernst, which last most humorous and delightful bit of fiddling created a furor. The concert ended with a selection from Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened*, consisting of a ballad, "Forget it not" (Mdlle. Angri), a serenade, "Oh, listen dearest," (M. Stockhausen), a *rondo* in the *bravura* style, "Gone, he's gone" (Mdlle Angri), and a trio, in canon, "Good night," (Angri, Tamburini, and Stockhausen). All these pieces were exceedingly well sung, and with all I was delighted. The serenade in G major is deliciously quaint and smooth, and "Gone—he is gone," in D flat, one of the most effective florid cavatinas I have heard. The last was sung, with great vigour and animation, by Mdlle. Angri. This trio reminded me of something in the same composer's *Devil's Opera*—I forget what. I have not mentioned the encores, which were too many to enumerate. The audience, more select and *distingué* than numerous, left the Assembly Rooms in perfect good humour with the entertainment that had been provided for them. Ernst alone would have been worth the price of a concert-ticket.

BATH.—The "Ladies' Concert," last week, by the Harmonic Society, at the Assembly Room, was well attended, and passed off with great *éclat*. The singers were Mrs. Pyne and Miss Gilbert, Messrs. Bianchi Taylor, Millar, Pyne, Bell, Thomas (one of Mr. B. Taylor's pupils, attached to the choir of the Worcester Cathedral), Bell, E. Lansdown, and Tanner. The vocal selection was from the works of Calcott, Stevenson, Bishop, Macfarren, Parry, &c. The instrumental solo players were Messrs. Salmon (violin), Harvey (clarinet), and Williams (cornet-a-piston). The overture to *Cenerentola* was very well performed. Henry Harford, Esq., one of the vice Presidents, was in the chair.

CROYDON.—A *troupe* of artists, headed by the celebrated violinist, Ernst, accompanied by Mdlle. Angri, the accomplished *contralto*, Herr Stockhausen (basso), S. Tamburini (barytone), Mr. Frank Mori (conductor), gave a concert last week at the Greyhound Assembly Room. The programme contained two solos by Herr Ernst—both of which were magnificently played, and both encored with the greatest enthusiasm—several brilliant solos by Mdlle. Angri, in which the celebrated *contralto* took the audience by surprise, and won herself the highest honours, receiving an *encore* for nearly every one of her songs; besides other vocal *morceaux* by the gentlemen, who obtained various degrees of favour. The room was crowded to excess, all the fashionables of the locality attending.

LEAMINGTON.—Mrs. N. Merridew's annual Grand Morning Concert took place on Saturday, at the Royal Assembly-rooms. The executants engaged were the great violinist, Ernst; the celebrated *contralto*, Elena Angri; the accomplished pianist and accompanist, Mr. F. Mori; the popular artists, Signor S. Tamburini and M. Stockhausen. The rooms were crowded with the rank and fashion of the place. Mrs. Merridew was patronized by nearly one hundred of the nobility and gentry, all of whom were present. The primal honours were carried off by Ernst and Angri. The great violinist was listened to with breathless attention, and applauded to the echo. The fair *contralto* created a most lively sensation. M. Mori's pianoforte playing was universally admired, and, in short, everything afforded abundant satisfaction.

Original Correspondence.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS ON METHUSALEM.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Being a *Scribe* of the Pentateuch, I dare not sit quietly and allow a palpable error pass on to deceive the public.

In your valuable paper of the 26th January, 1851, I find Mr. Charles Mathews defending himself from the attack of a gentleman nominating himself "Screw-tator," of King's College, Cambridge, by proving that *Methusalem* is right, and not *Methuselah*. His proof consists of great names, such as Rashi, Gemora, Dr. Adler, the Beth-din, &c. &c. But with all due respect to Mr. Mathews; I think he is in error, and makes mistakes, to say the least of it, and must beg to be allowed to state that it is impossible to believe that either the Rev. Dr. Adler, the Beth-din, or any other authority has given its opinion that *Methusalem* is right and *Methuselah* is wrong, because it is inconsistent in the extreme. Even supposing that these parties would have pronounced as Mr. M. states (which I deny), their opinion could not be valid, because there are thousands of Hebrew bibles in print, and, perhaps, thousands of written Hebrew Pentateuchs in England, wherein you can only find five times in Genesis and once in Chronicles the name "*Methuselah*," or, as the Rev. Dr. Raphael spells it, "*Methushe Ich*," or, more properly, "*M'thushelabb*," as the last letter is a *hheth*,

hhlshuthm

more aspirate than a single h, thus, מְתוּשֶׁלַח: read the consonants above the word from right to left, like the Hebrew written and read, and you will find it right. I consider that Mr. Mathews has made a farce of it.

I am, Sir, yours, respectfully,

Salford, Manchester.

M. H. S.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Dear Sir,—I am fully aware that J. B. Cramer was born in Germany, yet our own country justly claims the merit of having educated the artist, and made the man. "In mind and principle, in language, in an ardent attachment to the government under which he lived, and in the true inheritance of those distinguished traits which so peculiarly distinguish the Englishman, Mr. Cramer has always been considered a native of Britain."

The above I have taken from an account of his life.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

ORPHEUS.

Feb. 5th, 1851.

Miscellaneous.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREEES.—The first of the annual series of these chamber performances took place on Tuesday, the 28th ult., at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street. The programme was especially good, and comprised several novelties. Pinto's sonata in G minor, for pianoforte and violin, was not the least acceptable of these. This composition of an original and accomplished musician was, among others, lately rescued from oblivion by M. Alexandre Bilet. Beethoven's sonata in C (op. 102) for pianoforte and violoncello, was introduced by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. This is one of the latest works of the composer; and, although abounding in eccentricities, evidences a profundity of thought, and a command of beautiful ideas, even to profusion. Both sonatas were admirably executed. In the first, Mr. Lindsay Sloper obtained the aid of Mr. Dando; in the latter, Mr. Lucas. Beethoven's trio in E flat (op. 70, No. 2), by Messrs. Sloper, Dando, and Lucas, was welcomed by the audience as an old and familiar friend, and was a highly interesting performance. Mr. Sloper exhibited his solo power in Handel's *Chaconne* in G, from the *Suite de Pièces*; a single movement from Heller's sonata on Mendelssohn's "*Volkslied*;" the *presto scherzando* in F sharp minor of the last-named composer; and four compositions of his own, including a serenade, two studios, and a *tarentella*. The serenade and *tarentella* are old acquaintances, but the two studios are new, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, will add considerably to Mr. Sloper's reputation as a composer. Mr. Sloper's pianoforte playing made a decided impression, being honoured with frequent and warm plaudits. His facility of execution was displayed to singular advantage in the rapid and brilliant passages of the *tarentella*. The vocal music was assigned to Miss Dolby and Mr. Benson. Miss Dolby sang Mendelssohn's "*O sage mein Herz*" and "*Jagd Lied*," and a ballad entitled "*Ida, Ida*," by Miss Laura Barker. She was in fine voice, and sang to perfection. Mr. Benson gave Mozart's "*Forget me not*," and a new song, "*Meeting and Parting*." Mr. Sloper accompanied both singers.

FERDINAND HILLER, the composer and pianist, is in Paris for a short time.

AUBER AND ALBONI.—The name of the opera which Auber is writing for Alboni is *La Corbeille d'Oranges*.

BOUFFE, the celebrated comedian, is about to re-open the *Vau-deville*.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.—The Dublin public will be disappointed of their promised treat. *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the other operas which were to have been performed by a caste, rarely equalled on a provincial tour, which included Madame Grisi, Miss Bassano, Sims Reeves, &c., will not be done; as, in consequence of the severe indisposition of Madame Grisi, which precludes the possibility of her performing for some weeks to come, the tour is abandoned.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY repeat their performance or "*Israel in Egypt*" for the last time on Wednesday next, the 12th instant.

GUSTAVUS BROOKE, and Mrs. Mowatt, the American actress, have been performing at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, with considerable success. Their selection of characters has been the usual round of provincial legitimacy.

CROSBY-HALL.—Mr. Dando's second Quartet Concert took place on Monday evening. The principal pieces were Haydn's quartet in F major (No. 82); Mozart's quartet in G major (op. 10); Mayseder's sextet in D major (op. 55); and Beethoven's trio in E flat major (No. 1, op. 1). The stringed instruments with Mr. Dando were Messrs. A. Mellon, Hill, W. Thomas, Lucas, and Severn. Kate Loder took the principal part in Beethoven's trio, and played Mendelssohn's Caprice in A minor for the first time in public. Miss Dolby introduced a cantata of Miss Laura Barker, called "Enone," and Mendelssohn's lieder "O Sage Mein Herz," and "Jagd Lied." Mr. Rae accompanied the vocal music. The third concert takes place on Monday, February 24.

MISS BASSANO.—It will be seen, by a reference to our advertisement page, that this favourite vocalist continues to receive her pupils in town, the Dublin operatic tour, which Miss Bassano was to have joined, being abandoned in consequence of the illness of Madame Grisi.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER's second soirée of Chamber Music will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Tuesday evening.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The Governors and Court of Assistants of this institution, which has been established upwards of a hundred and thirteen years, have just presented the donors and members with the annual report. The list of claimants consists of eleven members, thirty-eight widows, and twenty-three children. During the past year the receipts were £2,676 17s. 9d.; the expenditure (including allowances to claimants) £2,048 16s. 10d. Temporary relief, £150 4s. 6d., Funeral expenses, £36, Apprentice premiums and gratuity, £55. Widow's dowry, £31 10s. Schooling £34 19s. Benefactions to non-claimants and aged claimants, £56 19s., £2,622 2s. 9d., leaving a balance of £54 14s. Cash at bankers, Christmas 1850, £261 4s. 11d. The property of the Fund is as follows:—£22,700 Three per Cent Consols; £19,650 ditto, Reduced; £7,000 ditto, South Sea; £10,139 Three and a Quarter per Cents.; making a total of £59,489, and yielding an interest of £1,810 0s. 8d. per annum.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—The Queen gave a dramatic representation on Friday evening, the 31st ult., at Windsor Castle. About eight o'clock her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena entered the temporary theatre, in which the performance took place, accompanied by the distinguished guests staying at the Castle, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Royal Household in waiting. Her Majesty's private band was in attendance during the evening in an ante-room. The Queen and Prince Albert having been conducted to their seats by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, and the visitors being also seated, the performance commenced. The following was the programme:—By command, her Majesty's servants performed Shakspeare's Comedy of *As You Like It*. Duke, Mr. King; Frederick, Mr. C. Fisher; Amiens, Mr. J. Binge; Jaques, Mr. Charles Kean; Le Beau, Mr. James Vining; Charles, Mr. F. Cooke; Oliver, Mr. Ryder; Jaques (Son of De Bois) Mr. G. Everett; Orlando, Mr. Alfred Wigan; Adam, Mr. Bartley; Dennis, Mr. R. Cathcart; Touchstone, Mr. Keeley; Corin, Mr. Addison; Sylvius, Mr. J. F. Cathcart; William, Mr. Meadows; Eustace, Mr. Daly; Louis, Mr. Stacey; Foresters Mr. Miller, Mr. Pendergrass, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Butler, Mr. Lomax, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Nye, and Mr. Field; Rosalind, Mrs. Charles Kean; Celia, Miss Vivash; Phoebe, Miss Le Clercq; Audrey, Mrs. Keeley. Director, Mr. Charles Kean; Assistant-Director, Mr. George Ellis. The theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

MR. MACREADY'S BENEFIT.—Mr. Macready will take his farewell of the British Public, on his benefit night, at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, the 26th inst., when he will appear in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. Between the first and second pieces, the long-celebrated tragedian, whose energy and other remarkable powers are so unabated that the term veteran can only have reference to his length of service, will speak his parting, and, no doubt, touchingly eloquent address. It will be something to remember. Mr. Macready feels intensely when he utters the language of imaginary characters. What will be his sensations when

speaking his own words—when acting his own part? Those are trying times for favourite performers. It is like pulling them up by the roots, for there is a fascination in the applause of mankind, a charm in excelling, to which the player clings, and for the profession of his choice he has no common affection; and what will he not endure, what will he not attempt, what will he not sacrifice to maintain a position—ay, the prospect of a position in public esteem? Mr. Macready's retirement is an event of such importance, that persons of distinction are anxious for permission to stand upon or near the stage during his address, and many are making great efforts to take subordinate parts in the performance of *Macbeth*. As the night approaches, the interest will increase, and Drury-lane will not be spacious enough to accommodate half those who want places. There will be much to reconcile the eminent performer to the step he takes, independently of the prospect his social position presents—much to alleviate the pain of that "Farewell." Upon this, however, we will not speculate, but, in common with others, we look with much curiosity for his latest words in reference to the Drama he has so long and materially helped to uphold, and to himself, its principal living representative.—*Era*.

THE EARL OF WILTON.—This accomplished amateur is about to publish a collection of Hymns, Chants, and Responses, arranged by himself. We hope to have an opportunity of pointing out their merits to our readers.

SUSSEX HALL.—A concert was given at this hall last week, in aid of the "Youth's Benevolent Society." A large audience was collected by the attractive names of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Madlle. Wagner, and Mr. Whitworth, and the programme gave entire satisfaction.

MR. VON HOFF, the well known vocalist, is about to proceed to Italy, for the purpose of studying a year or two at Milan, under Mazzucato, and other eminent masters of the Italian school.

MADAME OURY.—This eminent pianiste is, with her husband, the well known violinist, in Paris.

MR. PRAEGER, the excellent pianist and composer, is at present one of the musical "lions" of the Paris salons.

MR. JAMES WALLACK.—We are happy to state that this admirable actor, the great type of his class, has recovered from his late severe indisposition, and will shortly make his appearance at the Haymarket theatre. His welcome will be a bumper and a salvo.

SPONTINI, the celebrated composer of *La Vestale*, and other well known operas, died on the 24th of last December, aged 72, at Majolati, near Ancona. He was for more than twenty years Director-General of the musical establishments of the King of Prussia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several notices of concerts, reviews of music, and other matters, are unavoidably postponed till next week.

DRAMATICUS.—We shall do our best to answer the questions.

ERRATUM.—In Marsyas' letter, published in our last, an error occurs in page 77, line 22, where "medium-sized bores" should read "medium-sized holes."

Advertisements.

MUSICAL.

WANTED, as Articled Music Pupil, for a Term of Years, a Youth who has received a liberal education. For particulars apply to C. D. Hackett, Mus. Bac., Oxon, Organist of the Parish Church of Liverpool.

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NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS,

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MR. HENRY C. COOPER

BEGS to inform his Pupils and Friends, that he has returned
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MISS BASSANO

BEGS to inform her friends, pupils, &c., that, in consequence
of the severe indisposition of Mde. Grial, the projected Tour in Ireland will
not be proceeded with. Miss Bassano will therefore be enabled to continue her
instruction in singing without interruption.
All communications are to be addressed to Miss Bassano, at her residence, 19,
Queensburgh Street, Regent's Park.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA. The Last performance of Han-
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Musical World, December 7.

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No. 7.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

SPONTINI.

GASPARD SPONTINI was born on the 17th of November, 1778, at Miolatti, a village situated a short distance from the Roman States. In 1791 he went to Naples, and was admitted to the Conservatoire della Pieta. He composed his first opera at the age of seventeen. It was entitled, *I Puntigli della donna*. This work did not bring him any great reputation. Italian writers were precocious before the time of Spontini; and works which bore the impress of higher genius and more matured judgment than the *Puntigli della donna* had been composed at an earlier age than seventeen. The Italian career of Spontini was not distinguished by any particular trait. His was not a brilliant and enthusiastic genius—a genius of uncontrollable fires and spontaneities—which youth cannot sway till time shall moderate—which leaves nothing for the future, but allows itself to be swept onwards by the irresistible present. In short, Spontini had no impulse—and in saying that, we deprive him of the very germ of genius. But if he had no impulse, he had zeal, ardour, and a thirsty love for his art. He worked with perseverance and assiduity. While he travelled he composed—not like poor Donizetti, in his travelling chariot with his secretary and leech beside him, but toiling on foot, or, mayhap, waggon-carried, from town to town, from kingdom to kingdom.

In 1796 he was at Rome, and wrote there *Gli Amanti in Cimento*, and at Venice, in the same year, *L'Amor Segreto*. Returning to Rome the following year, he composed the *Isola Disabitata* for the theatre at Parma. He did not go thither to superintend its production, having been engaged to bring out another opera, *L'Eroismo Ridicolo*, at the theatre at Naples. In 1798 he produced the *Teseo Riconosciuto* at Florence; shortly after, *Finta Filosofa* at Naples, and the *Fuga in Maschera*, in 1800, in the same place. During the years 1800 and 1801, while sojourning at Palermo, he composed three operas;—*I Quadri Parlanti*; *Il Finto Pittore*; and *Gli Elisi Delusi*. On his return to the continent, he wrote *Il Geloso* and *L'Audace* at Rome; and in 1802 he introduced, at Venice, *Le Metamorphosi di Pasquale*; *Chi Più* [Guarda non Vede]; and *Principessa d'Amalfi*, which was the last work he wrote in Italy. If to the above we add *Berenice*, of which some of his biographers make mention, we shall have seventeen partitions written in the space of seven years, a not very extraordinary proof of the precocity of genius. There are many admirers of Spontini—enthusiastic ones it may be readily believed—who do not hesitate to say that Rossini was indebted to him for many of those ideas which more lately took the

world by surprise, and for those forms which have been emphatically styled “Rossinian,” more ostensibly, the famous crescendo. By these admirers the finale to the first act of the *Barbiere* has been pointed out as taken from that of *Vestale*. In our estimation, a simile intended to be established between a garden snail and a tortoise would hold as good—each of them carries a house on his back.

Spontini came to Paris in 1803. He applied himself to teaching at first, and remained a whole year without arriving at any change in his fortunes. In 1804, however, he had the gratification of seeing his *Finta Filosofa* played at the Theatre-Italien. Subsequently at the Opera Comique were produced his *Julie*; or, *le Pot de Fleurs*, and *La Petite Maison*, neither of which achieved the least success. Indeed the latter named piece was the reverse of successful. Hisses in plenty were showered on the poet and composer, and the first representation of *La Petite Maison* was not suffered to be brought to a close.

To the opera of *Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez* Spontini appears to be indebted for the reputation he at present enjoys. There is a story connected with the poem of *La Vestale*, which states that M. Jouy, the poet, had sent it first to Mehul, and, upon its rejection by that composer, to Cherubini. According to this story, Spontini learned, upon the night of the fiasco of the *Petite Maison*, that Cherubini was not very anxious to set the libretto to music, and having applied for the book, obtained it. He went to work immediately, in earnest, and finished the opera in a comparatively brief space of time. But half the labour only was accomplished. His partition had yet to be represented, and before representation to be received at the theatre. In the meantime the collaboration of M. Jouy and Spontini was inaugurated by the success of the comic opera, *Milton*, which still remains in the repertoire of the theatre. Spontini composed also at this period an Italian interlude, entitled *L'Eccelsa Gora*, and an Oratorio, both produced at the theatre Louvois. The Empress Josephine appointed him her musical director, and this high position had much effect in opening the way for the representation of *Vestale*, despite the cabals, underminings, resistances, jealousies, and aspersions from sundry quarters. If the success of *La Vestale* was immense, Spontini did not obtain it without a struggle. He had opposed to him the entire of the French school entrenched and fortified at the Conservatoire, where, for a long time after the success of *Vestale*, it was considered a mark of good taste to revile it. But there only happened then that which occurred on the coming of Rossini to Paris. Masters and pedants, shocked with cer-

tain faults of grammar, scandalised with certain turns of phrase, rejected it altogether. The amateurs and scholars, feeling with the public, ran in crowds to hear *La Vestale*, and found it entirely after their taste. Condemned by the Conservatoire, as the *Cid* had been by the Academy, *La Vestale* became the idol of the Parisians, and its fame spread over France in a short time. What a gratification for Spontini, after the fiasco of his *Petite Maison*!

La Vestale was produced on the 15th December, 1807. *Fernando Cortez* made its appearance in 1809, and had a great success. It was considered less complete as a whole than the *Vestale*, but in point of originality, invention, and boldness of treatment, many thought it superior. In his subsequent works we find neither the finish of the one, nor the invention of the other. Spontini fell sadly off after the *Fernando Cortez*, and it is only through means of that work and *La Vestale*, that he can hope to obtain a niche in the Temple of Fame.

In 1810 the direction of the Theatre-Italien was confided to Spontini, but he retained it only two years. About the same time he married a niece of Mons. Erard, the celebrated pianoforte manufacturer. She proved to him a most admirable and faithful wife, and received his last sigh by his deathbed.

The later compositions of Spontini appear few and far between. *Pelage* was written in 1814, and *Les Dieux Rivaux* in 1816. In 1817 he wrote the *Danaïdes*, in which glimpses of his ancient genius are occasionally to be seen. In 1819, after much expectation, and nineteen months' rehearsals, *Olympie* was produced. This work, which Spontini recognised as his *chef d'œuvre*, and thought destined to achieve the most brilliant fortune, did not succeed. Its fate overwhelmed him with grief and disgusted him with France. Proposals made to him by the King of Prussia were accepted without a moment's hesitation. In 1820 he left Paris for Berlin, with the title of first Kapellmeister of the Court and Musical Director of the Theatre, with large emoluments accruing therefrom. He brought out *Olympie*, with the third act re-written by Hoffmann, at the Berlin theatre, but its success does not appear to have been extraordinary. From 1820 to 1827 he composed *Lalla Rookh*, a ballet-opera, for the court festivals; *Nourmahal*, *Alcidor*, and *Agnes de Hohenstanfen*, which he altered and remodelled in 1837, as he did also the *Fernando Cortez*. In addition to these, he wrote a grand march for the fête of the King of Prussia, the *Chant du Peuple Prussien*, and a hymn executed at Berlin on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor of Russia.

Spontini enjoyed at Berlin the highest eminence to which an artist could aspire; but he sought in vain for the delightful days of the *Vestale* and the *Fernando Cortez*. He had to sustain frequent and lively quarrels, which the irascibility of his temper, made more irascible by disappointed hopes, plunged him into. *Olympie* had banished him from France; *Nourmahal*, *Alcidor*, and *Agnes de Hohenstanfen*, would bring him back there. He was not content with Prussian justice, he wished to recover the suffrages of the French public. He

longed to find out if time and absence had not brought the Parisian judges to their right opinions, and to a true sense of his own merits. He hoped to find everything changed in his favour, and became solicitous to appear again before them. This hope, however, was never realised, and Spontini felt acutely the neglect or indifference of those whose favour he most prized. His disappointments, and being compelled to resign the illusions of long years that flattered his spirits and encouraged his health, embittered the last days of his life, and brought on a complication of disorders. He became partially deaf, and his memory failed him. He was recommended by his medical attendants to try his native air. For six months he remained at Jesi, a town not far from the place of his birth. The inhabitants received him with regal honours. Although afflicted with a violent rheumatic attack, he would, despite the entreaties of his wife, assist at the celebration paid to him. He caught cold in the church, and sunk under it in a few days.

If worldly distinction could have conferred happiness, Spontini's life would have flowed on more smoothly than that of most men's. He was covered with honours and decorations of all kinds. Among other titles that of Count of St. André was conferred upon him, a title which, it is more than probable, he had the weakness to prefer to that of author of *La Vestale*. Under the empire this partition has been designed for the decennial prize. The Institute had nominated Spontini member of the section of music in the room of Paer. The association of Artist-Musicians counted him amongst the founders of their society, and at their assemblies he continued for many years an assiduous attendant. Spontini wished to bequeath his manuscripts and his library to them, but was prevented by some matter of form. In his own country he created several benevolent institutions, and was a thoroughly humane and charitable man.

A grand service has been celebrated for Spontini, in the church of the Madeleine, with organ and chorus. Several *morceaux* of the *Fernando Cortez*, among others the fine and well-known duo of prisoners, were arranged to Latin words. M. Lefebvre Wely performed on the organ the Morning Hymn and march from *Vestale*. M. Derivis, the original representative of the high priest, together with a crowd of artists and confreres at the Institute, assisted at the celebration.

THE EDINBURGH COLLEGE CONCERT.

(From the Caledonian Mercury.)

The proceedings that have lately taken place with reference to this concert, call on us for a few remarks to put the public in possession of all the facts, that they may be enabled to account for the annual dissatisfaction to which this concert unhappily gives rise. Ever since the first establishment of the Chair of Music, the public have looked forward with expectation to the "Reid Commemoration Concert" as one that they had a right to expect would be the best of the season. As long as the Professorship was held by Mr. John Thompson or Sir Henry Bishop, there seems to have been no fault found with the

manner in which it was conducted. These gentlemen proceeded on the plan of making a charge of 5s. for the admission of each person, and thereby raising a sum which, with the addition of a small grant from the Reid Fund, was sufficient to cover all expenses, and give such a commemoration as proved satisfactory to the public. On the resignation of Sir Henry Bishop, Professor Donaldson, a member of the bar, was appointed to the Chair. This gentleman proceeded to fulfil the duties of the Professorship with characteristic energy and decision. He collected the necessary preliminary apparatus, and prevailed upon the Magistrates to fit up his class-room with seats, &c., on the understanding that they would be reimbursed from the Reid Fund. Application was accordingly made to the Senatus for the £250 so expended. The Senatus refused to repay it, and hence the action on which the Lord Ordinary pronounced the interlocutor so unfavourable to their pretensions to dispose of the £3,000 of annual revenue as they in their wisdom thought proper. To return, however, to the concert. On reading the will attentively it appeared to Professor Donaldson, that it was not the intention of the testator that any charge whatever should be made for the admission of the public to the annual concert, and a memorial having been prepared and laid before the most eminent counsel, they gave it as their decided opinion, that General Reid *did not intend to seek any pecuniary aid from the public, and, therefore, that all the expense attending the concert should be paid from the Fund.* In the face of this opinion, it was clearly impossible to allow the charge for admission to continue, and the Professor was therefore in a manner compelled to comply with this interpretation of the General's intentions. The difficulty then arose as to the possibility of providing an adequate commemoration concert for one half the amount previously expended. Formerly the Senatus voted only £150, but an additional £250 was raised from the sale of the tickets of admission to the public. Now they refused to give more than £200. In these circumstances the Professor endeavoured to do all that was possible with the money at his disposal, waiting with patience for the decision of the Court. This has now been pronounced, and although the judgment is not final, owing to the appeal of the Senatus to the Inner House, still the Lord Ordinary's interlocutor is the only authoritative light by which the will of General Reid must be read. In the matter of the concert, then, his Lordship distinctly declares that with it they (the Professors) had nothing whatever to do, as the duty of causing it to be given belongs altogether to the Professor of Music for the time being. In accordance with this view of the case, Professor Donaldson proceeded to give directions for carrying into effect the will of the testator, and with the view of making the concert this year a worthy commemoration of General Reid, he engaged the best foreign talent he could procure.

Before all his arrangements could be completed, however, the Senatus, in the face of the interlocutor, as well as of the Professor's representations, proceeded to vote the usual sum of £200 as sufficient to defray all expenses, Professor Donaldson refusing, however, to recognise their assumed right of restriction, on the ground of its being in itself incompetent and *ultra vires* of the Senatus.

Thus the matter stood on the 5th of December last. It would appear that from that date until the 25th of January, the Professor, being even then evidently unwilling to exceed the sum voted, endeavoured to arrange matters so as to keep the expenses within the required amount; but, after fruitless negotiation, he found that, in order to secure the services of the eminent artists he had already engaged, and at the same time to employ the resident orchestral musicians, the amount named fell short by £20 of what was absolutely requisite. The Professor having fully satisfied himself that the foreign talent alone could not be considered sufficient to form a becoming commemorative concert, gave instructions for the extra expenditure, taking upon himself the whole risk of recovering it from the Reid Fund. We understand that a full statement was then laid before the Senatus, exhibiting the items of the expenditure, and it was accompanied by extracts from the interlocutor of the Lord Ordinary, pointing out in strong terms that the concert "was not for the benefit of the University, but for the perpetuating the fame of the testator,

and advancing his favourite science," and also, that they (the Professors), had no authority under the will to fix the amount of outlay for that purpose. This statement was taken into consideration by the Principal and Professors at a meeting held on the 30th January, when they resolved that "if Professor Donaldson should expend a greater sum than the £200 already voted, they will not hold themselves responsible for such excess. And further, the Principal and Professors having appointed a committee to co-operate with Professor Donaldson in making arrangements for the concert, expect that Professor Donaldson, before issuing any tickets, will consult with that committee." Professor Donaldson having had no intimation of their intention to appoint a committee to superintend the distribution of the tickets, had previously completed the arrangements for a similar disposal of them amongst the Professors, students, and the various public bodies, as former practice justified him in adopting.

In a printed letter which has come under our observation from Professor Donaldson to Professor Kelland, the Secretary of the University, this matter is placed in a very clear light. Professor Donaldson therein remarks:—

"If a committee had been at all necessary, the selection could not have been more agreeable, but, I think that some communication should have been made of this intention, before the step was taken. What I complain of is, that these things are passed at meetings which I do not attend; which are viewed by many of the professors as illegal; and which the Principal himself has discountenanced; and that measures are adopted in a hasty and inconsiderate manner, without previous consultation with myself, and by parties who have really no right to interfere in the matter at all. I need not say what I might have done if an application had been made to me in proper time; and you will recollect that I intimated to you, that although I could not attend the meeting to which I allude, yet that I would be found in my rooms till four o'clock, and would go over to the Hall at any time for a few minutes if there was any desire to consult with me in regard to the concert. No notice was taken of that offer, and, therefore, I proceeded with and have completed my arrangements, as you will perceive from the statement sent to you the other day, and from the lithographed letter which I prepared before I left home, and which I expect is now in the hands of the Principal and Professors.

"We really ought not to forget that the concert is *not* for the University, but for the Public; and it was made a public one by purchasable tickets. You will perceive from the lithographed letter, that no less than 480 tickets are given to the Professors; and when those to the Secretary of the University, Mr. Small, and the other Librarians, Messrs. Cook, &c., &c., are added, the number exceeds 500, besides which 400 go to the students. The Music Hall will not hold more than 1500 persons, so that out of 1500 tickets, above 900 have been allotted to the University."

It seems, however, that some of the Professors have taken umbrage at what we cannot help thinking to be very straightforward conduct on the part of Professor Donaldson, declaring it to have been uncourteous, and therefore they have resolved altogether to discountenance the concert. To such an extent has this feeling been carried, that, as we are credibly informed, some of the Professors who had actually accepted their portion of the tickets, and had distributed them amongst their friends, have recalled them. We cannot believe that this paltry spirit of obstructiveness proceeds from the general body of gentlemen composing the Senatus Academicus, and we are more inclined to suspect that the fault lies with those few who attend all the business meetings, and whose *regime* is not always in accordance with the patrons and the public, or the wishes of the more numerous body of Professors, who take no interest or management in such matters; and who, with a culpable neglect of duty, we think, leave themselves altogether in the hands of others. We would now, therefore, call upon these gentlemen to come forward without delay, and put an end to such proceedings, by refusing participation in acts that can only lead to further embarrassments, and very probably considerable personal expense. It is hinted that in the event of the judgment of the Inner House being still adverse, it is the intention of the belligerent few to carry the case to the House of Lords. Pray, gentlemen, may we ask who is to pay the expense of all this litigation? You cannot, surely, expect that it is to be defrayed from the Reid Fund. Such a hope, if entertained, may

be found altogether delusive. It may be that, as on former occasions, certain members of the *Senatus* whose obstinacy outruns their judgment may agree to take upon themselves the payment of all the necessary outlay, and free you, the merely nominal men, from all embarrassment on that score. But we contend that this will by no means clear you from the unpopularity of having permitted yourselves to become parties to an action of which you yourselves could not perhaps approve.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

LUCAS V. BEALE.

'This was an action by the plaintiff, who was first violoncello-player in the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, on behalf of himself and the other members of the orchestra, against the defendant, a partner in the house of Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, music publishers, and manager of the Covent-garden Opera House.

Mr. Keating, Q.C., and Mr. Cowling were counsel for the plaintiff, and the Solicitor-general, Mr. Serjeant Byles, and Mr. Bovill for the defendant.

The action arose out of circumstances which, stated briefly, were as follows:—The Italian Opera at Covent-garden was commenced in 1846 or 1847 by Persiani, Beale, and Galetti, who procured an extensive orchestra and placed it under the superintendence of Mr. Costa. At the latter end of 1847 the defendant became the proprietor of the theatre, and entered into partnership with Mr. Delafield, but soon retired, leaving that gentleman sole proprietor. Mr. Delafield carried on the theatre until April, 1849, when he was obliged by pecuniary embarrassments to leave the country. The defendant had advanced Mr. Delafield 1000*l.*, and had also entered into a covenant to advance him 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* for the current expenses of the Opera, upon a mortgage of Mr. Delafield's house at Fulham and also the theatrical properties. Affairs went on on this footing until Mr. Delafield's departure, when the defendant became his agent in the management of the theatre, but in order to avoid personal liability he caused the following notice to be sent to each of the principal performers, and also to be stuck up in several parts of the theatre:—

"Mr. Beale thinks it right that all parties connected with the Royal Italian Opera should clearly understand his position, in order that no misconception on the subject may arise hereafter. Mr. Beale begs, therefore, to state that he is acting in the management of the Royal Italian Opera solely on behalf of, and as agent for, Mr. Delafield, and that he undertakes no personal liability or responsibility whatever.

"201, Regent-street, May, 1849."

At this time the affairs of the theatre were in great confusion; the salaries of the performers were much in arrear; and it became evident unless some measures were adopted to prevent it, the theatre must be closed. Mr. Beale, therefore, appealed to the principal singers, and they and Mr. Costa agreed that the payment of their salaries should be deferred until the close of the season, on condition that the salaries of the orchestra and chorus were paid. At this time thirteen days' arrears were due to the orchestra, and on the 9th of July they assembled together to discuss and communicate with the defendant on the subject. Accordingly the defendant, Messrs. Chappell, Mr. Gruneissen, and other gentlemen, met in one room of the theatre, and the orchestra in another, and the latter deputed the plaintiff to communicate on their behalf with the defendant. The plaintiff accordingly did so, and ultimately the following proposition was drawn up on behalf of the orchestra, and handed to the defendant:—

"July 9, 1849.

"The gentlemen of the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera House understanding that the principal singers and Mr. Costa have consented to forego any further claims on the establishment until the end of the season, in order that the choral and orchestral departments may have the benefit of such sacrifice, are willing and hereby pledge themselves to continue their services and attend their duties, provided Mr. Beale will guarantee the payment of the

thirteen nights due on the 15th ult. Signed in the name of the gentlemen of the orchestra,
C. Lucas."

A good deal of discussion took place, and at length the following paper was drawn up by Mr. Fenn, the treasurer of the theatre, and handed to the plaintiff:—

"July 9, 1849.

"Mr. Beale will accept the propositions made by Mr. Lucas on behalf of the gentlemen of the orchestra, and he will appoint the treasury to be open on the 19th inst. to pay the thirteen nights due on the 16th inst., and he pledges himself to open the treasury on the 10th and 25th of August to make further payments.

"W. H. FENN."

The plaintiff having read the paper, said it would be more satisfactory to the orchestra to have Mr. Beale's signature to it, upon which the defendant wrote across the face of the memorandum, "Approved of by me, T. F. Beale." The plaintiff then took the paper to the orchestra. The parties separated, and the house continued open for three nights longer, when news arrived of Mr. Delafield's bankruptcy, and the defendant ceased to have anything to do with the theatre. The company then formed themselves into a commonwealth, and produced the *Prophete*, with so much success that at the close of the season the claims of all the five classes into which the performers were divided were fully satisfied, except those of the fifth class, which comprised the principal performers. Nevertheless, the orchestra were not paid their thirteen days' arrears, and applied to the defendant to pay them pursuant to his agreement, but he refused, on the ground that the paper signed by him was only an agreement contingent upon all the principal singers and all the members of the orchestra assenting to the arrangements proposed, and that all had not done so; and that it was also contingent upon his having the control of the treasury of the theatre, which he had ceased to have immediately after the arrangement was entered into. Negotiations having failed to effect a settlement, the plaintiff, on behalf of himself and the rest of the orchestra, commenced the present suit for the arrears due to them, which amounted to 1280*l.* 12*s.*

Mr. Costa, the director of the orchestra, proved the facts as above stated, and that all the principal singers and all the orchestra had fulfilled their parts of the arrangement.

Upon his being asked if all the members of the orchestra had played on the nights after the arrangement,

The Lord Chief Justice said.—"You can't tell at Covent Garden whether more than one is playing.

Mr. Costa bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Several legal objections were taken at the close of the plaintiff's case, but it was ultimately decided that it should go to the jury.

The Solicitor-General then addressed the jury for the defendant, and said the action was a very hard and cruel one upon the defendant, who at the time this arrangement was made had no interest whatever in the proceeds of the performances which were going on—who was acting in the theatre, as everybody connected with it knew, only as the agent of Mr. Delafield, and who had only come forward when the affairs of the theatre were at a stand-still from a kindly motive towards the large body of artists, who, if the performances had ceased, would have been thrown out of employment. The learned gentleman then contended at considerable length, and said he should prove by evidence, that the paper was only signed by the defendant and delivered to the plaintiff provisionally upon all the artists engaged consenting to the arrangement, and that many of them, including Madame Garcia, Mdlle. Angri, Marini, and others, had refused to do so, and also that the arrangement had been superseded by the orchestra themselves when they joined the rest of the establishment in forming a commonwealth, and thereby removed the defendant from the control of the treasury. Moreover, the plaintiff, in suing the defendant, who was an agent only, had put the saddle on the wrong horse.

The Lord Chief Justice.—"Then there is no horse to put it on. It would clearly be no use to saddle Mr. Delafield.

Mr. Keating having made an observation,

The Lord Chief Justice replied—"I think you have got the wrong plaintiff, and I doubt whether you have got the right defendant (laughter).

Mr. Fenn, the treasurer of the theatre, was then called, and deposed to what took place at the interview between the plaintiff and defendant. He said that it was distinctly stated and understood that the arrangement was conditional upon its being assented to by all the singers and the whole orchestra, and that Mr. Thomas Chappell proposed that a clause should be added to that effect, but Mr. Costa said: "We are all gentlemen here, and we all understand that," and, therefore, the clause was not added. He stated that several of the principal singers and performers refused to assent to the arrangement. Also, that the plaintiff took the paper after it was signed to show it to the gentlemen of the orchestra, and that when after some time the witness sought for him, he found that he and all the orchestra had left the theatre, and had taken the agreement with them.

The Lord Chief Justice, after stating the evidence and the law on the subject to the jury, left it to them to say whether the paper in question was a proposal or an agreement, and whether it was signed by the defendant for himself or as agent for Mr. Delafield.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, found that the defendant intended the paper to be an agreement, and that he signed it for himself, and not for Mr. Delafield.

The Lord Chief Justice.—Then, as I have already intimated, I shall nonsuit the plaintiff, being of opinion that, as the consideration was a joint one, he is not entitled to bring an action on behalf of the members of the orchestra, and to recover the full amount due to the whole body.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—*Othello* has been produced with a strong cast. Mr. Anderson's Moor is a highly effective performance. This was the first part in which he appeared before a London audience at the Haymarket, and achieved his well won popularity. We should have liked a little more fire and impetuosity in Mr. Anderson's *Othello* in the third and fourth acts, for he did not carry his audience with him as he might have done. All else was entitled to praise; the tender scenes being distinguished by genuine pathos. Mr. Vandenhoff's Iago lacks but intensity and a certain fiendish earnestness which is beyond his power of abstraction, to render it a first-rate performance. The scenes with Roderigo and Cassio were excellent, and the grand scene with *Othello* had many fine points. In the soliloquies we missed the profound artist. Of the other characters we can only allude to Mr. Walter Lacy's Roderigo, which was in all respects an admirable assumption. Mr. Walter Lacy has laid hold of the true notion of Roderigo's character. We see a "silly gentleman," and no more. The conventional buffoonery of the part is happily discarded, and the might of Iago's intellect is made more manifest thereby. Mr. Walter Lacy's Roderigo is an excellent commentary on the "silly gentleman" of Shakspeare, and should be studied by all tyrones in the profession.

The exquisite Nisbett has been re-enchanting her audiences with one of her most delightful creations, *Rosalind*, in *As You Like it*; not so magical, or bewitching perhaps, as *Beatrice*—for surely Shakspeare wrote *Beatrice* prophetically for Nisbett—but every whit as true to the text and nature. Vandenhoff's Jaques is excellent, and is just fitted to his calm, severe, and solid style.

Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*, newly christened, is announced as a spectacle for early next week. The management is sparing no pains or cost to render the production worthy of the most liberal patronage. It is expected to transcend all previous efforts in the gorgeous glittering line at Drury Lane.

PRINCESS'S.—The only novelties at this house of late have been the introduction of the two performances at Windsor

Castle; these were, *The Prisoner of War*, and *The Loan of a Lover* for the first; and *As You Like It* and a popular farce, for the second performance. The cast of *As You Like It* is remarkably strong, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley among others. Mr. Charles Kean's Jaques is particularly good, and Mrs. Charles Kean's *Rosalind* has an infinity of charms. Overwhelmingly comic is Mr. Keeley's *Touchstone*: and unimaginably vague and irresistibly stupid is Mrs. Keeley's *Andrey*. Nor must we overlook Mr. Meadows' William, which constitutes the perfection of rustic nonentity.

Henry the IV. and *The Templar* are still journeying their rounds, and the Pantomime is still alive and kicking, waiting for exterminating Easter to put the extinguisher on it. Meanwhile, when are we to have Bourcicault's new piece, and Douglas Jerrold's new piece?

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Rev. James White's Tragedy "Feudal Times," was revived here on Monday. This play was originally produced at this theatre four years ago, when Miss Laura Addison played the heroine. Excepting the substitution of Miss Glyn for the former lady—no improvement, by the way—the caste is much the same as before. The most dramatic character in the piece is the Earl of Angus (Douglas), and it is exactly suited to Mr. G. Bennett, whose portrait of the proud, daring, and ferocious leader of the feudal nobility of Scotland, is highly graphic and effective. The part of the Earl of Mar, assumed by Mr. Phelps, is hardly as well suited to the actor. The King, James the Third, was given to Mr. Henry Marston, but the calm, passive benevolence of the character renders it unfit for the stage. Ethics do not amalgamate well with the tragic muse. As the doctrines of the ethical philosopher prevail, the trade of the dramatic poet must cease, for want of material. Hence, such quiet, loving arbiters of peace and good-will as King James have by no means a dramatic interest corresponding to what they possess in real life. In fact, the stage is no place for day-dreamers. The costumes are new and gorgeous; and the scenery picturesque and appropriate. A Gothic chamber in the palace, with painted windows, is unique and beautiful. The house was crowded. The pantomime has not as yet lost any of its attraction. Miss Caroline Parkes dances charmingly, and the evolutions of Mr. Stilt's little boy promise to place him out of the reach of rivalry or competition.

Foreign.

(From a Correspondent.)

NEW YORK.—The rage for Jenny Lind in this city appears to have died of its own violence, like a man in a drunken fit. The public now occupy themselves with their own affairs, or those of their nearest neighbours; the press have bawled themselves into silence; the clacques are laid up with hoarseness. In vain I have endeavoured to gain some tidings of the charming Jenny—nobody knows where she is—nobody asks where she is—nobody cares where she is. An Irishman told me the other day that this seeming coolness was but the bottling-up of their enthusiasm until Jenny Lind came back. "But," said I, "suppose she does not come back?" "Well, never mind," answered Pat, "be Jasus, my boy, we kin aisy put the bottle in the cellar till the next customer comes." "And this is fame," thought I. As I know nothing of Jenny Lind or her whereabouts, I must write to you of the pet of the hour, Parodi, who has quietly and legitimately won all our hearts. She has really earned a great name here, and has added to her reputation by sundry acts of kindness, which, all honour to

the Americans, I must say they never forget. I, who have heard Grisi and Malibran, cannot go the length of the Parodists, who insist that their idol is equal to either of the other two as a dramatic singer. No, Jonathan, my boy, that is a step beyond rational bounds. By the way, what an excitement would Grisi cause were she to come over here! It would set all America frantic, I am thinking. The Lind excitement would prove a fly-blow to it—after her first appearance. But to return to Parodi. At the concert for the Italian refugees, Parodi generously came forward to assist, and had the satisfaction of seeing around her, on Tuesday evening last, many of her warmest friends. I would gladly speak favourably of the performance, but cannot do it. With the exception of Parodi's singing, there was little deserving even of mention. The two branches of Maretzek's Italian troupe, I understand, will soon be re-united. I hope so, at least, for owing to the absence of some important members of the troupe, the late operas in this city have not been brought out in that style which the means of Maretzek and his former efforts have led us to expect. The only new feature worth chronicling since our last is the production of *Giovanna di Napoli*, under the composer's own direction.

Boston.—The Musical Fund Society's third concert had a large audience. No vocalist appeared in the programme. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was the staple article offered. For a rehearsal this performance might be tolerable—as the fitting presentment of music requiring the greatest nicety and competent wind instruments, it only excited a desire to hear a good performance by a well-appointed orchestra. The association does not evince a desire for improvement or good taste in making up its programmes, that ample patronage might reasonably produce. Until a thorough reform is made in the department of wind instruments, they can never give a perfect effect to the works of the great masters. Madame Bishop's concert on Sunday evening was a striking contrast in regard to audience or the quality of performance. She was in her best voice, and imparted to each piece the best skill, refinement, and expression her great attainments could afford. The recitative and air from *The Creation* gave her audience very different impressions of Haydn's beautiful conception from those received at the Handel and Haydn's Society's performance. "With verdure clad the fields appear, delightful to the ravished sense: by flowers sweet and gay, enhanced is the charming sight," with her graceful interpretation, charmed the audience with pleasing semblance of poetical description. The recitative, "There were Shepherds" renewed Madame Bishop's exceeding and well-deserved favour with her public for perfect recitation. When she first appeared in this city, the merit of good phrasing and musical eloquence could not be denied, even by the doubters on other points. The admirable management of breath, familiarity with the genius of every language used as the vehicle of thought and intelligent study in the author, unite to give Madame Bishop that command of musical recitation which Miss Lind can hardly claim. The air from *Judas Maccabeus*, and that from the *Messiah*, proved the artist, while they failed in breadth and fulness of tone—without forcing or exaggeration—to meet the expectation of superlative excellence which "With verdure clad" had excited. Handel's Bird Song, with Mr. Werner's flute obligato, presented Madame Bishop in a most favourable aspect for command of voice and skilful use of the aids science gives the cultivated vocalist. It was encored with marked enthusiasm for a Boston Sabbath-day audience. Schubert's "Ave Maria" had a faithful, pure, and fervent rendering. It was called for again, to receive still greater expression and fervour of feeling. If the

clarinet had been strictly obligato, Madame Bishop's rendering of "Gratias agimus" might have excelled in most points any other attempt made here upon Catalani's great show piece, notwithstanding a want of volume and facile smoothness of tone in the more forcible passages. The *Transcript* gives the following:—"The Mendelssohn Quintette Club propose to celebrate Mendelssohn's birthday, (Monday, February 3d,) by a grand concert to be given at the Melodeon. The programme will be made up of the compositions of this great master, songs, an organ sonata, quintette, concerto for the violin, &c.; and, to render this music worthily, some of the best artists in the city have promised their assistance. We hope that the young and gifted artists who form the Quintette Club will see, by a crowded house, that their desire to do honour to the memory of one of the greatest musicians of our time, is responded to warmly by the lovers of good music in Boston; and that perhaps the first attempt on this side of the Atlantic, to celebrate the anniversary of a great artist's birth has met with general approbation."

The Oratorio selected by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society in their last performance was the *Creation*. The execution was but moderate, although the chorusses were better than usual. There was a sad want of precision and vigour, the chorusses were all taken too slow. "The heavens are telling," in particular, suffered much from this mistake of the conductor. The solos were almost entirely buried under the overwhelming power of the orchestra, who seemed to play *mezzo forte* all the time, except now and then an occasional *fortissimo*. Miss Anna Stone, whose voice defied alike the efforts of orchestra and chorus to smother it, is an exception. If, on another representation, the conductor will give out *allegro* as *allegro*, and not as *andante*, and if the orchestra will kindly consent to an occasional *piano*, especially in accompanying solo voices, the performance will doubtless be worthy of the best days of the Handel and Haydn Society. It was matter of regret that this Society did not secure the services of Mr. Hatton, whose practical experience and energy would have proved of the greatest benefit. Mr. Dempster was engaged a few weeks since to sustain the tenor part in the Oratorio, but after three rehearsals it was found that, in consequence of numerous professional engagements, he would be obliged to relinquish the position. Signor Guidi (late of Maretzek's Opera,) accordingly succeeded Mr. Dempster. The part seemed to lay below the register of his voice. Signor Guidi accomplished his task better, and with greater freedom from Italian accent, than we had anticipated, although the style of music and the English language are doubtless equally new to him.

KENNINGTON.—Mr. Charles Jefferys' Grand Concert took place at the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening. The vocalists were Miss Leslie, Miss Jolly, Miss C. Jolly, Mr. H. Haigh, Mr. S. Mayo, Mr. Delavanti, and Miss Poole. The German vocal quartette, Herren Bach, Claus, Rauth, and Chevalier assisted. The instrumentalists were Mr. G. H. Lake, and Mr. Sedgwick, (concertina); Mr. H. Griesbach, (violin); Miss Theresa Jefferys, and Heinrich Werner, (piano). Mr. G. H. Lake conducted. The concert was well attended, and afforded evident gratification.

CROSBY HALL.—A concert of mixed music was given on Tuesday evening, at which the following artists assisted:—Miss Messent, Miss Poole, Madlle. Lavinia, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Gray, Mr. Herbert, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Frank Bodda, vocalists; and Mr. Richardson (flute); Madlle. Coulon (piano); and Mr. H. Lake (concertina). The Hall was tolerably well attended, and the performance in general satisfactory.

Provincial.

DUBLIN.—The first concert of this season of the Philharmonic Society was held on Monday evening, at the hall of the Ancient Concerts, Great Brunswick-street. As might have been expected from the rare character of the vocal and instrumental attraction provided by the committee, the hall was crowded with a brilliant array of fashionables of both sexes. The arrangements for this concert were most creditable to the taste, judgment, and energy of those to whom the task had been committed of providing the *materiel* of its music. The vocal *artistes* selected were Signora Angri (the celebrated contralto of her Majesty's Theatre),* Signor Tamburini,† and Herr Stockhausen, both well-known performers. The instrumental attraction lay principally in the performance, unrivalled in Europe at the present day, of Ernst, so justly recognised as a celebrity in the musical world by his triumphs in violin music. We are not, however, such exclusive devotees of foreign excellence as to fail to recognise with gratification the re-appearance in the orchestra of some able and tasteful performers, whose absence from the Philharmonic Concerts we have for some time regretted—Mr. J. W. Glover, Mr. Liddell, Mr. Mosley, and others whose presence gave the assurance of force and precision in the concerted pieces. The concert opened with Beethoven's "Symphony in C minor." This was as perfectly rendered as could be hoped for by the most enthusiastic admirers of the great composer. Signor Tamburini and Herr Stockhausen were both heard together in the duetto from Donizetti "Chetti, chetti." This well-known *morceau* from *Don Pasquale* did not seem to produce so decided an effect as might have been expected. Tamburini's voice (as will be remembered by many) is a baritone rather thin in character, but numbering some notes of great sweetness on its register. Herr Stockhausen's peculiar range of voice (a high baritone) enables him to achieve songs which would seem adapted for tenor voices only. The judgment, and musical acquirement of these vocalists gained them some triumphs during the evening. Their joint rendering of "La ci darem" was admirable, and was loudly encored.‡ Signora Angri was received on her appearance with an *empressement* and cordiality that gave evidence of the high recognition of her fame as a contralto vocalist. Her voice was first heard in the delicious cavatina, "In questo semplece." She was heard with evident delight, and loudly applauded. We have only space to advert to her superb version of the "Brindisi," in which she forcibly reminded many of Alboni, not alone in character of voice, but even in some particulars of *maniere* and *personal*. She was rapturously encored, and in all she produced a decided impression in her favour. We feel it needless to dwell on the matchless performance of Herr Ernst. None who have ever heard the magic tones of his violin can forget him. Were we to select any of his glorious efforts on last evening for especial praise, we might, perhaps, the *sinfonia* of Beethoven,§ or his fantasia, introducing "The last rose of summer." It needs scarcely to add, that he was greeted throughout the concert with most rapturous plaudits. In all, the concert went off most brilliantly, and evidently to the delight of the distinguished assemblage (including his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant) that attended. (*Freeman's Journal*).

LIVERPOOL.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The first subscription concert of our Philharmonic Society for the present season took place on Monday evening, on which occasion the following *artistes* succeeded in attracting a large and fashionable audience:—Madlles. Angri, Graumann, and Messrs. Ernst, Stockhausen, S. Tamburini, and F. Mori. Madlle. Angri, whose recent triumphs in the metropolis had excited the curiosity of the Liverpool audience to a high pitch, was evidently the great novelty of

the evening; and if the applause with which she was greeted may be taken as a criterion of her powers of pleasing, we may safely assert that she succeeded in making a most favourable impression on one of the most apathetic audiences in the kingdom. Madlle. Angri is a singer of great and peculiar powers—her voice is of extensive compass—the low notes are wonderfully sonorous, without being harsh, while her powers of execution are almost unrivalled by any living vocalist. In addition to this, she sings with great dramatic expression and *abandon*, and makes the audience feel that her whole soul is for the moment wrapped up in the sentiments to which she gives utterance. Powers like these ought to make Madlle. Angri one of the most perfect vocalists that ever lived; but, unfortunately, her talents for pleasing are in a great measure rendered ineffectual by a want of refinement and elegance, without which the most admirable vocalism sounds inartistic. She was frequently encored in the course of the evening; her peculiar style—so totally different from that of her great rival, Alboni—taking the audience by surprise. Her first effort was the air "No, no" from the *Huguenots*, followed by an insipid Brindisi, entitled "L'ebbrezzo." In the second portion she created a profound sensation by the energetic style in which she gave the world-famous "Il Segreto," from *Lucrezia Borgia*. This air, which displayed all her peculiarities most advantageously, was rapturously encored. Such a dramatic style of singing was assuredly never before witnessed in the Philharmonic-hall, and we best describe the sensation Madlle. Angri created, by saying that she absolutely startled the audience. Her low notes were here most effectively produced, and advantageously displayed the full extent of her rich contralto voice. This triumph was succeeded by another, viz., a brilliant rondo from Macfarren's new serenata, *The Sleeper Awakened*, entitled "Gone; he's gone!" descriptive of the sensations of a wife during the unaccountable absence of her husband. The abrupt transition from rage to love, and the brilliancy with which the difficult fiorituri were overcome, caused this display of Madlle. Angri's versatile talents to excite unwonted enthusiasm: she was again uproariously encored, and repeated the air with increased effect. Madlle. Graumann, who possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of moderate compass, sang two airs in a coldy-correct style, which, though they excited no unfavourable symptoms, fell flat upon the audience.

Herr Ernst was most enthusiastically received, and played in his usual style of unsurpassable excellence. Every hearing convinces us that he has no superior; and whether we look at mere mechanical facility, or the deep poetic feeling he throws into every note, we can only wonder and admire; for mere words cannot adequately describe the sensations he creates. On this occasion he played one of Spohr's *Concertos*, a duet with Mr. Frank Mori, and some *capricci* of his own composition on Hungarian airs. In this latter piece—consisting of a series of piquant melodies—he created every possible difficulty, only to shew the ease with which they were overcome. The audience, though seldom fond of lengthy instrumental solos, relished Ernst's playing most highly, and the applause he received was frequent and spontaneous.

M. Jules Stockhausen sang the celebrated air from *Zampa*, "Toi dont la grace seduisante," and a serenade from *The Sleeper Awakened*, very tastefully. He possesses a fine voice, which has evidently been carefully cultivated; and as he sings with considerable expression and feeling, we fully expect him to take a high rank in the arduous profession he has chosen. Signor S. Tamburini's voice is not remarkable for power and quality. He sang an aria from *Don Pasquale*, which created no great effect. Of Mr. F. Mori's talent as a pianist we had little opportunity of judging, for, as he only played twice—once with Ernst, in a duet, and another time as accompanist to Madlle. Angri—he had but little chance for displaying those talents which we have been assured he possesses. The choir were encored twice—once in Wilbye's madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers," and the chorus from *Athalie*, "Depart, depart." In the latter the light and shade, or what our French friends call the *nuances*, were most artistically rendered.

The band, which appears to have been somewhat reinforced and remodelled, played Haydn's military symphony in G and the overture to *Athalie* in a highly praiseworthy manner. The minuetto and trio in the former were much applauded.

* Royal Italian Opera, if it pleases you, Master Freeman, not Her Majesty's Theatre.—(Ed.)

† Not Signor Tamburini, good sir, but Signor Salvator Tamburini, son of the Signor Tamburini.—(Ed.)

‡ Wrong again, good Freeman—Signor Tamburini and Herr Stockhausen did not sing "La ci darem," it must have been Mademoiselle Angri and one of these gentlemen.—(Ed.)

§ Query!—Did Ernst play Beethoven's Symphony?—(Ed.)

The great fault of the concert was its inordinate length. There was novelty in plenty; but in music, as in other things, there may be too much of a good thing. The programme of the next concert of the Philharmonic Society, which takes place on the 4th of March, will principally consist of selections from the works of Sir Henry Bishop, on which occasion the powers of the chorus will be severely tested.

Mr. H. Beale has engaged Madlle. Angri and Messrs. Ernst, S. Tamburini, J. Stockhausen, F. Mori, Baetens, Lidel, and Hawson, for a concert at the Royal Assembly Rooms, on the 3rd of March next.

At our Theatre Royal, Mr. Hackett, an actor of transatlantic celebrity, has appeared as Falstaff, in *Henry IV.*, and several Yankee farces. He possesses considerable dry humour, but is sadly deficient in that unctuous vivacity so necessary to make a perfect representative of the fat, witty, and cowardly knight. Miss Helen Faucit appears on Monday, in Marston's new and successful play of *Philip of France and Marie de Meranie*.

At the Royal Amphitheatre M. Franconi has this week produced a novelty of a most pleasing and attractive description, namely, a series of animated tableaux, descriptive of the recent triumph of the British arms in the Punjab. The dresses and appointments of the representatives of the British and Sikh officers and soldiers were life-like and picturesque, while the skirmishes and evolutions were much more animated and real than theatrical representations of military events usually are. The performances have been nightly witnessed by crowded audiences.

MANCHESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—Mr. C. A. Seymour's third quartet concert, at the Town Hall, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, took place on Wednesday evening. The following is the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet—Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello—
Messrs. C. Hallé, Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel—
(In F Minor, Op. 2) - - - - - Mendelssohn.
Quartet—Two Violins, (Messrs. Thomas and Seymour)
Tenor and Violoncello (Baetens and Lidel)—(No.
5, in B Flat) - - - - - Mozart.
Sonata—Pianoforte—(In E Flat, Op. 7) - - - - - Beethoven.

PART II.

Duo Concertante—Violin and Violoncello—Messrs. { Schubert and
Baetens and Lidel—On Airs from "William Tell" } Kummer.
Miscellaneous Selection:—
Pianoforte—Prelude and Fugue—(In F Minor) - - - - - Mendelssohn.
Impromptu—(In A Flat) - - - - - Chopin.
Grand Quintet—Two Violins, (Messrs. Seymour and
Thomas),—Two Tenors, and violoncello—(In E
Flat) - - - - - Beethoven.

Having missed the two first concerts, we put ourselves to some inconvenience in straining a point to be present at the third, out of respect for Mr. Seymour, setting aside the great treat we knew to be in store for all who could attend. We were sorry to see the room by no means so full as it ought to have been, from the talent engaged and displayed at these classical concerts. We very much doubt if the clever leader will gain anything beyond his expenses, or even clearing them, if he gives his brother artists their full terms.

The pianoforte quartet of Mendelssohn (in F minor, op. 2) was a noble beginning—the executants being Mr. Charles Hallé, Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel. The first movement (*allegro molto*) brought out in turns all the four instruments (but of course the pianoforte principal). To this succeeded the beautiful and dirge-like adagio—sung now by the strings, then on the keys, and accompanied by the one or the other alternately—which produced a thrilling effect on the audience, and obtained the most marked applause of any performance the whole evening. Nothing could be more delicately given. The *intemezzo* is a short prelude in lieu of *scherzo* or *minuet* to the finale (*allegro molto vivace*), which is a brilliant movement in Mendelssohn's best manner. This quartet of itself was a great treat. As if by way of contrast, after a few minutes pause or breathing time, a stringed quartet of Mozart's (No. 5 in B flat) was given—Mr. C. W. Thomas taking first violin, Mr. Seymour the second, Messrs. Baetens and Lidel of course being tenor and violoncello. The

quartet went as smooth as possible. It was admirably played by the four. Seymour is certainly a very competent second violin: Baetens and Lidel all that can be desired on their respective instruments. Mr. Thomas I heard for the first time; he is a very clever violinist, with much purity and great powers of tone. Occasionally he was a little harsh and loud in his higher notes, but this might be the fault of a refractory first string—(Oh! these first strings, why cannot they all be perfect?) Hallé wound up the first part in magnificent style with one of those matchless performances of his—a solo sonata of Beethoven (the one in E flat, op. 7). I do not think he could have chosen one more calculated to display his peculiar talents to perfection. The amazingly retentive memory, not of mere notes alone, but of every shade and grade of expression—the intuitive perception of his author's intention, which so identifies Hallé with Beethoven as to make these sonatas seem like improvisations of his own—the wonderful combination of extreme delicacy with extreme power and brilliancy at the same time, causes the performances to be perfectly *unique*, unsurpassable in their way by any other artist, and impossible to be described or done justice to by my humble pen. The *allegro* is pre-eminently grand and beautiful, with a lovely subject that reminds one remotely of the *obligato* accompaniment to his own "Adelaide," and then to a March of his, in another place. This movement was warmly applauded. The *adagio* was no less beautiful, although so widely contrasted in character, and narrowly escaped an encore. The *scherzo* is short, wayward, and fanciful, although not so grotesque as some of his *scherzos*. The finale is full of grand harmonies, splendidly expressed by Hallé. I was quite sorry when the sonata was finished.

Beatens and Lidel had a chance of shewing their talent in the *duo concertante* which opened the second part on airs from *William Tell*.—It was a very masterly display by both—the stopping of Baetens on his violin in some very extreme intervals was exceedingly neat and smooth and Lidel's tone and execution were equally fine. At the same time I must say that the "air varie" School did not tell so well after the Sonata. Hallé again gave us a taste of his power in Mendelssohn's fugue. It was an extraordinary performance, the independent action of the two hands working out the fugue with all the resistless impetuosity of mountain torrents: to this was contrasted a short impromptu of Chopin, and Hallé took his leave amidst loud applause. Beethoven's quintet with two tenors constituted the finale to this excellent concert, Mr. Hallé's German friend the amateur, who has so frequently assisted at his concert, taking the second tenor; Mr. Seymour resuming his place as first, and Mr. Thomas taking the second violin. It was a very fine performance by all. Mr. Seymour would have been irreproachable in the first violin part but for some slight slips, as it appeared to be from careless bowing; but why look for specks when the whole was so good. I hope to see Mr. Seymour's fourth and last concert of the series attended as it deserves to be. If so the room will be crowded. I see it is announced for the 27th March. Ernst, with Angri, Graumann, Tamburini and Stockhausen were at the Concert Hall here on Monday last, and had a very large audience. The Prince of Violinists created an immense sensation. Few can play as he does when he is in the vein. Angri also roused her audience to a state of enthusiasm. I was sorry I could not attend and report more largely.

SHEFFIELD.—(*From a Correspondent*).—On Thursday last Mr. John Parry gave his entertainment, Notes "Vocal and Instrumental," at the Music Hall. The front and back seats were nearly full, and presented a brilliant appearance. The chief point that was admired was the "Piano taught in six lessons;" but we must not forget "The Artist," in delineating which Mr. Parry plays the piano, imitates the cornet-a-piston, and draws a very good face. Altogether the entertainment caused great mirth, and was generally thought to be not much inferior to "Lights and Shadows of Social Life."—On Friday evening the Athenæum gave a concert, with Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. F. Bodda, Mr. Hird, Mr. Willy, and Herr Hausman. The attendance was chiefly confined to members, and is not a public affair. I therefore shall only say it gave general satisfaction. I enclose a programme.—The Ernst and Angri party give a concert here on the 26th, a full account of which I will send.

BATH.—The second of M. Jaques' Classical Chamber Concerts took place on Saturday; and the numerous audience proves the high estimation in which they are justly held, while the judicious selection of pleasing as well as erudite music makes them as attractive to the uninitiated as to the scientific amateur. The instrumental artists were Herr Hausman (violin), Mr. R. Blagrove (tenor), M. Jaques (pianoforte), and M. Sainton (principal violin); this being, we believe, the first appearance of the last-named in Bath. M. Sainton fully sustained the high reputation which had preceded him, and charmed his auditory by his exquisite tone, refined expression, and facile execution of the most perplexing difficulties. We are embarrassed what to point out as the most attractive features of the concert, but among them appeared 'to us the following:—the second movements, "Largo assai" and "Allegro con Brio," of Haydn's quartett in G minor—the "Andante con variazioni," and "Presto finale," in Beethoven's grand sonata (dedicated to Kreutzer), for the pianoforte and violin. These were rendered with great skill by MM. Jaques, Sainton, Blagrove, and Hausman, showing them to be worthy interpreters of the wondrously varied ideas of the master. We should add to the foregoing the quartett by Mendelssohn, in the second act, which was full of the beauties and gems of melody with which the works of this lamented maestro are replete, while its scientific combinations were exquisitely evolved by all the artists engaged in it. Between the acts was a solo on the violin, introducing the airs from *Don Pasquale*, which were charmingly arranged and delightfully performed by Herr Hausman, combining the beauties of vocal as well as instrumental music. Mr. R. Blagrove played a concerto of De Beriot's on the concertina with his usual skill, eliciting tones resembling those of the finest wind instruments—the flute, hautboy, and clarinet. The vocal portions of the concert were Marcello's duett, "Qual analante," by Mr. and Mrs. Pyne, and Mozart's "Batti, batti," given by Mrs. Pyne with refined taste. She was most effectively supported by Herr Hausman's violoncello obligato. —*Bath Herald*.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent.)—The last grand evening concert of the season was given on Monday evening in the New Hall, which was crowded to excess by the rank and fashion of both town and country. The great success attendant upon this series of concerts has sufficiently demonstrated that good music interpreted by good artists will always prove a lucrative speculation. During the season we have had, as vocalists, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mrs. A. Newton, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss M. Williams, Miss Helen Taylor (R. A. of music), Mr. Sims Reeves (twice), Mr. Lockey (twice), Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. Bodda, and Mr. Machin:—as solo instrumentalists—Mr. Willy (violin), Mr. Hausmann (violin), the Brothers Nicholson (oboe and flute), with all the available talent in the neighbouring counties. Two miscellaneous concerts, and two Oratorios, *The Messiah* and *The Creation*, have been given, the latter produced under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Henry Gill (leader), whose unremitting exertions entitle him to the warmest thanks of both the directors and the public generally. Mr. Farmer, of Nottingham, on both occasions conducted the Oratorios. The programme on Monday evening was an excellent one, and we need only name the artists engaged to prove that it was rendered in a very superior manner—Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr. Bodda, Mr. Willy (violin), Mr. Nicholson (flute), Mr. Hausmann (violin), in addition to whom, the best of the local performers assisted, viz., Mr. Gill (second violin), Mr. Weston (viola), Mr. Smith (cornet-a-piston), Miss Deacon and Mr. Mavins (piano-forte).

PORTSEA.—The Distin family on Tuesday evening gave a concert at the Queen's-rooms, in which their unrivalled performance on the euphonic horns excited the utmost delight and enthusiasm. The vocal performers consisted of Miss Moriatt O'Connor, Mr. H. Distin, Mr. W. Distin, and Mr. Theodore Distin. Mr. Norman presided at the pianoforte. The gems of the concert were "Oh charming May," by Miss O'Connor; and the vocal quartette, by Miss M. O'Connor, and Messrs. H. T. and W. Distin; "Down in a Flowery Vale," by Miss M. O'Connor, and the Messrs. Distin, *encored*. *Sonnambula* on the alto sax-horn by Mr. H. Distin, loudly *encored*; fantasia on airs from the operas of *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Figlia del Reggimento* on the sax-horns by Messrs. Distins, rapturously applauded. The buffo

duet "Solo fa, or singing lesson," sung by Miss M. O'Connor and Mr. Theodore Distin, was *encored* as was the quartette, on the euphonic horns, by the Messrs. Distin, and the serenade "Sleep gentle lady," by Miss M. O'Connor and the Distin family. This was followed by a musical melange from *Lucia*, employing the talents of the whole party, and was received with bursts of applause. "God save the Queen" was the finale, when the audience rose *en masse*, and by their enthusiasm testified their loyalty and their heartfelt appreciation of the treat they had enjoyed. We hope the Distin Family will pay us another visit. We can promise them a warm welcome. The concert was arranged by Mr. Atkins, and was complete and satisfactory. —*Portsmouth Times*.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The second concert of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, was given on Friday evening, the 31st ult., in the Stock Exchange Hall, before a numerous and most respectable audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Whitnall, of the Liverpool concerts; Miss Holroyd, of the Royal Academy of Music; and Mr. Winn, of the London concerts. The concert opened with Barnett's Madrigal, "Merrily wake Music's Measure," well sung by the choral members of the society, as was also Flower's part song, "Now pray we for our Country;" indeed, all the part songs and choruses, and especially the part song "Just like Love," were nicely and correctly rendered. The trio, "Give that wreath to me," sung by Middles. Whitnall and Holroyd, and Mr. Winn, was admirably sung. Miss Whitnall's voice is a sweet soprano, and her taste and feeling are unexceptionable, as was exemplified in this piece, as also in the solo part of "Daughter of Error," and the ballad "The wishing Gate," the last receiving an *encore*, which was responded to with another song. Miss Holroyd's voice is a mezzo soprano or perhaps contralto, full in quality, but of moderate power. Some degree of nervousness was observable when she commenced; but, notwithstanding, she evinced in her songs a correct and chastened taste, and gave proof of having studied with great care and under judicious and able professors. Her songs on this occasion were "Che faro" from Gluck's *Orfeo*, a duet with Miss Whitnall, "The Swallow's Passage," and a quartet with the same lady, Mr. Cawthra and Mr. Winn, "The Spirit of Britannia," composed by Mr. Spark. Miss Holroyd was very favourably received by the audience. Mr. Winn sang Wallace's song from *Maritana*, "This heart by woe o'er-taken," and elicited an *encore*. He also joined Miss Whitnall in a duet from *Elisir d'Amore*. A grand fantasia from Weber's *Oberon*, for piano and violin, by Mr. Spark and Mr. Haddock, and a violin solo by the latter, of Ernst, were ably played. The concert concluded with "God Save the Queen," the solos by Miss Whitnall and Mr. Winn. Mr. Spark, the musical director of the society, conducted the performances, and every praise is due to him for the admirable working order of his choral party. The *Elijah* was given here on Thursday evening last to an attentive—for Mendelssohn is adored here—but not a very numerous audience. Henry Phillips pleased amazingly, and the band and chorus, especially the latter, did their duty well. The only part of the Oratorio *encored* was the chorus in the second part, "Have ye not heard," in which the solo for the Queen was most spiritedly given by Master Dean, one of the choristers at Dr. Hook's church.—John Parry's gave his "Notes Vocal and Instrumental," on Friday. Jullien gives his annual concert in the Music Hall on the 17th instant; and Herr Ernst, with Augri, F. Tamburini, &c., will make his first appearance before a Leeds audience on the 25th instant. Both concerts will, I have no doubt, be well attended.

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday afternoon Mr. T. M. Mudie entertained a select and private circle of his friends, in the Hopetoun Rooms, with recitals of his latest compositions for the pianoforte—a species of performance to which we attach a more than ordinary feeling of pleasure, from the comfortable quietness attending it, and its admitting us to a more intimate acquaintance with the abilities and acquirements of the artist, than is perhaps to be derived from a first or second appearance in a concert room. We subjoin the programme:—L'Esperance—"Allegro Brillante—(published); Tema, originale, con variazioni—"Andante Lento e Solenne"—MS.; Study—For the practice of Arpeggios—not yet in MS.; 2do. Notturmo—"Andante con espressione"—not yet in MS.; Elfish Music—Sketch for a Fantasia—not yet in MS.; Fairy Revels and Chorus—"Presto e leggiero;" Two Melo-

dies—I.—Romance—II.—Lied ohne Worte—MS.; Polka: "La Souvenir;" La Gentilezza—"Motivo Grazioso;" Allegro Marziale—Composed as a duet—(published). Where there is so much and attractive excellence displayed, we confess to a feeling of *embarras du choix* in giving preference to the different pieces that illustrated Mr. Mudie's quiet and finished pianoforte playing. It evidently belongs to what is called the Cramer school—offering a most satisfactory contrast to that string-breaking and instrument-destroying system which finds its representatives in too many players of the present day. We may say, generally, that Mr. Mudie's performances were highly successful, his execution being neat and graceful, and his taste and judgment irreproachable. The opening piece, "L'Esperance," pleased us greatly, from its variety of happy ideas, and the apt suggestiveness of its title. The *Andante Lento e Solenne* we thought less attractive, being rather too long and frequent in its repetitions, and partaking so much of the nature of *tristesse* as to fall a little heavy on the ear. We liked better the *arpeggio* "Study," and the "Notturmo," both of which displayed much talent. We were especially satisfied, however, with the "Fairy Sketch," and the subsequent "Two Melodies," the former an original and characteristic illustration of that class of descriptive composition to which the genius of Weber and Mendelssohn has been devoted, with what triumphant success let the overtures to *Oberon* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* say—and the latter, a pair of as captivating melodies as we have ever enjoyed. Together with the "Elfish Sketch," they should be committed to the hands of the engraver with as little delay as need be.—(*Courier*.)

Original Correspondence.

HOME MADE MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

"Zummerzetshire, Feb. 01st, 1851.

DEAR ZUR,—I dair zay you'l veel zurprizd at hearing vrom me But az i am a bit of a crochit has wel as tother things, I veels very much hinterested in that thare hart—I be glad to zee yourn paper as changed hands bekase what I read tother day about hinglish musickers I likd very much vor I had alway and hidear that the voriner always had the best zhare on it—i zuppose it be zame bee musick has tis by we poor varmers, poor deels be heaten hup by them rascals but I thinks times weel change e vore long but I musnt get out awe my place, lets get back to what I got to zay about musick I have been very vound o that all my loife and many a tackling I have had vor been zo vound awit vor my poor old vather uzed to zay darn the feller hees playing on thutley viddle instead of minding the sheepe, but howumsover I doe think a feller when hees got musick in him theres no driven aught hout him again Now I thinks as it regards hour hinglish musickians I think they be quite as clever fellers as theze here chaps tother zide the zea, for I was hinduced to go to one of theze great konzorts to hear a great fiddler for the vust time in this country I cant zay his name but I think the tail hend own was the *sky* or *ski* I am zad chap to remimber names, but weel always remember places vor if i have been once to a place I do alway zure to know it again, but howsohumever thisfeller didnt vrighten me zo much for his viddling as did vor his looks vor I thought he would heat hus all up he did look so hungry, but as the volks that was there zeem very much astoneshed, I zaid to myzelf I knows weel how theze fellers vrighten the volkes tis wi there airy muzzel and long wiry wigs, I was a bit more pleased with him than I was with a Hinglish viddler zome time back as I told he before I couldnt mind names very well, but I think had the zame name as those sticks they make Baskets awe, (wityh or willy) weel hed plaze me as well as that chap that came vrom the sky wel I haired another Hinglish viddler I cant vind his name in my head but I think had a raw of happle trees to the head awn, I have jist thought own, Blagrove thats his name, now I thought heed play in a very zensible manner hand I likd it very much the feller had a clain vace to,

but I want to zay something about another hinstrument the *Pianerforte*, a noble thing tis to Mrs. Duckling played on it poor

thing I heard she played herself to daith tother day, that was a very vind Pianer she had wasnt it I think he was made Mr. Her Hard, can he give me hany hidear about them cheap ones I zee hadvertized zo much My daughter had a piece of Music tother day from Lunnen and the back aut was covered all hover with them instruments they are called the *Condoles*, I think they wid be very good things to have as I zuppose they will either zend one to zleep or zooth one vrom their troubles—which his a very good hinvencion in those days they tell me that there is a veller got a fine shaw of em in a Garden zome where in Linin I haired that there was a little chap honly ten year hold, that came out of the last Londin vog I spoze, that got a head zo big that the noates tumble hout down upon the kays of the *Pianeforte* but vancy this little creature branken viftry wires of the *Condoles*—but as the chap grows them the late rains have made them rather wattery I spoze there now I hope I zhall zee a little more about hinglish musickers zhortly poor vellers tis to be hoped we varmers and the Hinglish Musickers may overcome these vorienagers arter hall

"Yours resp.

"VARMER ZHARP"

LOVE'S SIMILE.

BY ANDREW PARK,

Author of "The Queen of Merry England."

A dew-drop lay
In a rosebud gay,
- And a little red Robin sat chirping nigh;
Oh, fain would it sip
From the rose-bud's lip—
For his breast was warm and his throat was dry.
Round and round did he hop
In the faith it would drop—
His little eye twinkled to gaze on the gem,
Till a bee in its flight
On the blossom did light,
And scattered the dew o'er its beckoning stem.

And such is true love—
That spell from above!
Which we, in our happiness, wish to caress;
But trembling before
The maid we adore
The soul-soften'd passion we fail to express.
And some one more bold,
With a bosom more cold,
Bereaves us of that which we wish to obtain,
And soon scattered away
Are the smiles of the gay,
And maiden and lover but languish in vain!

THE REV. THOS. HARVEY.—At a private meeting of the friends and supporters of this gentleman, held yesterday morning at Maquetra, a portrait executed at their request by Mr. Harris, a London artist well known to the public, was presented, amidst general expressions of affection and esteem. Many interesting and animated speeches were delivered upon the occasion by those who had long known and valued Mr. Harvey as a friend, and had been edified by his teachings as a minister of the Gospel, who whilst they sympathised with their clergyman in a mental suffering extended through a long period of years, were able to testify, from their own experience, to the efficiency of his public ministrations and the charities which have adorned his private career. It has never been our good fortune to attend a meeting more truly pervaded by the spirit of good will and cordiality; and we gladly echo the sentiment to which each person present gave expression—that Mr. H. may long be permitted to labour in a sphere in which he has already achieved so large an amount of good, and so truly won that confidence and appreciation without which the most gifted preacher toils in vain.—*Boulogne Gazette*.

Reviews of Music.

"SIX LIEDER OHNE WORTE."—Seventh Book of Original Melodies for the Piano-forte—FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY—Ewer and Co.

The above forms No. 14 of the posthumous works, which, it must be confessed, have issued very slowly from the press. For the great mass of the public who are sufficiently endowed to appreciate the merits of the greatest musical composer since Beethoven, the "Songs without words" present a facility of communion with his genius, which can rarely be obtained from the larger works for the choir and for the orchestra. Although occasionally difficult, they offer no obstacle to honorable perseverance, and the delightful feeling that must ensue when once they have been committed to memory, or even brought under the easy governance of the fingers, will repay, ten times over, whatever pains may have been expended in practising them. Not only their extreme beauty renders the "songs without words" generally agreeable and acceptable—even, we boldly assert, to drawing-room audiences—but their brevity is a great matter in their favour. The most indifferent to the charms of music will hardly feel tired during the performance of one of these innocent gems of melody, set in the newest and freshest harmony. And, what is better, the small tax they levy upon the patience, may, probably, win over many a listless hearer, to give his attention a second time, and a third, and until he unconsciously acquires a faith, an interest, and perchance a love, for music. Much has already been effected in this way, through their means, and had Mendelssohn done nothing more than this for the art, he would have been entitled to the gratitude and esteem of every true musician.

The present book of "Lieder," like its predecessors, is literally crammed with beauties—beauties that familiar and increased acquaintance only makes more attractive. We shall not criticise them—they are but flowers of thought, coloured by the momentary train of feeling out of which they sprang. To analyse them would be absurd; to seek for faults in that which displays the veriest perfection of finish, is labour lost, and unworthily lost. We shall simply designate them by pointing out the peculiar character and key of each.

No. 1, in F major, *Andante Espressivo*, is a sweet, pensive melody, with a flowing arpeggio accompaniment—easy to play and certain to please. The modulations few, and adding expression and variety to the sentiment. The effect of an Æolian harp will be probably suggested to the poetical ear by the appropriate performance of this *lied*.

No. 2, in A minor, *Allegro Agitato*, is more difficult; its characteristic is melancholy, connected with a certain feeling of mystery. With romantic temperaments it will be a special favourite.

No. 3, in E flat, *Presto*, is hard to execute, from two causes—the extreme quickness of movement, and the prevalence of reiterated chords in the accompaniment. It is passionate, vigorous, and intense.

No. 4, in D major, *Andante Sostenuto*, is another flowing and expressive melody, in which the arpeggio style of accompaniment is used in a different manner from that adopted in No. 1. While somewhat more difficult, it is in every respect as natural and beautiful; perhaps the melody is developed with even more freedom.

No. 5, in A major, *Allegretto*, will be regarded by many as the gem of the set. It is in one of those light and tripping movements in which Mendelssohn was so completely himself. We can see but one fault in it—its brevity.

No. 6, in B flat, *Allegretto con moto*, is our favourite. The melody is exquisitely fresh, and the accompaniment, while demanding crispness and decision of touch, is in the highest degree effective. Its general style is suggested by the composer's own indication of time and character.

On the whole, the 7th, and we presume the last, book of the *Lieder Ohne Worte*, which, fully worthy of a place by the side of its six predecessors, is more generally easy to execute than any of them—a distinction, by the way, which is not likely to decrease the sale.

To add that these "songs"—these real and unaffected melodies—should be on the desk of every pianist, amateur, and professional, is to conclude with nothing better than a truism. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the musical profession counts one individual in its ranks who could fail to be deeply interested in all that remains yet to be published of the great and immortal Mendelssohn.

"GRAND QUADRILLE FANTASTIQUE, THE CRYSTAL PALACE, as performed at Her Majesty's Theatre.—SCIPION ROUSSELOT. Reduced from the score and arranged for the Pianoforte by L. F. A. Frelon. Rousselet and Co.

Mr. Frelon has effected his task with good skill, having simplified the score of Mr. Rousselet's quadrille without in the least interfering with its artistic treatment. The pianoforte arrangement is modest to a degree, and comes within the mastery of a very moderate performer. No doubt that by players of dance tunes at sight this will be recognised as a boon.

No. 1 of the Crystal Palace Quadrille belongs to the northern nation: it is "The Croats March." The tune is singularly primitive. It has undergone but little change in the necessary adaptation.—No. 2 is the famous "Trab, Trab," which Jetty Treffz has made famous by her singing, for in itself we see but little to warrant its immense reputation. This quadrille of course appertains to the German nation. The variation *ad libitum* is excellent.—France supplies No. 3 with the favourite air "Ah! vous dirai-je maman." Of this beautiful old tune we have nothing to say, except that it has undergone considerable contortions to befit it for a quick dance tune. The time is altered to 6-8. Mr. Rousselet borrows No. 4 from an old Belgic national air. The air no doubt is highly national, and especially old, and undoubtedly Belgic, and agreeable enough withal, though something square cut and formal; but Mr. Rousselet, we fancy, having provided us with French and German numbers should have travelled farther than Belgium, and fared no worse perhaps, in search of national contributions for his Grand Crystal Quadrille. Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, Turkey, Negroland, Australia,—what had Italy and Spain done to be omitted?—America, China, the Sandwich Islands, Nova Zembla, and hundreds of other places were ready to his hand, but Mr. Rousselet rejected all for this old national square cut melody of Belgium. The old melody is all the better for being stirred into animation by a brilliant variation *ad libitum*. England and Ireland conjointly furnish No. 5—John Bull supplying "The Roast Beef of old England," and Paddy "The girl I left behind me." Did Mr. Rousselet intend to comment on the masticating propensities of one nation, and the gallantry of the other, by this double quadrille? This number winds up the set admirably, and brings the whole to a lively and rejoicing termination.

The purchaser may obtain the above for two or four hands, Mr. Frelon having arranged the quadrille separately for one or two performers.

"THE VOICE THAT BIDS US WELCOME," ballad; written by J. E. CARPENTER, composed by W. T. WRIGHTON. Brewer and Co.

The words of this song are not worthy of Mr. Carpenter's best moments. The sentiment is common and used up, and the diction is by no means harmonious; the feeling, nevertheless, is not to be despised. Mr. Wrighton is far happier in his music. He has found a very effective and well-marked tune, in good keeping with the words; and has supplied simple and appropriate accompaniments. This song is written low, to suit a contralto or barytone voice.

"DERMOT AND KATHLEEN," ballad; written by HENRY JOHN RYDE, composed by W. H. ALDRIDGE. T. E. Purday.

The words of this song are *serio-comico*, and are redolent of genuine Hibernian flavor. Mr. Aldridge's tune is peculiarly pleasing and fanciful, but smacks not of the brogue. If well sung, and well acted, "Dermot and Kathleen" would tell effectively in the concert room.

"OH THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING," ballad; Written by C. MAC-KAY, composed by MISS MOUNSEY. T. E. Purday.

Words and air both find favour in our eyes. The fair composer has been fortunate with the tune. It is light, sparkling, and graceful—a very spring tune, reminding one of the morning breeze and the laughing waters, and the cheerful skies. The accompaniments are in accordance with the character of the air, free and unforced; but betokening, notwithstanding, the taste and feeling of the musician.

"THE MANOR POLKA," by Frederico.—Shepherd.

There seems no end to the category of polkas, yet will "The Manor Polka" lose nothing in being placed by the side of its rivals. It is an agreeable little *morceau*, and will, no doubt, become a ladies' favourite.

Our Scrap Book.

MUSICAL ANALYSIS.—There is another objection, which is very freely made, and which must not be left without an answer, as it is specious, and may give rise to doubts even in well-constituted minds. "Beware of all this science," say those who are under the dominion of an unconquerable indolence; "it only weakens your pleasures. The arts procure us enjoyment only as their effects are unforeseen. Do not seek, therefore, to acquire a knowledge, the result of which will enable you to judge rather than to feel." All this reasoning is founded upon the following axiom of philosophy: "Feeling is the result of perception; judgment of comparison." But the improvement of the organ of hearing, which results from an observation of the effect of sounds, is nothing more than the means of perceiving better, and of thereby increasing the amount of its enjoyments. For this reason, attention is necessary for all, while none can derive much advantage from imperfect knowledge. Every body passes judgment upon music; some under the influence of blind instinct, and very hastily; others by means of a cultivated taste and with reflection. Who will venture to say that the first is better than the last.—*Extracted from —; by Aurelian.*

SINGERS.—When a singer, endowed with a fine voice, with intelligence and feeling, and who has devoted several years of his life to bringing out, by study, the qualities nature has given him;—when, I say, this singer comes to try for the first time, in public, the effect of those advantages which seem to ensure him success, and suddenly finds his hopes disappointed, he accuses the public of injustice, and the public treats him as ignorant and presumptuous. In this case, both parties are in the wrong; for, on the one hand, he who is not familiar with his own powers, but by the effect which they have produced in the school, is not in a condition to make a proper use of them in the presence of a numerous assembly, and in a large hall; and, on the other, the public is in too great haste to judge by its first impressions, having neither sufficient experience nor knowledge to discern the good which is mingled with the bad, nor to take into account the circumstances which may prevent a favourable exhibition of the singer's talents. How often does the public itself revise its own judgments, for want of having passed them at first with a proper knowledge of the case! So many things are to be attended to in the art of singing, that, without having made it a particular study, or having learned by reflection and experience in what it consists, it is very difficult to judge of a singer, at the first hearing, either in regard to his merits or defects.—*Extracted from —; by Aurelian.*

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Charles Horsley's new Oratorio, *David*, will be performed at Exeter Hall on the 24th instant.

THE PANTOMIMES AND THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—The incidents of Haynau's visit to Bankside, as every playgoer knows, have been seized on by the authors of some of the pantomimes of the season. After the lapse of more than a month the Lord

Chamberlain has seen fit to take official notice of this personal reference, and in one instance to request its omission. In consequence of the suggestion of the Lord High Chamberlain, conveyed through Sir William Martin, two comic scenes were last week cut out of the pantomime at Astley's, one representing the exterior of Barclay's brewery, with draymen, horses, &c.; the other the bedroom of the public-house in which the baron took refuge. Among other pieces, the representation of which has been stopped by the authorities at the Chamberlain's office, may be mentioned the hippo-dramatic spectacle of *Turpin's Ride to York*, which has been played on the boards of most of the metropolitan and provincial theatres for the last thirty-five years. The performance of *Jack Sheppard* and *Oliver Twist* has also been interdicted.—*Morning Herald.*

MACREADY.—After the performance of *Julius Cæsar*, at the Haymarket Theatre, on a recent occasion, Mr. Macready presented Mr. Howe with a massive Roman gold ring, accompanied with a few expressive words, requesting his acceptance of the gift, for the delight and satisfaction he had experienced by his truthful and energetic representation of the character of Marc Antony.

MRS. SHELLEY, authoress of "Frankenstein," "The Last Man," &c., and widow of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, died on the 1st instant, at her residence in Chester-square, aged 53.

THE MANCHESTER KEMBLE CLUB.—This club held their second anniversary at the Alton House, Market-street, on Wednesday evening, the 29th ult., when about twenty gentlemen sat down to an excellent supper, provided by Mr. Thomas Till. The cloth being drawn, the chairman gave "the health of her most gracious Majesty the Queen," which with a number of other toasts was most heartily responded to. A scene from *Richelieu* was given with great spirit. A variety of songs and recitations added to the conviviality of the evening, which was maintained until a late hour.—*Manchester Courier.*

PARODI AND THE SICILIANS.—The same evening on which the citadel and last bastion of Palermo's fortifications were taken by the insurgents, amidst a combined scene of devastation of property and destruction of human life, the Palermitons sent a boat and deputation to fetch their favorite singer from on board the Sardinian man-of-war, in which she had sought protection, and that very night, when the streets were almost impassable from ruins, immense crowds assembled to hear Parodi sing in *Norma*.

PARISIAN CARICATURES.—Some admirable caricatures have appeared in the papers from time to time since the arrival of Jenny Lind in America. Last week, *Char vari* brought out the following:—A fat citizen of Boston is walking gravely along, with his left hand fixed in a frame: "Holloa! what's the matter?" cries a friend. "Oh! my friend," he replies, with an impassioned accent, "I have had the happiness to have this hand pressed by Jenny Lind, and I have had it framed!"—Again: Jenny is at a soiree. The lady of the house having written on her invitation cards, "We will have the Swedish Nightingale," approaches her and says with the most engaging air: "It would be very kind of you to sing us a little song." "It does not depend upon me," murmurs Jenny Lind, "Mr. Barnum has the key." So saying, she shows the lady a small padlock which Barnum has had the precaution to put on her lips before allowing her to go to the party.—Again: A dilettanti of Boston runs, his hair standing on end with enthusiasm, to one of his friends, to whom he exhibits an old boot, by the turn of which it is evident it has been worn a long time on the left foot. "I arrived too late," says he, for the sale; "they had already sold Jenny Lind's shoes for twenty thousand; I could only get one of Mr. Barnum's old boots, for which I paid one thousand dollars. Out! it is at any rate a souvenir."

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—We are to have a concert on Friday evening, when a Mr. Wallack, a German, at present residing in Manchester, will introduce a novel instrument never yet publicly heard here, called the "mundharmonika." Having had the privilege of a private hearing, we can assure our musical friends that there is much to admire, both in the instrument and the style of playing it by Mr. Wallack.—*Manchester paper.*

MR. HENRY BOYS died, aged 45, at Margate, on the 8th instant, of paralysis.

BOTTESINI.—The American journals are filled with eulogies on this double-bass player, whom they dub as the most extraordinary performer on his instrument ever known, and one of the world's wonders. A Havannah paper goes a little beyond this, and says Bottesini is a better composer than Donizetti. There is seldom fire without smoke—so it is said—and never smoke without some heat, but there must be a plenitude of burning matter, we say, to give fire to such a quantity of vapour as the following:—"Let us recur a moment to the wonderful Bottesini,—without doubt, and beyond all rivalry, the greatest performer upon the violone, in the world. At Salvi's benefit, he gave Paganini's *Carnaval of Venice* on this huge instrument with all the ease and effect of the most accomplished violinist. The harmonic tones which he draws, so gracefully, from the upper or G string of his instrument, are singularly powerful and beautiful. His shake is firm and faultless. Indeed, we must suspend our own comments, to give place to the rough remark of a bye-stander, which, in point of description, conveys a better idea of his playing than we could do by an elaborate essay:—"How anybody," said he, "can go over that great long thing [the neck of the instrument] and strike two notes at each end of it at once, with all the *jigamies* up and down [accompanying including harmonies], and not make any fuss about it nuther, is a little beyond my ideas." It is needless, though gratifying to add, that the honours awarded to the great artist were such as became such a performance. Bottesini, however, seems instinctively to shrink from notice, with that modesty which frequently accompanies superior genius. As a composer he is scarcely less inferior than as a performer. That ever fresh and strangely spiritual solo for the clarinet, which introduces the fourth scene of the first act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and which is so magnificently played by Signor Maatai, was composed by Bottesini, though the fact is not generally known. This solo, which occupies several minutes in its delivery, is ever listened to with breathless attention, and invariably calls forth a unanimous burst of applause, excited as much by the originality and brilliancy of the conception, as by the exquisite skill and taste of the performer. The credit of the composition is, of course, given, by many, to Donizetti (the composer of the opera), who, in his most happy moments (in our humble estimation), never reached anything half so pure and original as this clarinet prelude." Were it not that we have heard from undoubted authority the very highest reports of Signor Bottesini's talent, we should scarcely feel inclined to credit the extravagant praises of the American papers. That Signor Bottesini is a wonder on his instrument we are assured. That he is a better composer than Donizetti we doubt.

JULLIEN IN EDINBURGH.—The brilliant and crowded audience which assembled in the Music Hall on Monday night, on occasion of the first of the annual series of concerts of M. Jullien, was nothing more than what in the circumstances might have been reasonably anticipated. The name of *il gran maestro* has influence enough itself to secure for him an enthusiastic reception wherever he goes; but when it is stated that, independent of his own personal attraction, and in addition to all the old favourite performers, such as Pratten, Sounenberg, Koenig, Collinet, Jarrett, &c. his corps embraced that eminent vocalist, Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz—a host of attraction herself—and nothing less than a detachment of real live French drummers from *la Garde Nationale de Paris*, to say nothing of the horn-marvel, M. Vivier, the excitement with which the first evening was looked forward to, apart from the eagerness with which all the tickets for the two other concerts were all bought up on the following (Tuesday) morning, will be readily imagined. The programme was of an exceedingly varied and attractive character. It opened with the celebrated overture to *William Tell*, which was executed with a force and precision that called down the most rapturous acclamations. The exquisite playing of Mr. Collins on the violoncello, of Mr. Pratten on the flute, and of Mr. Winterbottom on the bassoon, was particularly observable, and well merited the applause which it received. This was followed by a beautiful andante by Beethoven, and some selections from *Robert le Diable*, both of which were given with great effect, and afforded various occasions for exemplifying the individual as well as collective qualities of the splendid band. We were next regaled with some pretty dance music, which of course was given with a

brilliancy and expression such only as Jullien and his corps can impart to this style of composition. The great attraction of the evening, however, was the appearance of the French drummers above referred to, who were introduced in a new piece called the "Great Exhibition Quadrille." On presenting themselves they met with a very cordial reception, and under the leadership of M. Barbier, their tambour-major, they rattled away in a manner, which though it might occasionally be not altogether agreeable to those whose acoustic mechanisms were of the ordinary delicacy of construction,—yet still it did not fail to produce a very profound impression on the audience as to the excellence and regularity with which the time was kept. This singular precision was especially noticeable in the *diminuendo* sort of performance towards the close, when the loud rub-a-dub was made to decrease, till as it were it imperceptibly died away in the distance. Of the solo performers, Mr. Winterbottom on the bassoon, and M. Lavigne on the oboe, were particularly effective. M. Vivier, by his performance on the French horn, excited surprise at his marvellous powers, and created a positive *furor*. Passing, however, from the instrumentalists, to what was perhaps the great attraction of all to a large number of the audience—the single vocalist, Madlle. Jetty Treffz—we have only room further to say that her reception was most enthusiastic. The general opinion appeared to be that this lady has vastly improved since she was in Edinburgh formerly; and when, in her last song, she responded to a rapturous encore by substituting her own "Trab, Trab," the excitement of the audience knew no bounds, and the deafening acclamations were only quieted by her good humouredly giving it once more. Last night the audience was equally numerous, and not less enthusiastic. On the whole, M. Jullien may well be congratulated for the success with which he has this year been attended in Edinburgh—a success, however, which has not been greater than that which he every way deserved.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

MADMOISELLE RACHEL AND HER SISTER.—The *Independence* of Brussels has the following in a letter from Paris:—"It is known that Mdle. Rachel has several sisters who are, like her, actresses. The one who is most likely to establish a solid reputation is Mdle. Rebecca, who was recently received as a *sociétaire* by the Comédie Française. For this young and charming sister, Mdle. Rachel has a lively and almost maternal affection. Mdle. Rebecca has lately been performing with success the part of Catarini Bragadini, in Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, in which her sister has personated the principal character. The last time the two sisters performed together, Mdle. Rachel said, as they were leaving the stage after an enthusiastic recall, "My dear child, you have played like an angel; I will recompense you—let us go and sup at your house." "At my house!" exclaimed the young actress, greatly surprised, "you mean at my father's." "No, no! at your residence I say!" answered Mdle. Rachel. "What! are you embarrassed? Well, here are the keys." Shortly after the two sisters arrived in Mdle. Rachel's carriage in a pretty house in the Rue Mogador, close to the charming hotel which the great tragedian occupies in the Rue Trudon. Mdle. Rebecca fancied that she was in a dream, or playing a part in some fantastic comedy. They ascended to the second floor, and Mdle. Rachel then said, "Now open." At the same moment the door was opened, and a venerable-looking female servant appeared with a light. "What, is that you, Marguerite?" said the young actress, glad to see an old friend. "Now enter!" cried Mdle. Rachel, "and all is yours!" Mdle. Rebecca, almost stupefied, entered, and found ante-room, dining-room, drawing, bed, and dressing rooms, furnished in the most elegant style, and decorated with exquisite taste. On returning to the dining-room, a nice supper was seen smoking on the table, and Mdle. Rachel said, "The drawers are full of household linen—in the dressing-room you will find every article of linen and dress you can possibly require—one cellar is stocked with wood, another with wine, and the rent is paid a year in advance! Now let us sup, and do the honours!"

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—There will be a trial of new compositions by the Philharmonic, on the 12th of March. No persons in future will be admitted to the rehearsals but members of the Society.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The first of M. Billet's series of classical pianoforte concerts took place at the above hall last evening (Tuesday). This gentleman's claims to public favour are very great, for his efforts are uniformly devoted to the highest school of music. Although possessing sufficient manual dexterity to enable him to perform any of those modern extravagancies which form the *repertoire* of most of our fashionable pianists, M. Billet has good sense enough to prefer courting public attention as the exponent of the grand and subtle imaginings of the great masters, whose works he renders with a fire, discrimination, and mechanical mastery which few pianists could equal, to pandering to the bad taste of the age by aiming at the achievement of mere so-called "brilliant effects." From Bach and Handel, to Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, his reading has extended. His studies have included all the loftiest productions of the best periods of art; and in whatever piece he executes, abundant evidence is shewn of an intimate acquaintance with his author's style and special beauties. Whether in the lofty and massive inspirations of Bach and Handel, the joyous strains of Haydn, the dulcet, love-breathing tones of Mozart, the wild and wonderful phantasies of Beethoven, or the graceful, *spirituel*, and impassioned beauties of Mendelssohn, his playing is alike truthfully characteristic. M. Billet, then, is a most valuable artist; and if his proceedings in the capacity of private teacher be as conscientious and honourable as those of his public career, his sojourn in this country cannot but contribute largely to the advance of musical art amongst us. The pieces selected for performance on this occasion were Beethoven's sonata in F sharp, a prelude and fugue in A flat, by Bach, a ditto in F by Handel, a sonata in C minor by Woelf, Mendelssohn's Andante con variazioni in E flat (posthumous work), Haydn's sonata in B minor, and a batch of studies by Steibelt, Cramer, Ries, Moscheles, and Chopin. In all of these M. Billet fully sustained the high character we have given him; and we were truly gratified to observe that his abilities were thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The applause bestowed upon his labours afforded one more proof of what we have often asserted, that when fine music is rendered with appropriate fire and expression, it never fails to produce its effect, even upon the uninitiated. It must of necessity do so, for it is more truthful, more natural, and paints passion and emotion more favourably than any other. The "whys and wherefores" are known only to the musician, but the result is felt by all. But in what manner is it delivered by many of our popular artists? What does the finest poetry become when recited in a cold, formal tone, without an atom of accent or emphasis? A positive bore. And it is the same thing with fine music. The works of the great masters are thus constantly marred in the performance. Many of our artists, both vocal and instrumental, think it necessary, whenever they essay a classical piece, to assume a stiff and glacial style, by means of which they think to impart a sort of reverential decorum to their performance. The fact is, that in nine cases out of ten, such persons being daily accustomed to a "different" kind of music, feel quite out of their element in great works, into the spirit of which they cannot enter, and feeling consequently constrained and ill at ease, are afraid to attempt expression lest it may betray some misconception. It is thus they freeze the genial current of their author's ideas, rendering him incomprehensible to some, and tedious to all. Such excellent concerts as that of last evening will always have our heartiest support; and we trust that all who like M. Billet venture upon the exclusive performance of works of high character may be adequately rewarded by the public.—*Morning Post*.

M. HENRI PANOFKA, the popular and talented composer and professor of singing, whose "Practical Singing Tutor" has been adopted by a number of our professors, among others Miss Dolby, has just finished a "Complete Method for all Voices," which will be published forthwith.

KENTISH TOWN LITERARY INSTITUTION.—The Members of this young Institution gave a very creditable performance of the *Messiah* on Monday evening in Trafalgar Place. The vocalists were the Misses Fuge, Newton, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Matthews, and the Messrs. Wilkins, Naylor, Alderson, Yerlett, J. B. Husk,

and Johnson. Mr. J. B. Husk obtained an encore in "Why do the Nations." We should recommend the conductor, Mr. Husk, to attend more particularly in future to Handel's time. The "Hallelujah" Chorus and "The people walked in darkness" were taken much too fast. Mr. Richard Ward, who played the trumpet, should be especially noticed. His tone is clear and true, and he bids fair to become no small addition to the orchestra. This Institution is entitled to encouragement, and will no doubt obtain it at the hands of the public.

NOVEL CONCERT.—On Friday, the 24th January, a concert was given in the Public Rooms, Ripon, by Mr. T. Sowerby, organist of Trinity Church, assisted by Miss M. Hargraves, Miss J. Pickles, and Mr. W. Hutchinson, from Leeds, to one of the most fashionable and crowded audiences we ever witnessed. The chief attraction was that all the performers were blind, and still they executed the pieces in a manner which would have done credit to those who do not labour under such a disadvantage. Many of the pieces were *encored*, and they were all received with great applause. On the previous Tuesday the same party gave a concert at Kirby Malzeard, and on Thursday at Boroughbridge, at both of which places they had crowded and respectable audiences.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

We have stopped the press to say we have just received the Prospectus for 1851. We have not room this week to enter upon details. One of the items will be hailed with delight by the opera-loving public; namely the engagement of the unrivalled ALBONI. The prospectus contains a strong array of talent, and includes several new names and many interesting particulars, all of which will be discussed next week.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Proprietors of the MUSICAL WORLD beg to remind those Subscribers who have not yet forwarded their Subscriptions, that unless the same be paid to MESSRS. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, prior to the publication of the next number, they must discontinue forwarding it. Those Subscribers who may have paid MR. W. S. JOHNSON (the late Publisher), in advance for the present year, will please to send an order to MESSRS. MYERS and Co., to receive the money from him.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

Advertisements.

A POLLONICON.

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS—Mornings, at Two, Evenings, at Eight; Miss Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Donald King, and Miss Mesent. The Proprietor has great pleasure in announcing the engagement of these delightful Vocalists in addition to the usual Apollonicon performances. Admission s.; Royal Music Hall, adjoining Lowther Arcade.

NEW SONGS, &c.

Are we less happy now?	Charles W. Glover	...	2s.
Joy is a bird	Ditto	...	2s.
In dreams thou'rt with me still	Ditto	...	2s.
Where is my loved one?	E. J. Loder	...	2s.
Dermot and Kathleen	W. H. Aldridge	...	2s.
O the merry spring	Miss Mounsey	...	2s.
Beautiful island of light	S. Nelson	...	2s.
There is no land like our own	W. Wilson	...	2s.
Topilas's New Sabbath Melodies No. 13			
Butter little children to come unto me, No. 14			
Cast thy bread on the waters, and No. 15			
O had I the wings of a dove			

T. E. PURDAY, 50, St. Paul's Church Yard.

MR. WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S WORKS.

THE whole of Mr. W. S. BENNETT'S WORKS, formerly published by Mr. Coventry, of Dean-street, are now published only by Messrs. Addison and Helliier, 910, Regent-street; and Messrs. Leader and Cock, 43, New Bond-street, corner of Brook-street; of whom all Mr. W. S. Bennett's compositions, both vocal and instrumental, are to be had for the future.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO, CREATION,

ARRANGED for the Organ or Pianoforte (with Vocal Score), by E. STURGES. Folio type, edition, boards, 10s., in cloth and lettered, 12s., half-bound in calf and lettered, 15s.; plate edition, folio, 21s., with a splendid portrait of the Composer, from a bust taken from life.

The Anthem, "IN THAT DAY," composed and respectfully dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. Oxen private organist to Her Majesty, and organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Price 4s.; single vocal parts, 3s. 6d. Orchestral parts printing. Persons wishing to have the music as performed by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, should order Sarman's Exeter Hall Edition, office, No. 9 in Exeter Hall. The proper allowance to the trade and profession.

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MR. JOHN THOMAS,

PRINCIPAL Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, has the honour to announce that he has returned to London, and that his season for giving instruction on the HARP has now commenced.

He begs also to state that he has established CLASSES for instruction in

HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

One Class, consisting of Ladies only, meets on Wednesdays; and another, of Gentlemen, on Fridays. The lessons commence each evening at 7 o'clock.

All communications from those desirous of either taking private lessons, or of joining the classes, to be forwarded to Mr. Thomas, at his residence, No. 27, GRAFTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—Wednesday, Feb. 26, Handel's Oratorio, SAUL. Vocalists: Misses Birch, Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Lawler. The Orchestra (including 16 double basses), will consist of nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; Reserved seats in Area or Gallery, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, of 53, Charing Cross.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

ON Friday next, Feb. 21st, will be repeated Haydn's CREATION and Dr. Elvey's new anthem. Vocalists, Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, with orchestra of 800 performers. Tickets 2s., 5s., 7s., and numbered seats 10s. 6d. each, at the office of the Society 9, Exeter Hall, and the principal Music Sellers. The Messiah will be performed on Friday the 28th inst.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL, ADELAIDE STREET, STRAND.

SIGNOR MONTELLI'S Fourth Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place on MONDAY EVENING, February 17th. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert commences at Eight precisely. Admissions—Stalls, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Balcony Seats, 1s. 6d.; Upper Balcony, 1s. All particulars may be obtained of Agent, W. Ollivier, Concert Agent, 19, Old Bond Street. Programme changed every evening.

MR. AND MISS RANSFORD

BEG to acquaint their friends and pupils that they have removed from 461, New Oxford Street, to their new residence, 55, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, where they request all future communications may be addressed to them.

London, Feb. 15th, 1851.

M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT

HAS the honor to announce to the Members of the BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY, and to Musical Amateurs, that he will give a series of THREE PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL MUSIC, FOR INSTRUMENTS AND VOICES,

including Tylos, Quartetts, Quintetts, and Septetts, selected from the Works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other Classical Composers. Further particulars will be duly announced.

The Meetings will be held at 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on the Wednesday, at a Quarter past Eight o'clock; February the 26th, March the 12th and 26th.

Subscriptions for the Three Performances, One Guinea, to be had of Messrs. Rousselet & Co., Importers of Foreign Music, Instruments, &c., 68 Conduit Street, Regent Street; also Mr. Betts, Music-seller, Royal Exchange.

MESSRS.

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Students of the Pianoforte will find in the following works of the above distinguished Author an unusual degree of merit, being suited alike for the saloon and practice room, viz.—Chant des Chasseurs, 2s.; L'Adieu du Soldat, 2s.; Chant du Berger, 2s.; Arrangement of Mendelssohn's Chant d'Amour, 2s.; Ditto Parting Song, 2s.; Ditto Chant du Fete, 2s.

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COCK'S MUSICAL MISCELLANY, published monthly, No. V., for February, 2d.; stamped, 3d. Contents:—Retrospect of the Month.

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ST. MARTIN'S HALL, 89, LONG ACRE.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce that the second of his series of **THREE EVENING PERFORMANCES** of **CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, in illustration of the Works of the great Composers, will take place on **Tuesday, February 25th**; and the **third March 11th**. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d. To be had at St. Martin's Hall; of **WESSL and Co., 229, Regent Street**, and the principal Music Publishers.

PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND PERFORMANCE.

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|---|------------------|
| 1. Sonata in E flat minor | PINTO. |
| 2. Prelude & Fugue in G minor (Cat's Fugue) | SCARLATTI. |
| Prelude & Fugue in D major | MENDELSSOHN. |
| 3. Fantasia in A, Op. 16 (Dedicated to ROBERT SCHUMANN) | W. S. BENNETT. |
| 4. Sonata in C minor, Op. 35 (Dedicated to CLEMENTI) | DUSSEK. |
| 5. Allegro di Bravura | CIPRIANI POTTER. |
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| No. 1, do. do. | |
| No. 4, do. do. | |

PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE.

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| 1. Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (Dedicated to CHERUBINI) | CLEMENTI. |
| 2. { Prelude & Fugue in F | BACH. |
| { Prelude & Fugue in E minor | MENDELSSOHN. |
| 3. Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106. | BEETHOVEN. |
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No. 8.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

SPONTINI.

This famous composer died on the 24th ult., at his native town, Majolati,* aged seventy-two years. On Wednesday, the 5th instant, Paris paid a solemn tribute to his memory. At eleven o'clock A.M. a large concourse of musicians, men of science, letters, and politics, assembled in the church of the Madeleine, to join the funeral service. Not one of the musical celebrities, from Auber and Berlioz, down to the smallest composer of one-act operas (*bouffons*); not a singer, from Duprez, Roger, and Couderc, to the pettiest candidate for lyrical distinction; not a pianist, from Stephen Heller, the intellectual, to Rosellen, the light fingered, was absent. It was really an imposing ceremony, although, like that devoted to Chopin about a year ago, by no means an ebullition of national feeling, having been projected and paid for by the friends and relations of the deceased. What the amiable sister of Chopin did for Chopin, the head of the great firm of Erard effected for Spontini, his brother-in-law. To say truth, Spontini, the theatrical composer, had as little hold upon the affections of the great mass as Chopin, the drawing-room pianist. His talent and mode of thought were not fashioned of the stuff that warms the popular breast, while he possessed none of those recondite qualities which ensure a certain peculiar immortality, in a limited sphere of exclusive appreciation.

The whole French press has teemed during the week with essays upon the life and genius of Spontini. By many degrees the best, as it is by many degrees the most comprehensive, of these essays, the *feuilleton* of M. Hector Berlioz, in the *Journal des Debats* of Wednesday, the 12th instant, must, nevertheless, not be regarded as a just estimate of the value of the man to whom it is dedicated. M. Berlioz writes as an enthusiast. He displays a thorough knowledge of the life of Spontini, and a familiar acquaintance with his works; but his praise of the musician is preposterous, and his defence of the man untenable. With a warm heart and a fiery brain, a brilliant fancy and a quick intelligence, M. Berlioz possesses every thing but cool reflection and the unfettered spirit of analysis to be the first critic in Europe. The want of these cold but indispensable adjuncts, to temper his judgment and clear away impediments to the free march of reason, is a great drawback to the confidence which might otherwise be placed in his decisions. M. Berlioz does not jump at conclusions; on the contrary, he takes a long and circuitous path to arrive at them; but in the course of his journey, he leaps over every obstacle that may stand in the way of his especial notions, and holds

* Near Jesi, in Ancona.

his affection before him as a shield, to ward off contrary argument, while brandishing his prejudice as an arm, to fell conflicting sentiments. From first to last the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz must be considered as the speech of an eloquent advocate. His logic is used to turn facts topsy-turvy; his musical acquirement, so invaluable in a good cause, is here but dust thrown into the eyes of the unwary. As an outburst of idolatrous worship—as a fond dallying with a beloved object—as the burning address of a lover to his mistress—the apostrophe of M. Hector Berlioz to Spontini (so greatly his inferior) will be read with intense interest. Those who know neither the man nor his works will probably derive from it a grand idea of both. Geniality of expression, warmth and brightness of style, felicity of metaphor, and ever increasing earnestness, lend to the essays of M. Berlioz a charm not easy to be resisted; and even with the most deeply rooted opinion that Spontini was a very ordinary man, so impressed are we with the glowing language of his eulogist, that we rush from the reading-room to the publisher, and ask for the scores of *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*. How, after perusing them, the vision fades away, how the glory of Spontini vanishes into obscurity, we need not stop to describe. Suffice it, we rise from the study of these—the acknowledged masterpieces of the deceased Italian—with a double admiration for the eloquence of M. Berlioz, and a still firmer conviction that the object of his strange and unaccountable hero-worship was, after all, but a common-place composer. One thing alone puzzles us—how the same pen that paid such glowing homage to the prolixity of *La Vestale* could express itself with frigid indifference about the *Enfant Prodigue*, in a single act of which there is more invention, feeling, melody, and expression than throughout the length and breadth of Spontini's two *chef d'œuvres*! We are consoled, however, by the reflection, that it is not the calm opinion, but the blind and feverish passion of the critic which leads him to throw cold water upon excellence, and elevate mediocrity to a place among the stars.

That, during his progress in the world, Spontini acquired many dignities and honours, may be gathered from the following catalogue of his titles:—Luigi Gaspardo Pacifico Spontini, Count of St. Andria, Composer of Music, Member of the Institute of France, Director of Music to his Majesty the King of Prussia, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Chevalier of the Order of Merit of Prussia, Chevalier of the third class of the Red Eagle of Prussia, Chevalier of the Pontifical Order of St. Gregory, Chevalier of the Order of Francis the First of Naples, Chevalier of the Order of Civil Merit of Bavaria, Commander

of the Order of Hesse Darmstadt, and Officer of the Order of Leopold of Belgium. How many such distinctions were bestowed upon Mozart?

By the death of Spontini a place becomes vacant in the musical department of the French Institute. Spontini's colleagues were Auber, Halévy, Adolphe Adam, and Carafa. The candidates for the vacant place are MM. Zimmerman, Ambroise Thomas, Batton, Martin D'Angers, Clapisson, Hector Berlioz, &c. To discuss the various merits of these gentlemen would be impertinent, but we may be permitted the insinuation, that if any other than Berlioz be appointed it will not only cast a reflection upon the present members of the Institute, but upon the Academy and France itself. Yet the general opinion seems to divide the chances between M. Zimmerman and M. Ambroise Thomas. A precedent is not wanting for such injustice—Balzac, to wit, who was twice rejected by the Academy for some big-wigged nobody.

BATH *versus* LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

As a pleasant contrast to the queer *critiques* from the Liverpool *Mail* and London *Sun*, upon which we have recently animadverted, we may quote a few passages from an able review of the last of a series of quartet concerts given by Mr. Jaques, of Bath. The article appeared in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, of the 19th instant. The author must be either a musician or a well-informed amateur; he writes with fluency and thoroughly understands his subject. His opinion of the important place held by quartets and other pieces for the chamber, among the works of the great masters, is eloquently expressed:—

"Chamber Concerts, devoted to quartets, are, we believe, unique in this city, Mons. Jaques having been the first to introduce them. It has given us much pleasure to observe that the enterprise which led him to embark in the speculation, and the good taste which induced him to select as the staple of these amusements the much neglected quartets of the great classical composers, have met with that appreciation which the occasion deserved. We know of no school in which the amateur could more thoroughly refine his taste, or enjoy a more rational luxury, than in the study of these immortal works. *Hæc tibi dulcia sunt.* Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others of their glorious fraternity, have lavished on these children of their fancy the riches of their vast genius. Compositions of this high class require *par excellence* a mental refinement in the executant, a delicacy of hand, a preciseness in the minutiae of time and tune, and a thorough feeling of the rhythm of the phrases, which when attained mark the perfect musician from the mere fiddler. The most distant approach to coarseness or vulgarity disenchant the listener. It must, therefore, be regarded as no small praise, when we say that these concerts have been distinguished by a purity of taste which left the most fastidious critic nothing to desire."

Such writing as this does honour to the provincial press. We should like to see a little more of it. There is no incoherent jargon of keys and other technicalities, so often employed as cloaks to cover ignorance. Mr. Punch himself, whose sneer is very terrible, would be at a loss to find a single word to carp at. Let our pot-belly'd cotemporary but come to the attack, and, *bref*, he will be obliged to waddle away, with Toby at his heels. Mr. Punch might perhaps fall foul of the Latin; for *hic sibi* is bitter. Mr. Punch likes not Latin.

Toby might also bite at the French, and make a bone of it, *par excellence*. But neither Mr. Punch nor Toby, with the best intentions to be humorous, could pick out anything to laugh at in the English, still less in the common sense of the article. If they went "to Bath," with such an object, their musical subscribers (ourselves among the number) would send them "to Coventry" incontinent.

The following bit about Herr Hausmann's violoncello is more rhapsodical and less musical:—

"And here we pause for a moment to bestow our mite of praise on the finished executancy of Herr Hausmann, the violoncellist. That 'leviathan fiddle' has, we confess, in common hands, at times excited our deepest ire. How laboriously has it growled, groaned, howled, and shrieked, as the operator sawed its vibrating sinews with ruthless and unrelenting hand. If the din was not 'enough to split the ears of the groundlings,' it was more than enough to give them a 24 hours' headache. But, beneath the bow of the German professor, what a lamb-like creature does it become. How readily does it allow itself to be drawn out into sweet converse, emitting tones dulcet and potent, and aerial withal as *faery* music! How delicately-subdued are its appeals to your finer sensibilities, and though, when needs be, it can speak out like a giant, yet 'tis 'a most delicate monster'—just such a gigantic personage as Handel has depicted in his *Acis and Galatea*; or, if like Bottom's Lion, he does roar occasionally, why he does so 'as gently as any sucking dove,' for fear of frightening the ladies!"

It would seem that our contemporary was mistaking the violoncello for the double-bass during the inditement of this paragraph, which we leave to Mr. Punch to do the best with. He can make a ball with it for Toby to play with. Shakspeare is misquoted, and metaphor outraged. Not so in the next, about poor Mendelssohn's first quartet, which is true poetry, every word of it, Latin and all, and French to boot:—

"The Quartett in E flat, No. 1, gave us a specimen of Mendelssohn's exuberant genius,—one of those creations which posterity will not willingly let die. Pathetic, sportive, jubilant, sorrow-stricken, sometimes quaint and mystic as the moonlit dances of the Fauns to the dreamy music of old Pan, then solemn as the cathedral organ pealing through clustered columns and along the groined roof in the midnight mass,—varied in its character, yet charming throughout,—is this embodied dream of the great Hebrew composer. *Procul este profani.* Such music must not be touched by common hands—its brightness would be dimmed by vulgar contact. It should be heard in the hushed twilight, from unseen musicians. What better tribute, then, can we pay to the *artistes* who so perfectly rendered it on this occasion, than to say that it lost nothing of its effect through the intrusion of the slightest flaw or *contretemps*?"

Scorn not this, our Punch; bark not at this, our Toby, or a *contretemps* may arise out of the circumstance. Shakspeare's clown in *Othello*, who requested the musicians to play a soft tune—for that his master "cared not greatly for music that might be heard"—may, perhaps, be paralleled with the aspiration of the writer for "unseen musicians" in the *crepuscule* (twilight—we forget ourselves); but up to this point, and no further, may the feet of Satire march. The rest is unassailable. *Procul este profani!*

Here, too, is a modest appreciation of the fine talent of M. Sainton, which might pass muster in the highest places, as sound and intelligible criticism:—

"M. Sainton's solo on the violin was an agreeable interchange—a flow of melody succeeding to the weird harmonies which had

sunk and died away in their own sweetness. We should describe M. Sainton as a violinist of much feeling; his style is characterised by gracefulness rather than by strength; his bowing singularly free, and his tone pure to the highest degree. He has one special excellence; there is no attempt to surprise his audience into admiration by any thing approaching to *legerdemain*—the bane of the modern professors of the violin. He knows and feels that his instrument is capable of conveying every shade of expression; and, therefore, he wisely keeps within the legitimate powers of the art. His style depends entirely on its intrinsic excellence; and, consequently, his solo was charming throughout. We have heard more surprising performances, but we have seldom been better pleased."

Print *legerdemain* in "roman," and there will be neither Latin nor French in this excellent paragraph, which is the last we can spare room to extract from one of the most sensible musical criticisms we ever read in a provincial journal. Now, Mr. Punch.

IMPROMPTU BY JENNY LIND.

THE following lines, says the *Choral Advocate* of New York, "were written by the beloved Swede in an album. You may rely upon their genuineness: indeed, they contain such evidence. Frederica Bremer had written, in the same album, a few lines concerning rest; which, it would seem, suggested to Jenny Lind the subject of this happy stanza."

"In vain I seek for rest,
In all created good;
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry for God.
At rest—be sure—I shall not be,
Until my heart finds rest with Thee!"

JENNY LIND.

We have no doubt that the above lines are authentic, but we should like to see the original.

REID COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

(From our own Correspondent)

The annual concert of the Reid Commemoration was given last Thursday, when Mdle. Angri, Herr Ernst, Signor S. Tamburini, and Mr. Stockhausen made their first appearance before a Scottish audience. Mr. Frank Mori was the accompanist, and Mr. A. McKenzie conducted the orchestra.

Your readers will have noticed, from an article that appeared in the columns of the *Musical World*, last week, that the tickets of admission to this concert are distributed gratuitously to the public; and that the expenses are, or ought to be, defrayed from the large fund, £70,000, left by General Reid, for the purpose of establishing a choir of music, &c., in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst other stipulations, he desires that a concert be given annually, at which some of his own compositions must be performed. Of late years, there seems to have been some sad squabbling between the "Senatus" and the present Professor. Every one seems to agree—and by every one, we mean the Courts of Law, the magistrates of the city, the press, and the public—that the Senatus are behaving in the most shabby manner possible; and, as Lord Robertson so happily expressed it, are, by the niggardly sum they have allowed the Professor, fixing his salary at the minimum of three hundred a year, when it was in their power to have allowed him a thousand, "starving music down to the lowest pitch." Not only this, but although in the receipt of a revenue of £3,000 per annum, they have actually refused to pay more than £200 for the expenses of this given concert, leaving Professor Donaldson to pay the balance, amounting nearly to a third of his whole salary, from his own private resources. Were the Professors of

the University only to hear what is said of them in society, their ears would tingle for a month. As far as I could learn, however, there seems to be only some half-dozen of them against whom the remarks are directed; they being the chief delinquents, and, as is hinted, the appropriators of the largest share of the funds, which have been expended for purposes never contemplated by the testator.

Hitherto our attention has been turned too little towards the musical doings of Edinburgh; but this matter, as well as others, will in future receive a greater share of notice. It is hardly necessary for me to enter into any lengthened criticism of the concert itself; your columns bear almost weekly testimony to the excellence of the artists engaged. The orchestra was certainly composed of great talent, and although weak in some parts, particularly the chorus, I must give them especial praise for the manner in which they performed the andante and minuetto from Mozart's Symphony, No. 3. The conductor, Mr. McKenzie, is also entitled to approbation. He performed his duties steadily and satisfactorily. All the arrangements were, as usual, under the charge of Mr. Wood, the principal music-seller in Scotland; and whose establishments in Edinburgh and Glasgow are amongst the largest and most ably-conducted in the empire. Signor S. Tamburini was, unfortunately, prevented from appearing, having been seized, as Mr. Wood stated in his apology, with a violent hoarseness.

On Saturday, the same party, minus the orchestra, again performed, at what Mr. Wood is pleased to call a great popular concert. On this occasion, Mr. Silas, who appeared in London last season, played, with Herr Ernst, the two last movements of Beethoven's grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer. I was delighted to observe that this exquisite work of genius was listened to with great attention throughout, and was much applauded. The attendance was excellent. Great hopes may yet be entertained of Scotland as a musical country.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—A grand spectacle founded on Scribe's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, not on Auber's grand opera, composed to Scribe's book, as the bills indicate—inasmuch as Auber's music plays an unimportant part in the affair—was brought out on Wednesday with all the resources of the theatre. The style in which this melodrama is put upon the stage speaks in the highest terms for the spirit and enterprise of the management. The scenery is gorgeous, the dresses costly and appropriate; the *mise en scene* carried out with surprising fidelity in the minutest details; and the subordinates numerous and various; the cast of the principal characters in the main irreproachable. Against one department only of the production we are called upon to protest. Auber's music should not have been meddled with. The *Enfant Prodigue* is a *chef d'œuvre* of a great master. As presented at Drury Lane it is a parcel of shreds and patches without meaning or connection, and consequently without interest. Had the music been set aside altogether, or had some native composer been engaged to fill up the melodramatic pauses and illustrate the dances, with strains of his own, we should have found no reason for complaining; but it was unjust to Auber to treat his fine music so unceremoniously. The thousands of pounds which *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and other inspirations have brought into the treasuries of the London theatres, ought to have commanded a larger amount of respect for their gifted author. Music, however, is out of Mr. Anderson's peculiar line, and, from the superior taste and judgment displayed in his immediate province, together with the pains evidently expended on the getting up, we cannot believe that he would wilfully have done injustice to a great composer, and sacrificed him on the altar of Mammon. Mr. Laurent will probably inform us that it was impossible to do all the music of Auber's opera at Drury Lane. Granted, then

why introduce any of it? There was no necessity for Auber in the matter. The piece, placed on the stage as it is, and supported as it is, would have succeeded without making a burlesque of a great and serious work.

But to proceed to a more agreeable task, to the chronicling of the unequivocal success of the piece, which is entitled *Azael, or The Prodigal*. The feeling in its favour from beginning to end was unanimous and enthusiastic. After the first act Mr. Anderson and Mr. Vandenhoff were honored with separate recalls, and each individual scene was hailed with a burst of acclamation. When we said above, that the entire resources of the theatre were made available, we spoke within the mark. The wealth of other establishments was made contributory. The Surrey Zoological Gardens supplied two camels, and Astley's several horses for the processions.

We have already, in the letter of our Paris correspondent, detailed the plot of the *Enfant Prodigue*, which has been closely followed in the Drury Lane version. The characters and incidents are nearly identical. One or two alterations, however, have been made, and, we think, not for the better. In the original the escape of Jephthele from the temple of Isis is effected through the instrumentality of Lia the dancing girl; while in the Drury Lane translation *Azael* is made to save her by threatening the priests with the sacrificial axe, and allowing her to fly from the temple in the confusion. The alteration is decidedly for the worst. The principal parts are thus distributed:—Reuben, the father, Mr. Vandenhoff; *Azael*, the Prodigal, Mr. Anderson; Amenophis, the traveller, Mr. Emery; Bucharis, High Priest of Isis, Mr. Cooper; Sesthos, Mr. Rafter; Jephthele, Miss F. Vining; Nefte, Mrs. Walter Lacy; Palmea, Priestess of Isis, Miss Eliza Nelson; First and second Priestess, Misses Julia Bleaden and De Camp; Lia, principal dancer of the Almees, Mdle. Victorine Legrain; First Almee, Madame Louise, Second Almee, Mdle. Palser, &c., &c.

This array of talent looks well on paper, nor will it be found to disappoint expectation when brought to the test. Mr. Anderson played the Prodigal Son with an amount of buoyancy, feeling, and passionate energy which even in him may be pronounced remarkable. The whole of the last act was exceedingly natural and powerful, and made a great impression on the house. His abject demeanour when meeting his father on his return home, and his heart-broken expressions of penitence, were finely true to nature. Mr. Anderson's performance of *Azael* will have no small share in achieving the success of the new piece. Mr. Vandenhoff, as the father, had not so much to do as Mr. Anderson, but he had two scenes of great power, which he gave with artistic feeling and passion. The parting with his son was very touching. Mr. Vandenhoff's pathos is easy and manly, and does not partake of the mawkish sentimental. Mr. Cooper had less to do than his two *confreres*; nevertheless, what he did he did skillfully—witness his leer to Lia, worthy of the most virulent Memphian priest-voluptuary, and his glorious progress from dull sobriety to dead drunkenness in the temple. Miss F. Vining and Mrs. Walter Lacy, in their several parts of Jephthele and Nefte, were both excellent. These parts could not have been better supported. In her second dress Mrs. Walter Lacy wore one of the most magnificent and becoming costumes we ever witnessed on the stage. While upon the article of dress, we cannot pass over the splendour and propriety that distinguished the apparel of every individual in the piece. The three principal Almees were represented by Mesdames Victorine Legrain, Palser, and Louise. Each of these choregraphs danced a *pas seul* in the grand ballet in the square of Memphis, and each in turn obtained a decided demonstration of popular favour.

Mdlle. Legrain was separately honoured with several bouquets. The singing in the principal parts was confined to Mr. Rafter, Mr. S. Jones, Miss Eliza Nelson, Miss Julia Bleaden, and Miss de Camp. Mrs. Walter Lacy, by the way, introduced a ballad, and sang it very prettily.

The scenery, we have said, was gorgeous and magnificent; so much so, indeed, that any words of ours must fail to do it justice. The first scene, the interior of Reuben's tent, presented a splendid look out on the arid desert. Despite the astronomical anomaly of making the sun set and rise in the same point of the heavens, this scene was very beautiful and natural. The Square of Memphis is not unlike one of the *Semiramide* scenes at Covent Garden. The sacred procession of Apis across the stage was very grand and striking; the standards and emblematical signs shone with gold and colours, and the famous bull of Memphis made a conspicuous figure in the back ground. The dresses were rich and diversified. In this scene the stage was nearly covered with people. The interior of the Temple of Isis is one of the most imposing scenes we have ever seen. The whole stage is exposed to its utmost limits, both in height and breadth. An enormous staircase ascends, but by gentle gradations, to nearly the height of the top of the flies. Groups of figures, in all sorts of uniforms, are observed diversely occupied. All are indulging in some favourite diversion. The Almees dance, the Priests drink, then hand the goblets to the ladies, who all partake too freely of the potatoes, and overpowered, sink to sleep beside their drowsy pastors. This is a most exciting scene, but the termination is very different from the manner in which it is done in Paris. The last scene also is remarkably beautiful. It represents the home of *Azael* seen from without, and offers some splendid points of colouring. It would be hardly fair to omit the names of the designers and painters, Messrs. Jones and Cuthbert, in our notice of the new spectacle; nor should we pass by Mr. Phillips, under whose direction the properties and appointments were produced; nor those of Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Clarke, the devisers of the costumes.

And now, having, we trust, done justice to all parties, wishing the new Grand Spectacle the long and brilliant career it so eminently deserves, we take our leave of it for the present.

OLYMPIC.—The new five-act, or rather seven-act drama, produced on Monday night, under the title of *Sixtus V.; or, the Broken Vow*, appears to be a draft from the Theatre Historique of Paris; and, in its prolixity, its feverish incidents, its stirring and impossible situations, its bare dialogue, and its fragmentary characters, affords unmistakable indications of the source from whence it has been drawn. Dion Bourcicault, we are told in the bills, is the author of *Sixtus V.*; but Dion Bourcicault, we are sure, wrote little or none of it, neither meddling with the language nor the personages, and probably effecting nothing more than a literal translation from the original. That he wrote none of the dialogue we have internal evidence in the absence of good things that *would have been* said, had he taken the trouble to infuse a little of his own spirit into Hugo, the swash-buckler friend of Don John of Austria, who really might have been made a worthy stage person. On the other hand, we fancy we espy Dion Bourcicault's hand in certain dramatic contrivances and surprises, which do not smack of the Theatre Historique. Be this as it may, although the new romantic drama would have been assuredly improved had Dion Bourcicault considered it worth his while to re-write it, we have to chronicle a success such as is seldom accorded to a new or old production at this or any other house. The principal fault of *Sixtus V.* is its length. It is said to be in five acts, but as the first and fourth acts have

each two tableaux, and as a curtain descends between each tableau, occupying the same space of time as is taken up between the acts, there are in reality seven acts. The smallness of the Olympic stage, and the requirements for the scenic effect, necessitates this division. To obviate this, the piece demands considerable curtailment, as it absorbed more than four hours in the performance the first night.

The *Broken Vow* is the true title of the new historical play, or romance. The incident drawn from the life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth is merely an episode.

Adrien Peretti is a young hunter living in a lonely cottage, on the hills of Albano. He fancies himself of humble birth, but is in reality as highly descended as the daughter of the Colonna, the fair Bianca, with whom he has formed a hidden and romantic attachment. The secret of his birth is made known to him by Hugo, an ancient comrade, who had been in the wars of the Low Countries, and returns flushed with importance and a few rix-dollars. Hugo befriends Adrien in his amour with Bianca, and they go together to demand her hand from the father. Their proposals are rejected with disdain, and they depart from the palace of the Colonna vowing vengeance. And now commences a series of changes and counter-changes, captures and escapes, plots and counter-plots, concealments and discoveries, meetings and separations, defiances, entreaties, risings, surprises, fortunes and misfortunes, which might have served Ann Radcliffe admirably for the machinery of a new novel, and might have furnished sundry hints to Messrs. Dumas, Soulier, Sue, and Co. for their exciting concoctions, but which we have neither time nor patience to follow. Suffice it that Adrien, despite of all resistance, marries Bianca; that Bianca is torn from Adrien immediately after her marriage and immured in a convent; that she remains a whole year in the convent, and is at last prevailed on to take the vows of a nun; that Adrien forces his way into the convent to no purpose; that Bianca repudiates her vows, and is poisoned and buried by the nuns; that Adrien and Hugo force their way to the tomb, and find her only half-poisoned; that the Inquisition next seizes upon the young lady and takes her under its tender care; and that finally the life of Bianca is spared by the appointment to the vacant pontificate of the Cardinal Montalto, who was a friend to her and Adrien from the commencement, although he was necessitated to throw out a show of indifference to the fate of the young couple. Thus all ends happily for those in whom we are interested, with the exception of poor Hugo, who has been put to the torture by the gentlemen of the Inquisition—but not to the death. The friend of Don John of Austria is supposed to be in a state which will permit him to recover from the embraces of the thumb-screw.

The character of the Cardinal has little or nothing to say to the main business of the story. He comes and goes, and appears to be invested with some power over the destinies of the hero and heroine; but in reality he has no immediate effect on their fortunes; and the incident in the end by which he is made Pope, and is thereby enabled to save them, is entirely ruled by fortuitous circumstances. Unlike Richelieu, whom he might have been made to resemble, his skill and intellect fail to direct or even influence passing events. He is a weak instrument, and claims neither our esteem nor our admiration.

The manner in which *The Broken Vow* is put upon the stage would alone entitle it to the favour of the public, and ensure it a prosperous run. The scenery is remarkable for its beauty and appropriateness. Each scene—and there are seven—is not merely dioramic: it is set or built, and occupies the entire of the stage. The most striking of the seven are the

first scene—a view of a broken aqueduct near Albano; the Convent of St. Ursula; the crypt of the Convent; and the grand hall of the Vatican, at Rome. All these were admirably put upon the stage, and were received with cheering acknowledgments by the audience. Nor were the dresses in any respect inferior. The introduction of real buff coats for the soldiers, in place of the old-fashioned cloth of resemblance, should not be overlooked, as a sign of a move in the right direction.

Mr. Leigh Murray played Adrien Peretti, and gave a highly picturesque reading of the character. It is essentially a melodramatic part, and must be judged accordingly. Mrs. Leigh Murray displayed considerable dramatic talent as the Countess Colonna, the mother of Bianca, an up-hill part; and Bianca was sustained by Miss Louisa Howard in a very engaging and lady-like manner. In its mock humility, its pretended weakness and imbecility, and its assumed sycophancy, the character of the wily Cardinal was well adapted to Mr. W. Farren's peculiar style. He supported it throughout with great effect. Mr. Henry Farren was the Hugo; and we do not remember to have seen this gentleman so well fitted in a part. He made a right hearty and bluff swagger-bully, and looked the good-natured cut-throat to the life.

The applause was tremendous after the different divisions of the play, and was redoubled at the fall of the curtain. The cheers and calls for the author at the end, however, remained unresponded to for a long while, until the patience of the audience ran the risk of being exhausted. Neither author nor delegate of the manager appeared. At last Mr. Norton came on and said that Mr. Bourcault had left the house previous to the termination of the play, and that Mr. Leigh Murray was unable to appear before them in consequence of the great fatigue he had undergone—and order was restored.

Th the trowas crowded in every part.

Reviews of Music.

- No. 1. "NE'ER THINK THAT I'LL FORGET THEE." Ballad; written by MRS. GILBERT A'BECKETT. Leader and Cock.
- No. 2. "AND MUST WE, THEN, IN SILENCE MEET?" Ballad; written by MRS. GILBERT A'BECKETT. Leader and Cock.
- No. 3. "DO NOT SMILE." Ballad; words by J. D. DOUGLAS, Esq. Leader and Cock.
- No. 4. "IT IS O'ER, THAT HAPPY DREAM." Ballad; words by BERTIE VYSE, Esq. Music by Mrs. Gilbert A'Beckett.
- "THE ROYAL NURSERY QUADRILLES, OR POPULAR NURSERY TUNES," composed by MRS. GILBERT A'BECKETT. Cramer, Beale, & Co.

Among the female amateurs who are constantly adding to the stores of elegant drawing-room music in this country, the lady whose name is affixed to the above compositions holds a distinguished place. Added to a more than ordinary musical feeling, Mrs. A'Beckett has studied to such purpose, and in such a good school, that none of those imperfections in harmony and modulation—which but too often, in the works of our amateurs, spoil an otherwise graceful thought—are observable in her productions. The accompaniments to her songs are as neat, and correctly written, as, for the most part, her melodies are flowing and natural; so much so, indeed, that it is difficult to believe they have proceeded from the pen of an amateur.

The ballads which head this notice are favourable examples of Mrs. A'Beckett's talents. No 1, in E flat, which is adapted to some pretty verses of her own—for Mrs. A'Beckett is a poet as well as a musician—although well defined, and essentially vocal, is the least original of the four. It is, however, superior to the common run of fashionable ballads, and the accompaniment is remarkable for its easy smoothness. No 2, in E—the words of which are also by Mrs. A'Beckett, and, like the preceding, partake

of the sentimental colour—is greatly superior in a musical point of view. The air is more marked, and not less melodious, while it possesses this advantage, that it cannot be traced to any other source. There are some charming points in the accompaniment, one of the most attractive of which is the *ritornella* that precedes and follows each of the couplets. It is adapted to a *contralto* or *mezzo-soprano* voice. This ballad, in the hands of an unaffected singer, would scarcely fail to please. No. 3, in D, has an agreeable touch of the Swiss character in the tune, which will gain it many admirers; at the same time, we are bound to say it is not copied from any known example of that popular style of melody. The accompaniment, as usual, is exceedingly well written. No. 4, in A, is decidedly the happiest of the songs. Though in form a ballad, in character it rises above it. The melody, *larghetto*, is highly expressive and vocal, while a graceful accompaniment of triplets, skilfully conducted, fits it admirably, and imparts an additional interest. Mrs. A'Beckett must have composed this ballad in her happiest mood; the "happy dream" which forms the burden of the words, could not have been sung in happier strains. Bertie Vyse, Esq., the poet, has reason to exult at beholding his verses thus raised to significance by musical companionship.

"The Royal Nursery Quadrilles" are, what their title imports, an easy set of quadrilles for young performers. They are, nevertheless, excellent of their degree, pretty and animated, while the popular nursery tunes which constitute the prominent motives of each successive figure, are selected with a judicious view to contrast, and are effectively helped out by sundry original phrases, in minor keys, which of course are Mrs. A'Beckett's own. One of these, in B minor, is very nice, and the chord of the "Neapolitan sixth" (as some theorists entitle it) in the antepenultimate bar, raises "Little Jack Horner" into a sphere of sentiment somewhat at variance with "sitting in a corner" and "eating Christmas pies."

"YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING," Madrigal—Brinley Richards. Calkin and Budd.

Mr. Brinley Richards has felicitously caught the spirit of Thomas Heywood's (1651) quaint verses, which, after the invariable custom of madrigals, treat of Phyllis walking in her garden, of birds chirping in her bower, at the instigation of some dying swain, who, afraid of her frown, sends winged emissaries to bask in its gloom, little thinking that the lowering brow of the wanton maid only preserves its cloud in vexation at his absence. Silly swain! Hadst thou gone thyself to Phyllis, instead of despatching sparrows, thy fate would have been other. Phyllis yearned not for the harmony of beaks—such could not arrest her favour—but for lover's vows and protestations, seasoned with tears and illustrated with kneelings, and only frowned to make her smile the sweeter when it came; and that would not have been long; for Phyllis, like all other maids, would have yielded hadst thou wooed her closely. Silly Swain! Stupid Swain!! Bucolic Booby!!! Mr. Brinley Richards, evidently understanding the matter in this light, has made the birds warble simply, Phyllis frown capriciously, and the swain languish dolefully. All, however, comes to an end, as it made a beginning, in the common chord of F, the key in which Mr. Richards has pitched his madrigal. Not only in a poetical sense has Mr. Richards justly interpreted this lyric of Master Thomas Heywood, but the style of his melody and harmonies is closely fashioned on the best Elizabethan models. He has carefully avoided chromatics, and has furnished several bits of that peculiar close imitation which characterises our elder madrigalists. The part writing however, is more simple and quite free from those harsh and unanticipated progressions, those forced resolutions, doubtful cadences, and obstinate sequences, which, contrary to the opinions of those who pronounce *ex cathedra* on these matters, we cannot hold among the beauties of our venerable music-makers. Nothing can be simpler or better defined than the first phrase. Except a transient passage into D minor, occurring twice upon the word "alleys" (indicating a sort of mystic veneration on the part of Mr. Richards, for the private retreat of Phyllis, which he may be imagined to have visited in the guise of a sparrow, sitting on a branch and chirping his own madrigal at the dying Swain's bequest), not a single modulation occurs. The clever passage of imitation, commencing in A minor, on the words

"Goe pretie byrdes," in which the theme is responded to "bar-wise," and finishing with a close in C major, on the word "lowre," is suggestive of the feathery minstrels departing, one by one, in alternate succession, at the desire of the over-anxious and not sufficiently rash adorer. The episode beginning in C minor, on the words "Ah me! methinks she frownes," is very plaintive, and thoroughly expressive of the lover's despair. The transition into E flat, the return to C minor, and the coda in G minor, which arises out of this episode and serves as a bridge over which Mr. Richards walks back to his original key, are all beautiful and in excellent keeping; while the variations of treatment after the *reprise* of the first motive, add greatly to its effect, and bring the madrigal to an animated and satisfactory close.

Mr. Brinley Richards must not rest satisfied with giving the public a solitary instance of his acquaintance with the old madrigalian style. Let him give a second and a third, and his admirers will speedily demand a fourth.

"CELLARIUS WALTZ".—Composed and Dedicated to Miss Pardoe, by ANNIE BENTLEY. CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.

The authoress of this waltz, we believe an amateur, must be praised for having avoided, in the treatment of a very familiar theme, every trace of common-place thought. Miss Bentley's "Cellarius Waltz," indeed, is almost as good as any of the countless imitations of the original with which the musical press has teemed for some years past. Not only is it graceful but showy and brilliant, and likely to flatter the fingers of the executant, and excite the feet of the waltzers, in an equal degree. The waltz consists of a theme in E flat, a trio in A flat, and a short but animated coda in the original key, which follows the return of the first subject. Young ladies, who may wish to conciliate and find admirers in a ball-room, by helping the rest of the company to dance, through the instigation of strains at once tuneful and exhilarating, will find Miss Bentley's "Cellarius Waltz" well suited to their purpose.

"GRAND MARCH OF ALL NATIONS." THOMAS BAKER. Jullien & Co.

Our opinion of this grand finale to Jullien's Great Exhibition Quadrille, with its affluence of national melodies, its imposing tympanic reverberations, its variety of bye-themes, Jullienic and original, foremost and freshest of which stands the curt and characteristic burden of the march, which prefaces, interrupts, joins together, and mingles with all the other motivi, and which may be pronounced as one of its composer's most uncompromising and resolute inspirations, its shouts of loyalty, protestations of universal brotherhood, and, finally, its union in amicable relationship of "God save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and "Mourrir a Patrie," has already been made public. We need not, therefore, repeat it, since by "Abs" and by "Adnan," it is known through the length and breadth of the empire. All it becomes us to say at present is, that Mr. Baker has performed his task in a very able manner, having adapted the whole to the capacity of performers with moderate powers of execution, without omitting a single effect to which the circumscribed limits of the key-board can give possible utterance. This arrangement of the "Grand March of all Nations," be it understood, is wholly distinct from the edition of the quadrille which has been adapted exclusively for private balls and reunions. A large sale may be predicted for this piece.

"ROSE LEAVES"—Study for the Pianoforte—THOMAS BAKER. Jullien and Co.

In the present composition Mr. Baker puts forth claims to consideration as an original writer, and comes out honourably from the ordeal. "Rose Leaves,"—somewhat fantastically entitled, we admit—is a brilliant study in E minor, excellently adapted to *delier*, or loosen the fingers, while the episode in the major, besides being melodious and nicely harmonised, will improve the pupil in the *legato* style. This study displays Mr. Baker in the double capacity of a well-informed musician and a graceful thinker. It is useful and pleasing in an equal degree.

"**GREAT MASTERS FOR LITTLE PUPILS.**"—Nos. 1, 2, and 3.—
THOMAS BAKER. Jullien and Co.

From adaptation and original production Mr. Baker here turns his attention to the elementary. We object to nothing except the title of this serial, which differs in no other respect from a dozen similar publications. It is merely a selection of operatic and other airs from various masters, so arranged as to be brought under the fingers and within the intelligence of young performers in particular, and tyros in general. The selections are well varied; the adaptations good, although even the fundamental harmonies of the original are not always strictly adhered to (for reasons easily to be guessed); and the work may be pronounced generally useful, because well suited to the object proposed. Let us, nevertheless, confess, that we think the studies of beginners are more likely to lead to advancement and real musical feeling through the medium of works expressly written for the pianoforte—the sonatinas and easy rondos of Clementi, Steibelt, Dussek, and others, for example—than through miniature versions of sacred and orchestral operatic pieces, in which the original idea must necessarily be stunted and distorted, in order to be brought within the proposed compass. The little works we have specified being complete, although bagatelles in length and pretension, will accustom the learner to symmetry of outline and well-developed form, the full appreciation of which can alone lead to the acquirement of a sound musical taste. The other things will come in time when the pupil is able to play them as they are written. "Work first and play afterwards," is a maxim that applies to every kind of study, and should be invariably impressed upon the minds of pupils, by masters who sincerely desire their advancement.

Original Correspondence.

MAYO MISPELLED.
(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Wilton House, Blackheath, Feb. 10th, 1851.

SIR,—As I see my name in Signor Montelli's advertisement in the *Times* of this day, misspelled Mago, and in his list of tenors, Majo, may I beg the favour of you to make it known, through the medium of your widely extended and valuable publication (of which I am a constant reader) to the world, that my name is *Mayo*.

In doing this, you will place under great obligations to you,
Sir, Your very obedient servant,

"STANLEY MAYO."

MR. MACREADY'S BENEFIT.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Being one among many who have been disappointed in their application for places, for the above occasion, and finding that many of those who have been more fortunate than myself are trading in them, and thus raising the price without its being in any manner likely to aid the receipts of the Theatre, it has occurred to me, that through your columns, I might suggest to those who have the management of the affair, the propriety of selling the pit tickets (or even those of the galleries) by public auction, as was lately done in America, in the case of Jenny Lind, appears thus directly augmenting the Benefit fund, and securing to those who would be inclined to pay this competition price, the coveted admission, without the great inconvenience of waiting so long at the doors, and being half crushed by the pressure of the crowd.

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged servant,

RICHARD JEFFS.

12, Margaret St., Cavendish Square,
Feb. 20, 1850.

Zumzerzhire, Feb. 21st, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I be going to trouble he, once more about hour Hinglish Musickers. I have been thinking, that it would be a very good thing, to give these voringers a good *drashing*, now

they be coming hover to this great *Herxibition*, I dont mean to *drash em*, in any way but musick. I think that zomebody, should come vorrard, and put a zum of money, for a challenge between hour Hinglish Pianer Players, and the voriegn Pianer Players, I don't mean to zay but what the voriegners may play their own pieces, that they compose best, but I wont have that zort o' vork—I should think that the great Building should be a cleard hout one day, on purpose for a zertain number of these Voriengners and a zertain number of our Hinglish, and there to be an Hum-pire to but down the pieces, that each should play, and I bound to ventur *hundred* to one, that hour Hinglish musickers will beat em, I think I shall come hup, and have an hinterview wi *Prince Halbert*, on the zubject Ill put hout my zhare, awe the money any day youll like—I think its nothing but right, zomething shoud be done, you ze every other trade will be trying, *not* to be houtdone, by the voriegn; law bless thee, I can put my hand, upon a dozen Hinglish Pianer players thatle tackle any voriegn, on fair ground in musick I know, there's the *Horgan* to, now what a *noble Hinstrument*, Why I am zure, we got zome blind *Horgan Players* will play the voriegn, hout-a-zight any day, Can he tell i anything about them cheap *Condoling Pianers*, the vact is, I want to buy one, vor my daughter, but they tell i they wont do, because they be made by steam—and that they be all zeccond Hand, they doant make nothin but zeccond Hand ones, wil he be zo good, as to zatisfy me on this here point,

"Yours resp.

"VARNER ZHARP."

MACREADY'S FAREWELL.

(From *Punch*.)

MR. PUNCH's last advices from Elysium bring intelligence of a great stir in that quarter. The shade of Shakspeare, with the shades of Garrick, Kemble, and Kean, as shades in waiting, will be at Drury-lane on Wednesday next, the 26th, on the farewell performance of Macready. A very handsome bit of laurel has been provided by Shakspeare for the occasion; whilst the grand spectral actors will have their tributary bouquets of asphodel and amaranth to dedicate as their offerings.

Were Punch sovereign despot of England—which he has no wish to be, except on special occasions, and the one he is about to name is certainly one of the most special—he would exact tremendous bail of Mr. Macready that he should, in the course of next summer, make certain appearances; and, if such bail were not given, Mr. Punch would commit Mr. Macready under close guard, to—let us say, the Star and Garter, Richmond, with the range of the Park, sending him with a guard of honour (and safety) to the Haymarket Theatre, personally to put in the following appearances, for the instruction and pleasure of the several foreign nations, to be represented by their people, here in London, during the great show. We ought, at least, to prove what we *can* do in tragedy; therefore, Punch would hold Mr. Macready responsible for such exhibition. Hence, Mr. Macready should play—

Hamlet—For the visitors from Denmark;

Cardinal Wolsey—To the folks from Rome;

Prospero—To the Milanese;

Benedict—To the gentry from Messina;

King Lear—To the Ancient Britons, wherever they might come from;

Othello and Iago—To the Moors and Venetians;

Claude Melnotte—To the ladies from Lyons;

Richelieu—To our lively neighbours from Paris;

Macbeth—(at half price) To all friends from the North.

Of course, the list might be appropriately lengthened; and were *Punch* sovereign despot, he would lengthen it; as he is not, he must make the most of the "farewell," and array himself in his best for Wednesday next, to do farewell honour to Macready, and—no, we do not despair—for awhile to Shakspeare.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent).—Among the numerous musical entertainments which have been given lately here, I must especially allude to that of Mons. Ferdinand Praeger, the talented and well-known London professor and composer, which took place in Saxe's rooms, on Monday evening, the 3rd instant. This was in all respects a brilliant affair, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. Praeger had a difficult task to encounter. He had to play two hours before a critical audience, and during that time to submit his own music only to the ordeal of their opinions. It speaks no little in favour of his talents as a composer and pianist to say that his hearers not merely were not *ennuyé* by the single-handed and somewhat hazardous display, but listened throughout with marked attention, and appeared highly gratified both with the piano-forte playing and the music submitted to their consideration. The programme consisted (Part I) of a "Nocturne Romantique; Grande marche triomphale, *Elegie*;" "La Petite Fadette" *scene pastorale*; (Part II) "Le Chalet;" "Mazurka;" a Prayer and "Valse fantastique;" "Reverie Nocturne;" "Grand morceau de Concert," a "Romance" and "Galop de Bravoure." Each piece was received with favour, and Mons. Praeger may be said to have achieved a decided success. His music was praised for its novelty and boldness, and his playing for its power and brilliancy. You cannot expect a lengthened analysis in a brief letter, but the French journals will supply all I have left unsaid. At the end of the concert such was the impression produced by Mons. Praeger, that a unanimous call was made on him for one *morceau* more and every one in the room complimented him on his success.

I intended to have sent you a short memoir of Spontini, but I see you have anticipated me. There were, nevertheless, some particulars attached to his life, death, and reputation, which might have been acceptable to your readers. Perhaps on a future occasion I may venture to discuss the merits of one, about whom at this moment there seems to be such a diversity of opinion. At the funeral service in his honor, two pieces—a trio in E flat, for female voices, and a *Marche funebre* in F minor, from the *Vestale*—were executed upon the organ, by M. Lefébvre-Wély, who prefaced the ceremony by an improvisation, the principal feature of which was the excessive obtrusion of a stop which suggested the idea of a sick clarionet more than anything else. M. Wély, nevertheless, is a first-rate organist, if not a first-rate improvisator. The trio was played at the communion, the march at the end of the service. The Offertory, accompanied by M. Vauthrot on the small organ, was borrowed from the trio of prisoners in *Fernand Cortez*, to which the Latin words had been adapted by M. Dietsch, recently appointed "chapel-master" of the Madeleine. M. Dietsch is known as the composer of several masses and other sacred pieces. MM. Auber and Pierre Erard (brother-in-law of the deceased) acted as chief mourners.

TOURS.—(From our own Correspondent).—Madame Montenegro, with Monsieur and Madame Santiago, have been giving a series of Italian operas here with great success. On Sunday evening I was present at the representation of *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was given with a perfection of ensemble seldom witnessed out of Paris or London. Madame Montenegro is a complete mistress of dramatic music, and with a fine quality of voice combines superior tragic powers. From the first air "Come è bello" to the last she sang and acted throughout in a manner that raised the most enthusiastic cheers from the audience, and was called for at the end of each act. Madame Santiago was the Orsini; her voice is of

good quality, and she is a thorough musician. Her deep tones were excellently displayed in the famous brindisi, "Il segreto per esser felici," in which she was raptuously encored. Monsieur Santiago was Gennaro, the music of which part he sang with taste and feeling. The duo with Lucrezia was most vociferously encored, both artistes singing it with an amount of feeling and energy which called forth repeated bursts of approval from all quarters. Duke Alfonso was sustained by Signor Ghislanzoni, who sang the music correctly and in good taste. On Tuesday evening I was surprised to find the *Favorite* was to be given in French, Madame Montenegro filling the part of Leonora, and Signor Santiago that of Ferdinand. It appears that Madame Montenegro has broken up her *troupe*, and with the assistance of Monsieur and Madame Santiago sings in French or Italian whichever may suit the capabilities of the *impresario*, by whom she may be engaged on her star-rising expedition. Her pronunciation of French is perfect; I could scarcely discover the least accent; and Monsieur Santiago was equally "native" in this respect. I was *lifted* into the theatre by the crowd, and with difficulty got my stall, which I had the precaution to secure in the morning. The people told me that there were three hundred people more in the theatre than the authorities allowed money to be taken from at the doors. All this, however, was very disgraceful on the part of the police, of whom there were only some half dozen. Peace being restored, the opera proceeded, and was a finished and highly spirited performance on the part of Madame Montenegro and Monsieur Santiago. The duo, in the last act, was encored, and Madame Montenegro with Signor Santiago were twice obliged to appear at the fall of the curtain. As I am en route to Montes I dare say I shall again fall in with these charming *planets*.—CHARLES.

BERLIN.—Meyerbeer insisted on paying fifty dollars for his ticket at the recent benefit for the composer of the *Czar and Zimmermann*, Lortzing. *The Demon of Night*, an opera in three acts, by Jaques Rosehain, is in rehearsal, and will be produced at the Grand Opera, shortly after it has been given at the Academie Royale in Paris, where it is now in active rehearsal. The well-known pianist, improviser, and composer, Dr. Theodore Kullak, has obtained permission to visit London in the spring. On the 27th January the Royal Chapel-master, Carl Moser, the famous violin *virtuoso*, departed this life in the 77th year of his age. His son August Moser, also a talented violonist, is on his way back to Europe, too late to fulfil the last wishes of his dying parent. On the birthday of H.R.H. the Prince Charles, a family festival took place in H.R.H. Palace, to which the King and Queen and all the members of the Royal Family were invited. The Royal Princes and Princesses gave several *Tableaux Vivans*, interspersed with songs by the music directors Jahns, and piano-forte compositions by Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Kullak and Thalberg, all performed by the Court Pianist, Dr. Kullak. The vocal music included German, Italian, and *English* songs.

VIENNA.—Wilmers, the pianist, is here, and has announced his third concert for the 23d March. His reputation is much greater at Vienna than in any other part of Europe. It will be remembered, that though he married an Englishwoman, Wilmers failed to please in London. Dessauer's opera, *Paquita*, was produced at the Opera-House on the 30th January. It was coldly received. This well-known song composer has not shown any striking talent for instrumentation or dramatic effect. Weber's *Oberon* has been produced here with great splendour, and received with immense enthusiasm.

LEIPZIG, Jan. 26.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. H. Litolf, who, although an Englishman, enjoys the reputation of

being one of the first living pianists, at a concert in the Gewandhaus, played a trio of his own composition, assisted by Herr David and Herr Rietz, which pleased much, most particularly the *adagio*. On the same occasion Beethoven's *Septuor* in E flat, Op. 20, was performed. At the fourteenth Subscription Concert we had the overture of *Der Freyschutz*; a *fantasia* for violoncello, by Kummer, well executed by Herr Grütz-macher; a concerto for violin composed and performed by Chapel-master Dreyschock; and a symphony for full orchestra, in G minor, by Julius Rietz, of which more on another occasion. On the 3d February, Chapel-master Rietz conducted a splendid concert at the Gewandhaus, for the benefit of the widow of Lortzing (composer of the popular opera *Czar and Zimmermann*), which left a surplus of 530 dollars. Madame Trege produced a great sensation by her expressive rendering of Mendelssohn's *Zuleika* (Op. 57), a song by R. Schumann, and another by David. (From the set dedicated to Miss Dolby.) Schubert's *Symphonie*, always effective here (and a great favourite of Mendelssohn's), opened the second part of the concert. His Majesty the King of Prussia has granted to the widow of Lortzing a pension of two hundred dollars.

FRANKFORT.—Lortzing's last Opera, *Die Vornehmen Dilettanten*, has been produced here with decided success.

ATHENS.—The season at the opera commenced with *I Puritani*. The theatre was newly decorated, and there was a full attendance.

MANHEIM.—An opera, by the Viennese composer, Ernst Pauer, was given at the theatre here, on the 12th January, with success. It contains twenty-eight pieces, many of a popular character.

DUSSELDORF.—Clara Schumann (late Wieck) gave a concert on the 23d January. She played Mozart's Trio for piano, clarionette and tenor; Beethoven's Sonata in G, for piano and violin; a Notturmo by Chopin; an Impromptu by Herbert Burgmuller (brother of the late F. Burgmuller); and some *Leider ohne Worte*, by Mendelssohn.

LISBON.—The former *prima donna* of the Grand Opera at Paris, Madame Stolz, is now singing with Clara Novello, in Lisbon. These ladies were "at daggers drawn," and their mutual hatred greatly deteriorated from the effect of the opera. In the famous duet of *Semiramide* (the scene of the embrace) they forgot their differences, and became sworn allies for the evening. The other singers were all *hissed*. [We have some more particulars of this matter, which we may probably publish.—ED.]

ROME.—The success of Catherine Hayes continues unabated. Notwithstanding the authorities have forbidden the representation of several operas in which she was to have appeared, there are still a great number in her *repertoire*, which command success. On her benefit night Miss Hayes will appear in selections from the *Lucia*, *Maria de Rohan*, &c. &c.

Provincial.

PLYMOUTH.—(From our own Correspondent.)—On Monday week an amateur performance was given at the Theatre Royal. These entertainments have of late become very common here in consequence of their attraction and increasing merit; indeed, did not one know that the performers were *bona fide* amateurs one would almost be inclined to think them Mr. Newcombe's regular *troupe*, which is always of the best kind. The *Wonderful Woman* was admirably acted by all. The light hearted Marquis de Frontignac, in the hands of Captain Disney Roebuck, was excellent;

there was a piquant *nonchalance* throughout that was assumed with great tact and skill. Mr. Roebuck was played up to capitally by Lieutenant Warren, who made a fop of the first water. Mr. Wheeler, as the good old Cobbler, distinguished himself with much *eclat*, while the Rodolphe of Captain Austen was hardly equal to his merits as an amateur artiste. Hortense, a most difficult character, was well acted by Mrs. Hudson Kirby, and Miss Mary Hill was equally successful in Cecilia. *The Brigand* followed, and brought into play Captain Roebuck's acting in melo-drama. His costume was magnificent and appropriate, and from beginning to end his acting was excellent and striking. The pathetic passages were given with a depth of feeling seldom if ever surpassed by an amateur performer, while the merriment assumed at having entrapped the old Steward was no less happy and no less true. His action was dramatic and graceful; and take the two evergreens, Wallack and Fred Lemaître from the stage, and according to my humble opinion, nowhere, *soit amateur ou artiste*, will you find a more pains-taking and creditable representative of Alessandro Massaroni than Captain Disney Roebuck. As this gentleman had the piece pretty well to himself, little need be said of the others engaged in it, save that Mr. Wheeler was an excellent Prince Bianchi, being natural and gentlemanlike, with a good "make up" in addition. Captain Austen, as the cunning old Steward Nicolo, justly deserved all the applause he obtained. The two young artists, Albert and Theodore, by Lieutenant Heysham and Lieutenant Blake, were ably represented. Indeed the whole performance gave the utmost satisfaction to a brilliant audience.—T. E. B.

GRANTHAM.—Miss Cobb's Annual Concert was given on Tuesday evening, under the immediate patronage of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Granby, Lords C. and D. Manners, Sir J. Thorold, Sir W. Welby, &c. &c. The principal performers on the occasion being, Miss Cobb, Mr. F. H. Bodda, Mr. Henry Nicholson (flautist to his Grace the Duke of Rutland), Mr. Henry Farmer, of Nottingham (solo violin), and Mr. J. Farmer (pianoforte), with three gentlemen of the town whose glee singing reflected great credit, not only upon themselves but also upon Miss Cobb, under whose care they have for some time placed themselves. The encores during the evening were numerous, including Miss Cobb's songs, "Home of Love" (violin obligato), and "Her Mocking Bird," (Flute obligato). Mr. Bodda was similarly complimented in three of his songs. Flute and violin solos were admirably played by Messrs. Nicholson and Farmer, though they laboured under great disadvantage from the pianoforte being more than half a note too flat. However a very successful and pleasing Concert terminated with the National Anthem, in the chorus of which the entire audience most loyally joined.—(From a Correspondent.)

SALISBURY.—The Distin Family gave an Evening Concert at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday the 11th inst., which was numerously attended. The programme comprised selections from *Belisario*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and some miscellaneous compositions, vocal and instrumental. Time and constant practice have improved the purity of tone and finish peculiar to the performance of this family, and the most critical ears are gratified by the harmonic blending of the tones of the four instruments. The celebrated *Scena* from *La Sonnambula* and Costa's *Terzetto a Canone*—"Vanne a colei"—were interpreted with admirable feeling and fidelity, and a selection from the works of Kucken and Weber gave the Messrs. Distin an opportunity of exhibiting the combined powers and sweetness of their patent Euphonic Horns. Mr. Gorman presided at the pianoforte, and Miss Moriatt O'Connor assisted the brothers Distin in the vocal department. The room was crowded to inconvenience.

BATH.—On Wednesday evening, Mons. Jaques gave the third and last of his present series of Classical Chamber Concerts. A crowded and fashionable audience assembled at his residence in Edgar-buildings. The executants were M. Sainton, first violin, M. Jaques, second violin, Mr. R. Blagrove, tenor, and Herr Hausmann, violoncello. The concert opened with Beethoven's quartett in C minor, No. 4. The audience yielded themselves up to the spell of the great master, and as each movement died

away into air, were unanimous in their expressions of delight. The quartett was followed by a sonata in G minor, by Ries, for piano and violoncello. In this we had an opportunity of hearing M. Jaques on his own instrument, the pianoforte. His style is evidently formed in the best schools; his touch is firm and brilliant. A quartett of Mendelssohn (No 1, in E flat), a violin solo, by M. Sainton, admirably executed, finished the first part of the programme. The second gave us an opportunity of hearing a lady whose abilities have already been acknowledged by the musical circles of Bath and the metropolis. For some time past Madame Jaques has been prevented by ill-health from playing in public. The piece allotted to her this evening was a Caprice in E for the pianoforte with quartett accompaniments, composed by Sterndale Bennett, in which the thoroughly-educated lady pianiste evinced her wonted qualities of touch and tone. She was warmly and deservedly applauded. The concert concluded with Beethoven's grand Trio in D, op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, Mons. Jaques at the piano; and Mozart's quartett in C, No. 6. In the course of the evening, Mr. R. Blagrove played a solo on the concertina.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

KINGTON.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The members of the Kington Musical Society, conducted by Mr. Ridley, held their third meeting for this season, on Tuesday last. The performance commenced with Mozart's overture to *La Clemenza di Tito*, followed by Parry's chorus of the "Fairies." "Tis Evening Hour" by Dearle, succeeded, and was followed by the trio, "The Night is Rainy," which, with the glee, "Hark Apollo," gained encores. In the second part, Bishop's serenade, "Sleep Gentle Lady," and the quartett, "I gave my Harp to Sorrow's Land," by the same composer, were performed. During the evening a *Nocturne* by Thalberg was brilliantly played by the conductor on the pianoforte.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Carte has commenced a series of Lectures, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on classical and unclassical music. His first lecture, on the 10th instant, was fully attended. The illustrations, in which Mr. Carte (on his new patent flute), Mr. Seymour (violin), Mr. Thorley (violoncello), and Mr. D. Banks (pianoforte), assisted, were listened to with marked attention and applause.

GLASGOW.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The potent and magic Jullien has been received like an ancient conqueror entering the city in triumph—Timour or Sesostris. Like a conqueror came he attended—for what vanquisher ever had his praises heralded by such a trumpeter as Vivier; for whom rattled such drums as those of the National Guard; what band—Roman legion, Persian cohort, or Macedonian phalanx—could compare with Jullien's regiment of invincibles. Xerxes might have envied him his tambour-major, and Alexander desired to exchange his Homer for Jetty Treffz. The good people of Glasgow gave the superfluous conductor a regular highland welcome. The prospect of his coming was pleasing to their anticipations, and his arrival a white day in the calendar of their lives. I was excessively grieved I was unable to attend any of the concerts, but as I had promised to send you an account of all the musical doings in the city of the "Saut herring," I could not remain silent, though I needs must transmit my account at second hand. Jullien and his troupe have, in sober earnestness, excited an immense sensation. What between Jullien himself, Vivier, Jetty Treffz, the Drummers and their major, and the band, the universal topic of conversation would appear to be absorbed in one subject. Nothing is talked of but Jullien and his corps—nothing else excites a sensation. The press, though naturally cold in matters that relate to music, are, when they speak of Jullien, warmed into unusual panegyric. Take, for example, the following notice, extracted from the *Daily Mail* of Friday:—"It is not alone the celebrity of Jullien's name—not solely his rectitude of principle—not alone his good qualities as a man, that may recommend him to the warmest patronage our citizens can afford; but his innate genius and power of control over the masses of sound which he evokes, are enough of themselves to determine him in the mind of every man of thought as a genius—remarkable for energy, remarkable for power, and equally remarkable for a just appreciation and right rendering of great com-

posers. We have been precluded, in consequence of the pressure of other matters, from noticing M. Jullien as we would wish, and as he deserves. He is always great, and ever original, and he never fails in anything he attempts. No musician with whom we are acquainted has produced so much originality, and none has ever essayed it with so much effect. He is never "from home" when his orchestra is around him, and we are sure that his reception here will prove to him that his earnestness finds its way to the hearts of those who, like ourselves, admire genuine thought given with the pith of musical expression." I must repeat, I am sorry I was unable to attend concerts that appear to have given the most unqualified satisfaction.

Miscellaneous.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.—Having quoted a long article from the *Morning Post* on the first concert of this eminent pianist, it is unnecessary for us to enter into any lengthened details. The programme was essentially remarkable for novelty. A sonata of Beethoven, in F sharp major, has never, as we think, been played in public before, its unusual key and recondite character having acted as insuperable barriers to the enterprise of pianists in general. M. Billet, however, is a lion who devours the music of the great masters with an insatiable appetite. He knows everything and plays everything with equal facility, though, it would appear, not with the peculiar grace demanded by a certain fastidious contemporary. He simply plays the works of each master as they were intended to be played by those who wrote them; this, however, to the hot adherents of what, with a considerable quantity of romance, is termed the "Romantic School," though, in reality, no more romantic than a Gibus hat, it would seem, is not quite enough. Such enthusiasts demand a variety of intellectual grimaces, contortions and shiverings of the rhythm, unmeaning excess of accent, until the whole becomes a jumble of loose and unbanded expression, in the midst of which the composer would find a great difficulty in recognising his own work. They who looked for these were doubtless disappointed with M. Billet. They did not find it in his graceful reading of Beethoven's graceful sonata, in his pointed delivery of the preludes and fugues of Bach and Handel, in the simple and nervous execution of Woelfl's elaborate and masterly sonata in C minor, in his elegant interpretation of Mendelssohn's beautiful variations in E flat (posthumous work), also the first time in public, in his vigorous rendering of Haydn's fiery old sonata in B minor (again the first time in public), or in the fine mechanism and unaffected style which marked his delivery of the various studies of Steibelt, Cramer, Mendelssohn—not Ries, as stated in the bills—Moscheles, and Chopin, two of which, those of Mendelssohn and Moscheles, were enthusiastically encored, and brought the concert to an animated climax. M. Billet ought to have explained to the audience his intention to substitute for a study of Ries the magnificent prelude in F minor from the "Etudes de Perfectionnement" of Mendelssohn, which produced an effect that rarely, if ever, accompanies the performance of Ries's laboured effusions. That the numerous public attracted to St. Martin's Hall by the announcement of M. Billet's name in simple connection with the great pianoforte writers, without any other vocal or instrumental co-operation, were fully satisfied and delighted with his performance, was testified by the frequency and warmth of their applause, and by the great majority remaining until the last note was played. They were evidently not adherents of the so-called "Romantic School," but of that which, with a greater show of reason, is styled the "Classical." M. Billet's next concert is announced for Tuesday evening, the same day as Mr. Sloper's third, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett's first.

LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREE.—The programme of the second of these entertainments, which took place on the 11th inst., at the new Beethoven-rooms, was, if anything, better than its predecessor. It opened with Beethoven's trio in E flat (remarkable as being op. 1 of the composer—for a first published work, a phenomenon in the history of the art), in which Mr. Sloper was

assisted by Messrs. Blagrove (violin) and Hancock (violinello). The next instrumental performance was a selection of two pieces from the *Lieder Ohne Worte*, and a "Sieben Charakteristische Stücke" of Mendelssohn.* The song without words was No. 5, in D, with the moving bass, one of the most beautiful in the second book. The characteristic piece was the *allegro con moto* in A major, which Mendelssohn has entitled "Schnell und Beweglich," that rapid torrent of semiquavers which poor little Filtsch played with such astonishing effect at his concert in the Hanover-square-Rooms scarcely a year before his death. No two pieces could have been better suited to Mr. Sloper's remarkably neat and finished style of play. Dussek's sonata in G major, the second from op. 35, dedicated to Clementi, although a masterpiece of grace and elegance, is scarcely known at all. Mr. Sloper's admirable playing, however, made it unanimously acceptable, and it was received with the applause seldom bestowed, except upon well-known and favourite works. Mr. Sloper deserves credit for the introduction of this specimen of one of the greatest masters of the pianoforte, and we accord it him willingly. But let credit be given where credit is due. M. Alexandre Bilet, a foreigner but recently established in this country, last year, at St. Martin's-hall, set an example which the majority of our classical pianists who give Chamber Concerts are now beginning to follow; and we find such names as Dussek, Steibelt, and Pinto much more frequently in their programmes, than, but for Mr. Bilet, who first shewed the courage to revive them, in all likelihood would have been the case. In the second part Mr. Sloper, assisted by the same artists, introduced his MS. trio in C minor; a work which, though not in the *ad captandum* style—as indeed might have been expected from so thoughtful and accomplished a musician as Mr. Sloper—is brilliant and attractive, displaying the capabilities of the several instruments with great power of contrast and a variety of pleasing effects. Two studios in E flat and G minor, from the third book of Op. 47 of Stephen Heller, and the "Chant de Chasseurs" of the same gifted composer, served to display Mr. Sloper's command of the greatest difficulties of the modern school of playing; not the modern romantic school, as it is called by its admirers, but that school which, in emulation of older masters, strives to make music address itself to the intellect as well as the ear, to elevate as well as to delight. Of this school Stephen Heller is a distinguished follower, and Mr. Sloper, by the style in which he gave expression to the German composer's thoughts, shewed himself a sympathetic co-adherent. The last performance of Mr. Sloper consisted of the *andante* in E flat major, and the *allegro vivace*, in C major, from Molique's Six Melodies, Op. 36, admirably played by himself and Mr. Blagrove. These melodies, without being copies, approach nearer to the Songs Without Words of Mendelssohn than any other compositions of the same character with which we are acquainted. The vocalists were Miss Birch and Miss E. Birch, who sang in their most charming manner a charming variety of duets and airs from Mozart, Cherubini, Salvator Rosa, Sterndale Bennett, and Clari, accompanied by Mr. Sloper on the pianoforte. The selection and the performance gave entire satisfaction to a crowded audience.

MR. JOHN MEYRICK, upwards of thirty years connected with the great Music Establishment of Preston, afterwards Coventry and Co., died lately highly respected and much lamented by all who knew him. Mr. Meyrick was a clever and intelligent man of business, and of amiable and conciliating manners.

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—We understand that the committee of this society, encouraged by the favourable reception of Dr. Elvey's new Anthem, have resolved to recommend to the Subscribers, at their next general meeting, to give two Annual Prizes for the composition of Orchestral Anthems which will form every year a part of their performances. Further particulars will be announced hereafter.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was repeated on the 12th to a crowded audience.

M. FERDINAND PRAEGER has returned to London from Paris, where he has been performing on the pianoforte, with the greatest success, some compositions of his own.

* Known in England as *The Temperaments*.

MR. C. MARSHALL'S DIORAMA OF A TOUR THROUGH EUROPE.—This is a very interesting exhibition, the scenery is well painted. Mr. Marshall's description is very entertaining and quite to the purpose. The room was well filled on Monday evening last, and the audience departed highly pleased with what they had heard and seen.

DIORAMA OF THE LIFE AND CAREER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.—The admirers of the great warrior, Napoleon, will find sufficient interest in the various views here represented to afford them amusement and information. Some of the pictures are very nicely painted; among which we may mention the Pyramids, the Retreat from Moscow, the Coronation, and St. Helena. We think Waterloo might be improved—some of the horses being very indifferent; and we doubt if Napoleon was in the position represented in the picture. An interesting lecture is delivered at each performance, accompanied with appropriate music. Altogether the diorama of Napoleon is well worthy of a visit.

MR. W. RAE.—This talented pianist gave the first of a series of three Classical Concerts at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, on Wednesday week. Mr. W. Rae was assisted by Herr Molique (violin), and M. Rousselot (violinello), instrumentalists, and Miss Owen as vocalist. We shall reserve to ourselves the right to criticise the performances until the close of the third concert. Meanwhile it is but fair to state that Mr. Rae was entirely successful, and that he won the unanimous suffrages of all present.

M. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, the popular composer and pianist is in Paris, but will return to London immediately.

EXETER HALL.—An event of unusual interest is announced to take place on Monday, viz., the performance of a new grand oratorio by an English composer. Mr. Charles Horsley's *David*, which was produced at Liverpool in October last, with such great success, is at present an object of curiosity and interest to the entire musical community of the metropolis. Every one will be present on Monday to hear it. We have no doubt whatever of its enthusiastic reception.

MR. R. MACPHERSON.—Died, at 5, Ranelagh Street, Pimlico, Mr. R. Macpherson, *teacher of music*. He was a man of retired habits, and thoroughly acquainted with the polite languages, a composer of merit, and often alluded to in the *Musical World*. His age was about 40. He left his native place, Edinburgh, about fourteen years ago; and has been a portion of that time on the continent. His last composition is "A lay for the Church," just published; the poetry by Andrew Park; and as he had no relatives here, it is advisable that this brief notice should gain publicity. He died on the seventh, of asthma.

MICHAEL ANGELO.—A letter from Rome states that a picture dealer of that city, named Campani, has lately become the possessor of a picture by Michael Angelo. He bought an old picture at a sale in London, and having cleaned it, discovered that it was the portrait of Victoria Colonna, wife of the Marquis de Pescara, general of Charles V., a lady celebrated by the great painter in one of his poems, and whose likeness he declares he had taken. M. Campani, conceiving that this might be the picture alluded to, submitted it to the Pontifical Academy of the Fine Arts at Rome, which has unanimously declared it to have been painted by Michael Angelo. It has been exhibited to the public, and the connoisseurs value it at 165,000*fr.*

MDLLE. COULON gave a Concert at the New Beethoven Rooms on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of a reduced family. Miss Bassano, rendered Donizetti's popular air, "In questo sem-plice" with great spirit and success, and Miss Ransford was much applauded in "C'est une caprice" from *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. Madame Lemaire, Madame de Montreal, and Signora de Haro also contributed their services to the vocal department, as well as Herr Brandt, and Signor Montelli. The instrumental portion of the concert was ably supported by Mdle. Coulon on the pianoforte, Mr. Mori on the violin, Mr. Frederick Chatterton on the harp, M. Rousselot on the violinello, and M. Frelon on the harmonium à percussion. Mdle. Coulon performed Beethoven's grand finale in D minor, and Thalberg's fantasia in *Elisir d'Amore*, in both of which she exhibited refined feeling and great facility of execution. The conductors were Signor Cittadini, and Messrs. Chimon and Frelon.

MISS EMILY NEWCOMBE.—This talented young artiste has done well to secure the valuable services of Jullien and his *troupe* to give two Concerts on the 26th and 27th inst. With such talent as Jetty Treffz, Vivier, Jarrett and last not least the Tambour Major and his corps of drummers, the Theatre will as usual on the announcement of this young lady's concert be a bumper.

OLE BULL is on a musical tour in Asia. It is said that he has already accumulated a fortune of two million francs.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY STEIL, Professor of Music, died on the 3rd inst., aged 64, at his residence, Poole, Dorset.

MR. JAMES WALLACK.—This popular and admirable actor will make his first appearance, after his long and severe indisposition, on Monday, at the Haymarket Theatre.

MR. J. WILLIAM WALLACK, from America, is engaged at the Haymarket Theatre. He is a son of Mr. Henry Wallack, formerly stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and brother of James Wallack. Report speaks highly of his ability.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER's third *soiree* will take place on Tuesday.

MR. W. REA will give his second *soiree* of classical music next Friday.

MR. VON. HOFF, the vocalist, is in Milan, where he has been singing with much success at various private *soirees*.

MDLLE. GRAUMAUN has returned to town after a successful provincial tour. A mistake was made by our Liverpool correspondent, in his letter last week, in reference to this charming and accomplished singer, who was as warmly appreciated at Liverpool, as elsewhere. On the present occasion, Mdlle. Graumaun was encored in a song of Mendelssohn's and greatly applauded in one of Schubert's.

MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT commences his seventh annual series of classical pianoforte *soirees* on Tuesday.

MR. NOVELLO, of Dean Street, Publisher, has obtained an injunction against Mr. James, for publishing Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*.

BANQUET TO MR. MACREADY.—The musical arrangements for the Banquet to Mr. Macready, on his retirement from the stage, have been confided to Mr. Edward Land. The music for the occasion will be almost exclusively selected from that incidental to Shakespere's plays. Mr. Land will be assisted by the most eminent vocalists of the day. The Banquet is to be held at the Hall of Commerce, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. in the chair. It is impossible even now to obtain a ticket at any price.

MISS EYLES gave her first *Soiree Musicale* on the 17th inst. at the Whittington Club, to a numerous audience. Miss Eyles, who is making sure progress in her profession, obtained a well-deserved encore in Macfarren's brilliant rondo, "Gone! he's gone!" from the *Sleeper awakened*, which is becoming the rage with contraltos, native and foreign. Miss Messent was encored in "Tell me my heart," and Mr. Land in a new song by Nelson, "I saw not her face." Mr. John Thomas played a solo on the harp in a highly effective manner, and Miss Bayntum (a *debutante*) displayed very considerable promise in a fantasia on the pianoforte. Mr. Land was the conductor.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC.—Yesterday evening "The Creation" was repeated to a crowded hall. The performers were as before. Miss Birch sang and looked as well as ever. Mr. Locket was, as usual, vociferously encored in the popular song, "In native worth," and Mr. Phillips acquitted himself with his accustomed ability. The chorus was faultless. Dr. Elvey's new Anthem preceded the oratorio. The *Messiah* was announced by Mr. Surman for next Friday.

THE MUSICAL POLICE OF BOSTON.—The robbers are again beginning to bestir themselves in and about Boston, despite of Marshal Tukey and his trumpet, Cadi Clapp and his banjo, and Sheik Starkweather and his double action cross-cut piano. Every week or so a bank "cracks" in the neighbourhood; the intervals are supplied with highway robberies, while the short hours are interspersed with burglaries and small "touches" about the steamboats and railway depots. While all this is going on, we do not hear of any arrests, or have the satisfaction of reporting any

recoveries. All that we hear is, an occasional blast of self-glorification from the Marshal on the trumpet, a light velvet touch or so on the piano from the Patriarch, with a tink-a-tink accompaniment on the banjo of Starkweather, like the dropping of a long stream of sixpences and shillings through the fingers, to the bottom of a very deep pocket. These fellows have fine times; so have the thieves, who thrive by their negligence.—*N. Y. National Police Gazette*, 9th Nov., 1850. Lately, the store of Messrs. Fuller & Cotton was broken into, and robbed of goods to the amount of one thousand dollars; on the day before that, several pocket-books were taken at the depots; in the course of the same week, an attempt was made on two banks, near enough at hand to indicate Boston as the starting place of the felonious depredators; while smaller crimes and depredations, of various degrees of importance, prove that the resident gangs of rogues labor with industry and impunity, if not with the most brilliant luck. They none of them are molested, and while they are picking pockets, forcing bolts, and crying "stand and deliver" to true men, we hear nothing but the dulcet symphony of the musical police. We are inclined to think that the People of Boston will wake up some one of these days to the necessity of a reform, but we fear it will be when the trumpet has sounded too many false charges to the public detriment, and when the venerable minstrels who carry "bunches of keys at their girdles," have grown too fat with toll at the public expense.—*Boston National Police Gazette*.

Our Scrap Book.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ORGAN.—Although the organ is mentioned so early, it is not to be imagined that it was the noble, magnificent, and complicated instrument at present used. The hydraulic or pneumatic organ, the principal of all wind instruments, appears to have originated on the rustic pipes, or syrinx, allotted by the ancients to Pan and their other rural deities; to them, however, the invention of the pipe was indirectly communicated by the Hebrews, by means of the sacred writings of Moses. In the Hebrew it was called *Huggab*, i.e. the pan pipes, which, say the commentators, was a kind of syrinx, or fistula. The septuagint, instead of harp and organ has, psaltry an cithara. The Arabic has *tympanum et citharum*. From which it appears that the translators, ancient and modern, of all parts of the world, not knowing what were the real forms and properties of the Hebrew instruments, have given to them the names of such as were of the most common use in their countries.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's *lectures on Ancient Music*.)

ON THE FORM OF THE ANCIENT LYRE, &c.—There is as little agreement amongst the ancient writers with regard to the form of the lyre, as there is respecting the number of its strings. Hermes is said not only to have been the inventor of the lyre but also of a system of music adapted to it. For a considerable period the practice of music was confined to the priests, and appropriated exclusively to religious and solemn occasions. The theory and practice of the art subsequently were generally diffused amongst the Egyptian people; but according to Plato they were restricted by their laws to certain fixed melodies, which they were not permitted to alter. Under all these disadvantages, however, there can be no doubt but that the science flourished, and that new instruments were added to those already in use, which (the lyre especially,) were greatly improved. But it does not appear from history that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, or any ancient people, who cultivated the arts, except the Greeks and Romans, had musical characters; and these had no other symbols of sound than the letters of their alphabet, which likewise served them for arithmetical numbers and chronological dates.

With respect to music it is asserted by Diodorus Siculus that the cultivation of it was prohibited by the Egyptians as useless, being persuaded that it rendered the minds of men effeminate. But opposed to this assertion there is one from Plato, who travelled into Egypt, with a view of getting acquainted with the arts and sciences that flourished there, and was particularly attached to music, and says, "The plan which we have been laying down for the education of youth was known long ago to the Egyptians

viz., that nothing but beautiful forms and fine music, should be permitted to enter into the assemblies of young people. Having settled what those forms and what music should be, they exhibited them in their temples; nor was it allowable for any imitative artists to invent any other forms different from those established, or in any of the branches of music to make any alteration." Herodotus too, who travelled into Egypt more than 300 years before Diodorus, and 100 before Plato, is so far from mentioning any prohibition against the practice of music there, that he gives several instances of its use in their festivals and religious ceremonies.

"The Egyptians," says he "were the first inventors of festivals, ceremonies, and transactions with the gods, by the mediation of others, and used not only to celebrate their festivals once a-year, but have many times appointed to that end; particularly in the city of Babastes, where they assemble to worship Diana with great devotion. The men and women embark promiscuously in great numbers, and during the voyage some of the women beat upon the tabor, whilst part of the men play on the pipe; the rest, of both sexes, singing and clapping their hands together at the same time." Strabo also says, that the children of the Egyptians were taught letters, the songs appointed by law, and a certain species of music established by government, exclusive of all others. Indeed, the Greeks unanimously confess, that most of the ancient musical instruments were of Egyptian invention, as the triangular lyre, the monaulos, or single flute, the tymbal or kettledrum, and the sistrum, an instrument of sacrifice which was so multiplied by the priests in religious ceremonies, and in such great favour with the Egyptians in general, that Egypt was often called in derision the country of sistrums; as Greece has been said to be governed by the lyre. Therefore the prohibition mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, inconsistent as it may seem with what he elsewhere says of the music and musicians of Egypt, may be accounted for by the study of music, in very ancient times, having been confined there solely to the priesthood, who used it only on religious and solemn occasions.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.)

MUSIC.—Music, like vegetation, flourishes differently in various climates; and in proportion to the culture and encouragement it receives; to love such music as our ears are accustomed to appears to be an instinct generally subsisting in our nature, and appears less wonderful that it should have been held in the highest estimation at all times and in most nations. The science of musical sounds, though it may have been deprecated as appealing only to the ear, and affording nothing more than a momentary gratification and fugitive delight, may with justice be considered as the art that unites corporeal with intellectual pleasure, by a species of enjoyment which gratifies sense without weakening reason; and which, therefore, the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good enjoy without depravation. It would be almost lost time to search for the origin of those arts which have been handed down to us from remote ages of antiquity, shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon their first beginnings; and the names of their inventors are obscured by fables and traditions. Natural causes, however, may sufficiently account for its origin without having to refer to any miracle for the event. The elements of music are in everything around us; they are found in every part of creation—in the chirpings of the feathered choristers of nature; in the voices or calls of various animals; in the melancholy sound of the waterfall, or the wild roar of the waves—in the hum of the distant multitudes, or the concussion of sonorous bodies—in the winds, alike when the dying cadence falls lightly on the ear as it agitates the trees of the forest, as when the hurricane sweeps around, and in terrific accents betrays the voice of Him who "rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm." All these contain the rudiments of harmony, and may be easily supposed to have furnished the minds of intelligent creatures with such ideas of sound as time and the accumulated observation of succeeding ages could not fail to improve into a system.—Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.

It is probable that vocal music was practised, or at least that the ancients were acquainted with the difference in the tones of the human voice and its capability for harmony, before instru-

ments were thought of; and the latter, without doubt, owed their origin to the observation of effects flowing from the natural causes already mentioned. Diodorus Siculus, and other authors, attribute the invention of wind instruments to observations made on the whistling of the wind in reeds, and the pipes of other plants. The different tones of sounding strings must have been observed very early, and thus have given birth to string instruments, whilst instruments of percussion, such as tabors and drums, most probably originated from the sonorous ringing of hollow bodies when struck. In the first conception, all these instruments were rude and imperfect, and would afford little pleasure to the modern musician. The instruments used in all barbarous and savage nations tend to show not only that their early efforts in the art were, as might be expected, extremely rude, but that wind instruments, and those of percussion, were the first used. Mr. Weld, in his notices of the Indians of North-west America, tells us that their native music was very rude and indifferent, and equally void of melody and variety. The following is a description of a dancing party which he encountered one night on the island of Bois Blanc:—"Three elderly men seated under a tree were the principal musicians. One of these beat a small drum, formed of a piece of a hollow tree covered with a skin, and the two others marked time equally with the drum with rattles formed of dried squashes, or gourds, filled with pease; at the same time these men sung; which the dancers joined in." There is also an account given by Captain Cook of the natives of the islands in the Pacific, which equally proves the rudeness and simplicity of the music of savage tribes. Soon after the arrival of the captain at Otaheite, one of the chiefs gave him a specimen of the music of the country. Four persons played upon flutes made of a hollow bamboo, about one foot long, which had only two stops, and therefore could not sound more than four notes by halftones. They were sounded like our German flutes, except that the performer, instead of applying the instrument to his mouth, blew into it with one nostril while he stopped the other with his thumb. To these instruments four other persons sung, and kept very good time, but only one tune was played during the concert, from which we may naturally come to the conclusion that in all uncultivated and barbarous nations their music has been of a similar description. Wind and pulsatile instruments have invariably been found, stringed ones much more rarely, and all their airs and melodies, if, indeed, they deserve the name, are of the rudest kind.—From J. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—(Sheffield)—Mr. Balfe's address is No. 14, Bruton Street, Grosvenor Square.

Our notice of Mr. Hullah's Monthly Concert last night, at St. Martin's Hall, is unavoidably postponed till next week.

Advertisements.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL, ADELAIDE STREET, STRAND.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL ENTERTAINMENTS every Evening, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Sig. Montelli's Italian Operatic Concerts. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Apollorion and Vocal Concerts. Stalls, 2s.; Balcony Seats, 1s. 6d.; Promenade and Upper Balcony, 1s. Programme varied every evening.

SIGNOR CAMILLO SIVORI

BEGS to acquaint his friends that he will return to London the end of March. Address, Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street.

M. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL

BEGS to acquaint his friends and pupils that he will arrive in London for the season the middle of next month. Address, Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

THE Public are respectfully informed that Miss Hayes will return to London for the season after her fulfilment of her engagement at Rome. Her departure for America is fixed for the early part of Autumn. All letters and communications to be addressed to the care of Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street.

HERR ERNST

BEING absent on a **PROVINCIAL TOUR**, requests that all **Letters, Communications, and Engagements** during his absence from town, may be addressed to Herr Ernst, under cover to

M. FRANK,

12, MARGARET STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

MR. KIALLMARK

HAS the honour to announce that he will give **THREE** **PERFORMANCES** OF **CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, at the **NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, QUEEN ANNE STREET**, on Monday Evening, March 3rd, and Monday Mornings, March 17 and 31. On which occasions he will be assisted by Miss E. Birch, Miss Pyne, Herr Kroff, Messrs. Frederick Chatterton, Moliue, Hausmann, Gratton Cooke, Miss Annie Pilsar, and Sig. Regondi. Subscription Tickets, for reserved seats, One Guinea; single tickets, for reserved seats, Half-a-Guinea; and Single Tickets, for unreserved seats, Seven Shillings each; may be had of all the principal Musicians, and of Mr. Kiallmark, 224, Fitzroy Sq. Robert W. Ollivier, Concert Agent, 19, Old Bond-st., Piccadilly.

MR. JOHN THOMAS,

PRINCIPAL Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, has the honour to announce that he has returned to London, and that his season for giving instruction on the Harp has now commenced.

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MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S THIRD AND LAST SOIREE OF CHAMBER MUSIC

WILL take place at the **NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE**, on **TUESDAY** next, the 25th inst., to commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely. Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be assisted by Miss Dolby, Mr. Whitworth, Herr Moliue, and Mr. Rousselott. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, may be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park.

PROGRAMME OF MR. W. STERNDAL BENNETT'S

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF **CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, TUESDAY** next, February 25, at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**:—Trio, W. S. Bennett; Sonata, "Didone Abbandonata;" Pianoforte, Clementi; Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Beethoven; Concerto in C minor, J. Seb. Bach; Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, Mendelssohn. Instrumentalists—Messrs. W. Dorrell, W. S. Bennett, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti, &c. Vocalist—Miss Williams. To commence at half-past 8 o'clock. Subscription to the series, one guinea; single tickets, half-a-guinea; triple tickets (to admit three to any one concert), one guinea. To be had of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, and at all the principal music warehouses.

DAVID. EXETER HALL.

ON MONDAY evening Feb. 24th, will be performed for the first time in London, **DAVID**, a sacred Oratorio by **CHARLES EDWARD HORNLEY**. Principal Vocalists, Miss Birch, Miss Williams, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Lockey, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Whitworth. The band and chorus will be complete in every department. Leader Mr. H. Blagrove; Organist Mr. G. Cooper; Conductor Mr. C. E. Horsley. Prices of admission—reserved seats (numbered) 10s. 6d., to be had only of **R. ADDISON AND CO., 210, Regent Street** reserved seats in area and gallery 5s., area tickets 3s., upper platform 2s., to be had of all Music Sellers

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CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—Wednesday next, Feb. 26, Handel's Oratorio, "SAUL." Vocalists—Misses Birch, Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Lawler. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter-hall, will consist of (including sixteen double basses), nearly 700 performers! Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each—at the Society's Sole Office, 8, in Exeter Hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

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 Of the Italian Opera, Paris,
MADLLE. ALAYMO,
 Of the Pergola, Florence, and Principal Theatres of Italy; and
MADAME BARRIERE NINI,
 Of the Royal Theatre of Turin, the Pergola, Florence, and all the principal
 Theatres of Italy;
MADLLE. FELLER, **MADLLE. ZAGNOLI**.

The following Artists have been re-engaged:

MADAME SONTAG, **MADLLE. PARODI**,
MADAME GIULIANI, **MADLLE IDA BERTRAND**,
 and
MADAME FIORENTINI,
 Who appeared at the close of last Season.

AN ENGAGEMENT HAS ALSO BEEN MADE, FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS, WITH

MADLLE ALBONI.

SIGNOR GARDONI, **SIGNOR SCOTTI**,
 (His first appearance.)
MR. SIMS REEVES, AND **SIGNOR CALZOLARI**.
SIGNOR COLLETTI,
SIGNOR FERRANTI, **SIGNOR SCAPINI**,
 (Of the Italian Opera, Paris, their first appearance.)
SIGNOR F. LABLACHE.
SIGNOR LORENZO, **SIGNOR CASANOVA**,
 (Of the Italian Opera, Paris. His first appearance.)
 AND
SIGNOR LABLACHE.

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS OF GREAT INTEREST ARE IN PROGRESS.

Director of the Music, and Conductor,
M. BALFE.

Leader of the Orchestra **M. TOLBECQUE**.
 ————Ballet **M. NADAUD**.
 Maitre de chant des Chœurs **HERR GANZ**.

GREAT CARE HAS BEEN USED IN THE SELECTION OF THE ORCHESTRA.

The effect of the Choruses will be increased by the addition of several Choristers from Germany.

THE BEST FOUNDED HOPES ARE ENTERTAINED THAT

M. MEYERBEER

Will superintend the production of a
NEW GRAND OPERA,

On which the Great Composer is at present engaged.

THIS OPERA WILL COMPRISE SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING
 MELODIES OF THE "CAMP DE SILESIE."

An Entirely NEW GRAND OPERA, Composed by

M. THALBERG,
 The Libretto by

M. SCRIBE,
 will shortly be produced; and a NEW OPERA by

M. AUER,
 Now composing Expressly for
MADLLE. ALBONI.

A POSTHUMOUS WORK OF
DONIZETTI

Has likewise been secured.

VARIOUS NOVELTIES, in addition to the most admired Works of the Repertoire, will
 be produced on a scale of completeness adapted to the
BRILLIANT SEASON OF 1851.

MADAME FIORENTINI will appear at the opening of the Theatre, in
AUBER'S OPERA OF GUSTAVUS.

MADemoisELLE CAROLINE DUPREZ

Will appear the first week in April.

MADAME SONTAG

Will appear immediately after Easter.

MADemoisELLE ALAYMO

Will also appear immediately after Easter.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.

MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI,
MADLLE. AMALIA FERRARIS, **MADLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI**,
MADLLE. PETIT STEPHAN,
MESDLES. TEDESCHI, MATHILDE, ALLEGRI,
 Their First Appearance:
MESDLES. ROSA, AUSUNDON, JULIENNE, LAMOUREUX, LUCILE, EMILIE,
 AND **JENNY PASCALES**, AND

MADLLE. CAROLINA ROSATI,

M. PAUL TAGLIONI, **M. GOSSELIN**, **M. CHARLES**.

And a numerous CORPS DE BALLET, selected from the French, Spanish, Hungarian,
 Italian, and English Corps de Ballet.

THE LIBRETTO OF A NEW GRAND POETICAL BALLET,
 To be produced early in the Season, has been supplied by

M. DE ST. GEORGES.

It will include the whole available talent of the Ballet; and to give effect to its
 production, an engagement has been effected with the greatest
 Dramatic Mime of Italy,

MADemoisELLE MONTI.

MAITRE DE BALLET M. PAUL TAGLIONI

SOUS MAITRE DE BALLET M. GOSSELIN.

REGISSEUR DE LA DANSE M. PETTI.

COMPOSERS OF THE BALLET MUSIC, SIG. PUGNI & MR. E. J. LODER.

PRINCIPAL ARTIST TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, MR. CHARLES MARSHALL.

MADLLE. FERRARIS

Will appear at the opening of the Theatre in a New Ballet, composed expressly for
 her by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI**.

MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI

Will appear at the beginning of April, in the character of **ARIEL**, in the New Opera
 of **LA TEMPESTA**.

MADLLE. ROSATI AND **MADLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI**

Will appear immediately after Easter.

Other arrangements are in progress. The Subscription will consist of the same
 number of nights as last season. The Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, and
 Artists of great merit are now employed on the Decorations.

The Season will open early in March, with (First time at this Theatre) Auber's
 Opera of

GUSTAVUS,

In which Madame Fiorentini, Madlle. Feller, and Signor Calzolari, will appear.

An entirely New Ballet, by M. Paul Taglioni, entitled

L'ILE DES AMOURS,

Principal parts by Madlle. A. Ferraris, Mesdles. Tedeschi, Ausundon, &c., and
 M. Paul Taglioni.

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No. 18.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

REMOVAL.

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BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE

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PRINTING

Programmes, Tickets, Posting Bills, &c., &c.,

PRINTED IN FIRST-RATE STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

The seven directors of this exclusive society, a list of whose names we have not at present within reach, have proclaimed a stringent edict during the recess. The Saturday rehearsals are, for the future, to take place in private. The members and associates are no longer to be admitted, nor the friends of the seven directors, who used to compose the majority of the audience on these occasions.

We were struck with the liberality of the members and associates, in resigning a privilege of which the directors had no right to deprive them, and still more with the magnanimity of the seven directors, in foregoing the advantage of treating their friends to a morning concert, gratis. But since recovering from the first shock of admiration, we have learned that the real promoter of the new regulation was Mr. Costa. Not satisfied with fixing the hours of rehearsal at two hours before, instead of two hours after the sun's meridian, Mr. Costa has come to the conclusion, that a concert is one thing, and a rehearsal another, and that while a concert requires an audience a rehearsal is better without one. We should be sorry to enter the lists against the great conductor in this argument, being well able to understand that delicacy will not allow him to

act the part of schoolmaster in presence of two or three hundred lookers-on, unconcerned in anything but their own particular amusement. How shall Mr. Costa teach seventy gentlemen to play, before a crowd of indifferent spectators? Fifty out of the seventy may have pupils in the room—for it is hardly necessary to remark, that the members of the Philharmonic orchestra cannot possibly exist upon Philharmonic pittance—in which case, it becomes a most ungracious task for a conductor to single out one or more from the ranks, as malefactors or players of wrong notes. But Mr. Costa is as much in the right on the present occasion, as on most occasions when he legislates for the benefit of those under his controul. He has swept the Hanover-square rooms of intruders, and henceforth the Saturday rehearsals will, in all probability, be so well deserving of the name as to induce a regret that only one can be afforded for each concert.

We wholly reject an idea, which has gained credit in some quarters, that the free admissions were stopped in order to keep out the members of the press, who were becoming too familiar with Philharmonic state secrets. Nothing can be more unfounded. Admitting, for the sake of argument (what of course we entirely disbelieve), that the management of the Philharmonic Society has for many years been more or less engrossed by a certain compactly allied *clique* of professors, who have superintended its affairs very clumsily,—admitting (what we reject with contempt) that, out of the seven directors, only three have any real power, the rest being dummies, and that these three re-elect themselves annually—admitting (which we equally discredit) that, in consequence of the despotic authority of the three directors, no independent member of the Philharmonic Society will allow himself to be proposed as a candidate for the directorship, which entails upon the general apathetic body the loss of such services as those of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Cipriani Potter, and others—admitting (an evident absurdity) that the band of the Philharmonic Society is not what it ought to be, and (a still more evident absurdity) that the members of the press are quite able, if they please, to point out and animadvert upon its feeble points—admitting all these (and many more stupid and libellous insinuations), for the sake of argument, and admitting (which truth forbids!) that the reputation of the Philharmonic Society has suffered in the good opinion of the public and the profession, what has the press to do with the matter? The duty of critics—for the exact fulfilment of which they are allowed the eminent advantage of purchasing their season tickets—is clearly to eulogise in becoming terms the admirable policy of the seven (how silly

to say three!) annually elected (how impertinent to say self-elected!) directors, to declare their unqualified delight with every performance, and to assure their readers that nothing, no, nothing in the world, can possibly be better,—not even the Musical Union. With this straightforward path before them, with this simple and pleasant *devoir*, the responsibilities of our brethren become easy and uniform. Praise everything; that is it—*tout bonnement*. Under such evident conditions, the rumour that the presence of reviewers gave rise to the expulsion of every body from the rehearsals (even the members, who might reasonably set such an edict at defiance), is scarcely worth a thought; and the occlusion of portals previously patulous can no longer be a mystery, or a cause of dissatisfaction, to our contemporaries of the stylus and the ink-bottle.

We allude thus early to the matter, in order to make known our approval. The three ——— the seven directors, in our opinion, have acted most discreetly, and if, after all, the first concert on Monday last (as our Reporter seems to think), developed no signs of improvement in the general execution, but rather the contrary, this could not, by any ingenious sophistry, be laid to their charge.

We have another agreeable fact to announce. On Wednesday there was a trial of some new orchestral works, and among other pieces a MS. symphony by Mr. Cipriani Potter. Of course we were not invited, since it would have been unpleasant to a rising composer like Mr. Potter to have the quality of his talent adjudicated, and the fate of his symphony decided, in the presence of strangers. We are glad to find that there is a likelihood of reviving the excellent system of trials, which should never have been abandoned. Novelty is loudly asked for by the Philharmonic subscribers, who will, no doubt, feel greatly indebted, should the directors be graciously pleased to try some of the unknown symphonies of Spohr. Among these, it is hoped, one may be found more worthy of a place in the Philharmonic programmes, than the MS. overture in D, tried several years ago and rejected by the united fiat of the directors; or than the overture to *Der Alchemyst*, which, even after being rehearsed, was judged by the same collective wisdom unfit to be produced at the concerts—although a year or two previously, by some unpardonable oversight (for which of course the directors were blameless), it *was* played at a concert, under the composer's own guidance, and the subscribers, professional and amateur, (unhappily in ignorance of the adverse opinion of the directors), encored it without a dissentient voice. On another occasion, of course, they will be better prepared to discover and condemn the faults of this inartistic composition. It cannot be denied, however, that Spohr is a promising musician, and worthy of encouragement. The directors might relax a trifle of their severity in his favour, and afford him a chance at one of the trials. Something may come of him if the Philharmonic will but tender a helping hand. Without that, he may struggle in vain for anything beyond a German reputation, and a sly nook in the tradesman's musical temple—Exeter

Hall. But what is all this in comparison with Hanover Square?

We tremble for the word which shall decide whether the symphony of our countryman, Mr. Potter, is worthy or unworthy to be served up to the Philharmonic subscribers. Should the verdict be favourable, however, Mr. Sterndale Bennett might submit his overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, for the approval or rejection of the same competent tribunal, with a reasonable chance of success. Meanwhile, congratulating the subscribers and ourselves upon the fact of the trials being resumed, and humbly tendering the expression of our *reconnaissance* to the directors, we conclude, for the present, with the promise of returning to the subject next week. We have too many things to say, to be squeezed into the proportions of a single article.

ENGLISH MUSIC IN HIGH PLACES

Things are looking up. The public always patronised English music when the opportunity was accorded. Managers, less liberal, have still been induced to speculate in the same material, for their own advantage. Royalty has lately given signs of following the stream. We have perused, with real gratification, some of the recent programmes of the music performed before her Majesty at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. Among other pieces, the overture of the *Naiades*, by Sterndale Bennett, has been introduced on more than one occasion. Selections from Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened* have also been performed, and a brilliant and characteristic march by Loder, called *Prince Arthur's March*, composed in honour of the youngest of the Royal Family, and arranged for a military orchestra, has been several times executed under the able direction of Mr. Godfrey—to the evident satisfaction of the illustrious connoisseurs. These emanations from compatriotic pens are of a far higher class than much of the music which for so many years resounded in the Castle halls—to the evident dissatisfaction of the illustrious connoisseurs. Having at last found their way into the arena of arenas, they are likely to keep their position in the august programmes, as surely as they were slow to reach that high distinction. But they are only a few that occur to us. The names of our best musicians are now frequently to be seen, not only in connection with the festal music at the Castle, but with the orchestra and chamber performances of the Royal band and quartet party, and even with the select evening concerts at the palace in St. James's Park, where erst the languishing measure of Italian *cantilena* formed the exclusive source of recreation.

We are pleased to note this change in so influential a quarter, since it must be evident to all, that, only through Royal support, which brings the patronage of Aristocracy in its train, can the long-cherished scheme of a National Opera be set on foot, with any well-based hope of ultimate prosperity. Once obtain this, and there would be no necessity for a *subvention*,

which may suit the French very well, but is not fitted for English views of speculative independence. Let the Queen and the Prince betray an interest in the progress of a native school of art, and the people will quickly follow in the wake of Majesty. Unhappily, our public, though a good public in its way, and not an indifferent judge as times go, must positively be led by the nose. The press might do it, but will not. Let us hope better of the Queen, the natural protector of her loyal subjects, including the entire body corporate, from statesmen to fiddlers.

THE OAKEN CROWN.

THE great difficulty now-a-days in the artistic world is to avoid the decoration of the order of the Oaken Crown, with which His Majesty the King of Holland invests every one he or his envoys can catch hold of. Here, but now, is poor De Beriot, who, because he has educated three pupils to play contemporaneously in unison, on fiddles, is forthwith endowed, nil he will be, with the order of the *couronne de chêne*. Had his Dutch Majesty flung the decoration at the heads of Tenhaven, Scheurs, and Standisch, to be divided among them, there would have been nothing to complain of; but at De Beriot's age it is really too bad.

By the way, the Belgian papers are rhapsodical about these youths. One of them, the *Indépendance Belge*, says that Ernst, Sivori, and Vieuxtemps, together, would not be able to do what the three pupils of De Beriot can effect. It is very possible, however, and equally probable, that Ernst, Sivori, and Vieuxtemps would not take the trouble to attempt it.

The system of teaching the Violin at the Brussels *Conservatoire*, which at present obtains, would astonish some professors who follow the good old plan of instructing one at a time. De Beriot makes six of his pupils scrape together, and with the modesty which distinguishes him, confines their studies entirely to his own music. There are, besides Tenhaven, Scheurs, and Standisch, young Vieuxtemps, younger Monasterio, and still younger somebody else, whose name does not recur to us. The six are noted for their joint execution of the concertos of De Beriot, which honourable authorities do not hesitate to pronounce astonishing.

On the other hand, sceptics may ask, what kind of general players they are?—whether they can read new music with facility?—whether they have any *style* individually?—and twenty other questions of the sort, which, we are inclined to think, will be somewhat difficult to answer, in a plain straightforward manner. M. De Beriot, however, is not a man to be easily discomfited, and ignores what it is to run away from a difficulty. He will doubtless explain to the amateurs of Germany, France, England, and even Italy and Spain, why a more delightful as well as original, a more legitimate as well as extraordinary musical effect, can be produced by six violinists playing the same notes in unison, than by one violinist, who, however great his talent, cannot possibly bring out a volume of tone of the same breadth and power. The

coldness resulting from a certain unvarying and monotonous precision, is of course a small matter, the great end of art in the present day, being not so much to move the soul by expression, as to satisfy the ear by mechanical correctness. M. De Beriot will be in a condition to overrule all such petty objections, at the audience which, doubtless, Mr. Ella will accord to his young *protégés*; and we have little fear but that Tenhaven, Scheurs, and Standisch will be found worthy to appear before the aristocratic audience of the Musical Union, or even at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, should they come to London—which is not probable just now, Mr. Lumley having engaged them for a considerable period.

At the same time all this does not excuse the attack upon De Beriot, who has done nothing that we know of to offend the king of Holland.

Reviews of Music.

"CAPRICE POUR LE PIANOFORTE." EMANUEL AGUILAR
Wessel and Co.

IN selecting the key of D flat, Mr. Emanuel Aguilar attacks the sentimental side of the *caprice*, properly so called, although the designation, or rather qualification of character and tempo—*allegretto quasi allegro*—evinces a leaning to something more sparkling and *ad captandum*. The truth is, Mr. Aguilar has mingled the two elements alluded to, with considerable fancy and no small amount of musical skill. His first theme is a flowing *cantilena*, accompanied with that peculiar disposition of the *arpeggio* which distinguishes the majority of modern Italian arias. This developed, he introduces a tripping passage of semiquavers, which branches out into an important feature during the course of two pages, and falls easily and naturally into a kind of Sicilian *ritornella* in the dominant key, which, in its turn, gives way to a free *fantasia*, wherein fragments of the original theme are fancifully led through a well devised series of modulations, until, by the approved, if not novel, expedient of a *pedal* passage on the dominant, the composer once more attains his subject in the key of the tonic, though completely divested of its primitive character, by a new suit of harmony and accompaniment. The semiquaver episode then re-appears, as before, upon an interrupted cadence, and once more brings back the Sicilian *ritornella* in the primal key, the whole concluding with a brilliant coda, in which octaves are liberally distributed to either hand. To play this piece in a satisfactory manner requires elegance of style and neatness of execution, in equal proportions. Mr. Aguilar, while thinking for himself, has much of that fantastic refinement (or refined fantasy) which imparts such a peculiar colour to many of the pieces of Chopin; and he has also evidently imbibed a little of the same composer's independence of what a certain school of musicians persist in declaring indispensable to good taste and legitimate effect—we allude to *plan*; but, like M. Chopin, Mr. Aguilar has proved that music (for the piano) may be rendered both agreeable and interesting, without any magnanimous adherence to that exclusively classical restriction; and Mr. Aguilar, like M. Chopin, is tolerably certain to find a pretty good number of admirers and adherents, provided he continues to write such pieces as the *Caprice* in D flat, Op. 12.

"LA FETE VILLAGEOISE." EMANUEL AGUILAR.—Wessel & Co.

Colonel Blood, in his attempt to appropriate to himself the jewels of the crown, was arrested by a sbire, and for that time frustrated in his purpose. Emanuel Aguilar, in the solitude of his chamber, fearless of sbires, had been inclined to pluck a gem from Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, which has for years constituted a rich mine whence musical delvers have desperately digged diamonds, need have been under no such appre-

hemion. But Mr. Aguilar apparently had his eye, or rather his ear directed, or rather set, towards another point of the musical compass, or rather clock. Doubtless at some *soirée dansante*, or haply at the Italian Opera, Mr. Aguilar has heard a certain chorus, in the bridal scene of an opera entitled *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by one Donizetti, which has produced such an effect upon him that, sitting alone in the solitude of his chamber, his fingers running listlessly over the keys of the *clavier*, the theme, in a strange measure and a new key, has moulded itself into proportions, and persuaded his not unwilling fancy, that it (his fancy) had given birth to an original tune. That he was convinced of this, and that the thought found favor in his ear, is apparent in the elaborate frame in which he has set it, the several departments whereof consist of an *andante* in F, in the form of an introduction, and a variety of episodes, the most delectable of which is one in B flat, page 5, where a form of accompaniment, much used by Steibelt, the well-known composer of the "Storm-Rondo," (and *notamment* in that Rondo), is happily brought to bear. Besides its light and pleasing character, the *Fête Villageoise*—which, in respect of simple melody, might have fairly passed muster in the days of the "bowyers and flechers" (bowmen and arrowmen—whereof Robin Hood and Little John), when pastorals, may songs, caryllons, and roundelays were the bone and marrow of tune—is to be commended for its brevity, and for the facility with which it adapts itself to the fingers of performers to whom Thalberg, Prudent, and Blumenthal are *caviare*. *Bref*—Mr. Aguilar might have written a more original, but hardly a more taking and unpretending *morceau*, or one more likely to prove acceptable to a large class of masters, not to say pupils. Nathless, let us own that we prefer Mr. Aguilar in Ercles' vein, soaring a higher flight, plunging a deeper line, surveying a wider field, aiming at a more distant mark, absorbed in a browner study—as in the Caprice in D flat, Op. 12.

"THE REGAL GRAND MARCH."—E. J. WESTROP.
Z. T. Purday.

A spirited movement for two performers on the piano, commencing with a regular march *maestoso*, and introducing Lindpaintner's popular song "The Standard-bearer," as a trio. Although presenting no point for the especial notice of the critic, its merit clearly not being that of originality, this march is quite independent of deprecatory comment, since, besides being written with facility and correctness, it may be advantageously used as a teaching piece for young performers, who are too frequently presented, by indiscreet professors, with much worse music.

"THE CARLISLE POLKA."—W. H. MONTGOMERY.—J. Williams.

More polkas! When will Christmas be over? Not, it would seem, until Her Majesty's late visit to Castle Howard (represented by a modern building with a cupola, and swans sailing in a fair pond, hard by a tree and shrubs, under which may be supposed to hove gudgeon) be forgotten, which is unlikely to be "effsoons," while Mr. Montgomery's pen is able to describe such dashing dance tunes as the present. Carlisle being near the Border, Mr. Montgomery has dexterously endowed the first page of his polka with that peculiar jerk, contrived by a short note falling lithely on a long one, which gives such a peculiar character to the Scotch tunes. In the second page, however, this peculiarity is absent, which emboldens us to the presumption, that Mr. Montgomery had it in his mind's eye to represent those merry times, long past, when—truce for a period having been plighted, mutually, by pulverising Percy and double-daggered Douglas, exchanging friendly fists, instead of paying each other the unsought tribute of "Scot and Lot" (for which Falstaff, undesirous, prostrated himself full length upon his abdomen, feigning immediate mortality)—the boors and maidens of the north of England kept jovial carousal with the laddies and lassies of the south of Scotland, due north of them, and the naginary border was rubbed out by the gum elastic of good *Illo* whisp, to the tunes of "Boys and Girls come out to play," and "The Campbells are 'going'" (vice "coming"), intermingled in boisterous strains of unpremeditated counterpoint. If such were Mr. Mont-

gomery's idea, he has carried it out very happily. Both his tunes are good, verging on the border of the national measure and rhythm of either side Tweed, and we can well imagine that, when performed by I. Weippert's band (which the title-page informs us has been its fortunate destiny), the effect it produces must inevitably perpetuate the memory of the fact of Her Majesty's visit to Castle Howard in the breast of every loyal polker and polkee at those popular and *tres-suivies* (very followed) reunions of busy feet, greeting hands, reclining waists, sustaining arms, glistening eyes, glad hearts and stirring strains, which bear the name of Weippert, at one of whose *soirées dansantes* we trust, on some near occasion, to be ourselves refreshed and tickled with an audition of Montgomery's "Carlisle Polka," which we cheerfully propose to all our light-heeled friends, as a sparkling and original contribution to their *repertoire* of music that provokes to the dance.

"THE CRYSTAL WALTZES."—C. A. PATEY.—Charles Jefferys.

When we say that Mr. Charles Patey prefaces a suite of *Valsees* with a graceful *cantilena à l'Italienne* in 8 time, we have adduced all that could possibly be adduced, by the most savage and punctilious critic, in disfavor of the "Crystal Waltzes," which are pretty, animated, nicely contrasted, and conveniently arranged for the piano. We might also add original, to all except No. 2, which smacks a little of this, that, and the other, though we have not space to recapitulate, had we the memory to notify the various points of resemblance. No. 3, on the contrary, smacks of nothing but itself, and itself is remarkably winning. No. 4 is also *tres dansante*, and piquant, to boot. In the coda the principal subjects are gathered together into one dish, and tossed into a well-flavored *pot-pourri*, neither too much nor too little of any subject being introduced. The whole is neither too long nor too short, and may be recommended as a better set of waltzes than many not so good.

"THE FUGITIVE, OR LOVE AND LOYALTY."—ANDREW THOMSON.
Campbell, Ransford & Co.

This is one of a selection of the melodies of Scotland, by Mr. W. H. Bellamy, to which Mr. Andrew Thomson has added the symphonies and accompaniments. It is a very favourable specimen. The air, "Oh! speed thee, Lord Nitheisdale," though not one of the most commonly known, is by no means one of the least characteristic of the old Scottish tunes. The verses (by Mr. Bellamy, we presume), seem to embody the old story of a warrior, wearied with blood and toil, to whom a lady, probably his true love, affords protection in her tent, watching over him while he sleeps. The accompaniment of Mr. Andrew Thomson betrays a good ear for harmony, and a just appreciation of the character of the melody. The only point for criticism is the somewhat too frequent occurrence of the modulation into the sub-dominant, by means of D flat, the 7th of the key note. Where the flat 7th occurs in the melody the effect is good, but we do not like its anticipation in the bar immediately preceding. Mr. Thomson should remember that the chord of A flat belongs naturally to the key of E flat, and it is not absolutely necessary, on every occasion of using it, to walk over the bridge of the flat 7th of the tonic. By omitting the D flat in one or two instances monotony would be avoided, and an otherwise unimpeachable accompaniment be rendered perfect. On second thoughts, however, in line 2 of the opening symphony, the last chord of bar 4, and the first chord of bar 5, would be both improved by the addition of an E flat in the right hand, which would establish, what at present is doubtful, whether the author intends two consecutive chords of the 6th, or the common chord followed by the chord of the 6-4. As it stands the effect is bare.

"THE SPANISH MAIDEN."—NIGRI. A. W. Hammond.

The Spanish maiden yearns for her native land, and yearns in a bolero. It is somewhat singular, by the way, not to say anomalous, that whether a Spanish maiden be in a melancholy or happy train of mind, whether she be thinking of her absent love, lamenting her marble halls, dancing on the greensward, musing in a bay-window of the Escorial, hieing gaily on one of St.

Francis's mules to milk her cows in the pasture, confiding a *billet doux* to a trusty duenna for the gallant of her choice, telling her beads in a church at the foot of the altar, waving her handkerchief at a bull-fight or dropping her glove at a tournament, pinching the strings of a guitar to some old romaunt of chivalry where Moors are all giants, dwarfs, magicians, and devils, while Spaniards are emblems of constancy, daring, courage and manly beauty, flitting along at night in the silent streets like a dark ghost, all bementled to conceal the blushes that mantle (no pun) on her cheeks, which, indeed, were she unhooded, would rather be felt than seen by the happy *Caballero* who waits for her hard by with cloak and sword and mask and feathers (granting the moon at its full, for that fair mistress of the midnight sky shows not these tricks of shame upon the maiden's face), getting up early in the morning and opening the casement to let the first rays of the sun pry into the secrets of the chamber, going to bed late at night after taking her last look at the stars and heaving a last sigh for her beloved in whose behalf she kneels and offers up a prayer to the mother of the Saints, musing on *Galatea*, doting on *Galaor*, or roaring with *Sancho Panza*, riding on a trusty barb conceited of his burden, pursuing the falcon which will not come back even for the love of her sweet eyes, preferring to peck out these and the heart of his quarry in the wilds of the far-off wold unseen and out of call-shot (graceless and ungrateful falcon—or better, vile and scurvy hawk—or better, cautious carrion-sucking "haggard"—(Shakspeare)—that leavest such soft quarters as the maiden's fist without a wail, a sigh, a vale!) sailing blithely in a golden boat that gently parts the bosom of the sparkling *Guadalquivir* (the only Spanish river that would seem to have excited the poets from Byron to Bunn)—whether, indeed, she be eating, drinking, or fasting, doing penance in tears, or exulting at a feast—whether one, or any, or all, or none of these (the reader will pardon our cutting short the catalogue), whether one, or any, or all, or none of these be the theme or themes supposed to occupy the attention, and fill the soul of the Spanish maiden; composers of music, German, Italian, French, and English, all, in short, but Spanish, who should know best, typify the fact in the bounding strains of a bolero. Why this should be, we beseech *Nigri* to explain, since, to express his theme—the yearning for home aforesaid—he puts into the mouth of his maiden a bolero, the one half of which, by right of notes, belongs to *Spohr's Jessonda* ("Amid the battle's raging"), and the other half whereof is a bolero, or part of a bolero, of his own imagining. In anticipation of his answer, we may say that *Nigri's* bolero, as it stands, is a good bolero; although, being lively and tripping, it is somewhat out of sorts with the words, which are moody and moony. Overlook this, and take into account that *Nigri* has skilfully hit the capacity of nine voices out of ten, and the "Spanish Maiden" may pass for something better than herself.

"LOVE, ART THOU WAKING OR SLEEPING?"—Serenade. Written by J. BIRD, Esq. Composed by WILLIAM WARREN.—H. WHITE.

The words of this serenade are pretty and well written, and the music is pretty and well written; but the poet, Mr. Bird, to use a homely phrase, has cabbaged a couplet of one of Shelley's sweetest lyrics; while the composer, Mr. William Warren, to employ a higher style of parlance, has brushed off the bloom from one of Macfarren's most beautiful songs, and re-laid it upon the shoulders of his own tune; but, meanwhile, the sun has dried it up, and instead of bloom it becomes mildew, and gives an air of sickly staleness to Mr. Warren's effusion. The poet's appropriation may be traced to the little poem, "On a faded Violet," the leading ideas of which Shelley has developed in several of his minor lyrics; and the musician's intermeddling may be recognised in the cavatina from *Don Quixote*, "Ah! why do we Love?" Apart from these de-considerations, which it is difficult to separate from our idea of the song, "Love, art thou waking or sleeping?" may pass as a favourable specimen of its class.

"LET THE HEART BE GAY,"—Ballad. Written by J. W. LAKE, Esq. Composed by J. BLEWITT.—H. WHITE.

Messrs. Lake and Blewitt, on the other hand, conscious of their

own resources, disdain to trespass on their neighbour's orchard, plucking their own fruit in their own garden, and laying it before their friends at dessert with the fuller complacency. In his poetry Mr. Lake expresses a wish "that the heart be gay," and expresses it after a manner of his own, commanding the "harp of pleasure" to be struck, and care banished, for surely "mirth is nature's treasure;" and in the last distich he declares, that "like an angel bright, love adorns with roses"—what Mr. Lake refrains from expounding, as one who says, why should the poet write down all, and leave nothing to the imagination of his hearers? The veteran, J. Blewitt, has supplied a strain to be commended, if only for its downright English character, and in the ritornella, by means of arpeggios disposed in small notes, he has given upon the piano the effect, as it were, of a harp. We like this song, which is well suited for a vigorous tenor in good condition, since there is not an ounce of pretence or affectation about it.

"CONTENTMENT."—SONG—EDWARD DEANE.—Wessel and Co.

There is an easy *nonchalance* about the melody of Mr. Edward Deane's song, which sorts well with the theme of the poet. At the same time, it is sufficiently tuneful and vocal, and were the accentuation a little more varied, we should have no point to criticise. The incessant repetition of a crotchet followed by a quaver, through seven pages, becomes monotonous at page 2. This is a pity, since the accompaniment, a species of *perpetuo* in semiquavers, is written with remarkable cleverness and thorough feeling for harmony. But here, also, in the bass, the prevalence of the crotchet-quaver is too great, and affects the monotony of the voice part. Much of this might have been avoided if Mr. Deane, at the episode, "Oh be happy while you may," which is very charming, changed his measure and accent as well as his key. But, unhappily, he continues his 1, 2,—3, and so loses the chance afforded him. In stating these objections, we feel bound to qualify them with the ready allowance that, "Contentment" is in a much better school and shows a much higher musical feeling, than the great mass of songs which come under our notice.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MURRAY GARTSHORE.

The March winds eddying whirl
Around her grave;
Chill as the heart's despair
That could not save.

Others like her, so young,
To death have gone;
Others as bright, as pure,
Have laid them down.

But none more deeply loved;
To friends and fame,
Endeared by every act,
That bore her name.

The turf will spring again,
As lightly shed
As if no sod had moved
For that fair head.

The woods still fill'd with birds,
Who carol clear,
Though one sweet voice is hush'd
For ever here.

Many who heard that strain,
In passed hour,
Oh! can they too forget
Its thrilling power?

All nightingales that sing,
Or night, or day,
Can they console for her
Now passed away?

Ah, life! succession strange—
Shadow, and dream—
To die, and be forgot,
A bitter theme.

Yet looking on her grave,
Such dark thoughts cease;
I read upon its cross,
"Mary in peace."

F. CARTWRIGHT.

THE FIRST PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The season commenced on Monday evening, with a full room and an average programme. The subscription, it appears, continues prosperous, and the directors continue obstinate. Who can blame them? So long as they can attract subscribers, so long will the general body be satisfied with their legislation. Meanwhile, the progress of that art, for the benefit of which the Philharmonic Society was professedly instituted, is left to newspaper discussion, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Mr. John Ella. The Philharmonic is a Society incorporated, as it were, not for the object of advancing the interests of music, but for the annual performance of a stereotyped series of symphonies and overtures, and the annual appearance of a certain social circle of instrumental soloists and vocalists. Under this system the heartiest good-fellowship prevails, and the intrusion of any strange elements into the consolidated union is as rare as it is unwelcome. The advantages derived from this well-knit scheme, by the members and associates of the Society, who are not component parts thereof, may easily be estimated. An eager calculator, who, in the heat of his enthusiasm, should propose to represent them by a sign denoting the smallest possible quantity, would exceed the truth. In fact, no advantages are derived by any body whatever, except by the members of the social circle alluded to, and those whom they may be pleased to patronise. But this has nothing to do with the concert of Monday, of which the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2. Mozart.
Aria, "Ah, già trascorse il dì" (Zelmira), Mr. Whitworth Rossini.
Septett, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn; Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Lucas, Howell, Williams, Baumann, and C. Harper Beethoven.
Aria, "Amor nel mio penar" (Flavio) Miss Dolby Handel.
Overture, "Oberon" Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 1 Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Se il nostro pianto" (Il Seraglio) Mr. Lockey Mozart.
Duetto, "Ah, tu non sai" (Margherita D'Anjou) Meyerbeer.
Miss Dolby and Mr. Whitworth
Overture, "Leonora-Fidelio" Beethoven.

Of the performance generally we regret our inability to speak in terms of great enthusiasm. Visitors are now excluded from rehearsals; but, unless a manifest improvement in the execution be gained, we are at a loss to estimate the value of this reform. We observed nothing to indicate that such was the case in Monday's concert. Mozart's symphony was played

with the utmost steadiness, precision, and correctness of time, but without the requisite light and shade. The overture to *Oberon* was a blustering performance, in which the brass instruments carried off the palm, maintaining their right to be heard with a clamour that admitted of no denial. Mendelssohn's symphony, which, being rarely performed, should have been more carefully rehearsed, was not nearly so well played as that of Mozart. The *intermezzo* in G minor, instead of being given, almost throughout, *pianissimo*, was played *mezzo-forte* quite throughout, besides being taken much too slow, which, in a great measure, robbed it of its character. The best executed movement was the *andante* in E flat, in which the solo instruments being liberally employed, individual, instead of general, exertion was brought into request. The *allegro* and finale were both executed with a certain energy, but without refinement or variety of tone. The first movement was loud throughout, though the phrases which compose the second subject (divided among the wind instruments) were inaudible. In the finale one fine point was completely obtained; the *staccato* theme for stringed instruments, preceding and afterwards combining with a phrase allotted to the clarinet. Here the *piano* was perfection, and suggested the questions, if once, why not always?—if here, why not everywhere? Beethoven's overture was scrambled through, and made no impression. The Septet was excellently played, as might have been expected from the names of the performers, but was altogether out of place. Our opinion of the impolicy of introducing chamber music at these concerts is well known, and need not be repeated. The vocal music was well selected and well sung, but there was too much of it. The three songs were all slow songs, and the duet as long as the three songs together.

We have called the above an average selection, by which term we would not have it understood that the music was not of the highest order; but the combination was unhappy, the pieces were ill-balanced with respect to each other, and the consequent effect was dull and unsatisfactory, and this without reference to the merits or demerits of the execution. The overture of Beethoven, being unfamiliar to the band and the audience, it was exceedingly unwise to place it last. That of *Oberon* might have occupied the last place with advantage, since, being of an *ad captandum* character, it does not exercise that strain upon the attention which, in the case of such an overture as the *Leonora Fidelio*, is inevitable. The *Leonora Fidelio* (as the directors call it) is one of the overtures to his single opera, which the difficult judgment of Beethoven rejected, and exhibits the shadow of the general plan (coming overtures cast their shadows before) and the germs of many of the effects of the splendid prelude, universally recognised as *Leonora*. It was, therefore, too interesting a piece to be placed at the fag end of a long concert, as a retreating march to celebrate the early departures. It was not surprising that the audience, under these circumstances, should have entirely failed to appreciate it. Imperfectly as it was performed on the whole, the greatest and most satisfying point in the concert was Mendelssohn's first symphony, which, though one of the earliest of his works, is also one of those most characteristic of him, and without making any allowances for youth or inexperience (it was written between the age of 14 and 15) is one of the most masterly and gorgeous pieces for the orchestra ever composed.

MUSIC AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—A statue of "Bavaria," is to be one of the things exposed in the Crystal Palace—a statue of such colossal proportions that six and twenty musicians are to play in its head.—*Credat Judeaus.*

Original Correspondence.*(To the Editor of the Musical World.)*

SIR,—In reply to your Correspondent, "An Amateur," the following is the correct title of the Song he wants, by *Fr. Zeiller*, "Die Nachtigall," song for one voice with accompaniment, piano-forte and violoncello, or horn, Op. 1; published by Diebelli and Co., Vienna.

I think the song may be got at Ewer's, Newgate Street.
I am, your obedient Servant,
116, George-street, Edinburgh, D. HAMILTON.
3rd March, 1851.

THE REID CONCERT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Edinburgh, 28th Feb., 1851.

SIR,—Being a constant subscriber to your Journal, I have before me your account of the performances at the Reid Concert in this City, and am greatly surprised to see it contain statements utterly at variance with what I myself witnessed at the Concert, and with the remarks of the Edinburgh Newspapers.

You say, "The orchestra was certainly composed of great talent"—I did not observe a single person of "great talent," in the orchestra, although there are not wanting such in Edinburgh. It was nothing more than the ordinary orchestra of the Musical Association, minus their conductor and best violoncello. The party who officiated as conductor being the same that usually plays first violin, and who on this occasion, as I understand, assumed the baton for the first time. "He performed his duties steadily and satisfactorily." It was apparent to every one present that the utter unsteadiness of the orchestra greatly distressed both Ernst and Angri, so much so, that the former, when encoired in his fantasia from *Otello*, declined to repeat it, but gave, instead, a piece without accompaniment. And Madlle. Angri, in the song from *Lucrezia*, repeatedly turned to the conductor in apparent remonstrance. You indeed confess that the orchestra was "weak in some parts particularly the chorus," weak enough, certainly—but chorus there was none.

The only way in which I can account for the statements in the "Musical World" being so totally at variance with what actually took place is on the alternative supposition that either your "own Correspondent" was not present at the Concert, and wrote in ignorance—or that he wrote not for the information of the public, but for the purpose of puffing "the first music-seller in the Empire." The Reid Concerts will continue, as hitherto, to be to a certain extent, jobbed, until the Professor takes the management on himself.

I send you two Edinburgh papers containing what every one that witnessed the Concert must consider very mild remarks on the orchestral doings—and beg to compare them in that respect with your "own Correspondent."

If I am to judge of the veraciousness of your Musical critiques generally, from the nature of this, in which I have chanced to be able to judge for myself, I must consider them calculated, not to inform, but entirely to mislead.

I remain, Sir,
A SUBSCRIBER TO YOUR PAPER.

P.S.—I enclose my name and address.

OLD FLUTES AND NEW.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—There is a great deal of common-sense and good feeling in the letters of your Correspondent, Marsyas; but it appears to me that he aims more at pointing out and bewailing the unfortunate differences of opinion amongst flautists, than suggesting any means of healing them; while one or two of his remarks are not unlikely to make matters even worse. He says, "I believe there are very few of our English Flute professors who are not in some way or the other interested in the sale of instruments." This observation, combined with the tenor of his last letter, cannot fail to create an unfavourable impression against flautists, which they do not deserve. With two exceptions, namely, Mr. Carte of the firm of Radall and Rose, and Mr. Card, of St. James's-street, Pic-

cadilly, I believe no London professor has any interest, more than the ordinary interest of the profession, in the sale or manufacture of flutes—although each may have his favourite instrument and manufacturer. Though I acquit Marsyas of any intention to offend, I fear there are many who would feel aggrieved at the imputations thrown out in his last letter. He has placed two contradictory opinions in juxtaposition; but has made no effort to enlighten your readers as to the real state of the case. Mr. Clinton says, in his Treatise upon the Flute, &c., &c., that *the open-keyed system is productive of veiled sounds*. Some months after the publication of that work, Mr. Carte brings out a similar one, called, "A Sketch of the Flute," &c., in which, he says that *the open-keyed system is totally free from such mischief*. Thus direct contradiction is given to Mr. Clinton's statement. Now, Sir, I have played upon the Boehm Flute for some time, and I can, therefore, assert, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Clinton's *exposé* of that subject is *strictly true*. He says, that in rapid passages the fingers have so constantly to be retained upon their various holes and keys, that the Boehm Flute, although nominally an open-keyed flute, becomes virtually a *shut-keyed* instrument; and the undeniable proof of his assertion is given by *Mr. Carte himself*, in his Book of *Instructions for the Boehm Flute*, in which there is scarcely an exercise without examples of exceptional fingering, which result in a *veiling* of sound. In reference to the contradictory opinions between the tone of the wood and metal flute, there is a greater appearance of reason, as a sound which is pleasing to one ear may be harsh to another, and counter statements frequently enable us to form our own judgment with tolerable accuracy. I know nothing personally of either Mr. Clinton or Mr. Carte, but I know that though the Clinton Treatise has afforded me considerable information and enlightenment (for which, by the way, I have to thank you, as my attention was drawn to it from your favourable notice), neither of them will induce me to relinquish my present Boehm Flute, made by Godfrois, of Paris. I have changed my fingering *once*, and will never be induced to do it again. Trusting that you will spare me a corner in your entertaining and instructive periodical,

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,
Clerkenwell Green. INDEX.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having heard the dinners of the Royal Society of Musicians extolled as among the best of such entertainments in the metropolis, and feeling some interest in the objects of the society, I attended the anniversary meeting on the 7th inst. For public dinners in general I have no affection; to my mind they always convey impressions of magnificent dulness and lukewarm cheer—soups ambiguous, fish promiscuous, sauce difficult—everybody scrambling, everybody grumbling, everybody wishing for something, and everybody getting what they don't want, and nobody what they rightly stand in need of. Then those poor waiters! It was quite wretched to witness their efforts on the present occasion, to hear how everybody abused them. Does no society "dine" (excuse the allusion) at the Freemasons' Hall, except the Royal Society of Musicians? You will say that I am fastidious, but no—I remember that I paid one and twenty shillings for a dinner, and if I only could believe that three parts of that sum (or even two parts—or even one part—or even a fraction) would be applied to some charitable purpose, I should not utter a word of discontent. But knowing this not to be the case, I claim a right to grumble at having paid a guinea for a shocking bad dinner—ill cooked, ill served, and hard of digestion, and accompanied by wine of most indifferent flavour. A chapter on public dinner grievances, however, not being my present object, let me return to the Royal Society of Musicians.

The entertainment, in a musical way, was excellent; that alone was worth the guinea, and but for the wine would have helped to digest the dinner comfortably. The President of the day was the Earl of Carlisle, than whom a more efficient could not have been found. His eloquence and gentlemanly tone delighted every one. So far, all went well—but every good thing has some "drawback." In this case, it came in the person of an energetic little man, of Italian aspect, who, under pretext of proposing the

chairman's health, inflicted his tediousness and empty loquacity upon the whole company for upwards of half an hour. I never, in the whole course of my life, listened to such a mass of disjointed rhapsodies. I really pitied the distinguished nobleman to whom this ovation was addressed, and should have felt still more mortified had I thought for one moment that the speaker was really looked upon as the acknowledged representative of the general intelligence of the Society. What on earth could have induced the committee to appoint such an advocate? Pertinacious as the orator was, his garrulity would not have been so intolerably tiresome, had he confined himself to the subject matter of the meeting, instead of doing which, he rambled in "admired disorder" over every topic but the appropriate one—liberally apostrophising all our great warriors, kings, statesmen and literati, from William the Conqueror, who objected to candles, down to William Pitt, who founded the National Debt. To the House of Brunswick he seemed well affected; nor did he omit to declare his approbation of Sir Robert Peel.

Had I not cause, Mr. Editor, to feel annoyed that so much of the evening should have been engrossed by this preposterous preacher, who, by the way, precluded his announcement of the various donations with precise and minute confessions of the exact amount of intimacy he, the preacher, enjoyed with the respective donors. If the Secretary and Treasurer be too modest, or too timid, to address such a meeting, they should depute the task to some competent speaker, who may have the good sense to remember, that egotism and prolixity are not the *principal* qualifications for addressing an assembly—even an assembly of musicians.

I am, Sir,

DINER-OUT.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

(Continued from our last.)

In pursuance of the remarks in last week's number, we would begin by observing that to touch on any musical subject in point, is to walk on a heavily-charged mine, which, when least expected, may explode, according as one of the many conflicting interests may be considered slighted by its lynx-eyed guardians, or one of the innumerable but unconfessed jealousies which unfortunately exist aroused, perhaps by an unguarded word. It is difficult at all times to get rivals to coalesce, and hardly less so to persuade artistes that there is no absolute necessity for rivalry. The obvious consequence of want of unanimity is to reduce a general question to an individual one, and, unconsciously making self the basis, musicians proceed to build up schemes which are incompatible with the interests of the profession, and suicidal to all efforts at establishing a National Opera on a permanent plan. "*Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous*," is a sentiment by far too prevalent; it is the essence of dissension, and its adoption has hitherto held music in an equivocal position. We would wish to see the profession elevated; but unfortunately musicians are split into too many parties to encourage us to hope for unanimity in that quarter; yet union is the source of strength.

It is not our intention to chronicle the "decline and fall" of English opera, since we desire to look forward; but we allude to it *en passant*, in the hopes of being able to trace some reasonable cause for its present unhappy condition. No doubt, success depends on circumstances beyond control, and contingencies which the cleverest cannot foresee; but we question whether this will apply in the present instance. It would be unfair to throw the entire blame of failure on managers—equally so to lay the reproach solely on the artistes—and not less so to accuse the public. The public, and especially the London public, has too much discrimination to put up with the same mediocre entertainment day after day, and soon seeks amusement elsewhere. Finding second-rate artistes playing characters which should be sustained

by first-rate talent, the public abandons them to empty houses. On the other hand, if the receipts of the house render managers unable to afford the exorbitant terms which first-rate artistes are too prone to exact, there is no alternative but to engage inferior artistes. Hence the injury to the credit and reputation of English opera, by associating it, in a great measure, with names of little or no standing. It is but too clear where the blame of failure rests in this point of view. But in an article which professes to treat of English opera in a national point of view, to escape all imputation of party advocacy, it is better to avoid individualising. We shall, therefore, merely allude without naming, to those English composers whose fame and recognised talents are a sure guarantee of their ability to support with credit the reputation of a National Opera, if once more fairly started. It should be a subject of regret, however, that there is a lack of good *libretto* writers to support them—one reason why English operas, generally speaking, are often uninteresting. The *libretto* of an opera produced with great success little more than a year ago at the Princess's, promised to redeem in a measure this deficiency; but (though we do not mean this observation to apply to the case cited, but lay it down as a general rule which may partially account for the want of operatic authors) where there is no field for exertion, talent lies dormant, and idleness is more prejudicial even than a too frequent and rapid production.

Of course the same reasons which seal our lips regarding composers, bind us to silence respecting the merits of English singers, who might form great and valuable attractions to the public. It is quite certain that we can find singers enough whose past careers place beyond question their power to represent worthily any works they may be called on to perform.

To place English opera on the stage again with a fair prospect of success, an effort should, we think, be made without regard to *immediate* profit on the part of managers and artistes, and we would especially endeavour to impress on the latter the necessity of doing something for the love of their art, recommending them to look less to the amount of remuneration than to the stability and prosperity of the undertaking, which they would by their talents help to bring to a successful issue.

It should not be forgotten that the taste for English opera has fallen greatly into abeyance from the ill-advised attempts to keep it before the public; that it has been driven from one theatre to another—now finding a refuge at the Surrey, now forced into unhealthy existence at the Marylebone, until at last, English opera is reduced to make an evanescent appearance on the boards of the Soho Theatre, supported by novices and amateurs. Like all matters of luxury and refinement, the taste for English opera requires to be *fostered*, which must at first be effected by the united exertions of the musical profession. The recent unfortunate efforts to prop it up have rendered this more than ever necessary. "*Aul Cæsar aul nullus*," should be its motto, and if it cannot assume its proper rank it is better it should cease to exist.

But we have the materials at hand necessary to force a correct public taste, and place English opera in its proper sphere. The indulgence of the public need not be solicited for the untried efforts of novices, while we have artistes of known talent and reputation to sustain the credit of the undertaking. All the component parts of the machine are ready. It requires but the aid of some enterprising and judicious manager, acting in co-operation with the principal music publishers, and the first artistes, to put them together and set the whole in motion, with, we feel convinced, a very fair prospect of a prosperous result.

It would argue extreme folly to run the risk of certain failure, by exposing new works to the peril of condemnation through the incapacity of inexperienced performers. If anything is to be done for English opera it must be on a scale commensurate with its pretensions. The best of everything should be had, and the theatre raised to such a standard as to render it an object of ambition to appear in it, not degraded to such a state as to make it impossible for any artiste of standing to join it without derogating in professional rank. We are aware that under existing circumstances this cannot be accomplished without zealous co-operation on all sides. There are some, we know, among the musical profession who are willing to assist in any feasible scheme that may be suggested to remedy the evil, and well would it be if all its members entertained as liberal views on this subject as we have heard expressed by those whose names alone are guarantees of strength. With such a disposition generally evinced, the establishment of English opera on a scale honorable to its character, and to the profession, would scarcely present a single difficulty. But our concluding remarks must be reserved for a future occasion.

(To be continued.)

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre was crowded by all the playing community on Saturday night, the cause of attraction being Mr. J. W. Wallack, the "celebrated American tragedian," as he was styled in the bills, who made his first appearance in *Othello*. Mr. J. W. Wallack is a nephew of Mr. James Wallack, and son of Mr. Henry Wallack, the popular actor and sometime manager. Mr. J. W. Wallack is a young man, and has been serving his theatrical noviciate on the American stage. From all we know of the American stage, we are inclined to the opinion, that a juvenile artist might have chosen many other arenas on which his talent and capacities would have been developed with more purpose. Miss Cushman, the most accomplished tragedian who ever came to this country from across the Atlantic, with all her art and judgment, could not free herself from those faults of style and manner which are apparently ineradicable in one who has studied histrionism in Yankee-land. Mr. J. W. Wallack is a bold man to have undertaken so difficult a part as that of *Othello* for his first essay. The character of the Moor has proved *caviare* to most of our great performers, including John Kemble, Cooke, Young, and, it may be said, Macready. Nevertheless, every actor has his speciality, and having his speciality, has a pet part; and we suppose that *Othello* is a pet part with Mr. J. W. Wallack. Mr. J. W. Wallack has many advantages to befit him for tragedy. His figure is tall and commanding, his face handsome and highly expressive (that is, as far as we could see through the ochre), his voice sonorous and of good compass, his motions easy, and his attitudes graceful. His acting betokens great energy and determination, and he is certainly no imitator—at least no imitator of the Kemble, Kean, or Macready school. Here are many and unmistakeable requisitions to become a first-rate actor, and yet has not Mr. J. W. Wallack arrived at that desirable point of the artist's hope. In the first place, we are not entirely satisfied with the management of his voice. The tone is partly nasal and partly guttural, betraying something of the Jonathan peculiarity—a fault, perhaps, unavoidable after playing for some years in American theatres. Neither is the voice always happily managed in the contrasts, nor does it modulate itself effectively to all occasions. This was evident

on Saturday night, more especially in the tender passages with which *Othello* abounds. Mr. J. W. Wallack has yet to learn to draw the line between the pathetic and the lachrymose. Of Mr. J. W. Wallack's graver faults, as undue emphasis, false cadence, errors of judgment and conception, we are less willing to discuss the merits, as, having seen him in one part only, we may not be so competent to form an opinion. Much allowance must be made, too, for a first appearance, and under circumstances of a peculiar nature, to which we need not allude further, than by saying, the young actor was induced to appear at a particularly unfavourable moment. In pointing out Mr. J. W. Wallack's deficiencies, we are influenced by no other consideration than that of drawing his attention to them, that it may lead to improvement. It were easy for us, following the example of a cotemporary, noted for its startling opinions on theatrical performers, to laud Mr. J. W. Wallack's *Othello* in uncompromising terms, but we should thereby wrong the evidence of our own senses, and do the actor no good. Let Mr. Wallack avoid those golden-mouthed would-be friends, who attempt to cry him up as an already accomplished artist, having little or nothing to learn, and turn an attentive ear to the stern, but wholesome counsels of those who take the trouble to indicate the stones and stumbling-blocks scattered over the narrow and difficult pathway that leads to the temple of fame. *Verbum sap.*

Mr. J. W. Wallack obtained a most flattering reception on Saturday night. On his *entrée*, he immediately prepossessed the whole audience in his favour. His well-turned figure and commanding height, his calm and dignified bearing, and the splendour of his dress (for even by such things is popular approval won), made a decided impression. In the first act, *Othello* rather feels (or should feel) his way with the spectators, than enlists their immediate sympathies, and Mr. J. W. Wallack had the good sense to refrain from "making points" at the expense of the character—a fault too often to be ascribed to some of our best actors, who cannot have patience and bide their time, and do full justice to the poet's conception. In the speech before the senate, Mr. J. W. Wallack would have been more impressive had he been more simple and unstudied. His gesticulations, too, might have been less redundant, and his voice less violently forced. A too frequent shaking of the head—a trick of custom—must be avoided. The last line,

"This only is the witchcraft I have used,"

was a grand redeeming point. It was delivered with so much earnestness and downright meaning, with so much simplicity and propriety, and in so perfectly natural a tone of voice, as to elicit a spontaneous and hearty cheer of applause. It was evident that interest was mingled with the curiosity excited by the young actor, and that the audience was determined to give him fair play. The remainder of the first act presented nothing striking; nor does the whole of the second act call for any particular observation. We could have willingly dispensed with Mr. J. W. Wallack's saltatory display, when *Othello* rushes to meet Desdemona at Cyprus. This was infinitely more amusing than natural or dignified. We liked very well the line, or semi-line,

"My life upon her faith!"—

it was hearty and impulsive. In the scene where *Othello* interrupts the combat between Cassio and Montano, Mr. J. W. Wallack's declamation was far too measured and stilted, if we may use the word. His exit was, however, well done. The third act, take it altogether, was decidedly Mr. Wallack's best effort in the performance, although it by no means entirely satisfied us. We find great fault, for instance, in the delivery

of the grand farewell speech. The intense and overwhelming sorrow of the Moor seems to have escaped the comprehension of the actor, and a very puny, alleviable grief to have been substituted. What had Othello to do with weeping at such a moment? The fire of his wrath, to say nothing of his despair, would have dried up a Niobe of tears. There were several good points in the dialogue with Iago—though the tone of voice was not always regulated so as to give the truest notion of what the artist was expressing—and the speech commencing,

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love," &c.

was delivered with so much force and truthfulness as to bring down three distinct rounds of applause. This was the culminating point of Mr. Wallack's Othello, and of no other part have we to speak in terms of unmeasured praise. In the fourth and last acts there was much to commend and something to except; but we must not follow the performance too minutely in detail. It is enough to say that Mr. J. W. Wallack was rapturously received at the end, and, to all appearance, achieved a signal success.

Mr. James Wallack performed Iago in his wonted careful and solid manner. There is not much of the fiend in Mr. James Wallack, but there is plenty of the man. Miss Laura Addison's Emilia was excellent; and Miss Reynolds was as attractive as ever in Desdemona. So was Mr. Selby in Roderigo. Thanks to Mr. Macready's departure, Mr. Selby has returned once more to Shakspeare in general, and Roderigo in particular.

On Monday next Mr. J. W. Wallack appears as Macbeth. This will be a more daring and a bolder attempt than Othello. Miss Laura Addison, we suppose, will be the Lady Macbeth. This will be a more daring and a bolder attempt on the part of the lady than Emilia. Well, everything must have a beginning, and what should hinder Miss Laura Addison from essaying Lady Macbeth? Nothing, that we know. We shall be glad to see Miss Laura Addison in a character that will tax her abilities to the uttermost.

Provincial.

PLYMOUTH.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Monday the 10th inst., the gentlemen amateurs of the neighbourhood sustained the principal parts of the well known drama, *Don Cesar de Bazan*. The performance, for the benefit of the manager Mr. J. R. Newcombe, drew a crowded house. Captain Disney Roebuck as Don Cesar, a part he has frequently played with great success, was loudly cheered at the principal points of the play. In the course of the entertainment, Miss Emily Newcombe performed on the piano with equal taste and execution, "*Souvenirs de la Sonnambule*," "*Souvenirs di Capuletti*," and the national quadrilles; after which, the amateurs again presented themselves in the farce, *You can't Marry your Grandmother*. Lieutenant Warren, R.N., as Algernon Bloomly, and Lieutenant Heysham, 13th M.N.I., as Ready, displayed self possession rarely to be met with in amateurs; and kept the house in a ceaseless roar of merriment. *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor*, concluded the performance.

DORCHESTER.—The last concert for the season of the Dorchester Philharmonic Society, took place on Thursday evening at the Town-hall, and attracted a numerous audience. If we may judge from the interest these concerts create, we should certainly affirm that a relish for classical music (which is their distinguishing feature) is on the increase in Dorchester, and it must be matter of regret to many that the present highly successful season is now brought to a close. The performances commenced with Haydn's Surprise Symphony, capitally rendered by the band; and the spirit with which the different movements were given, reflected the highest credit on

the leader, Mr. Smith, to whose exertions, if we mistake not, we are indebted for the original foundation of this society, and for a considerable share of its subsequent success. Miss Ransford next delighted the audience with "*Bel Raggio*;" and subsequently, in "*Love rules the Palace*," established herself in the admiration of her hearers. Mr. R. Linter, who conducted, in his "*Anticipations of Scotland*," made us perfectly satisfied with England and English musicians, which feeling was fully confirmed during the evening while listening to several instances of his execution on the piano-forte.

HULL.—On Monday an operatic company commenced their engagement at the theatre, by the performance of *Maritana*, Mrs. Alexander Newton taking the part of Gitana. Her voice, though not naturally full and powerful, is very sweet and under good control, and there is a refinement about her singing which satisfies the ear. Mr. Travers, as Don Cesar, filled the character with spirit and ease. There is rather too much of effort in his singing, but on the whole it is effective. His cavatina, "*Yes, let me like a soldier fall*," was re-demanded, and so was his song, "*There is a flower that bloometh*," in the same act. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, who sustained respectively the parts of Don Jose and Lazarillo, are already favourably known here, and deserve the reception accorded to them. Besides being a correct and careful singer, Mr. Weiss possesses a deep, powerful voice, and in the choruses is a host in himself. Mrs. Weiss manages a rich, full organ with tact and feeling. With Mr. Travers they sang admirably the trio in the second act, "*Turn on, old Time*," which was loudly encored. Mr. R. Latter, as the king, displayed a pleasing voice, but there is a formality in his acting of which he should endeavour to free himself. The opera went off very well, and was repeated last night. On Tuesday, the *Daughter of the Regiment* was performed, Mrs. Weiss sustaining the principal part.

WORCESTER.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, and nine other gentlemen, have consented to act as stewards at the ensuing Musical Festival. Much less difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the required number of stewards on this than on any former occasion, and there is an evident determination among all ranks that these festivals shall be maintained in their full integrity. The guarantee fund already exceeds 600*l*.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of judging personally of the style of Indian music, which perfectly correspond with the description given by Mr. Weld and Captain Cook. There were six Indian warriors and their chiefs, who exhibited the various dances of their country. They were dressed in full costume, with their bows and arrows, spears, clubs, and tomahawks; their arms and ankles were encircled with a great variety of ornaments, and beads of different descriptions, which, on account of their being put on loosely, caused a rattling sound on the least motion. They were, in the first place, seated round a fire smoking their tomahawks in deliberate consultation, which continued some time. On a signal given, they all arose, and commenced what they termed the dance of peace, and the chief acted as musician, playing on his tamtum, or little drum, with the greatest gravity, the warriors keeping time with their bodies, and displaying their activity by various figures. After the dance of peace or amity was over, it appeared that they could not come to any amicable terms, (for it was supposed they were two conflicting tribes), for after another short consultation it was decided that they could not settle the point in dispute without having recourse to arms. On a signal being given, the chief again took the tamtum, and commenced his tune for war. The warriors then seized each his club, tomahawk, or whatever weapon he chose to fight with, and the two tribes danced together, flourishing their instruments of war before the enemy, menacing each other with the most terrific screeching and yells; and the violence of their actions were more like a set of demons than human beings; and when they had arrived at the greatest pitch of excitement, the battle commenced, with all the horrors of Indian warfare, the chief continuing his tune, and exciting them to battle by the different short and quick beats of his tamtum. The scene was true to nature.—*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent)—At the last concert in the Salle St. Cecile, under the direction of M. Seghers, there were some quaint features. A chorus in four parts, called "*Amarylles*," attributed to Louis XIII., who consoled himself for Richelieu's ascendancy in the pursuit of the fine arts, and especially music, proved that the weak predecessor of the "Grand Monarque" who ruined France so splendidly, could write music with as little pretensions to melody, as any of his professional cotemporaries, one of whom most probably wrote it for him. Three fragments from *Le Ballet comique de la Roynie*, composed by one Balthazar de Beaujoyeulx, director of music to Catherine de Medicis, were neither *bons* nor *joyeux*, but *lairs* and *lugubres*; in short, Balthazar de Laidlugubre would have been a fitter name for this melancholy musician. These pieces sound all the tamer from coming after Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which was played with spirit. M. Seghers conducts well, but his orchestra is anything but perfect. Mdlle. Iweins d'Hennin, a very good concert singer, in an air by Nicolo Isouard, from *Jeannot et Colin*, and a ballad from Weber's *Preciosa*, showed both feeling and vocal talent. A symphony in C Major, by M. Henri Reber, a musician who is the idol of a certain exclusive party here, did not make any great impression. It is excessively laboured, although it contains some good orchestral effects. The overture and triumphal March of Ferdinand Ries, a piece of vapid bombast, concluded the concert somewhat scurvily. M. Weckerlin, associated with M. Seghers in the management of the concerts St. Cecile, is the antiquary who fished up Louis XIII. and Balthazar de Beaujoyeulx from the depths of oblivion.

A young pianist, Mdlle. Charlotte de Malleville, whose talent is further remarkable for its classical bias, has resumed her performances of chamber-music in Sax's concert-room. Mozart, Beethoven, and Handel, were the great names in the programme at the first concert. French pianists, however, appear to believe that Handel never wrote anything else for the Clavécin, but the "Harmonious Blacksmith" with variations.

A new opera in three acts, by Ambroise Thomas, is in active rehearsal at the *Opera Comique*. M. Thomas seems now to be the man in vogue. The *Caid* laid the foundation of his fortune, and the *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été* accomplished it. The *Demon de la Nuit*, by M. Rosenhain, was promised for Wednesday; it is completely ready. M. Gounod's *Sappho* is also very forward. Cerrito and St. Leon having left for Madrid, their place is filled *pro tempore* by Flora Fabbri (who was introduced by Mr. Bunn to a London audience, in 1846), and Mdlle. Tagliioni, who will shortly start for London. The *Tempesta* has been once more repeated, but the wounds of Mdlle. Rosati having burst out afresh, it is indefinitely adjourned. At this representation the last scene of the opera (suppressed with the rest of the act on the first night), was restored by M. Scribe. Mdlle. Duprez took her benefit on Monday, previous to her departure for London. Part of *Otello*, in which Duprez appeared, and an act of the *Barbiere* for Santag, Lablache, and Calzolari were given. Calzolari is by this time on his way to London. Mr. Lumley has engaged M. Balanchi, a bass singer, pupil of Duprez. The pupils of Duprez are in vogue. M. Oswald, a barytone, appeared at the grand opera the other night, as Alphonso, in the *Favorite*, when Mdlle. Masson, the charming mezzo soprano (also a pupil of Duprez) appeared for the second time since her *reentrée*. The *Enfant Prodigue* has been given twice since I wrote. Each time it is heard, new beauties are disclosed. The *Huguenots* has also been played, with Mad. Viardot and M. Roger.

Sims Reeves has arrived, and his *debut* is anticipated with the greatest curiosity. I think the great English tenor will have a triumphant success. Mad. Ugalde having quite disembarassed herself of the influenza, Halévy's *Dame de Pique* has been resumed, and divides the favor of the *habitués* of the *Opera Comique* with Grisar's amusing and vivacious *Bon soir Mons. Pantalon*, which has beat the *Porcherons* hollow. Mad. Montenegro made her *debut* at the *Italiens* on Tuesday.

It is impossible to mention half the concerts that are going on now in the *Carnaval* time. Alard has begun his quartets, quintets, trios, &c., at Sax's concert-room. These are very agreeable, but I must confess that the *toujours perdrix* system is too much adhered to. These French musicians seem either unaware or indifferent to the fact that such a composer as Mendelssohn exists. In Sax's room, as in the theatre of the *Conservatoire*, the same unpardonable apathy to the claims of this great composer exists. It should be added that the German artists, who know better, are either too cold or too *jealous* to enlighten the ignorance of their French *camarades*. M. Seghers and M. Felicien David, both excellent men, both require to be told that Mendelssohn has written other overtures besides *Melusina*. As for Berlioz, since he has established the *Union* he appears to have entirely forgotten his old fellow-student, or rather fellow-aspirant, in the ancient city. Has Berlioz *unremembered* Rome, and the *Walpurgis-Nacht*, and the symphony in A major, with the *tarantella* and the ghost-like slow-movement, and the *Isles of Fingal*, and twenty other things, wild, and wonderful, and beautiful, which at one period he was wont to speak of in terms of unmeasured eloquence such as belong to himself alone among musical critics? I had hoped that Berlioz, ere now, would have shewn Paris what Mendelssohn is, and read a lesson to the tardy and conceited and exclusive and bigoted *Conservatoire*. But alas! Berlioz is like other men; when the time comes the will dies! or perchance Spontini, the great Spontini, has engrossed his whole thoughts for the last two months. Jullien should come to Paris and tell the connoisseurs what Mendelssohn has done.

Valeria, in which Rachel is two Rachels, has been a bone of contention. The meddling *Commission des Theatres* has taken exception to the piece, and proposed its suppression. All Paris laughs at the impertinence of this self-constituted power, which I have great hopes is on its last legs. They plead the falsification of history against the authors, MM. Lacroix (the poet), and Maquet (Alexander Dumas' most active *collaborateur*). These gentlemen, in constructing their drama, forgot to consult Suetonius and Tacitus, representing the wife of the Emperor Claudius as an injured woman, whose misfortunes arise from her exact resemblance to a courtesan named Lysisca. Rachel plays both parts, and it is as Lysisca that she sings the bacchic couplets for which M. Offenbach has written some very pale music, which only Rachel's genius could make effective. The idea of tying dramatists to the back of historians is quite new, and if carried out, would upset half the dramatic literature of Europe. MM. Lacroix and Maquet, in splitting the notorious Messalina into two personages, have shown boldness and ingenuity, and the *furor* created by the drama is a sufficient guarantee that the Parisian public does not share the pedantic objections of the *Commission des Theatres*. At all events the *Theatre Francais* is crowded to inconvenience, whenever *Valeria* is given, and Rachel has added a new laurel to her brow.

CARLSRUHE, (MARCH 3.)—Herr Stigelli on his way to London, afforded us yesterday an opportunity of hearing him in a *Matinée*—a musical treat which we shall long remember.

The famous Tenor needs no comment of ours, but we may candidly express our opinion, that we consider him one of the first ballad vocalists living. Herr Stigelli gives a second concert to-morrow.

Miscellaneous.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madlle. Caroline Duprez, accompanied by M. and Madame Duprez, reached London on Thursday. Calzolari, Signor Bianchi (a new basso), and Madame Fiorentini, are already at their posts. The season will open with *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Madlle. Duprez will make her debut. Auber's *Grand Opera, Gustave*, is in active preparation. Madlle. Duprez will perform the Page, and Madam Fiorentine, Madame Ankerström. A general rehearsal of the new *Ballet à la Watteau*, in which Amalia Ferraris will appear, has already taken place. Carlotta Grisi is expected in a few days from St. Petersburg. The opening night is fixed for Saturday the 22nd instant.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME DELOFFRE have arrived in town for the season. They met with the most flattering success at their Concerts in Paris.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first performance of *Samson* on Tuesday, was greatly successful. Mr. Costa had bestowed his best energies on the themes, and besides writing additional accompaniments himself, managed the indispensable curtailment with rare skill. The execution was admirable on the part of band and orchestra, as on the part of the solo vocalists, Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, and M. Phillips. *Samson*, so long kept in the back ground, is likely to follow close upon the heels of the *Messiah* and *Israhel*, thanks to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to Mr. Costa, its indefatigable director. It is announced for repetition on the 26th, when we shall enter fully into the merits both of the work and its performance at Exeter Hall. The attendance, on Tuesday night, was as full as the building could accommodate.

MDLLE. ZINGGELER'S CONCERT.—The young lady who gave this concert at Willis's rooms is afflicted with the dreadful calamity of blindness, and consequently labours under disadvantages unknown to her more favoured compeers. Mdlle. Zinggeler possesses a mezzo soprano voice of sweetness and good quality, without much power, which requires training before its true flexibility and tone can be developed. The concert on Thursday evening was the means of introducing this vocalist to an English audience for the first time, but we understand her intention is to return immediately to Germany, so that there will be no further opportunity of judging her merits. The room was exceedingly well filled, and the audience apparently of a superior class. Mdlle. Lavinia and Signor Marchesi received an encore in Rossini's "Dunque io sono," and Mdlle. Zinggeler was recalled after a Swiss melody, which she replaced by another. The other singers were Mesdames Rummel, and Magner, and Messrs. Drayton, Herbert, and Stockhausen, the last of whom gave some Swiss melodies in excellent style. Mr. J. Thomas was highly successful in a *fantasia* on airs from *Lucia*, for the harp. Herr Goffrie narrowly escaped an encore in De Beriot's *Tremolo*, which he performed with great spirit. He was also much applauded in two duets for violin and pianoforte, in which he was joined by his *cara sposa*, Mdme. Goffrie, who in her turn appeared to the audience through the medium of Schulloff's *Carnaval de Venise*. Made. Goffrie unites considerable powers of execution to expression and delicacy of touch. The piece she performed is replete with difficulties, all of which were easily set aside by the fair pianist, who gave the composer's meaning as the composer intended it should be conveyed. So that the *Carnaval* from Made. Goffrie's fingers fell neither dull nor spiritless upon the car. The applause was most liberal. Herren Goffrie and Rummel were conductors; and we have reasons for believing that Mdlle. Zinggeler's audience were throughout satisfied with their evening's performance.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The 113th anniversary festival of this useful society, which was established in 1738 for the relief of aged and indigent musicians, their widows and orphans, came off yesterday week at the Freemasons'-hall. A larger number sat down

to dinner than has been known for some years, and the provisions supplied appeared to give general satisfaction. The president of the day was the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, who, in returning thanks when his health was proposed by Mr. Rovedino, delivered a very eloquent discourse on the humanizing influence of music, which produced an edifying effect upon the assembly. From the general statement it appears that during the past year the sum of £2,676 17s. 9d. was received from interest of property, subscriptions, and donations, and £2,622 3s. 9d. expended in the objects of the society. The donations on the present occasion—headed, as usual, by a munificent gift from the great firm of Broadwood and Sons—was considerable, and the announcement of the various items was followed by applause proportionate to the amounts bestowed. After dinner *Non nobis Domine* was excellently sung by the company (nearly all professionals), and the series of toasts—loyal, special, and complimentary—was agreeably interspersed with musical performances, vocal and instrumental, of more than ordinary attraction. A very efficient band of wind instruments, under the direction of Mr. Harper, performed several times during the evening, and accompanied the singers in the National Anthem. The principal vocalists were Misses Dolby, Ellen Lyon, and Poole, Messrs. Lockey, Manvers, and a quartet of well known glee singers. The best glee was, "Get up, get up, for shame," a prize composition by Henry Smart. The best songs were Laura Barker's *cantata*, "Ida Ida," finely sung by Miss Dolby; "The watchword of Progress—Go on," by W. L. Phillips, which Mr. Lockey gave with the utmost spirit; and a ballad, called "Loving hearts," in which Miss Poole was deservedly encored. A *concertante* by Mayaseder, for violin and piano, brilliantly executed by M. Sainton and Mrs. Anderson, was received with the loudest applause; Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," given with great force by Mr. Harper's band, was encored and repeated; and a solo on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus, played in a masterly manner, elicited the loudest applause. Mr. Cipriani Potter presided at the pianoforte. The company remained till rather a late hour, and seemed greatly pleased with the musical entertainment. Mr. Anderson, who has succeeded Mr. Parry in the post of honorary treasurer, was indefatigable, both in superintending the musical arrangements and promoting the general convenience of the guests.—(From the Times.)

GLOVER'S "JERUSALEM."—We observe that this oratorio is shortly to be performed at Crosby Hall, London, and are glad to find that the Finsbury Sacred Harmonic Society has thought it worthy of its consideration. Works of as high character as the "Jerusalem" are not as ephemeral as cynics would have us believe. We hope that ere long Mr. Glover will make an effort to bring his second oratorio, "Emmanuel," before the public, and that it will be performed in a complete and effective manner.—*Manchester Examiner*.

HERR OBERTHUR, the well known harpist and composer, has arrived in London for the season.

MR. C. R. WESSEL, the eminent music publisher, has returned from Germany, where he has been travelling for the last four months in quest, we presume, of interesting novelties in his department. We have little doubt that Mr. Wessel has returned with his portfolio richly furnished, and that the musical public will speedily reap the advantage of his discoveries.

SIGNOR CALZOLARI, the accomplished *tenore di bravura* of her Majesty's Theatre, has arrived in town.

HERR STIGELLI, the Teutonic vocalist, has arrived in London, after singing at Milan and Verona with great success.

RUBINI.—This celebrated vocalist, we are happy to hear from Herr Stigelli, who was recently on a visit to him at his country house, has nearly recovered from his late illness.

MR. MÜHLENFELDT's first "Soirée" is announced to take place at the New Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday.—(See Advertisement.)

MADLLE. GRAUMANN's "Matinée Musicale," at the Beethoven Rooms on Monday, promises to be attractive—Ernst plays.

MR. KJALLMARK's second "Matinée Musicale," announced at the New Beethoven Rooms for Monday next is likely to be fashionably attended.

A MUSIC-HALL is about to be erected at Bradford at a cost of £10,000.

MR. W. H. HOLMES' MATINEE MUSICALS.—Mr. Holmes gave a Matinee at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Saturday, in the course of which, many features of very considerable interest were introduced. Mr. Holmes, whose great and various powers place him in the highest rank of pianists, played Mendelssohn's *Orchestral Rondo*, in B minor, in a masterly and brilliant manner; and also Beethoven's *Sopata*, in C sharp minor, which it has become fashionable to designate with the romantic title of "The Moonlight." Miss Rushforth, a pupil of Mr. Holmes, played with him, very ably, an arrangement as pianoforte duets, some of the *English Words* for violin and pianoforte, of Molique. Mr. Bodda played also with Mr. Holmes, a highly effective arrangement for two pianofortes of Spohr's quintet, in C minor, for pianoforte and wind instruments; it was in every respect an admirable performance. Mrs. John Macfarren played a *Rondo in E flat major*, with clearness, precision and excellent style; she most fully confirmed the good impression which she created in the past by her brilliant rendering of Herz's clever duet, in the *music in Guillelme Tell*, with Mr. Walter Macfarren. Mr. Thompson, a pupil of Mr. Holmes in the Academy, played a movement of a Concerto, in C, of Mozart, in a manner equally creditable to himself and to his master. Mr. Bodda sang in his usual useful style, the song "Beautiful Night," from *The Sleeper Awakened*. Miss Messent sang a new and very pleasing song of Mr. Holmes, "Light behind a cloud," and Miss Dolby two songs of the same composer, as no vocalist but herself could sing them. The rooms were crowded by an elegant and discerning audience.

MR. CHARLES MARSHALL'S DIORAMA.—The lovers of pictorial sights, illustrative of foreign countries, will be both amused and interested by a visit to Her Majesty's Theatre, where Mr. Charles Marshall is now exhibiting his great moving diorama of a tour through Europe. We can speak of the painting of this work in express and high terms of admiration. Mr. Marshall has literally surpassed all his former efforts in his new diorama, and we question much if greater excellence has ever been arrived at in similar essays of the pencil. Not only the excellence of the illustrations but the variety also demands its due share of praise. The diorama is divided into three grand routes; the first includes a journey from Dover to Constantinople, the principal scenes of which are on, or contiguous to, the Danube. The view of Constantinople is singularly brilliant and imposing. Some of the Hungarian scenes are vividly depicted, one especially which represents a wedding feast, in which the guests display a striking variety of costumes. A wild and gloomy pass in the Carpathian mountains will command attention. The second route takes the spectator through some of the most beautiful scenery in Italy, leads him across the Alps, and finishes in the Swiss Cantons. Here Mr. Charles Marshall has an ample and tempting field for the exhibition of his pencil. Rome the seven-hilled, and Venice the enchantered, are illustrated with singular art. The views of Venice, more especially, are admirable. The square of St. Marc, and the Bridge of Sighs, with "a palace and a prison on each bank," are both vigorous and animated pictures. The water in the lagoon is wonderfully transparent. The journey over the Alps is illustrated by some powerful scenes; among others, the grand valley of Gondo, the villages of Simplon and Interlachen, the jagged mountain, the valley of Lauterbrunnen, &c. &c. This route terminates with a view of Mont Blanc, seen from Sallanche, an admirable picture. The third and last section of the diorama embraces several of the principal beauties of the Rhine, beginning at Bingen and descending to Cologne. This division of the picture will, in all probability, be found most acceptable to the spectator, and is, perhaps, painted with more accuracy of detail and greater general effect. We shall not particularise any of the nine pictures of which this part of the diorama is constituted; they are all exceedingly beautiful, and each is a masterpiece of its kind. To recommend Mr. Charles Marshall's work, after what we have said, is unnecessary. In the exhibition of the diorama a gentleman attends, who describes with voluble minuteness each scene as it passes in review. Among the numerous moving sights to be displayed before foreign eyes in 1851—for we doubt not Mr. Charles Marshall will continue to exhibit his picture, even when compelled to remove it from the Tourists' Gallery, *alias* Concert-

room of Her Majesty's Theatre—we know of none, certainly, which is entitled to more support—none, certainly, which surpasses it in point of excellence, and very few, indeed, which can be said to equal it.

ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERTS.—Sig. Montelli commences a second series of these popular Concerts, at the Royal Princess's Concert Rooms, on Friday next, when several talented artistes, both vocal and instrumental, are announced to appear.

MR. WILLIAM DAY, the well-known Professor of Music, father of Miss Day the pianiste, and of Mr. J. Day, the Violonist, died on the 3rd of March, at his residence, 37, Upper Belgrave Place.

M. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, the accomplished pianiste and composer, has arrived in London after a six months' sojourn in Switzerland, where he met with the greatest success.

MR. MONRO.—On Monday the 3rd inst., at his lodgings in Red Lion-square, died Mr. Jno. Monro, aged 65 years. Mr. Monro was the son of a respectable hairdresser in Edinburgh; and manifesting in early life a taste for music, was placed by his father in the shop of Messrs. Muir, Wood, & Co., music-sellers in that town. Mr. Muir gave him every opportunity of study, assisted him in the cultivation of his art, and at the age of seventeen sent him to London, with an introduction to the Duchess of Hamilton, in the hope that her ladyship might interest herself in getting him appointed musical teacher to the late Princess Charlotte. Failing in this, he applied to the late George Goulding, of the firm of Goulding, D'Almaine, & Co., where he obtained employment for several years. About the year 1806, Mr. Monro left Messrs. Goulding & Co., and offered his services to Messrs. Purday & Button, the music publishers. Mr. Purday, father of the present publishers, brought out some of his works, and employed him as commercial traveller. Shortly after, however, he left the business, and followed that of professor for several years, after which he determined to return to his former occupation, and finally established himself as a publisher in Skinner-street, Snow-hill, whence he removed eventually to Holborn-bars, where he remained in partnership with Mr. May, his brother-in-law, until an attack of paralysis, in 1848, compelled him to relinquish business altogether. As a composer, Mr. Monro never aimed at anything beyond easy lessons for the pianoforte, and ballads—among which latter, several arrived at considerable popularity, viz., "Ellen Aureen," "The Boatswain's Shril Whistle," "Mary the Maid of the Green," &c., introduced to public notice by John Barnett, the composer, then a boy. Mr. Monro was self-taught, but understood the grammar of his art sufficiently well to write correctly. His last work was a set of six songs, called "Border Ballads." We may add that Mr. Monro was a respectable performer on the organ, and enjoyed the situation of organist of St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate-street, until his illness compelled him to relinquish the situation.—(Abridged from the letter of a Correspondent.)

MR. P. EZEKIEL, the Pianist, took his Benefit on Monday at Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street. The room was well attended, and the selection popular and good. The principal vocalists were Sig. Ronconi, Mr. H. Drayton, and Miss Bassano. The former gentleman sang "Tu vedrai," from Bellini, and a Barcarola of Donizetti in a style that needs no criticism. Miss Bassano gave "In questo Semplice" with her usual energy and dramatic effect, and afterwards sang the Scotch ballad "Auld Robin Gray," a song which she seems to have made her own and which she delivered with the impassioned feeling that she invariably imparts to its simple melody, and its touching and beautiful story. Mr. Henri Drayton also sang with great taste and expression, particularly in Knight's pretty song "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." We must not omit Mr. P. Ezekiel's piano-forte playing, which is neat and brilliant. The rest of the performers, especially Mr. Jonghman, who gave "Largo al factotum" with excellent effect, acquitted themselves creditably.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. E. T. (Reigate).—In the modern acceptation of the terms *andantino* is to *andante* what *allegretto* is to *allegro*—consequently faster. In ancient times we have little doubt that these terms had other meanings. We find Handel sometimes noting a movement, "andante allegro."

Our Scrap Book.

MALIBRAN.

WHAT potent pencil can depict the scene,
That owned the sway of song's majestic Queen?
Yes! what bright fancy can those moments scan,
When sunk the setting sun of Malibran?
There, the surpassing sweetness of her song
Thrill'd with admiring awe a raptur'd throng!
There, in the fervour of each fearful tone,
The flash of more than inspiration shone!
And there, with all the majesty of art,
Her heaven-taught genius triumph'd o'er the heart!
But, with that mighty energy's display,
The strain'd supports of nature yielded way!
Her soul aspired in fairer climes to glow,
And burst the ties that bound it here below;
The powers of struggling sense were overcome,
And that transcendent voice in death was dumb!
But who that marked the splendour of that scene,
Can pause unmoved and muse o'er what has been?
Or, who that heard her parting accents' tone,
Will cast her image e'er from mem'ry's throne?
No! the wild fervour of that last display,
The meteor blaze of life's expiring ray,
And each convulsive burst of piercing strain,
That mark'd the dawn of Death's redoubted reign,
These, on the page that tells of nobler man,
Shall fix the immortal name of Malibran.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The following are among the bequests of well-known individuals to this institution:—Handel, £1,000; Signora Storace, £1,000; J. Crostill, £1,000; W. B. Earle, Esq., £754; G. Henekey, £300; C. Knyvett, £200; J. P. Saloman, £200; C. A. Feischell, £200; C. Bowles, £200; A. Macklin, £200; Mazzinghi, £100; Mrs. Jane Dodman, £100; and Miss Caroline Eliza Fenn, £1,000. The society received one-fourth of the profits of the Royal Festival in Westminster Abbey, 1834—£2,250. The new Musical Fund, established in 1786, and the Choral Fund, established in 1791, and the Royal Academy of Music, received similar amounts.

THE MUSICAL SENTIMENT.—To the mere musician music is nothing more than a mass of notes, sharps, flats, rests, and holds; to play accurately and in time seems to him the height of perfection; and as merit of this kind is somewhat rare, it must be acknowledged that he is not altogether wrong. But what a distance from this mechanical execution, which leaves the soul of the hearer as unmoved as that of the player, to that harmony of feeling which is gradually communicated from the performer to the audience; to those delicate shades which colour the thought of the composer, show forth its sublimity, and frequently lend it new beauties; to that expression, in short, without which music is but an idle noise! Suppose an orchestra, a company of ordinary singers, who, in their dull execution, leave our sensations at rest: let an ardent leader, a musician endowed with all the requisite powers of mind and body, appear in the midst of them; suddenly, the sacred fire communicates itself to these inanimate beings; the metamorphosis produced in an instant may even be such that we can hardly persuade ourselves that we have the same players and singers. One who has not been so liberally endowed by nature, as to be able to communicate lively impressions to those who surround him, is at least capable of receiving them; which explains the secret of those sudden transformations which we behold in individual performers, according as they are well or ill directed. The cultivation and regulation of the passions and feelings so as to be able to awaken any required emotion, to any degree, at any instant—a cultivation which goes beyond mimicry and mechanism and has its seat in the soul, is one of the vital branches of musical education, and yet, strange to say, it is by far the most neglected. When will men shake off the stupidity and sluggishness of their nature, and thus become one living soul, one thrill of feeling, one exquisite sensation?

Advertisements.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—Wednesday, March 26, will be repeated Handel's **SAMSON**. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved seats in area or gallery, 5s.; central area (numbered seats), 10s. 6d.; at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

EXETER HALL. On FRIDAY, March 28th, Handel's "JEPHTHA," being the Centenary Performance of this Oratorio. Principal Vocalists—Miss Birch, Mrs. Temple, Miss Kenneth; Mr. J. Young, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler; Conductor, Mr. Sarman, founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. Tickets, 3s., 5s., 7s., and central numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each, to be obtained at the Principal Musicians, and at the office of the Society, No. 9, in Exeter Hall, where may be obtained the best Edition of the Music of the above Oratorio, Printed in Score and Single Parts.

MONTELLI'S ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERTS.

THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, and the PUBLIC, are respectfully informed that the second series of these Concerts will take place at the Royal Princess's Concert Rooms, Castle Street, Oxford Street, commencing on Friday next, March 21st, 1851, when the most talented Vocal and Instrumental Artists in London will have the honor of appearing. Terms of Admission, Reserved Seats 4s., Unreserved Seats 2s. 6d., Gallery 1s. or by subscription for Ten Concerts, Reserved Seats £1 10s. Unreserved £1 1s.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Weasel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

To be published, March 3rd, GRATIS.

DANIELL'S MUSICAL OILIO,

Or, CATALOGUE of his COLLECTION of SECOND-HAND MUSIC, IN which will be found some of the Works of the most Eminent Composers, many works that are old and curious, Treatises on the Sciences, &c.; also some Popular Modern Pianoforte Music, marked at less than one-fourth part of the publication price. On sale at 33, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square. Any lady or gentleman ordering the Catalogue by post will please to enclose two penny stamps.

APOLLONICON.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL, ADJOINING LOWTHER ARCADE. TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Morning, 2; Evening, 8. Mr. Mather's admired Performances. Miss Poole, Miss Mesent (Evening); the Misses, Mr., and Master Collins (Emma, Pianoforte and Vocal; Victoria, Violoncello and Vocal; Rosina, Violin, Concertina, and Vocal; Mr., Violin and Flute; Master, Violin). Mr. F. Chatterton's Juvenile Harpists (the Lockwood Family). Obosc and Director, Mr. Grattan Cooke. Admission, 1s.; reserved seats, 1s. 6d.; stalls, 2s. 6d.

MOAT'S NEWLY-INVENTED VIOLIN BOW,

REGISTERED in France and England.—Musical Professors and Amateurs are invited to inspect this admirable invention, by which the performer is enabled to produce the utmost degrees of power or delicacy.

Made of the most exquisite Brazil, and silver mounted... 32s.

Doitto, ditto, mounted in German silver... 22s.

Doitto, ditto, plain ebony... 16s.

J. J. Haite, Musical Instrument Maker to the Army and Navy, 76, Leadenhall Street, sole London Agent.

WANTED

FOR a Cathedral in the West of Ireland, an organist, who would undertake the management and instruction of the Choir. A competent salary will be given according to qualifications. A knowledge of the Hullah System would be desirable. Satisfactory reference required. Apply to the Hon. and Rev. The Dean of Tuam, the Rectory, Headford.

DENT'S IMPROVED WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

E. J. DENT, Watch and Clock Maker, by distinct appointment to the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia, most respectfully solicits from the public an inspection of his extensive STOCK of WATCHES and CLOCKS, embracing all the late modern improvements at the most economical charges. Ladies' Gold Watches, with gold dials, jewelled in four holes, 8 guineas; Gentlemen's, with enamelled dials, 10 guineas; Youth's Silver Watches, 4 guineas. Warranted accurate-going Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes 6 guineas.—E. J. Dent, 23, Strand; 33, Cockspur-street; and 24, Royal Exchange (Clock Tower Area).

EWER & CO.'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

- Mendelssohn's Posthumous Works*—
 No. 10. Andante and Variations for Pianoforte, Solo ... 3s.
 " 11. Andante and Variations for ditto... 3s.
 " 12. Andante and Variations for Pianoforte, 2 performers... 6s.
 " 13. Three Songs for a deep voice ... 4s.
 " 14. Seventh Book, Lieder ohne Worte ... 5s.
 " 15. Six Songs for Soprano ... 5s.
 " 16. String Quintet, No. 2 ... 12s.
 " 17. Six Vocal Quartets for mixed voices Opheus No. 20 ... 5s.
 " 18. Son and Stranger, an Operetta, the text adapted from the German by H. F. Chorley. Pianoforte Score ... 15s.
 The Overture for Pianoforte, 2 performers ... 4s.
Mozart—Six Pieces for Violin and Pianoforte, Op. 41, in two Books, each 4s.
Durley, J.—Three Melodies for Violin and Pianoforte, Op. 17 ... 6s.
Horsley, C. E.—Three Songs—The Poet to his Bride, The Entreaty, Flowers ... 4s.
Opheus—A collection of 2, 3, and 4 part Songs and Choruses for the use of Choral Societies, Families, and Schools ... 6d.
Melmer's Fifty Melodies for Children ... 1s.
Do. Music-book for the Young ... 1s.
 Ewer & Co., Newgate Street.

MESSRS. COCKS AND CO'S**NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS FOR THE PIANO.**

BY BRINLEY RICHARDS.—"The Angel's Song," 2s.; "The Storm March," 3s. By Stephen Heller.—LATEST PIANOFORTE LESSONS. Students of the pianoforte will find in the following works of the above distinguished author an unusual degree of merit, suited alike for the salon and the practice-room, viz., "Chant du Chasseur," 2s.; "Le Adieu du Soldat," 2s.; "Chant du Royaume," 2s.; arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Chant d'Amour," 2s.; ditto, "Parting Song," 2s.; ditto, "Chant de Fête," 2s.

BY G. A. OSBORNE.—Splendid Fantasia on Airs from Don Juan, 4s.; ditto from the Barbier de Seville, duet, 5s.; ditto on Kucken's Schlusmarch, 4s.; ditto on Trab, Trab, 3s.; Wallenstein's Le Soupir Redowa, 1s. 6d.; and Schottisch de Paris, 2s.; Schulhoff's Carnaval de Venise, 4s.; Cantabile, 2s.; his Mozart's Minuet, 4s.; and Serenade Espagnole, 3s.; Oraten's May-flowers (for young performers), three books, each 2s.; Gloria's Adieux de Marie Stuart, 4s.; Campanella, 4s.; and Harmonie du Soir, 4s.

NEW SCHOOL MUSIC.—Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Piano, the easiest and best book, 20th edition, 4s.; his Dictionary of 3,500 Musical Terms, 37th edition, 1s.; his Catechism on Singing, 3s.; ditto on Thorough Bass, 2s.; ditto Violin, 1s.; Clare's Psalmody, 12 books, 3s. each; Clarke's Catechism of the Fundamentals of Music, 23rd edition, 1s.; Warren's Psalmody, 23 books, 2d. each; and his Chantier's Hand-Guide, in one vol., 5s., or in 34 parts, 2d. each; Green's Very Easy Instructions for Singing, 4s.

GOTTFREID WEBER'S THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.—A New Edition, Edited by JOHN BISHOP, containing upwards of one thousand pages, in 2 vols., royal 8vo., whole cloth, boards, price 31s. 6d. Also, CZERNY'S NEW PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Translated by JOHN BISHOP. 3 vols. folio, each 31s. 6d.

ALBRECHTSBERGER'S (Master of Beethoven) COMPLETE THEORETICAL WORKS. Translated by the late ARNOLD MERRICK, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo., 42s.

CHERUBINI'S COUNTERPOINT and FUGUE. Translated by J. A. HAMILTON, 2 vols. 8vo., 31s. 6d. And

DR. BOYCE'S COLLECTION OF CATHEDRAL MUSIC. A new Edition by JOHN WARREN. In three large folio vols. of upwards of 1300 pages, price £6 6s. London: R. COCKS and Co., New Burlington Street, Publishers to her Majesty. New Catalogues, Gratis and Postage Free.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

THE SIX EVENING PARTIES are fixed.—April 2nd, 16th, and 30th; May 14th, and 28th; June 11th; the four morning—April 24th, May 8th, 22nd, June 2nd. Subscriptions for the six nights, two guineas; for the four mornings, one guinea and a half; for the ten performances together, three guineas. To the profession tickets (not transferable) will be half the above price. To be had of Messrs. Rousselot and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

PROGRAMME OF MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S

SECOND PERFORMANCE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, TUESDAY evening March 18, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS:—Trio in E flat, pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, Mozart; duo, pianoforte and violin; selections from W. S. Bennett's pianoforte works; and Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn. Instrumentalists—Messrs. W. H. Holmes, W. S. Bennett, and Lazarus, Herr Molique, Messrs. Dando, and Lucas. Vocalist—Miss Dolby. To commence at half-past 8. Single tickets half a guinea each; triple tickets (to admit three to any one concert) one guinea—to be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 16, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. The third and last performance will be on April 8.

MR. CH. MÜHLENFELDT'S FIRST SOIREE

OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES, Will take place at the **NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Ann Street, on WEDNESDAY next, the 19th inst.** To commence at Eight o'clock. Mr. Mühlendorf will be assisted by Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sainton, Broadbent, and Aguilar. Subscription Tickets (for both Soirées), 15s. each; and Single for one Soirée, Half-a-Guinea each. May be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. MÜHLENFELDT, 57, Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

MR. SOIPION ROUSSELOT'S

SECOND CLASSICAL PERFORMANCE, next Tuesday the 18th, at eight o'clock, 27, Queen Anne Street. Grand Trio, Mozart, aria Fidelio. Quartet in A minor, Mendelssohn; Vocal Quartet, Mendelssohn; Third Grand Trio, Beethoven. Lieder—Zuleika Italian, and Vocal Quartet, Mendelssohn; First Quintet, Beethoven. Instrumentalists—Messrs. P. Sain'on, H. Cooper, H. Hill, Goffie, and Rousselot. Vocalists—Mlle. F. Rummel and Messrs. Hoffregen, Tung man, Gregore, Mayerhofer, the vocal quartet society under the direction of Mr. Rousselot. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Rousselot and Co., 66, Conduit-street.

MR. KIALLMARK'S

SECOND PERFORMANCE of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Music, will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Ann Street, on Monday Morning, March 17th, at Two o'clock precisely; on which occasion he will be assisted by Miss E. Birch, Miss Pyne, Herr Kroff, Messrs. Molique, and Grattan Cooke.—Pianist accompanateur, Mr. Lavenue. Single Tickets for reserved seats, Half-a-Guinea; and Single Tickets for unreserved seats, Seven Shillings each; may be had of all the principal Music-sellers; and of Mr. Kiallmark, 32 A, Fitzroy Square; Robert W. Ollivier, Concert Agent, 19, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly.

MR. W. H. HOLMES

(Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music), HAS the honor to announce a **PERFORMANCE OF THE MUSIC OF A NEW OPERA** (composed by W. H. Holmes), at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY Morning, May 28, at 2 o'clock.** Further particulars will be duly given.

LA GORLITZA.

THE Original and only Authentic copy of the "Gorlitza," as composed by "Varin," inventor of this popular dance—accompanied with a beautiful new "Cracovia," by "Benauss," is published by Messrs. HALE & SON, Cheltenham, at Messrs. ADDISON & Co.'s, Regent Street, London, and may be had at all Music-sellers.

Ask for "Varin's Gorlitza," the only authorized edition, published by Hale and Son.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

THE most favourite English Ballads sung by the above distinguished vocalist, are, "Why do I weep for thee?" by Wallace; "O sing to me!" by Osborne; "Those happy days are gone," by Lavenue; "To be beloved again," by Linley; and "He said he would come back to me," by Maynard. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

FOR Improving the Voice, and removing all Affections of the Throat. Strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, Persons subject to relaxed Throats, and to all persons desirous of cultivating their Voices, and ensuring a good and clear articulation. They have also been found highly beneficial to those afflicted with Nervous, Hysterical, or Stomachic Coughs. To be had in Boxes, at 1s. 1jd., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, of every Medicine Vendor in the kingdom. Musical Agents in London, Messrs. Leader & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Wholesale Agents, Messrs. Barclay & Sons, Farringdon Street.

Testimonials of their efficacy are published with each Box, from
 Mad. Grisl Miss Romer Mr. Harrison Mr. J. Barnett
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HEALTH WHERE IT IS SOUGHT!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure of a disordered Liver and Stomach, when in a most hopeless state.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.—To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to perfect health, at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent Doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, considered my case hopeless. I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and everybody who knows me.

(Signed) **MATTHEW HARVEY.**
 These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:—
 Ague Consumption of Fevers of all kinds Liver complaints Tumours
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Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple-bar, London, and most all respectable Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised World at the following prices—1s. 1jd., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 32s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that this THEATRE WILL OPEN on

SATURDAY, MARCH 22ND,

When will be performed Donizetti's Opera, entitled

"LUCIA DE LAMMERMOOR;"

in which Mdle. CAROLINE DUPREZ will make her first appearance.

To be followed by a New and Original

"BALLET A LA WATTEAU,"

Composed by M. Paul Taglion; the Music by M. Nadaud; the scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall; in which

MDLE. AMALIA FERRARIS WILL APPEAR.

The Grand Opera of
"GUSTAVUS"

is in active preparation.

The part of Madame Ankerstrom will be supported by Madame FIORENTINI.
The part of Oscar, by Mdle. CAROLINE DUPREZ; and Signor CALZOLARI will sustain the part of Gustavus.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the Season of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA will COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 29th.
Full particulars will be duly announced.

NEW SACRED SONGS.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE prospectus has at length been issued, which sets all doubts at rest about the future. Covent Garden opens on the 29th, with much the same *troupe* as last year. The non-appearance of the customary programme gave rise to speculations, which, being effectually knocked on the head, no longer demand consideration. We just allude to them, in passing, lest folks might fancy we were unaware of their existence. So, pray, let there now be an end of the matter.

The Republic is defunct! The prospectus does not say so; but it is true nevertheless. We can vouch for it on the best authority—no thanks to the prospectus. Therefore let there be no more talk of Republics. Mr. Frederick Gye is the Republic, and may exclaim, after Louis XIV., "L'état, c'est moi!" The fact is, Mr. Gye has undertaken the sole responsibility of management in all its branches, theoretical and practical, with its risks of loss and chances of profit. And now let us see what sort of a programme he has to offer his subscribers.

The first consideration is, of course, the company, and notament the singers. The *soprani* look well, since under

that head we find the superb Grisi, the artistic Viardot, and the graceful Castellan. The last is the real *soprano*, although she has delicious *contralto* tones in the lower register of her voice. Grisi is anything and everything—the birth-right of genius. Viardot is whatever you please—the prerogative of intellect. Both are hosts in themselves. A new name completes the list—Mdlle. Giuseppina Morra, of whom, knowing nothing, we are not prepared to venture an opinion.

Contralti.—Here, indeed, was the weak point last season. Mdlle. de Meric, as first and sole *contralto* (for Madame D'Okolski did not count) was really out of her element. Though clever and promising, the weight was too much for her shoulders. Every one will rejoice, then, to know that the fiery Angri has been re-engaged, although every one will be sorry not to find Mdlle de Meric in her ancient and proper place, as second *contralto*. A Mdlle. Vintale, however (another fresh importation), has been engaged instead, of whose claims to notice we are again in the dark. Two *contralti* are enough if the second be a good one, insufficient if the second be of inferior pretensions. But let us not anticipate. For aught we know, Mdlle. Vintale may be another Alboni.

The only *seconda donna* is Mdlle. Cotti. Every *soprano*, now-a-days, is put down as *prima donna*; but we can remember the day when such singers as Moltini, and more recently Corbari, came under the category of *seconde donne*. "Tempora mutantur et nos," &c.

The tenors are fronted by Mario and Tamberlik—two great and redoubtable generals, in whose science and prowess equal confidence may be placed. These are puissant names, and would alone give lustre to a lyrical theatre. Nor is the addition of Enrico Maralti, a very useful and intelligent singer, to be announced without a feeling of real gratification. The subordinates are Signors Luigo Mei and Soldi. Where is Lavia? The question is one, we think, which deserves an answer, and we shall probably put it again on another occasion.

From the barytones we miss Tamburini and Massol. We shall console ourselves in some measure for the loss of Tamburini, if, by reason of his absence, the best use be made of the great and varied powers of Ronconi, who now stands foremost in the catalogue. Great as is Ronconi's reputation, we can assure our readers that as yet he is but half known in England. It behoves the management, then, to make the best of this trump card. Massol is not replaced, and indeed

could not well be replaced in his line. He has seceded, however, to the parent establishment, for reasons best known to himself, and which, if known to us, would probably be utterly indifferent to our readers. Rommi and Salvatore are the other barytones. We need not recapitulate the merits of Rommi, who, in his peculiar walk, is invaluable. A singer who is "up" in every conceivable part, and ready to play it at an instant's notice, may be styled "invaluable" without exaggeration; and such is Signor Rommi. Salvatore comes from Naples and Barcelona. In his day, both as an actor and a singer, he has enjoyed the highest renown, and ought long ago to have been heard in London.

The basses are seven. First and foremost appears the stalwart Formes, with his splendid voice and fine dramatic talent. Then we have the useful Tagliafico, "the King of Stone Statues;" next Polonini, the versatile and vivacious, the real Italian *buffo*; next, Gregorio, Ferrari, and Rache, whose merits take not long to recount; and, lastly, Bianchi (from Berlin), another late acquisition, of whose by-gones we are unfurnished with a history. Mr. Lumley has Bianchi, and Mr. Gye Bianchi. Which is the better remains to be seen. We trust it is not merely the difference between an I and an L. If number be synonymous with strength, the department of the basses may be considered formidably strong at the Royal Italian Opera.

Mr. Costa continues in his post as "director of the music, composer, and conductor," which is equivalent to an assurance that the band and chorus will be on the same efficient scale as heretofore.—*Vivat* Mr. Costa! Mr. Godfrey also comes again with his military band, and if hope may be translated into certainty, with a new clarinet (not in C), and an ophicleide that plays in tune.

Mr. Harris, the indefatigable, has seceded, for which the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera will be sorry. He has crossed the market to Mr. Lumley, for which the subscribers to her Majesty's Theatre will be glad. We are both sorry and glad, since we attend both theatres, and wish well to each. *N'importe*. The earth will still go round the sun, and not *vice versa*, as the drowsy synod of Thurles would have it established, in the hope of getting rid of a certain vertigo common to bigots and enthusiasts of all denominations.

It is unnecessary to give a list of the thirty-three operas already furnished at all points, and fit for use at an instant's notice. Suffice it, the management projects giving all the most popular of them at least once, for the edification of the anticipated hundreds of anticipated thousands who are on their way to London at the present crisis. Moreover, eight novelties are posted, of which five will surely be given. First, there is *Il Flauto Magico* (which we have suggested many a time and oft); second, there is *Fidelio* (which we have suggested many a time and oft); third, *Euryanthe* (which we have, &c. &c.), fourth, *Faust* (which, &c.); fifth, *Les Martyrs* of Donizetti (which we have never suggested); sixth, *La*

Vestale, by Spontini, (which we have never suggested) for neither of these are we egregiously predisposed, although we shall sit them out, if they be brought forward, with sufficiently placid composure. Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Spohr, however, will, we trust, be accorded the first place; after them, should there be room, Donizetti and Spontini may be allowed to walk in, without detriment to any one. Seventh, we are promised *L'Enfant Prodigue*; and eighth, *Sappho*, both of which new works are, it appears, the sole property of the theatre. Auber's delightful opera, which enchanted us at Paris, will not be likely to disenchant us in London. Of M. Gounod's *Sappho* we would rather be silent. Our hopes are not bright in its behalf (as our readers may well understand by referring to No. 3 of the present volume of the *Musical World*), and we object to act the part of ravens, croaking unlucky prophecies. M. Gounod has been taken by the hand by Madame Viardot, and if that does not make his fortune it is not Madame Viardot's fault, but M. Gounod's. We sincerely trust that the chance may set him up, and shall watch the result with interest.

The ballet will be, as before, purely incidental to the grand operas of the French school. Mdlle. Taglioni and M. Alexandre are re-engaged as principal dancers. We do not wish for anything better than the lady in her particular walk, while M. Fuschs is decidedly progressing. Messrs. Grieve and Telbin continue at the head of the scenic department.

The subscription will comprise forty-six nights. It is not settled with what Opera the theatre will open. Of course there will be no time to get up a novelty, which is a pity, after the brilliant results of the two preceding years with *Masaniello* and *Der Freischutz*.

So far the arrangements of Mr. Gye are likely to give satisfaction to the subscribers and the public generally, and a prosperous season may be reasonably anticipated for the Royal Italian Opera. If it is only to hear Mr. Costa's orchestra (to say nothing of Grisi, Viardot, Castellan, Mario, Tamberlik, Formes, and Ronconi—and to say nothing of the *Prophete* and the *Enfant Prodigue*)—surely every stranger who comes to London for the great Exhibition of all Nations will at least go once to Covent-garden—and this will be enough of itself to set the establishment "a-going."

A NATIONAL OPERA.

(Concluded from our last.)

IN concluding our remarks, which have reached a greater length than we intended, although much has been left unsaid, we would observe that it is unnecessary and unadvisable to enter into any details, or to propose any definite plan for re-establishing English Opera. This part of the question must be left to the consideration of those who take the matter in hand. Its discussion here might give rise to an unprofitable controversy. We would, however, again urge the futility of making any attempt, unless on a scale sufficiently grand to justify the hope that Her Majesty may not only grant her patronage to the undertaking, but honor the performances with her presence. Render the entertainment worthy such

distinction, make it something above mediocrity, and enable the press—whose influence and good opinion can hardly be over-estimated—to afford it a liberal and conscientious support. It is difficult to resist the temptation of sacrificing prospective benefit for present gain, and a very homely proverb is often quoted in extenuation; but if managers and artists would reflect a moment, they would find that the course we recommend is the wisest and the best, since it adds stability to the enterprise. A permanent income is surely preferable to short-lived prosperity, succeeded by the dismal prospect of empty houses and a bankrupt treasury. Mediocrity may flourish while it enjoys the charm of novelty, but higher pretensions can alone stand the test of time. It is better, therefore, if the scheme cannot be undertaken on a proper scale of magnitude, to "wait a little longer," until better times arrive; although the present crisis offers a favourable opportunity, if the musical profession knew how to profit by it. The character of English Opera should be raised, as nearly as possible, to a level with those foreign establishments, which it could never yet pretend to rival—or rather equal, since rivalry cannot properly be said to exist between a National Theatre and an Italian Opera.

To avoid even the appearance of competition, the theatres should not be open on the same night. There is evidently room for all. Will those foreigners, who accumulate fortunes in England, begrudge their English patrons and supporters a National Opera in their own capital? We believe them incapable of any such selfishness. But a greater difficulty than the opposition of foreigners is foreshadowed in the probable cabals of the professional cliques and coteries.

In such a scheme as we advocate, the only hope of success lies in the active co-operation of all who possess either influence or talent in the profession. Some will reply, that their interests must necessarily clash with such an undertaking; but this absolute fallacy should not be allowed to stand in the way of its accomplishment. Managers may hope to gain more by exclusive speculation, or foreign talent, and therefore will be opposed to any effort to assist native artists. But such a state of things is highly pernicious, and the sooner it is altered the better. A fair field and no favour is all that is required. The reign of protection, it is true, has been crushed by the voice of the nation; but is this a reason why a few foreign artists should enjoy a monopoly in this country, to the detriment of native professors as a body? No: there must be a fair field for all; and such would be the case, if English artistes were true to themselves and their cause; but while egotism is the source of their actions, and every member of the profession says, "*La profession c'est moi!*" so long will a few individuals, of greater worldly knowledge than the rest, continue to keep the market in their own hands, to the exclusion of the others. If these declined to assist us—English Opera not being established for the advantage of any particular half-dozen individuals—it would be necessary to call in the aid of foreign talent, to give that support to English composers, on an English stage, which those, whose first duty it should be to offer it, are pleased to withhold.

To conclude, let us repeat, that the principal cause of the past failures of English Opera has been mis-management of the resources at hand. Great talents have appeared in each branch of the art, and the public has not failed to approve of them; but the *ensemble* has never yet even attained respectability, in comparison with those establishments abroad which are devoted to a similar object.

FAREWELL TO MACREADY.

(By ALFRED TENNYSON.)

Farewell, Macready! since to-night we part.
Full-handed thunders often have confest
Thy power, well used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with one voice, and from the heart.
Farewell, Macready! since this night we part.
Go, take thine honours home; rank with the best—
Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and the rest
Who made a nation purer through their art.
Thine is it that our Drama did not die,
Nor flicker down to brainless Pantomime,
And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
Farewell, Macready! moral, grave, sublime.
Our Shakspeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee.

Our Scrap Book.

In an account of the civil list of Ireland, for the year 1831 printed by order of the House of Commons, is the subjoined statement of the musicians in the establishment, and their salaries:—

	£	s.	d.
Master and Composer of Music,	88	1	0
Deputy,	88	1	0
Attendant on Balls,	91	16	4
Kettle Drummer,	61	16	4
5 Trumpets, each £17. 7s.,	86	15	0
7 Violins,	121	9	9
2 Tenors,	34	14	0
2 Hautboys,	34	14	0
2 French Horns,	34	14	0
4 Bass Viola,	69	8	0
Dulcimer,	8	9	8

In Ireland, the deputy receives as much as his principal, and the drummer nearly as much as the composer!

JOHNSON A BEAU.—The apartments of Dr. Johnson in the Temple were on the first floor in No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, and are associated with more than one anecdote related by his biographer, Boswell. Not the least amusing is the account of the visit which was paid him by the well known *belle-esprit*, Madame de Boufflers, in 1763, as related by Topham Beauclerk to Boswell. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, when she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into the Inner Temple-lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honors of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to her coach.— *London and its Celebrities.*

By the way,

Have you observ'd that there's a sort of talk
In music; something that appears to mean
More than we give its lovely tongue the credit of,—
Positive argument, and chains of reasoning?

Louise. Often. De Torcy used to love an air
I played on the spinnet, that seemed to question,
Answer, and question, and so run the round
Of some sweet logic; every link of it
Being so drawn from, so deduc'd, from t'other,
That at the close you felt as much convinc'd
Of some fine truth, although you knew not what,
As though an angel had been talking it.

From *Lovers' Amazements; a Drama*, by Leigh Hunt.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE IN 1749.—The following advertisement appeared in the newspapers of the day:—"At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 16th inst. (January), to be seen a person who performs the several most surprising things following—viz. First he takes a common walking-stick from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine: this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it: during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those on the stage, or in the boxes, may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are. Stage, 7s. 6d.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. To begin half an hour after 6 o'clock. Tickets to be had at the Theatre. The Performances continue about two hours and a half. N.B.—If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performances either singly or in company, in or out of masks, are desirous of seeing the representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex (upon making a gratuity to the performer) shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes as if alive. Likewise (if desired) he will tell your most secret thoughts in your past life, and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive. For those gentlemen or ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided. These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia and Europe, and never appeared public anywhere but once; he will wait on any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time. There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum." Although it might be supposed morally impossible that mankind could be so egregiously imposed on, yet the scheme took, and on the evening of the exhibition, the house was crowded with nobility and gentry of both sexes. About seven o'clock the theatre was lighted, and the audience sat a considerable time without even the amusement of a single fiddle. Their patience being at length worn out, a chorus of cat-calls ensued, heightened by loud vociferations and beating of sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and, bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time some person in the pit called out, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give him double prices, the conjuror would get into a pint bottle. Soon after this a young gentleman in one of the boxes took a lighted candle and threw it on the stage, which alarming the greater part of the audience, they made the best of their way out of the theatre, some losing their cloaks and hats, and others their wigs and swords. A party, however, staid in the house to demolish the inside, when, the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke the scenes, pulled down the boxes, and entirely demolished the theatre; all which they carried into the street, preceded by the curtain fastened to a pole as a flag of triumph, and converting the same into a large bonfire. A strong party of the guards was sent for, but they did not arrive in time enough to prevent the resentment of the enraged populace. No material damage ensued from the confusion in the house, except a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his falling from the gallery into the pit.—*Harrison's Survey of London*, 1775.

BUT would you say in Woman's gentle ear,
How charms divine as hers to man are dear?
Yes! would you speak that sentiment refined,
That tender homage of the love-taught mind?
Then let the power of music's voice appeal,
And the fond fervour of the soul reveal
For, in its plaintive soul there works a charm,
Which can the storm of angry passion calm,
Which in impassion'd eloquence can speak,
When the best accents of the tongue are weak,
Can bid the coldness of contempt depart,
And touch the secret springs of Woman's heart

DRURY LANE.—A new drama by Dion Bourcicault, called *The Queen of Spades*, is in rehearsal, and will be shortly produced.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE, the well known pianist and composer, is seriously indisposed.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—We were prevented, from lack of space, from noticing the third and last of these concerts, which was as good as either of the others. Clementi's Sonata in B minor (Op. 40) is one of those pieces which M. Billet plays with the most fire, and was as effective as on a former occasion. The Preludes and Fugues were from Bach and Mendelssohn; Bach in F, and Mendelssohn in E minor—splendid specimens of the masters, and both admirably executed. It is unnecessary to add anything to what we have already, on more than one occasion, adduced of M. Billet's manner of playing the grand Sonata, in B flat, Op. 106 of Beethoven, by many degrees the most difficult piece of music ever written for the pianoforte. This is the third time M. Billet has introduced this extraordinary and original work in public, and it is due to our English audiences—so unmusical, if we are to believe French literary and musical authorities—to say that, on each occasion, they have paid the strictest attention to the Sonata, notwithstanding its enormous length, and never evinced the slightest sign of weariness or flagging interest during its performance. We cannot repeat too often, that had M. Billet done nothing more than introduced this great and comparatively unknown work—the very type of Beethoven's latter self—to the acquaintance, and, what is more, to the sympathies, of his audiences, he would have done sufficient to entitle him to the unanimous respect of musicians. Mendelssohn's *Andante con Variazione* (Op. 83), in B flat (No. 11 of the Posthumous Works), is already, a few weeks after its publication, like its fellow in E flat, the delight of pianists, who introduce it in public and private with equal success. We are glad of this, not merely as showing the universal interest of members of the profession in all that remains of Mendelssohn, but because we think the more such music, in the shape of original airs with variations becomes spread, the more probable will be the speedy downfall of a bad school too long in the ascendant. M. Billet was as successful with this charming piece as with its companion in E flat, at a previous concert; while, in the passionate rondo of Mozart, in A minor, he showed himself possessed of quite as much expressive sentiment as, in the selection of studies from Hummel, Macfarren, Hiller, Henselt, and Thalberg, he developed brilliant and energetic execution. We are glad to find, by our advertisement, that M. Billet intends giving a second series of these Concerts, at St. Martin's Hall.

Original Correspondence.

"THE FLUTE CONTROVERSY."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I propose in this letter to enter a little into a critical review of the subjects I have already addressed you, relating to the *Flute*. I will do so in the spirit I have all along adopted, and which I truly feel, viz.: a wish to state no more than what is compatible with justice and truth, but just so much as will answer the purpose in view.

In my last letter I quoted the substance of two passages from pamphlets by Messrs. Clinton and Carte, without comment, beyond the singularity of the contradiction there was between them. It is but fair now to state that Mr. Clinton published his book about three months, I think, before Mr. Carte's made its appearance. In that book he stated that Mr. Boehm had offered him the purchase of his metal cylindrical Flute, but owing to his strong objection to its material, and its complicated mechanism, he declined its purchase. This, by the way, is the Flute now offered for sale by the firm of Rudall, Rose, and Carte. He stated its tone to be harsh, shrill, unvoiced, and owing to the liability of the note breaking with any sudden effort, as in a *sforzando* (an evil which is inherent in the cylinder), "a constrained and painful exertion of the breath was occasioned, which made it injurious to weak lungs." There is both sense and reason here; how the contradiction was made by

Mr. Carte, who, for some reason I can hardly understand, takes occasion to meet this assertion without disproving it, by saying, apparently without design, that the metal Flute is in tone sweet and resonant, and "so easily played on, that the most delicate person may use it." An assumption this, which we find no argument to prove, we will pass over without further comment, and go on to speak of the tone of each as we find them—I mean, test of metal against wood. Let us, by way of illustration, have a trumpet or horn constructed of wood, and see if that quality of sound the composer intended shall be produced from either; that shrill piercing sound peculiar to metal, indicating certain effects in music, will be entirely lost, and a soft reedy volume of tone will be produced instead; so, conversely, we may say, that peculiar reedy and mellow sound intended by a composer in his flute score will be altogether lost in one constructed of metal. The same remark will apply to clarinet or oboe, which all have an affinity in quality of sound: that assimilation to the human voice the Flute has above all instruments, is entirely lost when the metallic sound is predominant—I shall not stop to prove this—any one with an ear can satisfy himself by once hearing the two. Another subject of still higher importance demands attention, viz.:—the relative advantages of the open and shut-keyed systems. It will be enough here to say that the old flute was constructed on the shut-keyed, and the Boehm on the open-keyed system. The old flute was miserably out of tune, and its tone bad and confined, owing to the smallness of its apertures. Nicholson enlarged his holes to make the tone come out more freely—he partially succeeded—Boehm, to make it come out still more freely, had all his keys open, all of which it was necessary to close by the action of the fingers above the note sounded; thus rendering all the instrument open below that note, or much as if that portion was cut off. But he exceeded his purpose. In trying to effect good he effected too much. The low notes were difficult, weak, and uncertain, owing to the enormous amount of key stopping, and the upper octave sharp and bad, owing to the number of holes open. His failure is too palpably seen by its having been now discarded by all professors, and the thousands of pounds invested in its purchase by amateurs have been sunk to no purpose. What was required, was to construct a flute without smothered or veiled sounds and in good tune. Boehm, it will be seen, by giving his flute too much opening, caused defects which did not exist in the old flute. Mr. Clinton was the first, seeing their defects, to revert to the old shut-keyed system, and as yet he stands alone in having done so. He altered the position of his holes to their true places, as Boehm had done, chambered his bore to a greater extent, and by adding an extra hole for C 7—quite a new idea—he attained that note in perfect tune; extra keys for A 7 and E 7, rendered those notes in tune. Now by enlarging his holes and bore to a due proportion, he obtained all the results Boehm was aiming at, without their defects, viz.:—a freedom of tone, and, by the proper placing of his holes, a correct intonation. Mr. Siccama's flute I have not mentioned here, for it so far antedates these late improvements, that it ranks as a "*genus per se*." Its defects lie chiefly in that obstacle, C 7; its upper octave is bad, and its C sharp, all holes open; but Mr. Richardson's admirable playing on it so completely veils these defects, that they who use it must judge for themselves and overcome them as well as he does.

One word in conclusion about Mr. Carte's New Patent Flute, and I have done. Mr. Carte acknowledges the defects of Boehm's Flute, and sets about constructing one, nevertheless, on the same principle—the gist of his objections to it refer almost wholly to the cramp execution it affords—and so to obtain a perfect flute, he endeavours to effect this end, by removing the action of two keys from the thumb and little finger of one hand, to the first and second fingers of both hands, in some cases still employing the first and old method, and thus increasing the complication of fingerings. The form of the cylinder, against which I could name serious objections, is retained. I had heard a year ago of a new design for the flute by Mr. Carte being in progress: I little dreamt it would have resulted in this "*opus Exiguum*." The notion is preposterous that a system so radically defective as Boehm's should be made practicable and good simply by the removal of the action of two keys.

I am really sorry to find so talented an artist should stake his reputation and his money on so small a work: so long as the open-keyed system is worked upon, so must its defects, which are radical, remain,—the number of keys to be shut in descending to the lower part of the instrument, its complicated mechanism, its enormous price and uncertain intonation, cannot hopefully or effectually be remedied, and I can only add, quoting the words of the talented professor named above, whose post is in the Academy of Music, "that any attempt to improve the open-keyed system must end in disappointment and failure."

I may express a hope, earnestly wishing, as I do, the union of conflicting parties, that whatever be the system ultimately adopted, neither parties may be losers in the struggle, that the art may again revive from its present depressed state, and that the end of these differences may be the production of one uniform instrument, which shall reflect lustre upon the talent of our country, and crown the exertions of those who have toiled in its cause.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

8th March, 1851.

MARSHALL.

COSTUME AND MISE EN SCENE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Dear Mr. Editor,—They tell me I am a bold man; I think I may add an adventurous one. I have essayed the Haymarket Theatre four times since the advent of the new tragedian. Why? Simply actuated by a sincere and really disinterested intention of ascertaining the character of the youthful aspirant's histrionic pretensions. Of these, for the present, and for the purpose of this communication, I do not desire to speak. Doubtless, they have been, and will be, treated by more accomplished hands in the ample resources of your able journal. What I want to call attention to is this—Who dresses *Macbeth*? I mean the piece. Is it fair to require me to recognise Banquo in a horse blanket or a railway rug? Is it fair to set my mind astray on the subject of whether the newest Newmarket pattern has been strictly adhered to in clothing the aforesaid gentleman's assassins? Is it fair, when *Macbeth* himself calls upon the Weird Sisters, to compel me to ask him, "What is't you do?" when I see him similarly attired, literally, in a comfortable-looking railway wrapper. I think not; but in return would demand, Which of ye hath done this? I may be wrong, but I like not the fashion of their garments.

One word more. How comes it that one performer (Mr. Caulfield) is suffered at the Haymarket!—the "last home for the legitimate"—to appear in three different parts in the tragedy?—"the bleeding serjeant!" as the bill says—a leading singing witch—and an English general?

Mr. Editor, this wont do.

DRAMATICUS.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

THE DEBUTANTE.

When, as the trusting girl you're seen,
And tears from every eyelid fall,
When you appear as love's own queen,
This will not be to act at all.
But have you skill that you could play
A perjured maiden's guilty part—
Could you her faithfulness pourtray,
And still preserve your own pure heart?

You'll speak of love you do not feel
In that new life which now you seek,
While here you tremble to reveal
A love you feel, yet dare not speak.
But blush not stranger words to say,
Confess my own you'll always be;
And only acting in the play,
Keep all your native truth for me.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(*Extract from a private letter.*)—Paris, 12th March. —At the Theatre des Italiens, last night, Mr. Lumley achieved another success. I refer to the *debut* of Madame Montenegro, which, from the favourable notices of your foreign and provincial correspondents, I awaited with curiosity. *Norma* was the opera selected for the occasion; and fame having preceded this lady's appearance, from Milan and Madrid, every seat was occupied at an early hour. Madame Montenegro is of Spanish extraction. With a figure tall and commanding, she has an unmistakeable air of *distinction*, which at once prepossesses in her favour. In the first act there was nothing particularly striking, excepting "*Casta Diva*," which she sang with taste and feeling; but in the second, in the scene with Pollio, her dramatic talent was favourably demonstrated. The audience were taken by surprise. They were evidently not prepared for the dramatic capabilities of Madame Montenegro, whatever they might have expected from her as a vocalist. Her duet with Adalgisa (with Madame Guiliani) was the signal for a burst of enthusiastic applause, which was renewed with vigour and good will at the finish of the prayer in the last act, after which Madame Montenegro was recalled. Gardoni, who never sang better, seemed in excellent health, his voice having gained considerably in strength since last season. Casanova, whom I remember in Italy, has a voice of power and volume, and uses it with judgment. Altogether, the success of Madame Montenegro was complete, and may possibly lead to the addition of her name to the already brilliant prospectus of "Her Majesty's Theatre."

PARIS.—The success of Sims Reeves at the Italiens has been as decided as the most sanguine of his countrymen could have possibly desired. The opera was *Linda*, in the choice of which Mr. Reeves proved that he did not wish to empty all his resources before his new public. He was received in the most generous manner—that is, he was received without any demonstration of enthusiasm, but, after a few bars of his opening recitative, the house literally rang with the applause, which was continued vociferously at the end of the *aria d'intrata*; and again and again, in the duet with Linda (which Madame Sontag sang with even more than her usual perfection, as if desirous of paying honour to her English comrade, who has shared so many of her own triumphs in London), and *à maintes reprises*, during the progress of the opera. The opinion of the *foyer* about the physical and artistic qualities of Sims Reeves was unusually unanimous. "*Quelle belle voix*," "*Quelle manière large de phraser*," "*C'est le vrai type du tenor*," were echoed from one to the other. In short there was not a dissentient voice, but the verdict was undividedly in favour of the young English tenor, or "*Le Bel Anglais*," as the ladies called him when out of hearing of Mrs. Sims Reeves. The next part in which Sims Reeves will appear is, I believe, Gennaro, in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Alary's new opera is in rehearsal.

The *Demon de la Nuit*, by Rosenhain, has been produced at the Grand Opera with success. The second act was much admired. I shall write you more at length next week.

NEW ORLEANS.—Jenny Lind is to give her first concert at St. Charles' Theatre, on the 10th of Feb.

PHILADELPHIA.—Madame Bishop has appeared at the Walnut-street,

NEW YORK.—Parodi, who daily grows in public favour, intends to pay a visit to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,

Richmond, Charleston, Havannah, and New Orleans. Strakosch, the pianist, will accompany her on this tour.

Herr Krauz has been giving concerts at Tripler Hall.

George Loder, the conductor, has had a complimentary concert given to him by the profession.

The Mendelssohn Birth-day Festival took place, on Monday evening, in the Melodeon, which was well filled. The principal features were the quintet, in A op. 18, the violin concerto, a vocal duet, and the quartet in F minor, for piano, &c. The concerto was heard for the first time in Boston, and was, we think, the richest thing in the programme. Mr. A. Fries, if he did not come up to the full requirement of this difficult and highly intellectual composition, nevertheless displayed a command of his instrument which quite surprised us. The duet, a very lovely composition, was beautifully sung by Miss Stone and Mr. Ball. Mr. Kriesmann showed his national appreciation of the music of the great master in his rendering the songs allotted to him. Mr. Perkins played the piano part in the quartet with ease and grace, though with hardly sufficient point and energy. Mr. Parker, another young Bostonian, performed a sonata on the organ, which being so novel an affair, was not sufficiently appreciated by the audience at large, though its beauties, both of composition and performance, were apparent to the connoisseur. Appropos of Festivals, why cannot there be got up a Haydn or a Mozart Festival? We opine a programme might be made from the works of either of these great composers (to say nothing of Beethoven) which would well repay the undertaking.

A congress of the musical profession and the supporters thereof is proposed to be held in London during the World's Fair, thus bringing together composers, performers, instrument makers, and amateurs. The latest rumour would absent Jenny Lind from this mass meeting, and solace the residents of New York with one dollar concerts at Castle Garden after the engagement with Barnum is fulfilled. Salvi, the well known tenor, is stated on like authority to be engaged by Barnum as Miss Lind's assistant in future concerts—the first to be given at New York in April,—his engagement with Don Marti expiring in March. The Barnum concerts at Havana were, as we expected, comparative failures; the first producing 5,000 dollars, and the other two 2,700 dollars each. At the fourth or charity concert less aversion was displayed to high prices, and the best seats left unoccupied at previous concerts had a cash demand. No other result could rationally have been anticipated in a city favoured with a fully appointed Italian Opera, and Miss Lind's experience in London might have counselled her and Mr. Barnum to less exorbitant demands upon a merely concert audience.

The result at Havana may induce a trial of the spell which enchanted London, ere Miss Lind returns to Europe. It may be that she will open the Mammoth Opera House, contemplated in Styvesant Place, under the direction of Mr. Fry, the first lessee of Astor Place.

The future management of New York's present Opera House is yet undecided. Parodi's brother is said to be in treaty for it, with intent, no doubt, to act in her behalf. She is said to have convinced the New York critics, by her impersonation of Romeo, that she is more fitting for a man's part than a woman's delicate and gentle calling. In the challenge duet with Tybalt she electrified Japonica-dom by fierce and blood-thirsty denunciations and the martial bearing assumed. From this description of her movements Miss Cushman's Romeo becomes, in comparison, a very feminine masculine.

New York writers are enraptured by Parodi in that charac-

ter, or pretend to be, and consign Madame Bishop's graceful yet natural personation of Tancredi and Othello to mere oblivion, as unworthy a comparison after beholding "the magnificent and impatient" Teresa Parodi with a long sword and martial gear. Miss Whiting's Juliet is faintly recommended, as well for a tyro.

HAVANNA.—It seems that our efforts in favour of low prices have not been altogether without effect, though the thing comes rather late. Barnum has this day, in a certain indirect way, announced a considerable abatement. Well done, Mr. Barnum! All you drop deserves our praise. But would it not have been better to have done it frankly and openly, in true Spanish style.

After having conceded to the celebrated Miss Lind the praise which her lyric talents justly entitle her to, we may be permitted to remark, that the audience last evening was so large that the sale of tickets for the upper seats was obliged to be stopped. This circumstance gives us to understand two things, to which we desire to call the attention of Mr. Barnum, as the agent of the Swedish prodigy, who is the object of public attention. First, apart from the indisputable lyric merits of Miss Lind, many of the frequenters of the boxes have preferred, on the nights of the opera, to go to the common pit, or even to the commonest places at the concerts. Is it because they could hear better there? or because the temperature is better? or that it is more comfortable? We think not. The fact is, that if those who are accustomed to occupy the boxes abandon them for a different locality, it proves that Barnum, the agent, has failed in his object in obtaining the high prices he set upon the seats, and has caused the people to be less pleased with the Swedish Nightingale than they otherwise would have been, by his thus driving them, through excessive high prices, to the upper galleries, and other places. Secondly, in the hard alternative either to pay the high prices fixed by Barnum, or to lose altogether the chance of hearing Jenny Lind, would not Mr. Barnum find it more profitable to reduce his prices to a more just and moderate medium? A negative answer is given to this—saying that a lower price would discredit the sale, and that the Tacon Theatre would not pay expenses at ordinary prices, as a thousand dollars a night are paid for the theatre, besides another thousand for Miss Lind, and another thousand for her suite and attendants.

But without entering into minute calculations and without discussing the advantage or disadvantage which might result from the application of the fable of the goose which laid golden eggs, it seems to us at first blush, that if Mr. Barnum had contented himself with the opera prices of the Tacon Theatre—which are quite high enough already—he would have made more money by obtaining greater crowds, while he would, at the same time, have given to greater numbers of the Havanna public the pleasure of admiring the rich artistic gifts of Miss Lind.—*Diario*.

Boston, Feb. 25, 1851.—Last evening we attended the Opera, for the purpose of hearing *Romeo and Juliet*. The great reputation of Parodi, and the curiosity to hear and see Miss Whiting in Opera, had drawn together a very large audience, who were more enthusiastic than on any previous occasion. Miss Whiting was warmly received, and gave satisfaction to the audience, and promise of future excellence. Parodi's performance was all that could be wished, but she exerted herself so much in order to give effect to the music, that in the scene in the cemetery, she fainted, and was obliged to be carried off the stage. The season with Parodi will conclude on Friday evening, and on Saturday she will give a concert at Assembly

Hall, assisted by the Italian Opera company, Strakosch, Hauser, and others. The meanness of the Musical Education Society (who give a concert also on Saturday evening), in engaging both the Tremont Temple and Melodeon, in order to prevent Parodi from giving a concert, has obliged her to take the above hall, which, although it has never been used for a musical entertainment, is the best in Boston. The fifth concert of the Musical Fund Society was given on Saturday evening, at the Tremont Temple, to an audience of about 2000 persons. This Society has long felt the need of a competent director. We have seen Mr. Webb direct a chorus of voices with effect; but when he stands before the Musical Fund, a society containing musicians his superiors, he is out of place. The performances commenced with Haydn's 3rd Symphony (*Surprise*). Next, followed Mendelssohn's concerto, op. 64, for the violin, played by Mr. A. Fries. This is a grand, noble work, written in the composer's happiest vein. We were somewhat surprised when we saw that Mr. Fries announced to play it, since it requires somewhat more than mechanical execution. The *Jubel* Overture of Weber was encored, and (it being the anniversary of Washington's birth-day), the American flag was raised from behind the orchestra, and Hail Columbia, and Washington's March substituted in its place; this of course created some enthusiasm amongst our patriotic audience. The society was assisted by Miss Anna Stone, who sang "Gratias Agimus," of Guglielmi, which was encored; she also gave a canzonet of Haydn (the "Mermaid," in a pleasing manner. A solo on the vabre trombone, by Signor Rebechini, was below mediocrity. The "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn, was well performed, though with not quite enough spirit. The concert concluded with Reissiger's Overture, "*Felsemule*."

BALTIMORE.—(March 1.) Mad. Bishop, and Mr. Bochsa are giving concerts here, in the new Assembly Room, with decided success. The Germania Subscription Concerts are going on at Carroll Hall. A festival for the Washington Monument has been given by the Germania, Liederferrauss, and Turner Oungvory Societies. Mdle. Parodi is expected with great anxiety.

ROME.—The operatic season here closed last Tuesday, the 4th of March, with the opera of *Maria de Rohan*, in which Miss Catherine Hayes appeared for twelve successive nights. Nothing could possibly exceed the sensation her singing and acting created. The enthusiasm of the audiences, whose delight knew no bounds, was manifested after a fashion that must have reminded your fair countrywoman of her glorious reception in her native city. The cavatina and duet from the *Linda* also created great excitement. The last performance on Shrove Tuesday, took place, as is the custom here in the morning, commencing at 10 o'clock, to allow time for preparations for the ball, as all the amusements of the Carnival invariably terminate before 12 o'clock, in order that Lent should not be infringed on. You will be pleased to hear that the most distinguished individuals among the proudest of aristocracies have paid Catherine Hayes marked attention. No dancing is permitted in Rome during Lent, but the musical parties commenced last evening. Miss Hayes had the honor of being invited to one given by the Princess Borghese, by whom she was introduced to the most distinguished of the noble ladies present. She has also been honoured with the diploma of "Sona della Pontificia Congregazione ed Accademia di Santa Cecilia," one of the oldest and most respectable musical societies in Italy, the last name enrolled in which is that of Madame Malibran. Miss Hayes purposes to leave Rome in a fortnight, and expects

to be in London by the 10th of April. She intends to remain in London for the entire season, as she does not sail for America until autumn. She has had no less than ten offers to remain in Italy!

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Lumley commences his season to-night with ever yprospect of a brilliant success. Curiosity is on tip-toe about Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez, whose reception in Paris has been unequivocal. Mademoiselle Duprez is eighteen years of age, singularly prepossessing in appearance, and possesses many of the highest requisites for the lyric stage. That she has been thoroughly grounded in her art may be gathered from the fact, that she owes all her acquirements to the instructions of her father. The choice of *Lucia di Lammermoor* for her first appearance is happy. The youth and gentleness of Lucy are suited to the young *debutante*, while the brilliancy of the music will serve to exhibit her capabilities as a vocalist to the best advantage. At the first rehearsal on Wednesday, Madlle. Duprez created a highly favourable impression, and was loudly applauded by all present. Her voice was unanimously admired, and her singing praised for its purity and grace. In short, we may look forward to the *debut* of Madlle. Duprez without any apprehensions as to the result.

Signor Calzolari appears to have made great progress since last year. The management of his head notes betokens improvement, and the quality of his voice has become rounder and more equal.

Mr. Balfe has been working zealously with his band, and we think has effected several striking improvements.

On Thursday evening M. Taglioni's new ballet, *L'Ile d'Amour*, was rehearsed with costumes and scenery. Amalia Ferraris was received with the greatest favour, and danced her very best. M. Charles is as light and buoyant as ever. The ballet is one of those piquant *bluettes*, which none can compose more gracefully than M. Taglioni, whilst the pencil of Marshall is more brilliant than ever. The music is by Nadaud, the director of the ballet orchestra. There is a fugue in it.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—A piece of very slight pretensions as regards the construction, but smartly and pointedly written, entitled *The Morning Call*, by Mr. Charles Dance, was produced on Monday with entire success. Mrs. Chillingtone (Mrs. Nisbett) is a widow who has, or fancies she has, a strong objection to reimpose upon herself the connubial bonds. Sir Edward Ardent (Mr. James Anderson), on the contrary, has a violent disposition to submit himself to the "circumscription and confine" of Dan Hymen. Out of these two conflicting elements there is derived manifest and multiple merriment. The baronet follows the love chase with a determination and an enthusiasm worthy the most energetic fox-hunter, and in the end runs his game to earth, alias his arms, and the widow yields to love and perseverance. The acting of Mrs. Nisbett was inimitably arch and captivating, and Mr. Anderson was excellent in his delineation of the warm and irrefusable baronet. A French piece, by Alfred de Musset, called *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, has furnished Mr. Dance with the idea of *The Morning Call*.

OLYMPIC.—*Charles King* is the name of a new *petite drama*

produced at this house. The plot is taken from an anecdote related of Charles the Second, in which a petition in verse was presented by one Charles King to King Charles. In consequence of the mistake of names, sundry *contretemps* are evolved, and much intricacy and mirth the consequence. Besides Charles King (Mr. W. Farren), the rhyming petitioner, Nell Gwynne (Miss Louisa Howard), Mimi (Mrs. Stirling), a French *grisette*, and the Merry Monarch himself figure as personages, and all tend to the general confusion. The acting was excellent. In addition to the above characters, Mr Leigh Murray plays a Dutchman with graphuc bluster and homely sentimentality, and a ruggedness of dialect, withal, worthy a true-born "swag-bellied Hollander."

HAYMARKET.—Mr. J. W. Wallack appeared in *Macbeth* on Monday, but with hardly the same success that attended his *Othello*. His conception of the king-killing, witch-discomfited tyrant was in general correct, and to our thinking the performance was more impulsive and better considered than that of the Moor, but it exhibited less striking points, was less elaborated and finished, and altogether less refined. The romance and picturesqueness of the character were entirely wanting. Although we have found fault with Mr. J. W. Wallack's *Macbeth* for its want of elaboration, we must do it the justice to say it seems to have been studied with exceeding care, and rendered with infinite pains. That the actor projected all his talents and energies into the part we have not the least doubt, and herein he is entitled to the fullest credit; but, unfortunately, determination and endeavour are not always suppliances for intellect and power, and study will not always conduce to a complete whole. Mr. J. W. Wallack's *Macbeth* may yet be vastly improved. There are many things of apparent minor consequence, the remedying of which will be a great advance towards a more perfect representation. The too frequent use of the whining tone of voice—an evident mistake in such a character as that of *Macbeth*—must be got rid of; loose attitudes and unclassical positions must be eschewed—to say nothing of certain peculiarities of standing, and other trifling habits and customs which time and observation will help to amend. When these are corrected and changed, with the real stuff that we are confident is inherent in the actor, we may look for a highly commendable performance in Mr. J. W. Wallack's *Macbeth*. We were glad to find Mr. Wallack restoring one or two passages from the original, which even Macready, strange to say, used to omit. The celebrated lines in *Macbeth's* first soliloquy, hitherto left out,—

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind!"—

were received with great cheers. Shakspeare is always triumphant. The above passage has been cried down by the sagacious commentators as a veritable piece of bombast, and unworthy of the speech into which it is introduced. That the metaphor is somewhat far-fetched we are willing to admit, but that it is out of place, or out of keeping with the character, we cannot allow. The state of feeling into which *Macbeth* had worked himself by the contemplation of the murder must have inflated and distorted every image that presented itself to his mind, and it is likely that Shakspeare took into consideration that which seems to have escaped the keen vigilance of his cobweb-sweepers.

Sweet Laura Addison! Most fair Laura Addison!! Gentle and captivating Laura Addison!!! why, oh why didst thou suffer thy pretty talents to be utterly overwhelmed by that gi-

gantic tragedy queen, Lady Macbeth? Couldst thou not perceive that Nature never intended the round and pebbly tones of thy silver voice to utter those fiendish vaunts, and hell threats, and horrid importunities; that thy young and morning face was not constituted to scowl murder; that thy tiny snow fingers were never made to handle daggers with "gouts of blood" on blade and dudgeon; that thy pure woman heart could not encourage such "horrible conceits," nor thy pure feminine brain encounter the "big thoughts that make ambition virtue?" Most merciful Laura! in contriving to kill poor old Duncan (for which, even behind the scenes, we will be sworn, thou wert sorely sorry and yearned in thy tender heart), thou didst murder naught else saving poor Will Shakspeare, and, haply, thy own fair reputation, which never received blow before, but which, on the present occasion, was smashed, pulverised, and utterly annihilated. Wherefore, most innocent Laura—for in thy innocence lies thy extenuation—meddle no further with those frightful, loud-voiced, iron-passioned tragedy queens of Shakspeare! Eschew more especially the society of that she-dragon, Lady Macbeth; she is no company for thee and thy tennities and thy every-day delicacies. Leave such "undaunted metals" to "bring forth male children only;" be thy offsprings all of the tenderer sex, of the very softest constitution, with natures redolent of pap and the milk of human kindness.

The above apostrophe will not, we trust, be unkindly taken. It was penned in no unkind spirit. Miss Laura Addison has always commanded our respect, not unfrequently our admiration. On Monday night she commanded nothing else but our pity. We never saw an artist so entirely unsuited to a part. To criticise it seriously would be ungenerous. Miss Laura Addison is no more fit for such a character as Lady Macbeth than Mrs. Caulfield is for Norma. Nature, art, impulse, power, weight, are all opposed to the assumption. Mr. Webster relied much upon the popularity of the fair actress, and the degree of favour invariably shown to anything he submits to the public for the forbearance of the audience. In another sense it was an impolitic move on the part of the enterprising and energetic manager. Such a Lady Macbeth as that of Miss Laura Addison would have imperilled the success of an older and more accomplished actor than Mr. J. W. Wallack. Mr. Webster may plead in extenuation that there was nobody else in his company to play Lady Macbeth. Without pausing to inquire where was the necessity of producing *Macbeth* at all—ere yet the echoes of Macready's last triumphs had died away—we might point to Miss Reynolds, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, or even Mrs. Stanley, any one of whom would have undertaken the part with a result different from that achieved by Miss Laura Addison. We repeat, Miss Laura Addison is a special favourite of ours, but, unless she would forego our favoritism for ever, she must leave Lady Macbeth to older, sterner, louder, and less prepossessing actresses than herself.

Mr. James Wallack's Macbeth was admirable and left nothing for the most rigid critic to find fault with. Mr. Howe was as excellent as ever in Banquo. The rest of the parts were supplied as when Macready played Macbeth. The banquet scene was better managed in some respects than before: and the substitution of helmets for the "umquhile" Scottish bonnet—an anachronism—a decided improvement. The house was but tolerably full.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—PAULINE.—To those who remember with pleasure the "SERGEANT'S WIFE" and the melodramas in which Miss Kelly achieved her fame, Pauline will bring back emotions which have not been touched by mere mo-

dern dramatists. We have never been a witness of any dramatic work in which the simple element of terror was sustained with such extraordinary intensity. The plot of the drama is most simple. A lady of fortune becomes infatuated with a young count—it is not love which inspires her, it is not fear, it is an unaccountable fascination which impels her towards this young man, who seems to possess over her the fascination of the snake over the bird—the mystic power of the mesmeriser over his subject. To the surprise of her relatives, we may add to her own also, she marries him. One would suppose that here the mystery would cease, but Pauline finds that if the Count de Beaufre was a strange being before marriage, he is more inscrutable as her husband. His sleep is disturbed by fearful dreams, he wears fire-arms, and has constantly horses ready saddled, waiting in his stables, as if some sudden emergency or danger were apprehended. The Count de Beaufre is absent at his chateau in Normandy, Pauline at Paris, where the news is rife of certain mysterious robberies and murders which constantly occur in the neighbourhood of her husband's chateau. Filled with anxiety, she starts for Normandy, and finds the count with his two friends, Max and Henri, engaged in a hunting party. He is the dupe of their desperate game; they are the robbers, the murderers, whose deeds continue to fill the country with horror and dread. On a certain stormy night, she discovers that three men stealthily enter the chateau. A noise on the stair which leads to her chamber petrifies her with fear—she casts herself upon her couch and feigns to sleep—a secret panel in the wall opens, and the count, disguised as a peasant, enters; she watches him until he retires by the same entrance. Impelled by curiosity and terror she follows him, and discovers that the vaults of the chateau are the receptacle for the plunder of these bandits. She watches their horrible orgies through an aperture in the door of the vault, but when she beholds bound upon the ground a lady, in whom she recognizes a friend of her own, she is unable to repress an exclamation, by which she betrays her presence. She is seized, and to destroy her evidence, she is immersed in a vault, and left there by her inhuman husband to starve to death.

To pursue this story, and to accumulate terror upon terror, to pile up the agony, would be to anticipate the interest of the reader when he becomes an auditor. Suffice it to say, that the murder is discovered, his innocent victim is preserved, and he only escapes the executioner to fall by the hand of the cousin of Pauline. This duel is the most terrible scene in this extraordinary drama; it is fought across a table with two pistols, one of which is unloaded. The selection of the fire-arms is a breathless moment; the unloaded weapon falls to the hand of the criminal. Poetical justice is thus achieved.

The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean was of the very highest order of the melo-dramatic. So powerful and real was Mr. Charles Kean throughout, so singularly impressive was he in every scene, that we lost sight entirely of the inferior aim of the drama, and felt spell-bound by the actor. To understand to the full such a performance as that of Mr. Charles Kean in the new piece, it must be seen. No words can describe it, or do it adequate justice. Mrs. Charles Kean had a part which suited her varying and picturesque style to admiration. The different passions, curiosity, fear, horror, and despair, were depicted with life-like intensity, and produced an immense effect. The excitement created by the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, was something unusual, and when they appeared at the end to a universal summons, the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The first concert of the season "for the Exhibition of the Students," took place on Saturday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, before a numerous audience of the friends and patrons of the institution.

The programme was a good one, beginning with Mendelssohn's 95th psalm, "Come, let us sing unto the Lord" (not the first time in England, as stated in the bills), and concluding with Beethoven's oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. Except the singing of Miss I. Oakley in the former, and Miss Taylor in the latter (both sopranos of great promise), there were no particular points in the performance of these great works to call for praise. Miss Rose and Mr. Swift were the other principals in the psalm, and Mrs. E. Hancock, Messrs. Mason and Blake, in the oratorio, neither of which seemed to have been rehearsed with sufficient care and attention to warrant their execution in public. More gratifying, because more correct and effective, was the execution of a "Kyrie Eliason" and a "Gloria," the composition of Mr. C. Steggall, pupil of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, in the Academy, an effort of remarkable talent and still greater promise. The solo parts in this were taken by the Misses Isabella Oakley, Mary Rose, Sophy Law, Freeman, and the Messrs. Mason, and C. J. Gray, who, in opposition to a general rule, seemed to be quite perfect in their music. The chorus and band were also exceedingly good.

The subordinate vocal pieces were, "With verdure clad," sung by Miss Browne, and "He was despised," by Miss Freeman, both of which were commendable, though by no means extraordinary exhibitions of talent. There were two pianoforte pieces, with orchestral accompaniments—Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor, and the same composer's second Concerto in D minor. Miss Williams, who played the first, is a rising pupil of Mrs. Anderson, but as yet has neither force nor execution for the task she undertook. The performance of Mr. Cusins, one of the cleverest of the Academy students, was throughout rather that of a master than a pupil, and constituted the decided feature of the concert. Mr. Cusins is also a pupil of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and it is doubtless as much owing to the well known sentiments of this distinguished professor as to his own ambition and good taste, that the audience had the advantage (so rare at Academy Concerts) of hearing a fine work without any curtailment or mutilation.

The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Sainton officiated in his usual post as first violin.

Reviews of Music.

"LA GORLITÇA,"—ALEXANDRE VARIN,—and "LA CRACOVIA,"—RENAUSY.—Hale and Son, Cheltenham; Addison, London.

We have now a clue to this mystery. "La Gorlitça," (not Gorlitz, as put forth by profane pens) appears to be a Livonian dance, in Polka measure—freely translated, a Polka composed by a Livonian. The edition before us (in F) is, according to the inscription upon its forehead, the only one authorised by M. Varin. Whence arises another *questio*—already *vezata*, by the way. Who is M. Varin, that should authorise, or interdict an edition (in F or any other key) of the "Gorlitça?" Is he the Livonian who has composed it?—or is he the Frenchman who has not composed it, but, on the strength of an inquisitorial attitude upon a stone of his own setting up, in a bye-path among the Cheltenham hills, fulminates the lightnings of excommunication against all and every who shall presume, unauthorised by him, M. Varin, to set his mark to, or otherwise prepare, with

intent to circulate, any editions whatsoever but his, M. Varin's, of the said Livonian polka, intituled, "La Gorlitça." It is possible that Messrs. Hale and Son, of Cheltenham, or Messrs. Addison, more learned than we can pretend to be in the history of the origin and metamorphoses of the "Gorlitça," may be enabled to enlighten the world on that absorbing subject. Meanwhile, we humbly repeat, "Who is M. Varin?" The dance itself is sufficiently quaint and lively, albeit not painfully *recherché*; and M. Varin, in his arrangement, has carefully excluded any superfluous notes that might delude the digits of a *dilettante* into a quagmire of intricacy demanding more than usual agility in the act of ex-trication. At the same time, it becomes us to add a shrewd surmise which has just occurred to us:—does not the right of copy-right, appertaining to the present edition, consist principally, entirely, and unconditionally, in the *habile ruse* whereby M. Varin has changed one letter for another—lanky Z for curved-back C, with a mark underneath for softeners? Are we right in presuming that any one may publish "La Gorlitça," without consulting the pleasure of M. Varin, but that should any one issue "La Gorlitça," sans authority from that quarter, he must look to it, since M. Varin will be at him incontinent?

Renausy, in projecting "La Cracovia," has dropped upon another line of policy. He, also, is from the clouds, and of his antecedents we are in total darkness. After a chord of D dispersed into half arpeggios (ascending) until the higher F is attained, which, by a scale (descending) assisted by the chord of the 7th, falls upon the dominant note, reiterated during the space of two bars, a *due mane* (the whole being designated "Intrada"), Renausy seizes the well-known "Cracovienne," and, boldly grappling with it, mutilates its familiar features until it assumes a physiognomy which is but a pale distortion of its former self. We can scarcely sufficiently less admire this proceeding. In the trio, Renausy, despising the aforesaid expedient, depends upon his own resources, and furnishes a theme which, original enough, is somewhat *scabreux*. We object, nevertheless, to the common chord of E flat descending to the common chord of D, and achieving consecutive 5ths and consecutive octaves with the utmost disdain of concealment. This may be found in page 3, line 2, bar 4. Let Renausy apply the caustic to the lower E flat, and when that is burnt away we shall have no further objection to make to "La Cracovia, Nouvelle Danse des Salons," (new dance of the drawing-rooms), except that *neuve* should be spelt with an o—*nouvelle*—unless, peradventure, Renausy, like his fellow unknown, Varin wishes to establish exclusive copyright by the substitution of one, letter for another.

It is fair to add, as a recommendation to "La Gorlitça" and "La Cracovia," that they have been introduced by J. and L. Byrn at their academies, in London and Cheltenham, and at the recent annual Bachelors' Ball, in the last mentioned fashionable watering place, where beaux bide, bibulent, hard by the health-restoring Spa.

"THE BENARES MARCH," and "THE BANGALORE MARCH."—ANN S. MOUNSEY.—T. E. Purday.

"The Benares March," and "The Bangalore March," are both excellent and spirited marches, the only reproach to which they are open being the absence of *couleur locale*. There is nothing eastern in them, which objected, objection ends. The "Benares March," in A, has a bold and richly-harmonised theme; and the first trio, in E, especially the second part, in C sharp minor, is even better. The second trio, in D, is a brilliant specimen of the Italian school, well contrasted, and leading back effectively to the first subject in the original key, which, with some good changes of harmony, and the addition of a showy coda, brings the March to a close in a highly satisfactory manner.

"The Bangalore March" is prettier, and more likely to be generally popular, but is neither so bold nor so *recherché*. It has great merits, nevertheless. The principal theme is in E flat, and the transition into C minor at the half close is quaint and pleasing. The first trio, in A flat, involves an effective alternation of full chords and florid passages. The half close, in C, is well, but the sudden *reprise* of the subject, by the unexpected appearance of the chord of E flat, is still better. When the first subject is resumed,

the harmony and accompaniment are diversified with singular felicity, materially enhancing the interest. The second trio, in B flat, is dashing and vigorous, and a contrast is obtained by the realisation of a "harpy" effect, through means of dispersed chords rapidly struck. The opening is then resumed, in the original key, of course, (Miss Mounsey never violates the laws of tonality) with some added difficulties that ensure variety, and a short coda which is not the less energetic for its brevity.

These Marches, though admirably adapted to the piano, would be even still more effective for a military band, or a full orchestra, and we recommend Miss Mounsey, who, being a first-rate musician, is competent to the task, to instrument them forthwith. Jullien, the British regiments, and the foreign "Harmonies" would jump at them.

"FOUR ROMANCES FOR THE PIANOFORTE."—EDWARD DEANE.—Wessel and Co.

The same description of beauties, and the same description of faults, which we noted in our review of Mr. Deane's song of "Contentment," are strongly apparent in these romances. They exhibit a refined feeling for the richness and variety that depend on the position and contrast of harmonies, and a strong notion of continuity, the first being far more successfully developed than the last, which, however, we sincerely believe will be fully attained with time and study. Mr. Deane is evidently a young composer, and for that reason alone, independent of his evident talent and nervous avoidance of the common-place, should be an incentive to speak of him with encouragement, and rather assist him by counsel mildly administered, than abash him by unkindness and the free application of the critical *flagellum*.

The first of the four Romances—*allegretto grazioso*, in E—has a certain sweetness of melody, and an accompaniment which so nearly flows with natural ease and grace that it is a pity it does not quite. There are several pretty points, and among others we would instance the cadence on the dominant which prefaces the *rentrée* to the first theme, which, though like Mendelssohn, whose "Rivulet" has not escaped the attention and emulation of Mr. Deane, and who, indeed, is his undeniable model, is hardly the worse for that.

The second Romance—*andante con moto*, in C minor—being more original, that is, less evidently traceable to his favourite author, is more acceptable. The subjects are both exceedingly neat, and in the second (in the relative major), there is a transition to D, which occurs twice, and produces a charming effect.

No. 3—*Cantabile*, in E—is the best written, the most melodious, and the most natural of the set. We wish we could add it was the least like Mendelssohn. Unfortunately it is the most like Mendelssohn, in spite of which, or perhaps partly by aid of which, it is a captivating couple of pages, which we shall without ceremony transfer to our own private library, with the sole regret that it is so short.

No. 4—another *Cantabile*, in D flat—begins with a sort of *preghiera* in four-part harmony, and is followed by the *cantabile* in question dealt to the right hand in singing octaves, with small notes intervening, and a skipping bass, not very easy to play. Though it be not without a certain merit, we have less affection for this than for any of the four romances. At the same time, let us do Mr. Deane the justice to add that it is not like Mendelssohn, which possibly may be the reason. In conclusion, we can recommend these Romances as things of unquestionable promise.

"THE NEW PALACE OF ALADDIN, LIT BY THE LAMP OF ALL NATIONS." Words and Music by Magic!—J. Williams.

"Justizia—justizia!" as the Spaniards say when the Hidalgo turns out to be a thief, or a friar a mere "vagrom man," and either is forthwith "comprehended." Here is a poet, who, under the influence of a spirituous fancy, would convey the unvarnished history of the Crystal Palace and the Exhibition of Assembled Nations through the medium of a fairy tale, like any Countess of D'Anois or Madame de Genlis. We do not quarrel with the idea, and we make no bones of the machinery. Prince Albert comes out as a respectable fairy prince, and Her Majesty, Victoria, as a fairy queen, *sans pareille*, while the Crystal Palace may stand for an enchanted

house, and no one complain. But though we affect the fancy and admit the machinery, we like not the verse, nor the music in which it is set forth by the author, who, "Magic" by name, is yet no Magician. The following may serve as a specimen of his verse:—

"A good prince came his race to run
In Freedom's Fairy Land;
His wise and worthy love had won
The dear Queen's jewelled hand!
His glad and merry children grew
All proud to be his own,
And the people bless'd the little crew,
Who group'd around their throne."

Thus launched into the middle of his history, Magic makes the Queen say to the Prince, that, "as Aladdin's Palace doth not wear the glory she would see, she would fain build a new one in its place;" and touching a tree with her wand, "in the grand old park,"

"——— the fine trees waved
The loyal branch and bough,
And oaks that many a storm had braved
Became old Courtiers now,"

whereupon a murmur, like "God Save the Queen," rings through *all their leaves*, and the *loyal trees* stoutly declare, that, as *royal* they have ever been, "*loyally* they'll fall;" whereby the Prince in a loud voice pledges himself to build the Queen a Palace of her own, that shall "shine with looks from foreign shores;" whereupon the brilliant *home* is raised, and "*the power of bright and lively trade*" comes freely to give its dower, while *tourney* runs its tilt; whereby the whole concludes with the burden as under:—

"—— Victoria's New Aladdin built
The palace of the Land."

The music, also by Magic, begins with an air in B flat, belonging to the family of "O the Rump-Steaks of Old England!"—followed by another tune in the subdominant, which, belonging to no recognised family, is interrupted, at the bottom of page 4, by a fragment of the National Anthem; which, at pages 6 and 7, is diversified by "Rule Britannia" in convulsions; which, in its turn, is genteelly jostled aside by the *rag*-end of the "British Grenadiers;" which, *en revanche*, is dismissed to give place to the coda, wherewith the affair happily terminates, to the unalloyed satisfaction of all concerned. Honestly, and with deference, the "New Palace of Aladdin" is a clap-trap, and a very poor one.

Provincial.

GRAVESEND.—On Monday evening, the 10th instant, a vocal and instrumental concert was given in the hall of the Literary Institution, for the benefit of Mrs. Glover, who was supported by Miss Lanelle, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin; Miss Greenwood, Mr. Augustus Eames, from the Lyceum Theatre; and Mr. Austin, the pianist. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the company was far from numerous. That, certainly, was a pity; but the few who encountered the snow-storm were entitled to be treated with as much consideration as if the theatre had been crowded. It was unpleasant enough to come through sleet, snow, and rain for a musical treat, but the discomfort was aggravated by the curtailment of one-half the performance announced. Miss Lanelle, whose voice is an alto, sang Howitt's ballad "The Coming Footsteps," besides "Just at Twilight," and "I love the Merry Sunshine," with good taste and correctness. Miss Greenwood also acquitted herself very respectably, and Mr. Eames, whose violin performances are well known and justly esteemed, was much applauded in a solo. Mr. Austin presided at the piano, and was deservedly applauded in a *fantasia*.

BRIGHTON.—A repetition of the inaugural ceremony of opening the Organ presented by her Majesty to the people of Brighton is fixed for April 1st, under the direction of Mr. Surman of Exeter-hall.

PETWORTH.—The performance of the Distin family which had been so eagerly anticipated by the lovers of music in this vicinity, justified the expectations that had been entertained. In the several pieces there was not an instance of wavering or want of decision, but on the contrary, the most difficult chromatic intervals were given with facility and precision. This was decidedly shown

in the selection from Mendelssohn, which afforded examples of elaborate execution, and made a powerful impression on the audience. The National Anthem at the close of the performances was given with appropriate energy, and altogether a more delightful entertainment has not been given in this town for years.

GREENOCK.—The Subscription Concerts of the Philharmonic Society were brought to a close in presence of a large audience on Tuesday evening week, and on Wednesday an extra performance was given for the benefit of the funds of the Society. Had further confirmation been required of the appreciation of these concerts, it would have been supplied by the assemblage of Wednesday, when area and gallery were filled to overflowing. The overture to the *Barber of Seville*, and selections from Weber's *Der Freyschutz*, Mozart's *Don Juan*, and Donizetti's *Bride of Lammermoor*, were efficiently given. The audience were delighted with a fantasia on the pianoforte by Mr. John Willy, a solo on the violoncello by Mr. Hausman, a duet on cornet-a-pistons by the Messrs. Harper, and a solo on the violin by Mr. Willy. The applause with which they were received must have been gratifying to the performers, and was so long continued, that they had to repeat the pieces. The variations on "O no, we never mention her," by Mr. Willy, was a brilliant display; and the great and hearty applause with which he was received on coming forward to play this solo was an expression of public thanks for the admirable style in which he has managed this highly successful series of concerts. Both as a violinist and conductor. Mr. Willy occupies the very highest place. Mrs. E. B. Harper sang very sweetly "The Village Queen," and "Whistle and I'll come to thee;" Mrs. Russell gave "The Cavalier," and "Here's a health, bonny Scotland, to thee," and with Mrs. Harper, two duets. As a *finale*, "God save the Queen" was given by the full band, the vocal parts being admirably sung by Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Harper, and Mr. E. B. Harper. At the end of the performances, when the players made their final bow, a long-continued cheer burst from the audience, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs. We are confident we express the universal sentiment, when we hope that another season Mr. Willy and his band will be again found in their place offering the community a similar opportunity of enjoying and profiting by a means of gratification so elevating and refined. Thanks are due to Messrs. D. F. Dempster and Thomas R. Lamont, the secretary and treasurer of the Society, for their exertions in promoting the prosperity of the scheme during this the first, and we have no doubt its most difficult season. The perfect success of the largest and most complete plan of entertainment ever offered to the public of Greenock is ascribable in no small degree to their perseverance and skill, and must be to them a source of gratification and encouragement, as it is to the community a reason for awarding them its best and heartiest thanks.—*Greenock Advertiser*.

EDINBURGH.—The concert which took place in the Music Hall on Saturday week, though but thinly attended, was one of genuine excellence, and we are sure conveyed more real gratification than hundreds of entertainments with far higher pretensions. Tried by that test, it would be difficult to speak too highly in its praise. The Misses Smith and Mr. Augustus Braham were the vocalists; Mr. Hausmann, Mr. Silas, and Mr. Mudie the instrumentalists. Miss Julia Smith delivered several pieces of sacred music with great truth of feeling, and genuine taste and effect. The duets with her sister, Miss Maria, were executed with that perfect harmony, precision, and brilliancy for which they are justly celebrated. Mr. Augustus Braham made a great impression, more particularly in "Waft her Angels." His voice is one of the finest, as regards power, compass and richness, which we ever heard; and his spirit and intelligence are evidently equal to the very highest efforts. A most commanding position in the musical world is within his reach, and he can scarcely fail to attain it at no distant period. Mr. Hausman's violoncello playing is superb, his bowing must be a perfect wonder to amateurs, if not to professional players themselves. He was rapturously applauded. M. Silas as a pianist is evidently accomplished, and plays finely rather than grandly. The same performers gave a second concert the following night. All lovers of good music should have been present.—*Edinburgh Evening Post and Scottish Record*.

EDINBURGH, March 19th, 1851.—(From our own Correspondent).

—I notice, from your paper of last Saturday, which I have just this moment seen, that a correspondent—who seems to be extremely bilious, and somewhat liable to dyspeptic attacks—has fallen most rapidly foul of two errors of the press in my remark on the Reid Concert. For *great talent* let him read "*local talent*," and for "*chorus*" "*horns*." Let him also amend his English, and get into better humour with himself and the rest of the world. Since I last wrote you, the dull month of March has commenced, when public entertainments are generally unsuccessful. The only concerts that have been given lately were those of the Misses Smith and Mr. Augustus Braham. At the first, Mr. Silas played two pianoforte pieces, and Mr. Hausman the like number on the violoncello. Both concerts were most unsuccessful. Our Amateur Society, under their talented conductor, Mr. Drechsler, is making considerable progress: their last night of the season will be given next month. Albert Smith makes his first appearance here on the 29th inst., and on the same day the boy pianist, Werner, gives a concert.

Miscellaneous.

ERNST.—This celebrated violinist has arrived in town from his provincial tour, and intends remaining in London for the season. We are sorry, however, to add that Ernst has been confined to his bed from indisposition since his arrival, and was hindered from playing at Middle. Graumann's morning concert on Monday, in consequence. We hope in our next, however, to be able announce his perfect restoration to health.

VIVIER.—The great professor of that instrument, so difficult to profess, the greater performer on that instrument more difficult to perform, has returned from his provincial peregrinations, his previously over-laurel-charged brow, now so bedded in laurels—the insignia of ninety additional triumphs, achieved in the course of a three months' tour with the magnanimous Jullien—that the epithet "overhanging," may be applied to his brows, which, intrinsically open and placid, sink under the weight of a thick surcharge of honors, incidental to his recent and brilliant campaign. *Bref*—Vivier is now in London for the season. The fact will not, we opine, be long familiar to the world of *entrepreneurs*, without teeming consequences. What concert, what musical entertainment of any kind, indeed, can be pronounced complete, without the name of Vivier, as a foremost and formidable attraction? In short, no monologue can henceforth succeed, unless it may be made forthwith a dialogue, (or rather, a triologue, quatriologue, or quintalogue—for Vivier plays at discretion *maintes notes à la fois*;) by the addition of the magic of the French philosopher and comist.

MADLE. GRAUMANN'S CONCERT.—The *Matinée Musicale* of this charming and accomplished artist came off at the Beethoven Rooms, on Monday, and was attended by a fashionable audience. The Singers were, Miss Dolby, Madlle. Graumann, Madlle. Rummel; Sig. Marchesi, Herr Mengis, and M. Jules Stockhausen. The Instrumentalists were, Mr. Charles Salaman (piano), Madame D'Eichthal (harp), and Sig. Piatti (violoncello). Herr Ernst, and Mr. Osborne were announced, but were prevented from attending by illness. Madlle. Graumann's solo performances were, an arietta by Biletta, "La Pastorella dell' Alpi," "Life's Seasons," by F. Mori, and two German Songs by Mendelssohn, and Dessauer; all of which she sang with perfect grace and expression, and all were warmly applauded. Madlle. Graumann also joined in a quintet from the *Cosi fan tutte*; in a *preghiera* of Manuel Garcia with Miss Dolby, Madlle. Rummel, and Sig. Marchesi; in two unaccompanied quartets by Mendelssohn with Madlle. Rummel, Herr Mengis, and M. Stockhausen; and with Sig. Marchesi in a duet from *Semiramide*. Madlle. Graumann performed an arduous and important part in the entertainment, but her efforts were always welcome, because always pleasing. Among the other features of the Concert, we must rest satisfied with noticing Miss Dolby's "Nobil Signor," and Sig. Piatti's violoncello solo; both of which were admirable performances. The absence of Ernst was a serious drawback to the entertainment, which, however, passed off with infinite spirit.

THE MIDDLE. ST. MARC.—(From a Correspondent.)—Among the most noticeable features at the Vocal and Instrumental Con-

certs at Sussex Hall, given by Mr. P. Ezekiel, on Monday the 10th inst., was the *debut* of two young ladies, Miss St. Marc, vocalist, and Mdle. E. St. Marc, pianist, both of whom achieved a success on which they may be congratulated, and a career both of profit and honor may be argued for them in the future. Miss St. Marc, who sang in selections from Rossini and Donizetti, displayed to advantage the capabilities and resources of a remarkably fine voice. Her style combines both fire and sweetness—vivacity and grace, all of which are apparent when the first sensations of momentary nervousness were gone. Mdle. E. St. Marc in one of Herz's difficult yet brilliant complications, exhibited a mastery over the piano, that brought down the audience in a round of enthusiastic applause. The former lady as a pupil of Sig. Ronconi, is one of whom her master may be proud, and the latter reflects equal credit upon her teacher, though we are ignorant of his name. The concert was well attended, and in every respect successful.

MR. W. REA'S SOIRÉES.—The last of this series of classical chamber concerts took place in the new Beethoven Rooms on Friday evening, and was decidedly the best of the three, introducing several features of interest. Mozart's quartett in E flat, by Mr. W. Rea (pianoforte), Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), Mr. Hill (viola), and Mr. Hancock (violoncello), was performed in a very admirable manner, each movement being invested with its peculiar character. Beethoven's sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, by Messrs. W. Rea and H. C. Cooper, was also an excellent performance. The *scherzo* was encored. The sonata in C sharp minor, for pianoforte solo, by the same composer, was executed by Mr. W. Rea in a brilliant style, especially the last movement, which was given with such spirit and decision as to call down the loudest applause. Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Messrs. W. Rea, H. C. Cooper, and Hancock was not a less unexceptionable performance. The *scherzo* was delightfully played and the last movement took every one by surprise; the body of tone produced from the three instruments was quite immense. It would have been encored if it had not been for the lateness of the evening. Herr Brandt sang "In Beglia" and "Zuleika auf Fluglen des Gesanges" with taste, and Miss M. Williams Mozart's "Io ti lascio," and Reissiger's "Lovely Clouds" in her own quiet and charming manner; the latter was encored. Miss Watson, a pupil of Mr. T. H. Tomlinson, made a very successful *debut* on this occasion, and sang the German *lied*, by Abt, "When the swallows fly towards home," with feeling and true sentiment, receiving the warmest applause. This young lady, whose appearance is much in her favour, possesses a *soprano* voice of great richness, with sweet and bell like quality of tone; when she has overcome the timidity natural to a *debutante* we have little doubt that she will make rapid and solid progress; and her voice, with increased experience, will, of course, gain strength and firmness. The rooms were crowded by a discriminating audience whose applause was not less just than liberal. We congratulate Mr. W. Rea on the success of his soirées, which have been among the best of the season.

MR. KIALLMARK'S SECOND SOIRÉE took place in the New Beethoven Rooms, on Monday, before a fashionable audience. Beethoven's Trio in C minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Messrs. Kiallmark, Molique, and De Munck, was performed with much effect, particularly the slow movement and finale, which were loudly applauded. Miss E. Birch and Miss Pyne sang a duet of Mendelssohn very agreeably, and Miss Pyne, in Mendelssohn's "In questa tomba" was warmly appreciated. Mr. Grattan Cooke performed a fantasia on the oboe, with his usual skill and good taste, and was favourably received. Mr. Kiallmark played Thalberg's well-known *Andante* in D flat, and Kullak's brilliant *mercedu* on the scena from *Der Freischutz*, in a highly effective manner; the latter, especially, exhibiting his mechanism to great advantage. Miss E. Birch sang "Voi che sapete," and Herr Kroff, Beethoven's "Adelaide," with feeling. Few vocalists are better versed in this kind of music than Herr Kroff. The second part began with one of Mendelssohn's grand Duets for pianoforte and violoncello, by Messrs. Kiallmark and De Munck, which was the great point in the concert, and drew forth loud bursts of applause. A fantasia for violin, by Herr Molique, was executed by the composer with the most refined expression and the utmost delicacy of bowing. "The

Midshipman's Star," by Miss E. Birch, received much applause, as also did, "She shines before me like a star," by Miss Pyne. The concert concluded with a selection of studies by Chopin, Döhler, and Thalberg, played with the utmost efficiency, and a well calculated variety of effect by Mr. Kiallmark, whose familiarity with the works of the most celebrated composers could not have been more strikingly exemplified. The audience were loud in the expression of their applause. The performance gave general satisfaction.

MR. CHARLES MÜHLENFELDT'S first Soirée was given on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst. Mr. Mühlentfeldt was assisted in the instrumental part by Messrs. Sainton (violin), and Rousselot (violoncello). Miss Dolby was the vocalist. Beethoven's Trio in D major, with which the concert began, was performed in a brilliant style, and Mr. Mühlentfeldt's execution of two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne worte*, Nos. 1 and 3 of the seventh book, and the *andante* with variations, one of Mendelssohn's posthumous works, was much admired. Beethoven's Sonata in G major, No. 3. Op. 30, for pianoforte and violin, by Messrs. Mühlentfeldt and Sainton, was performed in excellent style, both as regards expression and brilliancy, and greatly applauded. Mr. Mühlentfeldt also played three new compositions of his own, "Le Desir," *Melodie expressive*, a study, and a *Scherzo Fantastico*, the last of which shewed to advantage the pianist's lightness of touch and brilliancy of execution; and was most warmly received by the audience. Miss Dolby sang two well written songs by Mr. Mühlentfeldt, "When the heart wearies," and "The Village Bells" (M.S.), in her usual accomplished style. The concert terminated with Mozart's Fantasia, for the pianoforte in F minor, for two performers, by Messrs. Aguilar and Mühlentfeldt, with the utmost energy and precision. Miss Dolby also sang Mozart's "Quando Miro," the most perfect piece of vocalism we have heard in a concert-room for a long time. In addition to the performances above mentioned, Mr. Mühlentfeldt played two preludes and fugues of Bach.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The sixth monthly concert took place on Wednesday evening, when, owing to the inclement weather, there was a less crowded attendance than usual, although the programme provided by Mr. Hullah was one of more than ordinary interest and variety. The "Credo" from Bach's Mass in B minor, a long and elaborate composition, was creditably performed, taking its enormous difficulties into consideration, which would baffle the most experienced conductor, and the most efficient executants in the world. The vocal solos were entrusted to Mdle. Graumann, Miss Kearns, and Signor Marchesi. Mdle. Graumann and Signor Marchesi were very perfect in the trying music they had to sing, the gentleman especially, who produced a legitimate effect in an air with two oboes obligato, which were exceedingly well played, that for the oboe *d'amore* (or low oboe), by Mr. Nicholson more particularly. The "Credo" was followed by an "Offertorium," the composition of a rising and talented English musician, Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam, the son of the eminent actress, which was remarkably well sung by Mrs. Endersohn and encored. The Offertory, though perhaps a little too theatrical in style, is exceedingly melodious and graceful, admirably written for the voice, and instrumented for the orchestra, with great fancy and skill, and its success will, we trust, act as a beneficial stimulus to Mr. Fitzwilliam in his arduous pursuit of his studies. Mozart's magnificent motet, "Pulvis et Cinis," in which Signor Marchesi took the bass solos, was a great treat. Though less elaborate it was, in our opinion, more impressive than the choral specimens from Bach's Mass. The second act of Gluck's *Orfeo*, a masterpiece from first to last, (the recitatives and airs of Orfeo sung with great taste by Mdle. Graumann) and a selection, choral, orchestral and solo vocal, from *Oberon*, in which the principal voice parts were executed by Mdle. Graumann, Miss Kearns, Mrs. Endersohn, and Mr. Herbert, completed the selection. We should really be delighted, once in a way, to hear the overture to *Oberon* taken at such a pace as to render the violin passages possible, which has not been the case for some years past. Mr. Hullah, however appears to entertain the same notions about this overture of which we have complained in other conductors. At the next concert, among other curious items, Mr. Hullah announces a new Sacred Work by Rossini, and two compositions by M. Gounod of Paris.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.—The second on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Rooms, was even better than the first; which is saying a great deal, but not too much. The performances began with Mozart's quiet and delicious trio, in E flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, which was played with a due appreciation of its character, united to a rare delicacy of execution, by Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Lazarus, and Dando. Mr. Bennett then introduced three pieces of his own, the first of which, a *Tema con variazioni*, (op. 31), was new to his audience, while the two last, the Romance, called "Genevieve," and the "Rondo Piacevole" are old and familiar favourites, which possess the quality of engaging the constancy of their admirers, who never grow tired of their company. It is enough to say of the first, that it is worthy of association with those, now for the first time, its companions. The audience would seem to be of our opinion, since they applauded the new comer and the old friends with equal warmth. Miss Dolby next afforded an agreeable variety by the exquisite manner in which she gave Handel's recitative and aria "Aure deh per pietà;" and the first part of the concert concluded with a very fine performance of Beethoven's Grand Sonata for pianoforte and violin, in C minor, by Mr. Bennett and Herr Molique. The second part included the trio of Mendelssohn, (No. 1), in D minor, by Messrs. Bennett, Molique, and Lucas, whose performance was worthy of the music; W. H. Holmes's elegant song, "The Blind Flower Girl," charmingly sung by Miss Dolby, and accompanied by the composer; Beethoven's variations in C major, for four hands, rendered in a masterly style by Messrs. W. H. Holmes and (Bennett; and some of the *Lieder* *Ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn in E, book 2; in A minor, book 3; and E major, book 6; which Mr. Bennett played with that perfect expression and neatness of execution that render his performance of these exquisite trifles *unique*. Being encored in the latter, Mr. Bennett returned to his place at the piano, and played the "Veneziana," in A minor, book 6, and the "Spring Song," from book 5, which did not please less.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Cure of a Bad Leg of more than sixty years' standing.—Mr. Barker, of No. 5, Graham's Place, Drypool, near Hull, had ulcers on his leg from the age of 18 until upwards of 80, and although for many years he had sought the first advice in the country, nothing was found to cure them. He often suffered excruciating pain for long periods together, which incapacitated him from attending to his business. He had given up all hopes of getting a cure, when at last he was persuaded to try Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he did, and however wonderful it may appear, the leg was thoroughly healed by their means, and by continuing to use the Pills alone after his leg was well, he has become in health so hale and hearty as now to be more active than most men of fifty. N.B.—The truth of this extraordinary statement can be vouched for by Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, 22, Market Place, Hull. Feb. 20th, 1850.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Coco Bay	Contracted and	Lumbago	Scurvy
Bad Breasts	Chiego-foot	Stiff Joints	Piles	Sore-heads
Burns	Chilblains	Elephantiasis	Rheumatism	Tumours
Bunions	Chapped hands	Fistulas	Scalds	Ulcers
Bite of Mosche-	Corns (Soft)	Gout	Sore Nipples	Wounds
toes and Sand-	Cancers	Glandular Swell-	Sore-throats	Yaws
Flies		ing	Skin-diseases	

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilised World. In Pots and boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot or Box.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA
beg most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the Season of 1851, will commence on SATURDAY next, MARCH 23.

The Directors have great gratification in presenting to their Subscribers a Programme for the Fifth Season of the Royal Italian Opera, well calculated, as they trust, to sustain the reputation of an Establishment, which, whether the talent of its individual members, or its general excellence and completeness as a whole be considered, is certainly unrivalled by any similar undertaking.

During the Four past Seasons the most strenuous exertions of the originators, the Directors, and the Artistes of The Royal Italian Opera, encouraged by a generous patronage, have been enlisted in the formation and perfection of this great undertaking, and the present Managers have not only the satisfaction of placing at the command of their Subscribers a most complete Lyrical Establishment; but, feeling confident of its undoubted superiority, anticipate the additional gratification during the extraordinary season of 1851, of entertaining a succession of Audiences assembled from all portions of the civilized World.

To meet these circumstances, the Directors have made arrangements not only to produce several Operas entirely new to their Subscribers, but also for the entertainment of the Strangers who may honour the Theatre with their presence, to give each of the grandest works of the Royal Italian Opera Répertoire, at least once during the Season.

This Répertoire now consists of THIRTY-THREE OPERAS, each of which is complete in itself, with Music, Scenery, Decorations, and Costumes, and capable of Representation at a few hours' notice.

SEMIRAMIDE	Rossini.
LA DONNA DEL LAGO	Rossini.
L'ITALIANI IN ALGERI,	Rossini.
IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA,	Rossini.
LA GAZZA LADRA,	Rossini.
IL TANCREDI,	Rossini.
LA CENERENTOLA,	Rossini.
GUGLIELMO TELL,	Rossini.
MOSE IN EGITTO (ZORA),	Rossini.
OTELLO,	Rossini.
FRANCA,	Verdi.
I DUE FOSCARI,	Verdi.
NABUCCO (ANATO),	Verdi.
NORMA,	Belini.
LA SONNAMBULA,	Belini.
I PURITANI,	Belini.
I CAPULETTI E MONTECCHI,	Belini.
LES HUGUENOTS,	Meyerbeer.
ROBERT LE DIABLE,	Meyerbeer.
LE PROPHETE,	Meyerbeer.
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,	Donizetti.
L'ELISIR D'AMORE,	Donizetti.
LUCREZIA BORGIA,	Donizetti.
ANNA BOLENA,	Donizetti.
MARIA DI ROHAN,	Donizetti.
LA FAVORITA,	Donizetti.
LINDA DI CHAMOUNI,	Donizetti.
DON GIOVANNI,	Mozart.
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,	Mozart.
MASANIELLO,	Auber.
IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO,	Cimarosa.
LA JUIVE,	Halevy.
DER FREISCHUTZ,	Weber.

During the present Season of the following Eight Operas, Five (at least) will be produced, viz. :—

A NEW OPERA, ... AUBER.
(Founded on Auber's New Grand Opera, l'Enfant Prodigue, now performing with uninterrupted success, at the Académie Royale, at Paris.)

SAPPHO, ... GOUNOD.
(A Grand New Opera, composed expressly for Madame VIARDOT, and about to be produced at the Académie Royale, at Paris.)

IL FLAUTO MAGICO, ... MOZART.
(For the first time at the Royal Italian Opera.)

Just published, the First and Second Parts, in 4to. uniformly bound in cloth, Price 14s. each. TREATISE ON THE

THEORY & PRACTICE OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

By G. W. RÖHNER.

THE First Part contains an exposition of scales and intervals; of the fundamental consonant and dissonant chords; and of the other various harmonic combinations which enter into the musical system: it treats of cadences; of transition and modulation; of rhythmic and tonal structure; of passing-notes and appoggiatura; and of the adaptation of music to words. The practice is shown by copious examples, which include some elaborate compositions—amongst them a double chorus in eight real parts. Numerous exercises are given for the student's practice, and a Key to them accompanies the book.

The Second Part treats entirely of CONTRAPPOINT. The student is instructed in that system which admits the use of those intervals only which belong to the diatonic series of the two modes and prohibits all dissonances except such as arise through suspensions; and passing-notes: he is at the same time made acquainted with those modifications of the system required to meet the introduction of chromatic progressions and fundamental dissonances, the essential properties of contrapuntal composition being still preserved. The text is copiously exemplified; several of the examples are adapted to words: the part concludes with a double quartet for voices. Conciseness has in each part been aimed at, not, however, at the expense of any details that might be useful to either the teacher or the student.

N.B. Very favourable notices of the work have appeared in most of the leading metropolitan journals—The Eclectic Review, Art Journal, Magazine of Science, Literary Gazette, Critic, Morning Post, Morning Herald, Court Journal, Bell's Life, Weekly Chronicle, Weekly News, Sunday Times, Weekly Dispatch, Illustrated London News, &c., &c.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.

LES MARTYRS,	DONIZETTI.
(A Grand Opera, composed expressly for the Académie Royale, in Paris, for the first time in England.)		
EURYANTHE,	WEBER.
(For the first time in England.)		
LA VESTALE,	SPONTINI.
(For the first time at the Royal Italian Opera.)		
FIDELIO,	BEETHOVEN.
(For the first time on the Italian Stage in England.)		
FAUST,	SPOHR.
(For the first time in England.)		

The New Operas, *IL PRIMO* and *SAPPHO*, are the exclusive Property of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera, and will both be produced during the Season.

The ENGAGEMENTS for the present season are:—

SOPRANI.
Madame GRISI,
Madame CASTELLAN,
Mademoiselle GIUSEPPINA MORRA,
(Her first appearance in England.)
And Madame VIARDOT.

CONTRALTII.
Mademoiselle VINTALE,
(Her first appearance in England.)
And Mademoiselle ANGRI,
(Her first appearance these two years.)

SECONDA DONNA.
Mademoiselle COTTI.

TENORI.
Signor ENRICO MARALTI, Signor LUIGI MELI,
Signor SOLDI, And Signor TAMBERLIK.

BASSI BARITONI.
Signor RONCONI, Signor ROMMI,
And Signor SALVATORE,
(From the San Carlo at Naples, and the Grand Opera at Barcelona, his first appearance in England.)

BASSI PROFONDI.
Herr FORMES, Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Signor POLONINI, Signor GREGORIO,
Signor FERRARI, Signor RACHE,
And Signor BIANCHI,
(From the Royal Italian Opera at Berlin, his first appearance in England.)

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor,
Mr. COSTA.

THE ORCHESTRA
Will, as heretofore, be complete in all its branches.

THE MILITARY BAND will be under the superintendence of
Mr. GODFREY.

THE CHORUS will exhibit the same efficiency and perfection as heretofore.

The performance of Ballets will be limited to short Divertissements, and those incidental to Operas, as last Season.

Maitre de Ballet—M. ALEXANDRE. Prompter—Sig. MONTERASI.

Première Danseuse—Mademoiselle LOUISA TAGLIONI.

Artiste Costumiers—Mrs. E. BAILEY and MADAME MARIO.

Decorator—Mr. BLAMIRE. Machinist—Mr. ALLEN.

Scenic Artistes—Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

Boxes and Stalls may be engaged, and full particulars obtained, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open from 11 until 5 o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that this THEATRE WILL OPEN

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), MARCH 22ND,

When will be performed Donizetti's Opera, entitled

"LUCIA DE LAMMERMOOR;"

in which Mdle. CAROLINE DUPREZ will make her first appearance.

To be followed by a New and Original

"BALLET A LA WATTEAU,"

Composed by M. Paul Taglion; the Music by M. Nadaud; the scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall; in which

MDLLE. AMALIA FERRARI WILL APPEAR.

The Grand Opera of
"GUSTAVUS"
is in active preparation.

The part of Madame Ankerstrom will be supported by Madame FIORENTINI.
The part of Oscar, by Mdle. CAROLINE DUPREZ; and Signor CALZOLARI will sustain the part of Gustavus.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3 Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 22, 1851.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

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PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

THE year 1851 appears likely to benefit all the world, one solitary class of individuals excepted—the English musicians. For them it presents, alas! the dreary blank of ordinary years. For them the Great National Exhibition will be an empty show, so far as their own interests are concerned. The Crystal Palace will display before their envying eyes the prosperity of their compatriots, in almost every vocation, the industry and success of foreign manufacturers and artists. But in vain may they look for a corner in the big fair, with which their special welfare and progress are in any way connected.

The English musician came into the world under an evil star. Had we our Cornelius Agrippa at hand, we would take the first that presented himself, and, drawing his horoscope, prove, beyond question, that the position of the heavens was menacing at the instant of his birth. Why is it that in the other musical cities of Europe, native musicians are patronised by the great, courted by the managers and *entrepreneurs*, paid by the publishers, praised by the critics, and applauded by the public? And why in England should this be all the other way? Where transcendent merit exists, country must

be forgotten, genius apostrophised and rewarded; but, in the article of sheer mediocrity, why should we not copy the French, and support our own? The French have their anybodies and nobodies, whom they applaud and enrich. We, too, have our anybodies and nobodies, whom we discourage and leave to starve. The French are likely to be possessed shortly of a Gounod, and the trumpet of prophecy already begins to blow in his behalf. We, too, might have a Gounod, by consulting the directory, and selecting the first obscure musician who has a heap of untried manuscripts in his portfolio; but no trumpet would be blown, no dramatic vocalist would take him by the hand, no literary journal would pronounce him a Beethoven. Here, but now, was Mr. Charles Horsley, with *David*, an oratorio, which was given at Exeter Hall, before 2000 persons, and applauded unanimously. Mr. Horsley had been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Sudlow, of Liverpool, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Frederick Davison, of London, who did for him what our readers already know. But all to no purpose. A writer of accredited weight places a stone in a sling, and aims it at Mr. Horsley's *David*. Reversing the order of Scripture, where David deals the buffet, the Goliath of reviewers slays the dwarf musician, who in vain had struck his harp strings, which found no echo in the heart of the giant; that is, he would have slain him, but, as chance ruled it, the stone fell short of the mark, and *David* is still alive, and at Liverpool. In simple English, we conscientiously believe, that had M. Gounod, or some other alien, but especially M. Gounod, been the composer of *David*, that oratorio would have been extolled to the skies. True, Mr. Horsley is an imitator of Mendelssohn, or rather belongs to the school of Mendelssohn, as a painter might belong to that of Titian or Raphael, without fear of reprehension; while M. Gounod, on the contrary, does not imitate Mendelssohn, and belongs to no school whatever, his compositions (at least, those we have heard), declaring plainly that their author has never undergone the discipline of tutoring. So that it is quite fair to say, "Mr. Horsley copies Mendelssohn;" but, with deference, we advise M. Gounod to try his hand, and see what he can make of it. We are satisfied that M. Gounod could no more write eight bars in the style of Mendelssohn than he could note down a score with the hairs of his moustache. And yet M. Gounod is a great man, and Mr. Horsley a nonentity!

In any other country than England a society like the Sacred Harmonic would have waited on Mr. Horsley, incessant, and asked permission to execute his *David* at one of their

concerts. But here Mr. Horsley might just as reasonably expect his Royal Highness Prince Albert to call upon him at his chambers, with the expressed intention of trying the overture with him, *à quatre mains*, as that one of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society should give any manifest signs of being aware that such a work as *David* was in existence. What is it to the Sacred Harmonic Society that an Englishman has composed an oratorio? Nothing. Why, indeed, should it be anything?—and what can a “*merus anglicus*” know of music, that he should presume to attempt an oratorio? A writer in the *Times* complains that we have no *school* of music in England. We agree with him; but it is not altogether the fault of the Royal Academy, although that institution might have done much that it has left undone. It is the fault of our own professors, who, split into adverse factions, allow the enemy to handle them separately, and break them like the sticks in the fable. The Society of British Musicians was a mere shadow of unity, or rather the shadow of a shadow. It was a cricket-ground, on which every boy wanted to have first innings, and he who was fitted for long-stop would insist on being middle-wicket—*et ceteris paribus*! The whole business was a farce, and the public visited it with well digested apathy. It died of its own impotence, and sunk into oblivion.

It is not simply *esprit de corps* that our musicians want. They lack, in a great measure, self-esteem, the pride of country, and a pure love of art. We grieve to utter it, but too many things have gone to prove it, and every day confirms it with fresh argument. English musicians should be glad of the successes of English musicians—should aid and abet them in person. Instead of this, one half of the body does not know what the other half is doing, or capable of doing—and which is worse, does not care. This is sad, but it is true, and until mended, there can be no hope for English musicians. So long as, disunited and indifferent to each other's welfare, our professors allow themselves to be sneered at, or coughed out of their proper places, so long will their position be deplorable to themselves and a shame to their country. Let them unite, hands and hearts, and all will go well. We heard a rumour, the other day, about Mr. Ella and a club; but the intelligent director of the Musical Union seems to have gone to sleep, or to have let the project slip from his memory. Something of the kind would be a good first step.

English musicians, awake and bestir yourselves! You have no lyrical theatre, comic, serious, or mixed. You have no orchestral or vocal institution, since the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies are both shut against you. You have no publishers, since you will not make use of each other's music, and the publishers, small blame to them, decline to purchase it. You have no club, since you are scattered about in this overgrown metropolis, without a central point of social union, where you might occasionally meet and discuss your hopes and grievances. You have talent, you have numbers, and you have the public and the great Press with you; but, unless you diligently combine to turn your numbers into

strength, and use your talent to good purpose, the public will take no note of you, and the Press, with the best of good wishes, can have nothing to say in your defence. The days of Protection are counted. A *lasy* musician has no more right to claim exclusive privileges, and a home-made shield against foreign industry and foreign skill, than a *lasy* agriculturist. Look about you then, in right earnest, English musicians, (Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Manx and all),—look about you; meet together, concoct a scheme, mature it, publish it, and launch it on the waves of action. If you will not do this yourselves, no one will do it for you, and you must be content to remain as you are—without grumbling, mind, and without a plea for grumbling. When you hear that the Oratorio of your clever brother, Horsley, is *not even a composition*, while the “*Sanctus*” of your dull neighbour, Gounod, is a phenomenon, you must take it for good and for granted. This, and much more, must you hear, and hear without resenting; for what right have you to feel insulted who lack the energy to establish your claims to respect? “The labourer is worthy of his hire”—Union is strength—let these be your mottos; illustrate them in performance, and you may stand erect, and defy the world.

MILITARY BANDS.

We have elsewhere inserted a letter from Mr. Godfrey, in which that gentleman protests against the fairness of a certain passage in the article on the Royal Italian Opera prospectus, which appeared last week. We have the highest respect for Mr. Godfrey's talent, and for the position he deservedly enjoys; but he has entirely mistaken the meaning of our words. We deny any intention of recommending the dismissal of individual performers from his military band, and we are quite aware that all clarionets are not in C. Our observations were simply directed against a particular clarionet, and a particular ophicleide (the instruments, be it understood, not the players) which, in the supper scene of *Don Giovanni*, were always disagreeably out of tune. On referring to the article, we cannot find anything that may be forced into an expression of disrespect towards Mr. Godfrey or his executants; but should Mr. Godfrey think otherwise, we beg most promptly to disavow every idea of the sort. The motto Mr. Godfrey cites was that of the *Musical Examiner*, which first appeared when the *Musical World* was already in its 12th volume. We trust, however, to be able to dispense “Fair play to all,” without displaying the words, over-head, as a banner.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opening of this great lyric establishment is postponed from to-night to Thursday next, when *Semiramide* will be given, with the imperial Grisi in her grand part of the Assyrian queen, Angri in that of Arsace (her best assumption), and Salvatore, the celebrated barytone, his first appearance before an English audience, as Assur. The performance will have an engrossing interest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday evening the season—that is, the Opera season—that is, the Italian Opera season—that is, Mr. Lumley's Italian Opera season, began to good purpose. We say to good purpose, because the opening night was such a one as recalled that coruscating period, when triumphs were manifold and success common; when Lord Blank dined at five, and the Opera was not merely the Opera, but as great a necessity to Lady Blank as her perennial routs, her green-tea conversaziones, and her hybernal trips to the country, where the sun, behind its accustoming cloud—veiled like some beauty, half afraid to kill with the undisguised flashings of her eye, who envelopes her countenance in a screen of lace, that, ambush-wise, she may slay without being seen, until they who are hit cry out, "*Quel accident!*"—where the sun thus shrouded, at Cheltenham or at Bath, in November or December, bides, drinking his own waters, drawn from his own pump, the fog!

As announced, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was presented, with a feature of great and novel interest, in the person of the young lady who represented the heroine. The night, as we have hinted, was a brilliant one. Belles and beaux blazed in the boxes, especially belles. These, by the studied *punctilio* of their attire, and the rise or rather fall of their *juste au corps*, leaving fuller freedom to the glowing *epaulette* of woman's Order of Merit, (in the acquirement whereof Beauty stands for valour, and a *Damoiselle* must be as comely as a *Damoiseau* courageous,) seemed determined to put to shame the impertinent amber curtains—those amber curtains which, for six long years, had waged a cruel war against the sex, casting a garish hue of tawdry over their dresses, kissing their arms with jaundiced lips which shrivelled their satin smoothness, quenching with derisive darkness and fitful glare the sparkle of their eyes, until, "in effect," dandies dived circularly in the Alley of the Fop, lounged lazily in the lobby, sate sluggishly in the stalls (where, supposing dancers to be stars, astronomers would pitch pavilions, and contemplate with curious telescopes), and scarce an opera-glass was elevated to the grand or upper tiers, scarce a foot directed to the box-encircling lobbies, scarce a shilling tendered to the eager functionary, who, with anxious key, stood tip-toe in expectancy, to open the chosen box where beauty moped in solitude, while the deserted dames, who sat in yellow, rated the ungallantry of the times, quoted "Sir Charles Grandison," bemoaned their fate, and cursed their curtains. But, on Saturday night, although the amber hangings were still there, whether the sex had surpassed itself in the exhibition of that art of dress which it knows so cunningly to use, whether the "Executive Committee, Directors, and Managers" of the Grand National Concerts had brushed away the gold by force of symphony (Hieronymus Cardanus, and other occult philosophers, have declared that sound has an influence upon colour—and why not upon yellow?), or whether Mr. Lumley, on his ladder of supervision, eyeing the work of renovation in his theatre, directed the dyers to steep the hangings in a milder dye, we know not; but we know that the amber curtains looked less like the concentrated essence of sun-flowers and sovereigns, and the ladies looked softer and less sad, while a smile of meek forgiveness played upon each pouting mouth, insinuating to the careful observer that, in every box, a cavalier, restored to his allegiance, though unseen by the general crowd, hung languishing at beauty's beck. On the other hand, however, had the beaux been desirous of deserting their belles for a while, to prostrate themselves *ab retro* in the stalls, lured by the legs that twinkle in the dance, their *dé-marche* would have been frustrated, since the stalls, already

full, showed not a vacant seat, and, unbuckled of their ardour, the diverging dangles would fain have had to seek new refuge at the abandoned back of beauty's box. This overthrows our theory, just above, as demonstrating that the beaux, having no choice of place, could claim no virtue in choosing what left not an alternative; but it establishes another, prophesying in brighter colours the prosperous "to come" which 1851 is likely to inveigle to Her Majesty's Theatre; and so enough, for the present, *de sole et luna et astris*, of beau, and matron, and belle. Is not the rest to be found in the records of the *Post* and *Chronicle*? Surely our task is to note down the events of the performance.

Lucia di Lammermoor is not a new work, and we defy even the "Thucydides of the Opera," as the philosophic humorist of the *Herald* quaintly styles the scribe who set forth, in eager prose (or, as Vivier would say, in rhyme *étonné de se trouver prose*), the story of the ballet, to say anything new about it. The music, even when Donizetti first composed it, although sentimental, tender, and pretty, was not over new; how then should it be so now? The favour so long enjoyed by this opera, which some regard as the *chef d'œuvre* of the tall and dark Donizetti, has been due, for the most part, to the celebrated singers and actors who, respectively and at various periods, have sustained the three principal parts of *Lucia*, Edgardo, and Enrico. A long list of gifted *cantatori* and *cantatrici* is herein contained—Rubini, Moriani (when Moriani), Mario and Sims Reeves (our British Sims); Persiani, Castellan, and Jenny Lind; Tamburini and Ronconi, not to speak of Coletti; and last not least, except in stature, Duprez, the pillar of French dramatic vocalism, and the parent from whose loins has sprung the fair child, who, on Saturday night, before the perfumed and particular *parterre* of Her Majesty's Theatre, invested the part of *Lucia* with a new and a youthful glory, and won a fresh triumph for Donizetti's ten-times fortunate *chef d'œuvre*—Caroline Duprez, Unproud, or, peradventure, unconscious of her recent successes in the metropolis of hostile Gaul (now amicable, pending the Exhibition), where she chained the gloved and scented lions submissive at her feet, making them fetters of their locks, as *Dalilah* for *Samson*—unconscious or, perchance, forgetful of these, the young creature stepped forth in the fountain scene, modestly and timidly, as a dove persuaded from its cote by gentle words, who, with meek eyes and downy plumage, regards its tempter wistfully, as if it would say—"Shall I be protected or hurt, caressed or maimed, fed with soft pellets or plucked of my plumes?" Even when assured of the benevolent and unharmed intentions of the jewelled and gibused assembly, expressed in enthusiastic cheers and clapping of palms, the gentle girl did not feel altogether reassured or free from apprehension, but opened her innocent lips with somewhat of nervousness, to give passage to the first few notes of recitative which preface the *cavatina d'intrata*, "*Perche non ho.*" A "still small voice," but yet a still soft voice was heard, as of that tender *Peri* at the gates of the erst-offended but now forgiving Heaven, who petitions, by virtue of a sinner's tear, to have her name restored to the celestial free list (*Lalla Rookh*). There was a tremor in her tones, as though the soft breeze of a lately awakened emotion had gently bestirred the bright green leaves of her aspirations; but there was no evidence of the wavering intonation so often the accompaniment of nervousness in *debutantes*. It was the vibrating of the *Æolian* harp, or the tremulousness of water-lilies on the bosom of a smooth stream. No sooner, however, was she launched into the flowing melodies of the *cavatina*, than the true quality of *Mdlle. Duprez'* voice was rendered unmistakably apparent. "A *soprano*, and a pure *soprano*," was the general exclamation.

tion of the *cognoscenti*—not large, strong, piercing, and vigorous as in sopranos robust; but small, tender, fluty, *sympatica* (Thucydides) and heart touching, with notes here and there high up, that suggested the sky-lark, and notes here and there, lower down, that suggested the nightingale. The pretensions of her voice established, every eye was directed to the person of the *debutante*—an incarnation, as it were, of youth in its most engaging semblance. Nothing Gaelic could possibly be prettier (no offence to Catherine Hayes, who is known to be one of our idols), nothing Gaelic could more strongly appeal to the hearty sentiment of the mass. We shall say no more on this head. Not being limners, who shall expect minute delineation of features at our pens? The salient characteristics of Mdle. Duprez' style of vocalization are extreme neatness, graceful choice of ornament, rounded periods, expression without excess of accent, or redundancy in the use of the *rubato*, perfect taste in the licenses of the *point d'orgue*, clear articulation of the words, and combined ease and finish of execution—which admirable qualities may fairly be traced to the inestimable advantages she must naturally have derived from the instructions of her father, M. Duprez. We need not enter into an analysis of her manner of singing the "*Perche non ho*," although it presented several new features, upon which, were we in a critical mood, or in the humour of elaboration, we might feathily fasten. Let it suffice that Mdle. Duprez accomplished this test of Italian vocability in a mistress-like fashion; nor was there any reason to plead seventeen springs in extenuation of unfinished achievement, points of inexperienced scholarship, or, indeed, any shortcomings whatever. It was a brilliant piece of execution, and the only thing it wanted, physical force, will certainly be attained when coming summers shall have knit the frame, expanded the chest, ripened the form, matured the voice, and developed the resources, mental and corporeal, of this most charming bud of promise, which (or we are no seers, no sayers of sooth) shall one day be a full rose of glowing hue, fragrant odour, and rich embowerage of petals.

Mdle. Duprez' qualifications as an actress were, of course, unhinted at, until that passage, which may be considered (because it actually is) the point whereon the fortunes of Lucy and the sad catastrophe of the drama turn—the passage where Enrico shows his sister the letter. Here, the demeanour of the interesting stranger indicated deep feeling and an intelligent appreciation of the *rôle* (Thucydides). When signing the contract, Mdle. Duprez entered with a profound sentiment, entirely undefaced by exaggeration, into the histrionic conditions of the scene, making the situation one rather of tearful despair and quiet resignation than a convulsive struggle between still-enduring love and resolute will, adopting in this, and not unreasonably, we think, the reading of Persiani and the Italians, instead of that of Jenny Lind and the Germans—neither of which, by the way, fulfil Sir Walter's notion of his own heroine, however they may square with what is "evolved" (Thucydides) from the dramatic version of Donizetti's librettist. Her execution of the grand *scena* in the mad scene, and, above all, the *aria* with which it concludes, "*Spargi d'amaro pianto*," was Mdle. Duprez' greatest vocal triumph during the evening. With the exception of a *cadenza* introducing the last *reprise* of the rondo—out of place, since it did not accommodate itself to the harmony of the composer, and which we recommend her to omit for the future—the whole was as faultless as it was a charming example of expressive and brilliant singing, and we were not surprised at the enthusiasm of the audience from pit to gallery, or at the unanimous recall, thrice reiterated with triple-throated vehemence, which thrice brought back the gentle

daughter of a renowned father to be trebly made aware of the approbation of her delighted hearers. So much for the present of Mdle. Duprez, whose success surpassed the most sanguine wishes of her friends and admirers, even, we make bold to say, of the director himself, and who appears to-night in a new part, Oscar, the page, in Auber's *Gustave III*.

What we have to say of the other artists of the *dramatis personæ* must be compressed into a very few words. Calzolari, that excellent, and florid, and zealous, and always perfect singer—Calzolari, the chosen *tenore di bravura* of M.M. Fétis and Lumley, although he sang to perfection at the rehearsal, and although, contrary to the somewhat anomalous sentiments of some of our contemporaries, the part of Edgardo is precisely suited to his powers—and that it is not essentially the property of a *tenore robusto*, witness Rubini and Mario, whose versions of the part were infinitely preferable to that of Frascini, the man after Verdi's own heart, the "*tenore di maledizione*" (Thucydides)—Calzolari did not in the evening do himself justice, owing to a circumstance which may be stated in a few words. On the day of performance Calzolari was arrested with a violent attack of influenza, and, as might be expected, under the gripe of that merciless malady, was unable to develop his resources to advantage. We think, in justice to such a clever and well-tried artist, that Mr. Lee, the ready and eloquent apologist of the establishment, should have been instructed by Mr. Balfe to step forward and explain to the audience the sufferings under which their favourite, Signor Calzolari, was labouring; instead thereof, the audience were left to their own surmises, which might have been favourable or the contrary, extenuating or inculcating, according to complexion, temperament, and humour. Luckily, Signor Calzolari, though deprived of much of his physical force, could not be robbed of those qualities of expression and style which belong to his legitimate and purely vocal method; and therefore, though in the *aria* where Edgardo maledicts the suffering Lucia, strength and energy failed him, in all the tender passages, and especially in the famous "*Fra poco*," he exhibited those graces which are so remarkable in his singing, and was applauded *pro tanto*, and that not coldly.

From the other characters let us single out Signor Bianchi (not Bianchi), who, in Bidebent, exhibited a bass voice of agreeable quality and a good method of singing. Still let us own we see no just cause or reason why this part should have been taken from Frederick Lablache, who has always filled it so much to the satisfaction of the manager, the subscribers, and the public.

Signor Romagnoli, a newly imported tenor, in the little character of Arturo, showed a tall, commanding figure, and transposed his solo in the *finale* of the second act a note downwards; while Signor Lorenzo gesticulated the part of Enrico in a vehement manner, introducing a quantity of bye-play which no doubt illustrated his own ideas of the part.

Throughout its brilliant career, we never recollect the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* to have passed off with more *eclat* than on Saturday night. This was, of course, owing, in a great measure, to the engrossing interest attached to the *debut* of Mdle. Caroline Duprez, and to the entire success which attended it. But there were also other circumstances conducing to the general effect; and, among them, a more satisfactory completeness of *ensemble* than we have for some time been accustomed to at Her Majesty's Theatre, where the "star" system has absorbed two-thirds of the attention of the management, and weakened the resources of the establishment.

Not a little, however, of the success of the evening was due

to Mr. Balfe; who, besides conducting the performance with his accustomed energy, readiness, and untiring zeal, has entitled himself to the praise of the well-judging, by the manifest improvements he has made in the band and chorus. The improved quality and strength of the latter was made manifest in the grand finale of the second act, and in other principal points. The band, after the opera, or rather after the National Anthem, which followed it, executed Auber's overture to *La Muette de Portici*, with brilliant effect, and obtained genuine and well-deserved applause. The improvement of this powerful instrumental force may be easily imagined when it is known, that besides retaining Piatti, Lavigne, Remusat, Tolbecque, and other artists *de la première force*, the first violins are strengthened by the addition of Herr Laub (principal solist at the Imperial Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna), Herr Deichmann, an artist of well-known talent, Sig. Squassoni (leader of the orchestra at the grand Opera in Parma), M. Bequie de Pegreville (announced—on doubtful authority—as leader of the Italian Opera in Paris), Mr. Viotti Collins, and Herr Labitzky (one of two sons of Labitzky); besides M. Vogel (first tenor at the Grand Opera in Brussels), Messrs. Rowland and Pratten (double-basses from the Royal Italian Opera), and Herr Muller, (double-bass, from the Grand Opera Darmstadt). The weaker parts of the band are to be found among some of the wind instruments (as last season)—not the trombones, which are good, though noisy, nor the ophicleide (from M. Laurent's Casino), which is excellent. Mr. Pratten, by the way, leaves at the opening of Covent Garden.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by all the company, at least all at present in London. The principle verses were sung by Mdle. Duprez, who sings very plain and excellent English, and the charming Mdle. Fiorentini, whose handsome presence was warmly greeted.

We have left ourselves but scant room to do justice to the *ballet* of M. Taglioni, *L'Ile des Amours*, one of the most fanciful and exquisite of that accomplished inventor's creations, and one of the most successful. Let us at once—our own style being somewhat garrulous and redundant where the *ballet* is concerned—avail ourselves of the argument, so daintily set forth in the polished prose of our contemporary, *The Morning Herald* :—

We are transported to the Isle of the Loves, peopled by shepherds and shepherdesses, the dainty Fleurette being the beauty for whom all youths in tights and slashed sleeves sigh. But the elastic Colin has pantomimed himself into the maiden's heart, and the couple are betrothed; when, lo, the governor of the island is smitten like his subjects, with the charms of the fair *bergere*. He pushes aside the lover, and submits himself instead. We do not marvel that he is repulsed with indignation; but we do when he passes, in the fulness of his chagrin, a law against "love," to which he hopes to give a good working effect by sending all the shepherds to one side of the island, and all the shepherdesses to the other. The bride he takes home to his own castle, to be mollified and tempted by the luxuries of wealth. In the interim, Cupid, whose dignity has been insulted by the act of the potentate, lets fly a cloud of amoretts among the shepherdesses, who have no objection to a little contraband recreation with their supernatural visitants. The shepherds, however, have revolted at the imperial edict, and coming *en masse* to the rescue of the shepherdesses, are naturally enraged at the mischief that is going on, and they manage, we know not how, to catch the winged depredators, and imprison them in a cage that must, from its appearance, be made of barley-sugar. The court ladies become—(again we know not how)—the gaolers of the fluttering group; but they succumb to the wiles and artifices of the common enemy, and eventually find themselves in the cage which they had engaged to guard. The arrival of the potentate who rules the island with such strokes of

enlightened legislation is the signal for open war between the royal forces and the troops of Cupid. We are soon in possession of the result; but our own feeble words are unable to do justice to it. Let us quote the Thucydides of the theatre, who closes his narrative of the proceedings with this masterly and suggestive sentence :—"Love," he says, "wins Youth and Beauty from the grasp of Authority, and ascends with them in glowing triumph, leaving his defeated foe such consolation as he may find in the fit society of the courtly forms, which, stiff and gorgeous with brocade and hoop, armed at all points with Powder, Patch, and Fan, rise from all quarters of the dull nether-earth, where Authority is left to rule, as best he may—these his proper subjects."

How all this is realised upon the stage may be readily imagined when we say, that Mr. Marshall has steeped his pencil, as it were, in sunbeams, and drawn *tableaux* one, two, three, and four, of which, had Watteau seen them, he, Watteau, would have been jealous. *Après* of Watteau—whose artificial nature, exhibited in manifold pictures, and *emails*, and chasings, of which the French are unanimously amorous, has been the foundation of M. Taglioni's pretty *ballet*—listen to the oracle of the *Opera Bar*, the smart *brochure*, which, we are pleased to observe, is again distributed in the boxes and stalls, and which is so manifest an improvement on the lean and ancient bill of fare, and which quotes the *Musical World*, a proof of good taste and discrimination; the oracle of the *Opera Bar* will tell you who was Watteau.

Anthony Watteau, one of the most agreeable painters of the French school, was born at Valenciennes, in 1684. His parents were in indigent circumstances, and he was placed with an obscure artist in his native city, to cultivate a talent which manifested itself early. When he was about 16 years old, having already surpassed his preceptor, he connected himself with a scene-painter on his way to Paris, and for some time assisted his associate in decorating the opera-house in that city. When this engagement was completed Watteau found it difficult to rescue himself from the obscurity and embarrassment into which he fell, when happily he became acquainted with Claude Gillot, a painter of grotesque and fabulous subjects, who was pleased with his works and disposition. Gillot afforded him an asylum in his own house, and then instructed him in all he knew of the art, and found an apt agreeable scholar in his *protégé*. With the help he thus received from Gillot, and his own admiration and attentive study of the Luxembourg gallery, he formed a taste for colouring, which, if not as grand, is at least as agreeable, as ever was employed by any one. He attempted to prepare himself for historical painting, and studied at the Academy with that view; he even was so successful as to obtain the first prize there for an historical picture; but happily he discovered a character of subject quite original, and exactly suited to his taste, for which he wisely deserted history, and which has since formed plenty of aspirants, but has never been so successfully practised. The theatre, the opera, *fêtes champêtres*, masquerades, pantomimes, puppet-shows, afforded him his figures; the gardens of the Luxembourg and of the Tuilleries, of Versailles and St. Cloud furnished the scenes. In these nature prevails only in colouring, and that is exquisite, rich, delicate, clear and full; bright without grandness, and deep without blackness; laid on with a freedom, fulness and delicacy of touch, which no one ever surpassed. The true character of Watteau's pictures is French gentility, gay, cheerful, *debonnaire*, of which self-satisfaction is the surest basis. Watteau visited England in the reign of George I., but did not enjoy his health here, and returned to France in about a year, where he died in 1721, at the early age of 37.

Thus was Watteau—a good limner and a zealous.

Mdle. Amalia Ferraris, who was received with the highest marks of favour, has improved, not only as a dancer but as a mimist. Retaining those remarkable qualities of strength, agility, and firmness, which won her such great applause last year, she has acquired a large addition of grace and *legereté*. She looked the Watteau shepherdess charmingly, and her

pantomime all through was very natural and pretty. In the scene where she ridicules the stilted minuet of the antique "grande dame" (admirably represented by Mdle. Petit Stephan), she exhibited a great deal of archness and lively humour. Her *pas de Trebuchet* (in which she was cleverly seconded by the young and improving Mdle. Aussandon) was very piquant, and in her *grand pas de deux* with M. Charles, who throughout the *ballet* is a very squirrel of activity, she introduced some of the most difficult and elaborate of her *tours de force*, with unfailing success. Mdle. Ferraris was continually honoured by the warmest applause, and has risen another step in the estimation of the public.

The two principal "loves" were Mdle. Tedeschi and Mdle. Aussandon, who looked and leaped their parts to admiration. Mdle. Tedeschi is ambitious. Let her not abandon grace for the sake of mere display; let her not forget that the great charm in feats of strength and activity lies in the ease which half conceals their difficulty from the looker on. *Un mot suffit*. M. Gosselin was perfectly bombastic, *rococo*, and amusing, as the amorous governor of the "Isle of Loves," and the subordinate parts were well played by M. M. Venafrà, Gouriet, Ehrick, and Di Mattia. M. Charles has wonderfully improved in his dancing. Nothing now can prevent him from occupying the very highest place in his profession, providing his zeal and enthusiasm continue unabated.

We have already hinted that Mr. Marshall had surpassed himself. Let us add that the costumes were deliciously fresh and gaudily appropriate. In the case of the *Grande Dame*, however, who danced the minuet, as Mdle. Petit Stephan has very good feet, she might advantageously curtail half an inch of her dress, and let the audience have a sight of them. Something would be gained, and nothing marred, by this concession. The machinery worked admirably, and the cage in which the "loves," and then the ladies of the court, were confined, is a pretty fantastical conceit, well carried out. Although a little long, the *ballet* went off with increasing applause, and brought the curtain down triumphantly at a quarter past midnight. *L'Île des Amours*, by the way, is a real *ballet* of action, and we are grateful to M. Taglioni for having made a new attempt to revive this agreeable species of entertainment, which has been gradually disappearing, to make way for mere skeleton frames, in which a *pas seul*, a *pas de deux*, *trois*, or *quatre*, and one or two *pas de caractères* are the prominent figures. We feared, indeed, that the real *ballet* was going out of fashion altogether. M. Taglioni has pleasantly disappointed us, as he did by the way, even more remarkably, in his spirited *Metamorphoses*.

M. Nadaud's music is brilliant, light, varied, and thoroughly *dansante*. There is also, as we have hinted, a fugue in it. True, M. Nadaud has dipped, here and there, into a few of the ballets of the *Académie Royale de Musique et de la Danse*, as it was once called, and may be again; but he has dipped discreetly, and there is much of his own that sparkles with unborrowed light, and loses nothing by comparison. M. Nadaud is a good musician, and knows his business. He conducted the ballet with his usual talent.

And now we have said all we have to say on the opening night of Her Majesty's Theatre. To night Auber's *Gustave* is to be produced, with Mdle. Caroline Duprez as Oscar, and Madame Fiorentini as Madame Ankerstrom; while, last not least, the incomparable Carlotta Grisi will make her *rentrée* in the scene of the masked ball.

MDLLE. CAROLINE DUPREZ.

Our subscribers in the country will doubtless be pleased to read the opinions of some of the metropolitan papers on the

debut of this young and highly promising singer, who, were she nothing more than the daughter of her father, the French Braham, would still be an object of universal interest in the musical world. We are, moreover, glad to be able to show that we do not stand alone in our high opinion of the capabilities of Mdle. Duprez. The *Daily News*, after some preliminary remarks about her birth and parentage, her late success in Paris, her cordial reception on Saturday night, and the agreeable impression produced by her appearance and confirmed during the progress of the opera, thus criticises her vocal and histrionic merits.

"Mdle. Duprez is not one of those who carry an audience by storm. She is very young—not yet eighteen, we understand—and her physical powers have evidently not yet reached their full maturity. She is of middle height, with a slender and somewhat girlish figure, but she is exceedingly handsome and full of grace in all her movements. She has fine features, and her jet-black eyes are of uncommon brilliancy and power. The beauty of her luxuriant tresses adds to the charm of her appearance. Her voice, we are convinced, has not yet attained its full strength and volume. Its tone is thin: in this respect resembling Persiani's, but softer and sweeter. It is, indeed, entirely free from the shrillness which is often found in voices of this kind. It is a pure *soprano*, and has been so well formed by a skilful method, that, throughout its extensive scale, it has the quality of a fine violin. But it is in the lower tones that its charm chiefly lies; they are exquisitely sweet and mellow. There can be no doubt, in short, that Mdle. Duprez's voice requires nothing more than a little time and moderate exercise (for now that she is *lancée* upon the stage there is too much danger of its being too severely taxed) to become an organ not surpassed by any singer of our day.

"Mdle. Duprez resembles Persiani, not only in some qualities of voice, but also in the high finish of her execution and the artistical character of her style. Persiani, like Mdle. Duprez, is the daughter of one of the greatest tenor singers and accomplished musicians of his time; and both of them have profited by paternal training and instruction. Mdle. Duprez sings with the most perfect truth of intonation, her voice is pure musical tone without the slightest mixture of any sound caused by faulty emission, her phrasing is beautiful, and her elocution is clear, elegant, and expressive. In her embellishments she is much simpler than Persiani; a difference which we ascribe to the circumstance that her father, as an Italian singer, adopted the more modern style, which eschews the profusion of florid ornament formerly belonging to the Italian school.

"As an actress, Mdle. Duprez has great gifts; but they, probably, require, even more than her vocal powers, to be developed by more maturity of age. It is impossible to be a great actress at seventeen, but Mdle. Duprez already acts with so much grace, feeling, and intelligence, that we can easily imagine her, at five-and-twenty, raised to the very pinnacle of her art. Her Lucia had a great deal of Walter Scott's own conception of the character of Lucy; soft, tender, and devoted; unable to bear the force of violent passion, but driven at once, by her lover's cruelty, to madness and death. In the opening scene, the gentleness with which Lucy bore Edgar's moody irritability was beautifully represented. The horror with which, writhing on the ground, with features convulsed and eyes distended with horror, she listened to his imprecations in the malediction scene, was a trait of originality which showed Mdle. Duprez's genius for her art. In her final scene she exhibited only the softer traits of Lucy's madness—the fond reminiscences mixed with paroxysms of grief. Her whole performance of the part was a charming picture; it might have been stronger, but could scarcely have been more beautiful."

Except in the preference accorded to the lower notes of Mdle. Duprez's voice, and the comparison with Persiani, we agree with most of the above remarks, which evidently proceed from an experienced pen, and contain much vigorous and sensible criticism. The *Times*, in an article less excursive, but not less emphatically kind writes as follows:—

"Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez was warmly greeted on her first entrance, and at once struck her audience by her light and youthful appearance. Her dress was simple but picturesque, her gestures graceful and unaffected. She was not the Lucia elevated into a tragic heroine, but the artless, sensitive girl, gently winning the sympathies, not taking them by storm. Her age is said not to exceed 18, and as an almost necessary consequence her voice, though beautifully fresh, has not yet attained its full volume. She is not as yet a powerful singer, but nevertheless the organ is equal throughout, and there is not a note without its value. Her training must have been most admirable. Through the whole character her execution was a remarkable specimen of steadiness and truth; every passage was perfectly rendered; not a single fault of intonation was committed; and it should be observed, that she gained in favour as the opera progressed. Those who had been most susceptible of the juvenile want of power at the beginning, were surprised by the effect which she gave to the concluding aria in the mad scene. The grace, delicacy, and precision with which she executed the difficult ornaments were most gratifying to the ear, and seldom do we find the quality of neatness raised to so high a position. The acting of the mad scene is in keeping with all the rest—not a terrific display of violence, but a quiet exhibition of grief. It is a great virtue in Mdle. Caroline Duprez that she does not attempt too much in the histrionic way, but that all she *does* attempt she carries out thoroughly. The poignant anguish of the marriage scene, for instance, could not have been more impressively represented than by the simple means which the young vocalist employed. She was called at the end of each act, but her great triumph was the aria above alluded to, where she was summoned back by universal acclamations before Edgardo had commenced his *finale*."

The *Morning Post* begins by some very apt observations on the dangers attached to a great name, which, says our contemporary, "if a legitimate passport to public interest, is at the same time one which subjects the bearer to an unusually severe scrutiny." Nothing can be truer, and nothing more true than what the writer subsequently admits—that Mdle. Duprez "came most honourably through the trying ordeal." His criticism is as below:—

"Mdle. Duprez possesses a pure, silvery, *soprano* voice, not very full in quality, but remarkably fresh and youthful. It is firm throughout, and clear as crystal in the upper register, especially from E in the fourth space to C above. Assiduous exercise has rendered it very flexible, without, however, impairing the brilliancy of its tone. Her method is perfect. Nothing can be more artistic than the vocal management, or more systematic than her execution. She has not sung many bars before you feel that whatever difficulty she may attempt will certainly be accomplished; so scrupulously correct is her style, so composed and steady her manner. The young lady's intonation too, if we except a slight tendency to rise (which might, on this occasion, have been the result of nervousness), is irreproachable. As an actress she is judicious and pleasing, her demeanour is lady-like, her countenance expressive and interesting, and her figure, though *petite*, symmetrically formed. We have rarely seen so carefully studied and level a performance from so young an artist; and when more matured study and experience shall have enabled her to throw off a certain mechanical and tutored air, with which she may now occasionally be reproached, and taught her the art of hiding art, we may look far and wide for her superior. At present she lacks *abandon* and spontaneous emotion. For this reason it was in those portions of the opera which do not require great powers of expression or dramatic intensity, that her abilities were most advantageously displayed. The *aria d'intrata*, for instance, was a masterpiece of executive skill. Anything more graceful and finished than her performance of this could scarcely be imagined. The subject was first delivered with captivating simplicity and elegance: its subsequent embellishments were at once thoroughly appropriate and strikingly original; the *entrées* managed with exquisite taste, and the *bravura* passages rendered with a brilliant fluency and distinctness of articulation worthy of

unqualified commendation. In the duet "*Sulla Tomba*," and the contract-scene, she was, for reasons already given, less successful. In these, the absence of pathos and dramatic colouring somewhat marred the effect of her otherwise correct and excellent performance. Her execution, however, of portions of the difficult *scena* in the third act was of rare and redeeming beauty. We never heard the concluding three-four movement given with so much delicacy and point. The conception of the florid air was perfectly original, and its details were elaborated to a degree of elegance and refinement rarely attained by any vocalist. We especially admired her delivery of the chromatic *volatine*, and succeeding syncopated passages; the effect produced was novel as admirable, and richly merited the enthusiastic applause which it elicited.

"Mdle. Duprez's success was complete; and Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself upon the accession of another bright star to his musical galaxy."

We are sure that Mdle. Duprez will have the good sense to appreciate and be grateful for the hints contained in the above friendly and able estimate of her accomplishments, which, coming from the pen of a musician, carries with it double weight. Not less encouraging is the *compte rendu* of the *Morning Herald*, in one of the best critiques we have ever read from the pen of the eloquent and impartial reviewer to whom the musical department of that journal is entrusted. Our contemporary also sets out with some preliminaries, which having elsewhere disclosed, we need not here reiterate. The following will serve our purpose, which we insert, however, with a protest against the fact of Mdle. Duprez possessing a physiognomy of the Israelitish cast:—

"The personal appearance of the debutante at once prepossessed the spectator in her favour. Small in stature, and evidently not yet far emerged from girlhood, piquantly Jewish in the cast of countenance, in demeanour sweetly modest and unassuming, the new Lucia kindled universal sympathy the moment she set foot upon the stage. Although the ordeal through which she was about to pass was a severe one, her self-possession, notwithstanding the vehemence of the salutation, did not desert her, and she delivered the '*Perché non ho*,' a test of no ordinary kind, with as much excellence probably as she would have exhibited had the circumstances been less exciting and the stake at issue less important. The characteristics of Mdle. Duprez's voice are sweetness and flexibility, frequently reminding the listener of the instrumental delicacy of the organ of Persiani. Power it certainly has not, and hence we do not imagine that for a year or two, at least, she will be enabled to grapple with parts of the higher tragic class. The cultivation to which her voice has been subjected is betrayed in the smoothness and docility of her execution, which is exquisitely neat and finished, nothing occurring from the first note to the last that is crude or irritating. This easy and unforced delicacy, combined with an intonation uniformly just, ensures most agreeable results; and though as a vocal demonstration no effect is produced that is large or astonishing, we have seldom had so pleasing a *Lucia*—one so personally accordant with the spirit of the story. She rendered the well-known cavatina to which we have referred with simple and graceful freedom; and we were soon put out of fear for the floriture, all the feats which declare the ripeness of exercise, and the command of voice which it is its function to establish, being plainly within close and immediate reach. The child and pupil of the finest dramatic singer in Europe, the musical education of Mdle. Duprez has been conducted under peculiar advantages; and the fruits are before us in purity of style, correctness of articulation, nicely-balanced phrasing, and elocutionary exactness. These qualities were vividly manifested in the two duets which follow the cavatina, and again in the mad scene. We could scarcely expect to find, in short, a more adroit and better-disciplined order of mechanism.

"But it is only in the executive needs of singing that Mdle. Duprez will gain her present laurels. She seems to be wanting in the quick and fiery impulse which animates the great dramatic

artist—though for this her extreme youth must be accountable. A year or two will effect a great difference in this respect. In the meanwhile, her Lucia, as an histrionic delineation, is of inferior interest. The attitudes and the gestures which shape and identify emotion are the suggestions of the master rather than the inspirations of the mind; and this limitation to the line and rule of scholarship makes the outline sharp but truthless. This was apparent in the scene with her brother, when she is imposed upon by the fiction which breaks her heart; and more strongly still in the great and trying situation which closes the second act. The passage of madness was conducted upon similar principles of representation. Like Persiani's, it was a display of the choicest singing; but the dramatic import sought to be developed by appropriate action, and the assumption of maniac wildness, could hardly be said to be impressive for the reasons we have stated. The applause, nevertheless, which echoed through the house, was at all times of the most encouraging kind. Not only was the object of it called before the curtain at the conclusion of the first and second acts, but twice even when the opera terminated. The public never bestowed their compliments with greater emphasis."

Our *Morning Chronicle* has been misled; but we can inform our readers, having perused the article on Saturday's performance, that Mdlle. Duprez is more lavishly eulogised, and more gently turned upon the wheel of criticism, in that important sheet, than in any of those we have quoted. If we have room we may probably insert a specimen of it in our next. Meanwhile we hope that Mdlle. Duprez, and her bay-crowned progenitor, are satisfied with their welcome, and will consider that the London public and the London press have done justice, not less to their hearts than to their heads, in the reception they have unanimously accorded to the young and charming *debutante*.

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE attendance was as numerous as at the first concert, and the programme better selected, which the following will shew:

PART I.

Sinfonia, No. 11 (Grand)	-	-	-	Haydn.
Quintett, "Tell me, good Ali" (Azor and Zemira)	-	-	-	-
Miss Kearns, Miss Thornton, Miss Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda	-	-	-	Spohr.
Introduction and Rondo, Pianoforte, M. W. H. Holmes	-	-	-	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Aria, "Non so donde viene," Mr. Bodda	-	-	-	Mozart.
Overture (Anacreon)	-	-	-	Cherubini.

PART II.

Sinfonia Eroica	-	-	-	Beethoven.
Quartett, "The Nightingale," Miss Kearns, Miss Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Bodda	-	-	-	Mendelssohn.
Concertino (MS.) Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus	-	-	-	Molique.
Terzetto, "Night's lingering shades" (Azor and Zemira) Miss Kearns, Miss Thornton, and Miss Williams	-	-	-	Spohr.
Overture (MS.)	-	-	-	Schlösser.

The symphonies are *chef d'œuvres*, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, their merits being familiar to every musician and every amateur, more especially to those musicians and amateurs who subscribe to the Philharmonic. Haydn's symphony was played in a manner which left no point for the severest critic to lay hold upon, except the *tempo* of the minuet; this at first was taken too slow, but in the *reprise* was restored to the proper time. Strange to say the charming *andante*, commonly known as the clock movement, escaped its customary encore. The *Eroica* was given with great energy, but still without that delicacy of finish and variety of light and shade which its faithful interpretation demands. The *allegro con brio*, the most colossal movement even Beethoven ever wrote for the

orchestra, produced an overpowering effect; the *finale*, the composer's *ultimatum* as a display of contrapuntal ingenuity, almost as elaborate and masterly in its way as the *finale* to Mozart's "Jupiter," was never better appreciated by the audience; and the sublime *Marcia Funebre* made a profound impression, Mr. Costa taking the time to perfection, and carefully avoiding the dragging which is so apt, with many conductors, to deprive the movement of half its effect. The *schërzo* was very well played; but the trio for the horns was a sad mess, and caused many inquiries in the room as to the absence of Mr. Jarrett from his place in the orchestra, for which we shall endeavour to account in our next. The *Marcia*, too, escaped its encore, which leads us to hope that the subscribers are beginning to see the inconvenience and absurdity of repetitions in general.

The great event of the evening, at least that which engrossed the general interest, and must be noted as the only novelty, was the performance of Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor by Mr. W. H. Holmes, a gentleman whose distinguished merits as a pianist should long ere this have introduced him to the Philharmonic subscribers. Our opinion of Mr. Holmes must be familiar to all our readers. That we place him, and have always placed him, among the most remarkable pianists, not in England only, but in Europe, it is scarcely necessary to insist, since happily our view of his merits is that of the entire profession, and in short of every amateur of the piano in this country who has had the opportunity of hearing him, with the capability of judging of his pretensions. In selecting the rondo of Mendelssohn Mr. Holmes would appear to have been determined to test his powers of self-control to the uttermost. A more "fidgetty," and a more difficult piece, for piano with orchestral accompaniments, was never composed even by Mendelssohn himself, most of whose works demand as much calmness and presence of mind as perfect mechanism, varied and passionate expression, firmness and brilliancy of execution. Mr. Holmes, however, has been too long possessed of these desirable qualities to be deprived of them at a moment's notice, and on an occasion when they were more than ever necessary. His performance was a masterly exhibition of manual dexterity, combined with all the highest qualities of expression. There is a peculiar elasticity in this gentleman's touch, which admits of some exquisitely delicate effects peculiarly his own, added to a plasticity of tone, that, yielding to the impulse of the mind, gives birth to a variety of gradation, rendering monotony of effect impossible in his performance. Though evidently very nervous at the outset (and had he not been so, Mr. Holmes could never have been the sensitive, or as the French better express it, *sensible* pianist he is), the feeling, which thus naturally oppressed him, was almost instantaneously overcome, and established in the full possession of his resources, the pianist gave way to his impressions, succeeded in completely engrossing the attention of the whole audience, and in achieving a great and unequivocal triumph. The applause which followed his performance was as unanimous and enthusiastic as that which greeted his appearance on the platform, and Mr. Holmes may be fairly said to have won for himself, by this *coup d'essai*, what he has long enjoyed in the estimation of the profession in general, a place in the opinion of the critical audience of the Philharmonic, not inferior to that enjoyed by the most accomplished pianists whose presence has graced the orchestra of the society.

The Clarinet fantasia was interesting in a double sense, as a finished performance in which beauty of tone and perfect mechanism were combined, and (which is not to be wondered at in Herr Molique) as music of a far higher order than

is ordinarily written for solo displays. Mr. Lazarus was loudly and deservedly applauded by the whole room. The success of two eminent English performers at one Philharmonic concert is a matter for general congratulation, and we should be delighted to record the same distinction in favor of two English composers.

The hacknied overture to *Anacreon* was brilliantly played, and much applauded; that of Herr Schlösser, a novelty, since it was never given before, being no more nor less than a piece of empty bombast, will, we trust, be allowed to retire into its former obscurity.

The vocal music was admirably selected, but, with the exception of Mendelssohn's quartet, inefficiently executed. Mr. Bodda deserves credit for selecting the very difficult song of Mozart (a magnificent composition, by the way), and for the zeal which he had evidently employed in studying it; but at present it is too much for him. From the general charge of inefficiency let us exempt Miss Williams, who, as usual, was perfect to a note.

Reviews of Music.

"A MORNING AND EVENING CATHEDRAL SERVICE."—J. L. HOPKINS, Mus. Bac.—Joseph Surman.

The gradually-spreading desire of elevating the character of our Cathedral Service is a sign of the times to which it is impossible to attach too great an importance. Our cathedral organists, influenced by the improved taste of congregations, whence acquired it is not here necessary to discuss, dissatisfied with the elder twaddle to which the apathy of our forefathers gave authority, either draw upon the works of the great composers, church and un-church, or make new music of their own, that more fully, and with more dignity, illustrates the sublime passages of our English Common Prayer, which fall into the Morning and Evening Services of the Church. Mr. J. L. Hopkins, organist of the Rochester Cathedral, is of these latter, and has eagerly girded himself to the task of praising God in music.

If the Morning and Evening Services of Mr. Hopkins cannot be strictly lauded as pure specimens of Church style, or as masterpieces of simple and grand harmony, or as perfect examples of vocal part writing, or as essays in which the several laws of counterpoint are rendered nobly conducive to the highest ends of music, they may at least be extolled as the earnest and sincere labours of one who has evidently the best musical aspirations, united to a just feeling of the solemn task he has taken in hand. The great fault we have to note against Mr. Hopkins is a general indecision of key, especially in respect to the major and minor modes, which he continually confounds, or rather muddles together. Take as an instance the passage beginning, page 4, on the unison, "Thou art the King Glory." The first four bars are in C minor; in the dominant passage, bar 8, we have the chord of C major; and in the first bar of page 5, the chord of the 6th of C minor. How much clearer would the passage be if the whole were in the minor! In the bass solo immediately following, the progression of harmony is exceedingly confused. The E natural, with the C in the bass and B flat for the voice, would naturally lead you to suppose that you were going to F minor; but, instead of taking the A flat in the common chord of that key, Mr. Hopkins makes the B flat a suspension, and the next chord becomes the dominant on B flat, leading to E flat—whereby the ear is disappointed, and the only effect obtained is a confusion between the keys of F minor and E flat. Further on, at the words, "Thou didst abhor," where much the same progression occurs, by retaining the chord of F minor, the confusion is avoided; but, at the end of the passage, on the words, "Sharpness of death," the cadence is even more distorted than in the passage already alluded to. The ante-penultimate and penultimate bars give you clearly reason to expect that the cadence will be on the dominant of E flat; instead of which, on the word "Death," you find yourself, unexpectedly and disagreeably, on the 6-4-2 on B flat, in the oft-threatened key of F minor, which again

turns out a disappointment—for, in the third bar, we have another modulation to E flat, and at last a full close on B flat. The *fugato* on the words, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," is clever and effective; but surely the A, in the voice part and in the accompaniment, in bar 3 of line 2, should be natural, otherwise there is again a needless confusion between F minor and F major. This otherwise good *fugato* is damaged by a most perplexing uncertainty of key, commencing with a progression, after the pedale on C, which finds itself, at the end, uncomfortably lodged in the key of C major. In the next page, line 2, bar 2, on the words, "Thou hast redeemed," instead of what would be a flowing and natural cadence in the key of F (which the ear decidedly anticipates), the 6-4 on C changes, in a very unsatisfactory manner, to an anticipated tonic in the key of C major, which again makes its appearance on the words, "Make them to be numbered," as unwelcome, because a unnaturally, as before. Moreover, in the 3rd bar, an inversion of the chord of the 9th on G (the last in the bar) is introduced in an irregular manner. In page 8, line 2, bars 3 and 4, on the words, "Worship thy name ever," there is a passage of contrary motion, between the highest voice part and the bass, which, though exceedingly bold, is by no means agreeable or correct. The voice part has F, G, A, B flat, C, D, E, crotchets, F—while the bass has G, F, E, crotchets, D minim, C, B flat, crotchets, A—which chord of the 6th, thus attained, is followed, in a most unallowable manner by the 6-5-4 on B natural, (an inversion of the chord of the 13th) the effect of which is as unpleasant as it is unexpected. In the last bar of the last line of the same page, and the first bar of the next page, there is some more confusion between major and minor B flat; and, at the bottom of the same page, last bar but two, another inversion of the chord of the 9th is illegally pressed into the service. In the last bar but one of page 11, in the "Jubilate," the chord of the 6th on B flat requires an F added, before it can properly be resolved upon the full chord of F major.

These are but a few of the errors to be found in the "Morning Service;" but they are enough for our purpose, and enough, we hope, since they have been noted with the best intentions, to induce Mr. Hopkins to cast a more critical eye over any future work he may compose, ere submitting it to the public. We may at once say that the "Magnificat" and "Nunc dimittis," which compose the Evening Service, are almost entirely free from these faults, much more clear and masterly, much better arranged for the voices, much simpler, much less clogged with unnecessary modulations and unnatural and unexpected cadences, much more decided as to keys, and infinitely more satisfactory in respect of rhythm and melody in general. When we have specified the last bar of line 1, page 16, where the bass note of the chord of the 6th is unnecessarily doubled in the voice parts, we have done with all objections. Independently of this, there are many really beautiful passages in both pieces. The harmony and the melody, in "My soul doth magnify," and throughout the three following pages, are not only unexceptionably correct, but rich, effective, and strictly devotional in style. The whole of the passage, on the words, "He that is mighty," is not merely free from all error, but positively fine, while the pedale passage on F, in the next page, is charming, and the brief transition to the dominant of C minor, in the second line, as agreeable as it is unlooked for. The treble solo in B flat, "He hath showed strength," and the duet in the same key, and on the same words, are both flowing and melodious. But perhaps the best parts in the whole are the quartet for two trebles, tenor and bass, in E flat, and the chorus, "Glory, glory," in the same key, which follows. In the first, the passage on the words, "Abraham and his seed for ever," is remarkably graceful. Here, indeed, the sequence of 7ths is happily introduced. In the second, the passage on the words, "As it was in the beginning, &c.," again introduced in the "Nunc dimittis," (which has also a very pleasing, though very brief duet for two trebles), is bold and impressive, and brings the work to a climax with appropriate dignity.

Honestly and candidly, we recommend Mr. Hopkins to burn his "Morning Service," and to compose another worthy of association with his "Evening Service," a task of which we are sure he is capable, and which we shall not be sorry to learn he is willing

to undertake. Mr. Surman, who has already done us the favour to introduce in public an Anthem by Dr. Elvey, which met with well merited applause, will further render his subscribers and ourselves his debtors by according the same advantage to the "Magnificat," and "Nunc dimittis," of Mr. J. L. Hopkins, which are fully worthy of being presented to the subscribers of the London Sacred Harmonic Society. We know that it is needless to offer this hint to the elder and parent institution, which, with how much justice let others decide, arrogates exclusively to itself such a high and mighty position.

"A LAY FOR THE CHURCH"—SONG OF THE REFORMATION.
Poetry by Andrew Park. Music by R. Macpherson. Z. T. Purday.

We can scarcely admit Mother Church, although, as stated in the joint lay of Messrs. Park and Macpherson, she be three hundred autumns old, to be a fit subject for a comic song, or for a parody; but Mr. Andrew Park, it is evident, holds not with us in this matter, and has manfully made Mother Church the subject of an amusing travesty of Mr. Chorley's "Brave Old Oak;" while Mr. Macpherson, who, eke, it would seem, holds not with us in this matter, has blithely caricatured Mr. Edward Loder's familiar tune. Mother Church, aged 300, if she be no purer than at her birth, is by no means of the purest; and Mr. Park, in his tetrastich, may *beau* make her "stand with the word in her hand," "crowned" with whatever his poetic fancy may suggest (the idea of Mother Church being *crowned* is rather droll even for a "lay"—some less squeamish poetaster, on the taste of it, will be giving us a stave in "King Death's" style—"King Church is a rare old fellow!")—Mr. Park may *beau* do this, and may *beau* intimate that,

"Tho' Roman guile *should* her name revile,
And fain *would* lay her low,
She'll prove that her arm has a god-like charm,
To vanquish every foe!
And still by her truth in perennial youth,
Her fame more lofty *rise*;
Tho' troubled awhile, she soon shall *smile*,
This offspring of the skies!"

Mr. Park, we repeat, may *beau* indite a whole volume of such fustian *huitains*, and may *beau* get Mr. Disraeli, or any other red-hot worshipper of past mistakes, to chant it *viva voce* at a Tory revel—he will not mend the matter. In these days of happy should-be tolerance, the best thing, both for Protestant and Catholic, is to shut their eyes to the past, thank their stars that a man may declare his honest religious sentiments without fear of stake or "question," or, indeed, of any thing but the fiery tongue of bigotted old women and hungry partizans—which, luckily, is an empty sound, harmless but as inducing a desire to slumber—shut their eyes to the past, and read the *Musical World* in peace and quietness, without a thought of what may be the peculiar sentiments on matters of ecclesiastical ceremony or spiritual faith, of one, any, or all of its countless purchasers and subscribers—of the editor, sub-editor, and unknown number of assistants, who form the staff, even to the printers, publishers, readers, composers, and devils, not to take into count the foreign and provincial agents.

Seriously, we think Church controversies should be confined to prose polemics, or meetings in town-halls and corn-markets. Such things have nothing in common with an innocent, and humanizing, and peaceful, and refining art like music. We, therefore, class them with the "Consumption," and other "Hospital" songs, we condemned in a former number, on the same charge of inappropriateness. We find nothing in the present "lay" of Messrs. Andrew Park and Macpherson to exempt it from the general ban.

Foreign.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 11.—FIRST CONCERT OF JENNY LIND.—The first appearance of Miss Lind before a New Orleans public attracted, as may be imagined, a concourse of brilliancy, beauty, and fashion, such as has seldom, if ever, graced the St. Charles' Theatre. The spacious interior presented

a magnificent appearance. Every nook and corner, every "jutting frieze and coign of vantage" was occupied. The capacity of the building was tested to its utmost by the throng which had gathered to render homage to the genius of the Swedish vocalist. We recognized among the vast multitude almost all the eminent artists and amateurs of our city. The arrangements for the accommodation of the spectators were admirable, and no crowding or inconvenience was experienced. The first piece upon the programme was the overture to *Mañana*, played by an orchestra of some thirty-five musicians, conducted with consummate skill by Mr. Benedict, and received with applause. After the overture we had the pleasure of hearing Signor Belletti in an aria from the *Maometto* of Rossini. Next came the bright particular star—Jenny Lind herself, dressed with elegance and taste, alike removed from the affectation of extreme simplicity and the extravagance of overloaded ornament. Miss Lind was welcomed with cordiality, though hardly with enthusiasm. The audience, however, warmed to her as she proceeded, and long before the close of the performances they displayed the characteristic ardour of the South, in the fervour and frequency of their plaudits. Miss Lind sang a variety of pieces, as if with the express object of exhibiting the manifold resources of her voice. We thought nothing could be finer than the first air "Come per me sereno;" until we listened to the duo from *Il Turco in Italia*; and we considered it impossible to surpass the cadence that terminated the air from the *Magic Flute*, until we were compelled still more to admire the trio from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. We had been told that Jenny Lind lacks soul and we went with that impression. It strikes us that over fastidious critics have done her gross injustice. If by soul is meant dramatic and lyric capabilities, we humbly conceive that the concert is no place for their exhibition. They are appropriately reserved for the opera. But if soul and expression are synonymous terms in music, we fearlessly assert that Miss Lind's singing is full of soul. It is eminently expressive, and appeared to us the exact embodiment of the passions and emotions conveyed by the music. Was not the melody from the *Sonnambula* replete with tenderness, and did not the allegro that followed pour forth the gushing of overflowing love and joy? Did not the "Non paventar" of Mozart breathe a plaintive spirit that moaned and wailed in wretchedness, until, when consoled by the prospect of returning joy, it breaks out into that thrilling and sublime cadence, which took the audience so completely by storm. And the "echo song;" and the "Herdsman's Song"—were they soulless too? At the hour we write, it is impossible to go into an elaborate analysis of Miss Lind's vocal merits. We must reserve future comments for future occasions. No single article could possibly suffice to explain all that renders her execution so extraordinary, or to furnish those who have not heard her with a just conception of her peculiar style and method.

SERENADE TO JENNY LIND.—The enthusiasm created by this wonderful artist was not to be allayed with the termination of the concert last evening. The orchestra assembled an hour after the concert, and proceeded to Miss Lind's residence in the Pontalba Buildings, where they tendered her a serenade worthy of the occasion. The bright moon-light night, and comparative stillness of the atmosphere, gave a fine effect to the music, and a large concourse of people gathered together as if evoked by the lingering magic of the sounds which entranced the audience of the St. Charles.

SECOND CONCERT, Feb. 13.—A second opportunity of hearing Miss Lind has confirmed our favourable opinion of her talent. Last evening, at the second concert, she performed

several extremely difficult pieces, in some of which she has attained a great reputation, and in others her merit has been much disputed. She was evidently suffering from a slight cold, her voice in the romanza from *Robert le Diable* being somewhat now and then slightly out of control and depressed. This was observable in the opening measures of "Casta Diva," but as she proceeded she gained strength and spirit, and she sang as if inspired. She completely conquered all doubts as to her power of singing Italian music, and was enthusiastically applauded by the brilliant and crowded audience. We thought, however, the "Perche non ho del vente," from *Lucia di Lamermoor*, the triumph of the evening. The "Bird Song," composed expressly for her by Taubert, gave her an opportunity of displaying another store of musical treasures. She sang it with an unconscious enjoyment, as if she were indeed holding happy, careless converse with a nightingale like herself. The "Echo Song" concluded the evening. Jenny Lind's triumph was complete.

THIRD CONCERT, Feb. 15.—The St. Charles', last night, was full to its utmost capacity. We noticed a large number of our down-town friends present, and observed with pleasure that the most rapturous and enthusiastic plaudits started from the very quarter where the only prejudice and opposition to Miss Lind was apprehended. As the number of our own beautiful ladies increases, so are the brilliancy and splendour of the dress circle augmented; and so, too, may the fair songstress felicitate herself on the taste and appreciative capabilities of her audience. The flashing eyes of our lovely creoles, the most musical and artistic of our population, could not fail to inspire with enthusiasm and arouse to effort the most languid powers of song—but when brought to bear upon the ardent and impassioned soul of so noble a devotee of melody as Miss Lind, they became fountains of the loftiest inspiration. The performances commenced with the brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which under the admirable direction of Mr. Benedict, was executed by the orchestra with precision. A *cavatina*, from Rossini's *Cenerentola* was then sung by Mr. Belletti. The merits of this artist have already been proclaimed, and his success in this *cavatina* fully confirmed our favourable comments.

Next came forward the "Heroine of Song," in her own simple, unaffected, original style. She was tastefully and elegantly dressed in a white satin, with a pink gauze overdress, ornamented with pink flowers. Three red roses bloomed in her bosom, in the form of a heart, and others were tastefully interwoven with her fine auburn hair. After receiving, with an expression of modest unconsciousness of her own merits, the warm applause of her brilliant audience, Miss Lind commenced warbling the aria from *I Puritani* "Qui la voce." Contrary to what heretofore has been her characteristic in this piece, we found her more effective in the *adagio* than in the *allegro*. In "La Danza," Mr. Belletti kept the house in a roar of laughter and applause. We are free to confess, that hardly anything we have yet heard from Miss Lind affected us more vividly than the great *scena*, from Weber's *Der Freyschutz*. As we heard the notes of her fine *soprano* swelling upwards in the prayer, we felt, for the first time, that we had heard a greater singer than it is probable we shall ever hear again. After this she sang an air from Rossini's *Turco in Italia*, "Squalli da veste e bruna." We, however, pass this, with a mere allusion to her exquisite delivery, and pause upon Bishop's "Home, sweet home." We know not whether it was so, yet a slight foreign accent seemed to tinge the words of the ballad, which only added to the charm of the music. It seemed some far ger, from a distant land, weaving into song her memory home, and mellowing regret with melody. This familiar

and popular air was greeted with an applause mere boisterous than usual. It appealed to the hearts of the people, and aroused a thousand tender associations. The "Swedish Mountaineer's Song" brought the concert to a close.

FOURTH CONCERT, Feb. 16.—Last night exhibited a specimen of the worst description of New Orleans weather; it was cold, rainy, damp and disagreeable; the streets were muddy, and difficult of passage, and carriages were held at extortionate rates. Despite all these unfavourable causes a gay and brilliant crowd poured into the dress-circles and parquette of the St. Charles' last night, until every part of the theatre was filled. No less attraction than Jenny Lind could have drawn out such a number of our population on so tempestuous a night. We noticed in the audience a goodly number of the more sedate and gravely inclined of our people—nay, even the pious, who were thus tempted within the walls of a theatre by the irresistible curiosity and desire to test the justness of the praise bestowed on the fair Swede. We did not observe that any of them went away disappointed. Nor do we believe that they will be less fitted to perform their religious duties, by the delightful, purifying, and elevating impressions left by music.

In the early part of yesterday there was a report that the concert would not come off, owing to a severe fit of faintness which has completely prostrated Mr. Benedict. Arrangements were made, however, to supply the place of Mr. Benedict by Mr. Burke. We were happy, however, when the time arrived to find Mr. Benedict at his post, conducting the orchestra with his usual success in the overture to Auber's *Gustave*.

Mademoiselle Lind introduced herself in the air from Haydn's *Creation*, "On mighty pens!" which exhibited her powers in a new light. But it was in the aria "Ah non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*, that Jenny achieved her greatest triumph, and received the warmest applause. It was this which most delighted the *dilettanti* and extorted such earnest eulogy from Benedict and Belletti, when those accomplished artists presented their compliments to Miss Lind at the close of the first part. In the "Va, dit elle," which most of our readers will remember is the opening ballad sung by Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, she was hardly less successful. But it was "The Last Rose of Summer" which carried the audience by storm. They could not be quieted till it was repeated. "The Bird Song" closed the concert. Thus terminated Jenny Lind's first week in New Orleans. May she remember the warm welcome she has received from the Orleans, as long as they will retain the impressions of her incomparable talent.

FIFTH CONCERT, Feb. 18.—The fine, bright, bracing weather of last evening drew to the St. Charles' an audience embracing a larger and more brilliant array of ladies than we have yet seen gracing the dress-circle of this theatre. Our Creole population was handsomely represented, and entered, with characteristic ardour and enthusiasm, into the enjoyment of the music. We have never seen Miss Lind look more charming, more earnest and vivacious. Her dress was exceedingly rich and becoming, and her manner showed that she was quite sensible to the skiey influences of our bright and bracing clime. She sang several of her best pieces, and was particularly effective in Mozart's "Non mi dir," in "Prendi per me" from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and in the duet with Belletti, "Quanto amore," from the same opera. These were followed by "Home, sweet home," which drew forth rapturous applause. The Echo, or Herdsman's song concluded the concert. We were near forgetting Benedict's charming ballad "Take the lute." It is an exquisite melody, and gives us a very high idea of him as a composer, apart from his merits as a skilful musician, which he proved himself to be in the *Idylle*

and *Galope Brilliant* of his own composition on the piano-forte. Belletti sang the "Piff, Paff," from the *Huguenots*, and increased the desire we have had from our first acquaintance with him, to see him on the stage.

Feb. 19.—The Sixth Concert took place last night. Jenny Lind sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," *Casto Diva*, "The Last Rose of Summer," "With Verdure Clad," and "Home, sweet home." Mr. Burke played a solo (*Il Tremolo*) on the violin, and Belletti sang the fine air, "Rage thou angry storm" (in Italian, "Nembi Fremete"), from Benedict's *Gipsy's Warning*. This was the most brilliant of all the concerts. Meyerbeer's *Prophete* is being performed at the Orleans theatre, with immense success.

After leaving New Orleans, and before returning to New-York, Jenny Lind and her party will give concerts at the principal towns of the Mississippi. She will probably be at New York in the middle of April. The Concerts will commence immediately, and five a week will be given, as Jenny is anxious to return to Europe. Barnum, having made nearly twice as much money as he expected, has consented to reduce the number of concerts from 150 to 100. So that Jenny and her friends may be counted on in London about June.

LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.—Mr. Barnum certainly deserves a handsome tribute from all the proprietors of amusements in our city. He has brought here the attraction which has drawn the whole Southwest to New Orleans. The city is overflowing with people, and, fortunately, there are amusements enough for them all. As the St. Charles's will not hold more than 2000 persons at a time, the surplus twenty-five or thirty thousand, who are crowded out, are compelled to seek amusement elsewhere. They find it in every direction. If they relish operas got up in the most splendid style, with fine vocal and orchestral music, they have only to go to the Orleans; where, besides, they will have an opportunity of seeing Creole beauty in all its richness of natural charms, set off by that exquisite taste in dress and ornaments characteristic of the daughters of *ancien régime*. Or, do they prefer the legitimate drama, pleasingly varied with broad-farce extravaganza, and a little touch of ballet, then they may go to Placide's Varieties, and be enchanted by the untiring versatility of that universal favorite, Mrs. Howard; or laugh themselves into fits over the drolleries of Holland and Tom Placide, and find inexhaustible pleasure in the artistic representations of Harry Placide; or be wafted to the seventh heaven by the seductive pirouettes of Hilariot and Vallée. Or, have they a *penchant* for the Horse Opera? In this line they can certainly be pleased. There is the Amphitheatre, where plays, spectacles, and equestrian exhibitions are brought out effectively by Spalding and Rogers, those indefatigable caterers for the ring, aided by our classic friend, Van Orden. Then, too, Dan Rice, a great popular favorite, still maintains his hold upon the public, and under his broad tent, on St. Charles-street, and by the glare of his magnetic light, nightly regales large audiences with flashing wit and dashing feats of horsemanship. Then, too, we omitted to mention that on the off nights, at the St. Charles's, that is, the nights when Jenny Lind does not appear, the agreeable ballet corps of the Francks, with that incomparable little agile specimen of fun and humour, Espinosa, affords a most pleasing entertainment. Besides these means of amusements, there are balls and soirées all over the city, where beauty, grace, fashion, and gaiety may be seen whirling in the mazy dance, or giddy waltz, by the most delightful music. With these various amusements and enjoyments, we think New Orleans presents a great scene of pleasure and enjoyment. At the same time, the stir, bustle, and excitement of active business and commercial life, serve to keep our citizens fully, and we

hope, profitably employed in the daily affairs of life.—*Daily Delta*.

BARNUM.—We stepped in yesterday to see Mr. Barnum, the great "impresario" of Jenny Lind. We found him up to head and ears in business, surrounded by several clerks, and attending to some half a dozen different matters at once. He had before him several finished letters waiting to be copied, directed to correspondents in various parts of the world, and relating to his multifarious transactions. Among his various other duties, he had made out to snatch time enough to address a letter to some conspicuous advocate of the temperance cause in New England, urging greater zeal and activity in behalf of that movement. The energy and capacity for business of Mr. Barnum are incredible. The management of so great a venture as that of Jenny Lind's performance would keep pretty well employed almost any man; but, in addition to this, Mr. Barnum has the two principal museums in the United States to look after, in both of which he keeps up an excellent historical company, and brings out popular plays in the most effective manner. He has, besides, his celebrated prodigy, Tom Thumb, who is travelling through the Union under Barnum's auspices and on his account. There is another travelling show of his which is moving towards this city, consisting of a family of Chinese in their original costume, and surrounded by the peculiarities of that highly interesting race. With all these affairs on hand, Mr. Barnum finds his energy and capabilities not even sated, much less exhausted. He is ready and eager for any new enterprise, having in view that great, benevolent and democratic object, of amusing the people. We regard the man who is successful in this great enterprise, a real benefactor of his species, and we do not begrudge him the applause which its successful prosecution may bring. Besides, it should be stated to Mr. Barnum's special credit, that one of the secrets of his success is his liberality, his strict fidelity to his obligations, and the free and almost prodigal expenditure of his ample means in furtherance of his designs. There may be some humbug in the means and appliances employed by him, but we imagine this success, after all, is due more to his energy, devotion, and liberality, than to his cleverness in hitting the popular taste and appealing to the popular fancies.—*Daily Delta*.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Stigelli, first tenor of the Theatre, *La Scala*, in Milan, gave a *Matinée Musicale*, assisted by Mdlle. Schutz, and Herr Kalliwoda, in the Hall of the Musical Union. A circle of the first connoisseurs attended to hear this artist, whose fame had already preceded his arrival. Having ourselves heard Herr Stigelli, having been enabled to judge of the sweetness of his voice, and the finish of his style, and of his undoubted musical talent, we have no hesitation in agreeing with those reports which have placed him in the first rank of our German "Lieder" singers. We have rarely heard a voice more equal throughout its register, or one of purer quality, and have seldom known an artist with a more genuine musical taste, and better judgement in the choice of compositions. The *Lieder* by Schubert, which seem to be particularly suited to Herr Stigelli's voice, obtain, through his interpretation, a more than ordinary interest. Three of them "Trockne Blumen" ("Ye Flowrets that to me she gave"), "Der Neugierige" ("I do not ask the Flowers"), "Der Müller und der Bach" ("When my tender heart with love's oppress"), created a most favourable impression on all present. Herr W. Kalliwoda, (son of the well-known composer,) whom we are accustomed to see where anything good is to be heard, received also, for his masterly performance of two of his pianoforte compositions, a full share of the applause of the audience.—*Badisch Landerzeitung*.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—The experiment tried by Mr. John Oxenford on Tuesday night, to reduce Molière's *Tartuffe* into English blank verse, preserving the original in its integrity and entirety—a task of more than ordinary difficulty—was completely successful. The translation bore all the impress of a new work. The bald and vapid version, more properly, perversion, of one of the dramatic *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French stage, played for many years on the English boards, under the title of *The Hypocrite*, is a vulgar travesty, alike disgraceful to the adapter who distorted the original, and to the public who recognised it. Molière's *Tartuffe* is a monument of ingenuity and skill. It betrays a profound insight into the human heart, and a manner of dealing with persons in real life second only to the comedy of Shakespeare. The characters are invested with great individuality, and admirably contrasted. There are the credulous and infatuated Orgon (played by Mr. Lambert), the fiery and impetuous Damis (by Mr. Davenport), the loving Velere (by Mr. Howe) the sensible, but somewhat argumentative Cleante (Mr. Rogers), the fawning Loyal (Mr. Charles Selby), the calm and gentle Elmire (Miss Reynolds), the tender and easily-led Mariane (Miss Laura Addison—admirably suited to her), the arch and loquacious Dorine (personated with much piquancy by Mrs. Fitzwilliam), and the religion-cloaked and double-faced knave, Tartuffe (Mr. Webster), a miracle of dramatic portraiture. These characters are all involved in a plot of singular clearness in the construction, and are all necessary to its development. The public owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Oxenford for rescuing Molière's prodigious work from the mire in which it has too long been suffered to lie imbedded. Let us hear no more of *The Hypocrite*, nor of Mawworm, nor his jacket without skirts, nor the filthy, so-called, wit, with which it abounds. Away with it to the colonies "where governors dwell," or rather to the antipodes, where the refuse of society are transplanted; there let it consort with its fellow hypocrites, no more to revisit our shores, nor train our audiences to be pleased with low and worthless trash!

The version produced on Tuesday night went far to prove the capacity of the French language to undergo transmutation into English, when undertaken by an accomplished hand. Mr. Oxenford's translation is a masterpiece. The dialogue is managed with singular felicity, being at once nervous, terse, and preserving the spirit of the original with unexampled fidelity. There is not a single point lost, nor does the translator travel out of his way, or rather out of the way of the original, to gain for one of his characters a novelty, or a super-added grace. If occasionally a slight coarseness be observed, it must be attributed to the somewhat over-scrupulousness of Mr. Oxenford, who was unwilling to depart from his original in the remotest instance, and to the want of refinement of the tongue into which he has transcribed his author.

The piece is represented after the manner of the *Theatre Français*. The curtain is not allowed to fall during the progress of the drama, and the divisions are indicated by music played between the pauses of the action. Of course one scene is preserved throughout, thus upholding the rigidity of the writers according to the old fashion. The single scene is a very beautiful one, and is put upon the stage with minute care in the details. It represents a room in the house of Orgon, which is built up in imitation of the prevailing taste of the period. The costumes are rich and appropriate.

The acting was good generally, although, to those who were accustomed to behold French artists in the conventionalities of Molière's school, there seemed a want of *finesse*, refinement,

and a certain studied crispness, which appear to be *caviare* to our actors. Mr. Webster's conception of Tartuffe was clearly founded on the best French models. He was thoroughly serious throughout, and never condescended to the slightest caricature to evoke a laugh, or to sharpen a point. He was dressed to perfection, and looked quite a picture.

The play was listened to with great attention from beginning to end, and created considerable laughter. In one or two instances, as in the quarrel between Velere and Mariane, the merriment was unbounded.

That Molière's masterpiece, rendered almost *verbatim* into English blank verse, should have been received so favourably, is a sign of the times, which Mr. Oxenford and Mr. Webster would do well not to let escape their memories. There are many more *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French school well worth their consideration.

Mr. J. W. Wallack appeared in Hamlet, for the first time in London, on Wednesday evening. The youthful and philosophic prince is not well suited to Mr. Wallack's rough and graphic style. He wants delicacy and refinement, and, still more, real tenderness. Passion and earnestness he undoubtedly possesses, and hence the energetic scenes were the best; but, without that softness and gentleness, almost feminine, which Shakspeare has made two of his most salient characteristics, Hamlet is not. The "sweet bells" are "jangled, out of tune and harsh." Mr. J. W. Wallack obtained the most liberal applause, and therefore, doubtless, his performance must have afforded satisfaction to many. His Hamlet, to our thinking, must be studied patiently and assiduously before it can be deemed worthy of being placed by the side of his Othello and Macbeth.

After the tragedy a very merry piece, entitled *Make the best of it*, was produced with complete success. It is adapted from the French vaudeville, *Le Pont Cassé*, but the situations are somewhat altered, and the characters and dialogue are thoroughly English. The plot is briefly told. The locale is Wales, even North Wales. Mr. Benjamin Burr (Mr. Buckstone), a gent with a highly susceptible heart, is smitten with Mrs. Driver (Miss P. Horton), and follows her to Wales. He meets her at a lonely inn, and, in consequence of the bridge across the river having broken down, they are unable to proceed on their journey. Like Sterne and the French lady at the *Auberge*, in the *Sentimental Journey*, though not quite so badly plighted, they are compelled to remain in the same room, and in order to while away the time until the bridge is rebuilt—theatrical bridges are not difficultly set up—they agree to play a game at cards, and whoso loses is to become the slave of whoso wins for the space of two hours. They play—Burr is the unlucky, and straightway submits himself to the unlimited volition of the lady. Tyranny let loose never lacks minions to exercise its strength upon. Opportunity is the sycophant of power—thanks to dame Fortune. An occasion soon presents itself wherein Mrs. Driver uses her fire-new authority with a persistence and an acerbity worthy of the "autograph of all the Russias." Mr. Driver (Mr. Howe), the erratic spouse of Mrs. D., arrives in company with a theatrical lady (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), upon whom he has passed himself as a single gentleman. Mrs. D. having concealed herself, is made acquainted with the connubial delinquencies of her spouse, and straight begins to exhibit her power over Mr. Benjamin Burr. Little Ben is first ordered to quarrel with Driver and challenge him. Then, when Driver accepts the challenge, he is commanded to apologise; and lastly, despite a stout disinclination towards the lady in particular, added to a general horror of stage performers, he is compelled to marry the actress. Mr. Buckstone was inimitably funny as Mr. Burr, and kept the house in an uninter-

rupted roar of laughter throughout the piece, the whole weight of which rests upon his shoulders. We shall be delighted to see little Ben once more go through his series of ludicrous involvements. In every part he undertakes, Mr. Buckstone may be soundly said to "make the best of it."

LYCEUM.—*Cool as a Cucumber* is the title of a new farce produced on Monday night at this theatre. The author is Mr. Jerrold, son of the popular dramatist. The thread of the plot is as flimsy as thistledown, but the dialogue is smart, and well sustained to the end. Mr. Charles Matthews is a wight who has picked up a cigar case, by means of which he introduces himself to the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, father of the cigar-case loser. His consummate coolness and tact obtain for him unlimited freedom in the family. The son has been banished from the father's house in consequence of daring to cast his affections on a wretch who had nothing but "the three great requisites of love—youth, beauty, and clean linen," (Farquhar, not Jerrold, jun.)—to recommend her. He makes an effort to re-enter his father's house, but is treated by our friend the "wight" as a burglar. The chief amusement of the piece is concentrated here. The "wight" is found out, but makes his peace with father and son, by effecting a reconciliation between them, for which both are grateful. Mr. Charles Matthews played the "wight" with great lightness and buoyancy.

ADELPHI.—A melodrama of the true Adelphi cut, but hardly of the true Adelphi merit, was produced on Monday night. It is called the *Disowned*, but is not extracted from Sir Lytton's novel, and absorbs four hard hours of time in the representation. When the entire Adelphi company is employed in one piece, when the scenery is gorgeous and beautiful—the dresses striking and becoming, when music and dancing are brought in as aids to acting, and Adelphy brought in, when, in short, the whole resources of the theatre, under the indisputable management of Madame Celeste, are made available, it is scarcely possible for any piece, merely indifferent, not to meet with a certain success. The *Disowned*, we have not the least doubt, will go infinitely better than it did the first night, when it will have undergone considerable pruning. At present it is an hour, at least, too long, and lags in consequence. The story also, which at present is somewhat concealed in a mist, will shine with a more clearly defined phase, and with a juster light, for being condensed into a narrower compass. By all means, let there be excision, nor spare the knife.

Original Correspondence.

MILITARY BAND OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having read in the *Musical World* of Saturday last the following comment on the prospectus of the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera,

"Mr. Godfrey also comes again with his Military Band; and, if hope may be translated into certainty, with a new clarinet (not in C), and an ophicleide that plays in tune,"

I have always been exceedingly unwilling to notice reports in the public journals; on the present occasion, however, there appears something so unfair and like a desire to condemn by anticipation, that, in justice to myself and the musicians engaged under my superintendence, I am induced (most reluctantly), to depart from my usual custom. In the first place, I confess I do not understand what your reporter means when he recommends me to bring another clarinet, not in C. The clarionets used on those occasions vary according to the operas in which they are required; viz., in *Semiramide*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Norma*, &c., C. Bb. and Eb., are necessary. *Les Huguenots* only requires clarionets in Bb. and Eb., while in the *Don Giovanni* C. Bb. and A. are used: the C. and A. are both required in the first movement

of the Banquet Scene at the same time. The change from those to the Bb. clarionets for the second and third movements is almost instantaneous, there being only three bars rest for that purpose. This will be sufficient, I presume, to excuse my saying that I am totally at a loss to understand what your reporter means by "bring another clarinet, not in C." I am also doubtful of the soundness of his advice as to bringing a new wind instrument of any description without some previous experience of its merits. The instruments I have named, are such as have been used for the same purpose by Messrs. Lazarus, Maycock and Dean, when the Coldstream band had the honor of numbering them amongst its members; and whom, I am happy to observe, are holding three out of the four situations occupied by performers on that instrument at the two greatest musical establishments (Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera) in this country. With respect to the recommendation of your reporter concerning the ophicleide, however well meant, I fear I should be acting unjustly, (at present), to comply with his wish; but I strongly invite that gentleman—whoever he may be—to pay a visit to the practice-room of the band, from which those performers were selected, and judge for himself; and I also, Mr. Editor, should feel much complimented by your accompanying him; and I pledge my word if, at that visit, any false intonation is perceptible in the basses (four in number), I will acknowledge the justness of the remarks, and act immediately on the advice given. I perfectly recollect reading the first number of the *Musical World* ever printed; and, if my memory serves me, the leading article began: "Fair play to all." How this pledge has been redeemed I cannot attempt to decide. It is, however, strange that only when fault is to be found (perhaps justly), that the *Musical World* condescends at all to mention the Military Bands in the notices of the Royal Italian Opera; while the principal leading journals (with one exception) have not considered it derogatory, occasionally, to insert a word of approbation.

I confess myself unable to hold a controversy with persons so much my superiors in the requisites for such a purpose; but I do not yield to any one in love for the art of which I am a very humble member, and can assure you, that if fair and just censure only was the aim, I should be happy to endeavour to profit by any advice so given, although administered with rather a rough hand.

42, Vincent Square,
March 25th, 1851.

I am, Sir,
your obedient servant,
C. GODFREY.

Advertisements.

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RESPECTFULLY announce that the FIRST of their Series of THREE CONCERTS of Classical, Sacred, and Modern Music will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen-Ann Street, Cavendish Square, on FRIDAY EVENING, the 4th of April. On this occasion, Madame VERDAVAINNE will play Mendelssohn's Grand Concerto in G minor, Bach's prelude and fugue in C sharp; and Cramer's étude melodique, homage à Mozart. Vocalists:—Messdames Zimmerman and Lemaire; Messrs. de Besnier, Montelli, and Bo'tura; Instrumentalists:—Piano, Madame Verdavainne; Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen; Violins, Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi; Alto, Mr. R. Blagrove; Violoncello, Messrs. Hancock and Hansman. Conductor, Herr Anchnes. Single Tickets for each Concert, Half-a-Guinea. Single Tickets for the Series, One Guinea. Family Tickets to admit three to the Series, Two Guineas. May be had of Messrs. Verdavainne, 57, George Street, Portman Square, and de Besnier, 2, Upper Spring Street, Portman Square.

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 skilfully contrasted while the keys of D flat and A flat are judiciously employed in
 some of them, to relieve the monotony that would otherwise arise from the constant
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 Price Sevenpence, will contain an important article, entitled "The Study of
 Music as it is, and as it ought to be." By a Professor of Music of the Royal
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 London: Hope and Co., Publishers, 16, Great Marlborough Street.

MUSICAL UNION. 1851.

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"	29th	"	24th
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"	27th	"	8th

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JULLIEN AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE nearer the eventful first of May approaches, the more frequent is the question—what will Jullien do? We regret our inability, at present, to return a satisfactory answer; but we may say thus much—Jullien will do something. The Man of Masses cannot remain in the solitude of his thatch, at a moment when the largest mass that ever assembled within the walls of London when London was well walled and ditched, or that ever crowded its busy streets and thoroughfares since, through the march of civilisation and increase of peoples, it has gradually been dismantled and disfossed, is about to swarm the precincts and interior of the fair old city. The Man of Industry cannot be idle, at a time when the industrial wealth, and progress, and means, and appliances of the entire world are to be laid out and expounded in a glass bazaar, the huge dimensions and eccentric build whereof are so utterly in consonance with his own peculiarities of thought and action. The Man of Presence cannot be absent, when all the nations of the earth are about to be present (no pun, *Punch*) at the fair. Jullien cannot be solitary, cannot be lazy, cannot be away—to sum up—when everybody is enthroned, remuent, and at hand. Jullien will project a scheme, and that on a scale of magnitude, not merely consistent with his ordinary habits, but proportionate to the occasion, which is preposterous. A monster something will be the issue; no matter what, but a monster. Jullien sleeps not—he fails not to clutch opportunity by the top knot—he will be up betimes, and a doing.

A little bird—we forget the species—has whispered in our ear, that Jullien has already been brought to bed of an idea,

which, if allowed to grow into adult maturity, will not only amuse but astonish the nations. His idea, if we recollect aright what the little bird whispered, is musical and multiple. After all, what is the Crystal Palace—its show of wares, hard and soft—its stuffs, corn and cambric—its costumes, common and curious—its machinery, scientific and simple—its works in wax and what not—its this, that, etcetera, to us, poor musicians, turned out of house and home by triple rents and renewed income tax (the deuce take the “aggression,” protestant and catholic!)—what is it all to us, unless, like the blowers of glass, founders of iron, burners of clay, turners of wood and ivory, weavers of flax, rectifiers of railroads, *et id hoc genus omne*, we have some personal interest in the matter—something that will help to boil the pot, shorten art and lengthen life? What is it to us, with its frippery, its finery, its science and solidity? It is all very well to tell us that the great M. Sax will send over for exhibition, from Paris, all his newly-invented instruments of brass, and wood, and zinc, and gold, and platina, and silver—and that M. Erard, the large manufacturer of French pianofortes, will depose cunningly-carved “cabinets,” “uprights,” queer “à queues,” and sounding “squares;”—and that Messrs. Broadwood, the great manufacturers of English pianofortes, will do something to outdo what they have already done, which is barely possible—and that Mr. Clinton will display a “flute,” for tone and ease of fingering not to be surpassed except by Mr. Carte’s “new patent,” which in these requisites has no superior except Mr. Card’s “lately-invented,” which cannot be excelled in ditto ditto except by Mr. Siccama’s “diatonic,” which defies competition, unless at the holes and keys of Mr. Clinton’s aforesaid; and so on in a round *ad perpetuum*?—and that Colonel Somebody will put forth an enharmonic instrument, upon which unappreciable tones may not be appreciated—and that Colonel Somebody else will exhibit a musical bed, by means of which we may sleep to the melodies of Halévy, and snore to the harmonies of Gounod? It is all very well to tell us these things, and a dozen more, and to wind up with the comfortable assurance that Sir Henry Bishop (as a worthy correspondent from Bath informs us—which we knew already—vide, No. 2, vol. 26), will preside over the inventions, acoustical, mechanical, and problematical, and allot them a place and a degree; but what does it matter to us, unless there be wherewith, in all, or some, or one of them, to serve our own turn? Nothing!

To what then shall we look for special amusement and personal profit? Surely to something quite apart from these;

to something active, stirring, and palpable. In short to a series, or series of musical performances, of various characters. The same worthy correspondent from Bath, who writes to us in a kindly tone and pays us compliments, of which, though undeserving, we are not the less conceited, suggests weekly concerts of glees and madrigals. We like glees and madrigals, but they are not enough, since *maugre* the *Athenæum*, the repertory of English music—school though we have none, as our elder contemporary, the *Times*, asserts—embraces other things besides "See the chariot at hand," and "Sweet honey-sucking bees," and, with deference to Sir Henry Bishop and Orlando Gibbons, things of a better and a higher sort—such as symphonies, overtures, concertos, oratorios, operas, &c., which surely would amuse, if not instruct, our visitors *outré manche et mer* of the old earth and new, better than many things to which they are accustomed. We are conscious that this will be denied in the next number of the *Athenæum*; but *n'importe*, it is perhaps the truer for that. We present the shield of faith and confidence, to catch the buffet when it comes.

The questions that remain are—what are these performances to be, and who shall direct them? As it is evident that their nature must of necessity be not more musical than mixed, not more perpetual than popular, are we very far from the mark, are we more than reasonably unreasonable, in pointing out, as a fit and proper man—because an active, an energetic, an intelligent, a versatile, a well-considered and indomitable—M. Jullien, who is known to France as well as England, whose fame has travelled to the four quarters of the globe (if a sphere can be said to have corners), in the teeth of adverse winds (if winds may be said to have teeth), and the Lynch-law of hostile and untoward circumstances, and whose eagerness in action is as notorious as his calmness in repose?—are we far wrong in singling out M. Jullien as director? We pause for a reply?

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday *Lucia* was repeated and the success of Mdle. Duprez confirmed. Calzolari was better and sang better. There is nothing to add to what we said in our last of this performance.

On Saturday Auber's magnificent opera of *Gustave III.* was produced, with appropriate splendour and entire success. In the *libretto* of this work Scribe has developed all his ingenuity and skill, and on the music Auber has lavished the resources of his genius in such a manner as to produce a *chef-d'œuvre* only second to *Masaniello*. Both, however, are too familiar to our readers to need any description or analysis here. It suffices to speak of the performance.

The cast was as follows:—Amalia (Countess of Ankastrom) Madame Fiorentini; Arvedson, Mdle. Feller; Oscar (page of the King) Mdle. Caroline Duprez; Ankastrom, Signor Lorenzo; Dehorn, Signor F. Lablache; Ribbing, M. Poulter; Gustave III., Signor Calzolari.

Madame Fiorentini is, beyond comparison, the best Madame Ankastrom we ever saw. Her voice, which has gained remarkably since last season, both in strength and freshness, is perfectly suited to the graceful and passionate melodies which

Auber has allotted to this, one of the finest of his creations. The cavatina of the second act was magnificently sung, and the duet and trio that follow were not only excellent as vocal efforts, but conspicuous for dramatic expression. But Madame Fiorentini's triumph was most assuredly in the beautiful air of the fourth act, where she supplicates Ankastrom to let her see her child before he kills her. Her expression in this was fervid and exquisite. Madame Fiorentini, although little better than a stranger—since she only appeared three or four times at the end of last season—has already gained the affections of the public, who received her most warmly, and liberally applauded her throughout the opera.

Mdle. Caroline Duprez was a fascinating Page, and sang to perfection in the quintet. But in the romance of the first act she robbed the second couplet of all its melodic beauty, by the introduction of some very inelegant and unsuitable changes. The air in the ball scene is not well fitted for her, and she is compelled to alter without improving it, which latter would be somewhat difficult. Although we cannot approve of her introduction of the *rondo finale* from *Le Serment*, since Auber did not write *Gustave III.* for the express purpose of displaying the capabilities of any singer to whom the part of Oscar might chance to be cast, we are compelled to own that it was a brilliant and finished piece of vocalization. Mdle. Duprez, in the Page's costume looked the very essence of prettiness, archness, and insolence. Her reception was enthusiastic, and her success more than ever substantiated.

Signor Calzolari sang the two airs of Gustave very gracefully; but they are somewhat too high for him, and too unlike the Italian school to which he is accustomed. Signor Lorenzo took evident pains with the part of Ankastrom, and his acting, when he discovers the King's paramour to be his own wife, was exceedingly good. M. Poulter had but little to do, as the conspirator Ribbing; but in the trio of the fourth act, with Signor Lorenzo and M. Frederic Lablache, he came out with remarkable power, and was well supported by the last named gentleman, who as Dehorn, was invaluable all through the opera, keeping the chorus together, and not seldom the principals. This it is to be a good musician. We had almost forgot Mdle. Feller, the new *mezzo soprano*, who, in the part of Arvedson, the witch, exhibited a strong and musical voice, considerable energy, and a personal appearance of high attractions. Altogether the distribution of the characters was decidedly efficient.

Mr. Balfe had used indomitable zeal in getting up the opera at a very short notice. The overture was capitally executed by the band. The choruses were showy, though not always quite up to the mark, and the concerted music in general went well.

As the better half of Auber's ballet music was omitted, besides the march and final chorus after the King's assassination, we have little to say about this part of the entertainment, except that we infinitely prefer Auber's own version. The duet for Ankastrom and Gustave, in the first act, was also left out, to the detriment of the general effect of the opera. The dances that were left—the galop and a *pas de hussards* (not in the original, but composed by Auber for M. Taglioni, at the request of M. Taglioni)—were arranged with admirable taste by M. Taglioni, and the presiding genius of Mr. Harris, the indefatigable, was evident throughout the opera, especially in the animated groupings of the second act, where Gustave is recognized and fêted by the multitude, in the cabin of the Sorceress.

Carlotta Grisi's *rentrée* must be noticed as an isolated fact, and a fact of absorbing interest. The inimitable *dansuse*, looking more airy, more graceful, and more fascinating than

ever, was welcomed, as she flitted on the stage, in the *Pas des Folies* (music by Sig. Pugnî, with the help of Auber's first theme!), with a storm of plaudits, that did not abate until she had executed what almost amounted to a *Grand pas de Salutations*. As soon as Carlotta had finished the *adagio*, in which her *poses* and movements were more than ever classical and romantic—the great *danseuse* combines the two schools, joins Phidias and Flaxman hand by hand, or Sophocles and Shakspeare, which Victor Hugo vainly essayed with a genius less perfect than Carlotta's)—as soon as she had accomplished the last ethereal step, another tempest of applause bespoke the delight of the audience. The quick movement that followed—a wild and fantastic *allegretto*, in which the fancy of M. Taglioni, inspired by his subject, had outdone itself in picturesque conceits—was a triumph of agility, as the *adagio* was a triumph of grace and ease. The “*pointes*,” supple and plastic, becoming their genuine and most elegant display, not rigid and stiff (too often their abuse), were introduced with an *abandon* that showed them to be mere bagatelles to Carlotta. The manner of taking them was natural, and the manner of rejecting them was natural. The rapid evolution of the whole person, during which a “*pointe*” was seized and disposed of with a simplicity of style that robbed them of all apparent difficulty, was a masterly demonstration of the “*ars celeri artem*,” that golden rule which Carlotta cherishes with the affection of a real artist and enthusiast. In short, if the innocence of a lamb could be added to the strength of a gazelle, the velocity of a bird, the lightness of a feather, and the elasticity of air, the representative of these mixed qualities, all fused into one charming and irresistible whole, would be CARLOTTA GRISI, who is now more than ever queen of her own domain, where grace, and swiftness, and beauty are one—the necessary attributes of life and being. At the end of the *pas*, Carlotta was recalled by the whole audience. She was ably seconded by Mdle. Esther Aussandon, &c. &c. &c., a company of “*Folies*,” *dont il serait assez facile de devenir fou*.

Gustave III. has been played three times with increasing success, a success which, we are convinced, would have been still more brilliant had the opera been presented according to the score—*notatim et literatim*. It is to be repeated to-night. Two *tableaux*, from the elegant ballet called *L'Île des Amours*, have followed the opera on each occasion. Mdle. Ferraris improves nightly, and obtains the unanimous suffrages of the audience.

Meanwhile, the *Metamorphoses*, for Carlotta Grisi, is on the *tapis*; and Mdle. Alaymo, and Coletti, and Massol have all arrived. Mr. Lumley will soon be in the thick of it. The success of Alary's opera in Paris has added a new feature to his programme, already so studded with attractions.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season commenced on Thursday evening with Rossini's *Semiramide*, the same opera with which the theatre was inaugurated in 1846. The present cast differs materially from the cast of the first season of the Royal Italian Opera. Grisi still retains her place as the Assyrian Queen, and Tagliafico as the High Priest; but Alboni is changed for Angri in Arsace, and Tamburini for Salvatori in Assur. In the small part of Idreno, also, we find Luigi Mei substituted for Lavia, a most pains-taking and meritorious artist, whom this year we miss from the establishment. Angri made her *début* the season before last in Arsace, a character which was found well suited to her broad and energetic style; but for some reasons un-

known the afterwards popular contralto was not re-engaged last season, and *Semiramide* was shorn of much of its attractions. Mdle. de Meric, the contralto of the season, not being of sufficient force to give importance to the part.

The directors were justified two years previously in selecting *Semiramide* to open the campaign. They had sundry reasons for their choice. First, the opera is a favourite one, and deserves to be so. It abounds in beautiful and striking melodies, and has several admirable pieces to show off the singers to the best advantage. Secondly, the choral and orchestral forces are largely and frequently employed, which tends to exhibit the great resources of the opera. In the next place, *Semiramide* is one of Grisi's finest impersonations, a circumstance which alone would justify the directors' choice. These were a few of the reasons which induced the management to open with Rossini's *Grand Opera Seria*.

The opening night of a large and important establishment like that of the Royal Italian Opera is always one of unusual excitement. Expectation is rife—Curiosity is on tip-toe—Speculation is voluble and inquisitive—Rumour loud and multiple—and, in the case of the supporters of Covent Garden, Rivalry rampant and bold. The doors are besieged too by a furious crowd; every one anxious for his own comfort thinks not of incommoding his neighbour; self-preservation is the first law of nature, and gallantry is laid fast asleep in the lap of egotism. The renters, also—poor Covent Garden!—the Cosacks of the establishment, are more than generally fierce and proscribing, and eye every member of the free list with scowls and ribbonmen's looks, anything at all but grateful to the gentlemen of the press, who are not honoured with boxes or stalls, but are compelled to stand lowering glances and sharp elbows. The conduct of the renters on Thursday night was just as disgraceful as it has been every opening night of every year since the commencement of the Royal Italian Opera.

The band is nearly the same as last year. Two highly important members have seceded—Mr. Ribas, the first flute, and Mr. Rowland, principal double bass. The place of Mr. Ribas is supplied by Mr. Pratten, from M. Jullien's band. As the directors this year have published no list of their orchestral force in their prospectus, we are unable to ascertain who fills the post formerly occupied by Mr. Rowland. The last named gentleman has gone over to the parent establishment, and is now Mr. Balfe's principal double bass. Notwithstanding these two deductions from the *ensemble* of last year we did not perceive any falling off in the band. The chorus appears to be as efficient and powerful as ever.

Mr. Costa was received with loud cheers on taking his seat in the orchestra. The overture obtained a well-merited encore. It was played with great brilliancy, and left nothing to criticise, if we except the *andante* for four horns, in which the bassoon was substituted for one of the horns. Fine as Mr. Baumann's tone is, it did not amalgamate with the brass. Signor Luigi Mei appeared for the first time as Idreno, but did not exhibit any improvement on Signor Lavia. He gave the florid passages which his predecessor omitted, and adhered more closely to the original score; but his unfortunate tendency to flatten marred all his efforts. It is rather surprising that the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, who are such “sticklers” for perfection of *ensemble*, should invariably put an incompetent tenor into Idreno, a part which, at Her Majesty's Theatre some years ago, was not deemed unworthy of Signor Ivanoff, then one of the popularities of the day. By the way, Idreno's aria, one of the best things in the opera, and one of the most brilliant tenor songs Rossini ever wrote, is always left out.

The entrance of Signor Salvatori, as Assur, was awaited with interest and curiosity. The public have always been led to expect at the Royal Italian Opera the best performers in every line possible to be procured; and therefore when so great a singer and so great a favourite as Tamburini had withdrawn from the establishment, hopes were naturally entertained that an artist of superior acquirements would have been engaged; or, if no such artist were available, one at least who would reflect no discredit on the directors' judgment. Little of Signor Salvatori was known previous to his coming to England. Rumour gave out that he was an actor and singer of no ordinary pretensions, and that he had achieved a high reputation at some of the theatres in Italy. Unfortunately, Signor Salvatori had a severe hoarseness on Thursday night, and a printed notice was distributed in the house, entreating the indulgence of the audience. Under these circumstances it would be impossible to pronounce fairly on the vocal merits of the new barytone. As far as we could judge, Signor Salvatori has a voice of ordinary power, ordinary quality, and ordinary compass. He sings well, is evidently an artist, and acts admirably. Indeed, in one or two instances, he displayed histrionic abilities of the highest order—not even surpassed by his predecessor; but his voice failed to do justice to his efforts, and he did not produce the effect he might have done under more favourable circumstances. If Signor Salvatori had a severe hoarseness, it was highly injudicious to allow him to appear at all. First impressions cannot be easily eradicated. Nor should he have been permitted to introduce the scene at the tomb of Ninus, a *morceau* which demands a perfect command of the voice in all its resources. We shall be glad to report more favourably of the Signor in our next notice. Meanwhile, it is but right to state our conviction, that Signor Salvatori can never pretend to supply the place vacated by Tamburini.

The imperial Grisi has come back to us with renewed energies, and powers re-invigorated by long rest and care. Since her last appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in August, she has not sung in public. Her voice has consequently improved in freshness and vigour, and we have seldom heard her sing so splendidly, or with such thrilling effect, as on Thursday night. She was welcomed back with all the old *furor* that never fails to accompany her first appearance of the season. She is certainly thinner than she was last year, and she looks all the better for it. It was curious to watch the intense anxiety with which her first notes were listened to, and the burst of applause which instantaneously followed her first phrase from all parts of the house was an acknowledgment and a delight that Grisi was still the Grisi of bye-gone times, and was still in full possession of her powers. The grand scene "*Bel raggio*," confirmed this impression still further. It was given with all the power, facility, and delicacy for which it has always been remarkable, not a point being missed, nor an effect lost. The pianissimos were beautifully in tune, and the florid passages delivered with singular ease and precision. This was a great vocal feat, the audience applauded enthusiastically, and Grisi once more reigned supreme as the acknowledged Queen of Song. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of Grisi's acting in *Semiramide*. Its numerous beauties are too well known to dwell upon them. Enough to say, she acted throughout with all her usual grandeur and power, and never achieved a more triumphant success.

The impetuous Angri obtained a warm reception in Arsace. Her *aria d'intrata*, "*Ecco alfine in Babylonia*," was a good commencement, and exhibited the breadth and vigour of her style to great advantage. She was in fine voice throughout the night, and sang with remarkable animation and force. Indeed, bating an occasional exaggeration of the sentiment,

and a too frequent tendency to drag the time, the singing of Mdle. Angri was unimpeachable. In the duets with Semiramide, she did not always keep pace with Grisi, and much of effect of the *ensemble* was lost thereby. Histrionically speaking, Arsace is certainly the best character Mdle. Angri has sustained in this country. It exhibits great dramatic force, and an *abandon* which indicates more than mere talent and acquirement in the artist. The directors showed much policy in retaining the services of Mdle. Angri, who may be turned to the best account.

Signor Tagliafico is entitled to the highest praise for his careful singing in the difficult and thankless music of Oroe the High Priest. This artist is one of the most zealous and painstaking members of the Royal Italian Opera corps, and is thoroughly efficient in everything he undertakes.

Grisi, Angri, and Signor Salvatori were called for at the fall of the curtain, and made their appearance. "God save the Queen" was then sung by the company—Grisi, Angri, and Castellan taking the solos. The charming Castellan was received with a round of hearty applause.

On Tuesday next *Masaniello* will be given for Signor Tamberlik's first appearance, when Herr Formes will perform Pietro, Massol's great part, for the first time. Madame Castellan will play Elvira.

Reviews of Music.

"CENSUS FOR 1851,"—COMIC SONG—WRITTEN BY ANDREW PARK. Z. T. Purday.

Having just been served with a schedule, to be filled up with our surname, relation to the head of family, *condition*, sex, age, rank, profession, occupation, birth, deafness, dumbness, blindness, &c. &c., we can enter with heartiness into the rhythmical plaint of our poetical friend, eke contributor, Andrew Park, who, in a lay of six fyttes, sets forth with unctuous humour the catalogue of inconvenient disclosures forced upon every liege subject of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, at this eventful period, when the heads of our legislature take it unto themselves to count and classify the whole population of these blessed realms. Our author does not draw up his apostrophe in bitterness of spirit, but, with riant raillery and pungent pun, he so takes the hearer by the cachinnatory nerve, that he holds him suspended, as it were, in a noose of laughter, which only drops when Mr. Park (the showman who pulls the string), having arrived at the end of his stave, launches him into an eternity of convulsion, until, beating his sides and holding his mouth alternately, he comes to himself, and cries out lustily, "once more, for pity's sake, once more." The tune to which Mr. Park has musicked his version of the "Census" is apparently an old familiar theme, although at present we have not wherewith to trace its origin. The whole signifies a good after-dinner song, to be listened to without "tray or teen."

"THE HOLYROOD PALACE POLKA."—AS PERFORMED BEFORE HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA—J. R. LING. T. Holloway.

The Holyrood Palace Polka is written with Mr. Ling's usual facility and correctness. The introduction, being formed upon "Robin Adair," leaves the commentator a point for discussion, whereof the proposition may be thus worded:—what connexion has "Robin Adair," or to go back further into antiquity, "Eileen Aroon," with Holyrood Palace? Answer—none. Q. E. D. The polka itself is very catching and pretty, and the airs with which it is chequered—"The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Highlandman," "The Campbells are coming," (with lame horses)—give it a Scotch twist which triumphantly establishes Mr. Ling's right to entitle his polka "Holyrood Palace."

"RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND THE SISTER ISLES. FANTASIA. J. R. LING.—H. Tolkien.

The "Recollections" begin with an introduction, *Allegro Maestoso*, in G, which, after the course of a page, arrives at the

point from whence it started, and gives place to the well known air, "O Nannie wilt thou gang with me?" which Mr. Ling, with his usual partiality for the plaid, has assigned to Scotland, to the prejudice of the Green Isle that hoves hard by in the South West. In revenge, as it were, to compensate for changing its birth-place, Mr. Ling has arranged the venerable ditty in a seemly suit of Thalberg, whereby its physiognomy is so modified that it is doubtful whether its composer, were he to start into life, vigorously brandishing a shillelah, would be able to recognise the offspring of his invention. "Nannie," being thus disposed of, retires in favour of the equally well known air, "Have you not heard of a Jolly Young Waterman?" which, under the title of "Sing, Sing, Music was given" (see Moore's Melodies), Mr. Ling, as it were in propitiation for depriving her of her own "Nannie" and her owner "Eileen," presents to Hibernia, in the key of C major, with the addition of some *sauce piquante à la Henri Herz*. This effected, as though apprehensive of discovery, our composer shifts his key, by means of a 6-4, 5-4, and 5-3 on B, into E major, in which disguise he cunningly endows Old England with the Spanish melody, "Home, sweet home," which Mozart, seventy years ago, had already presented to the Eagle of Austria, in the shape of an air with variations. Independent of this singular passion for transferring the tunes of one nation to another, Mr. Ling's Recollections are agreeable, and worthy of being remembered in Great Britain and the Sister Isles—whereof Ireland stands for one, but what land for the other, unless Man, White, Sky, or Dogs, none of whose primitive tunes Mr. Ling has bequeathed to adjacent countries, we have yet to learn. Perhaps Mr. Ling will inform us, by a line (post paid), directed to 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

"THE SPRITE POLKA."—BRILLIANT PHANTASY—LAURA BARKER.
Wessel & Co.

Like everything we have seen from the pen of its accomplished authoress—who, though an amateur, knows more of the art than many professors of name and standing, not to speak of her sprightly fancy, a quality which it does not belong to teaching or professional status to give—the "Sprite Polka" demands that consideration due to performances in which there is no evidence of vulgar idea, or common-place treatment. It could not be described more properly than by Miss Barker in her own title-page being really a brilliant phantasy, and not merely distinguished by a Ph. instead of an F, but by real thoughts instead of emptiness. It might, indeed, be interpolated, without fear of question, as an *air de danse* in one of the operas of the illustrious author of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophete*, whose manner of composing ballet music Miss Barker has happily caught, without, be it understood, appropriating, or even attempting to imitate his ideas. The "Sprite Polka" is not addressed to mean fingers, but require a deliberate command of the key-board, in all its compass. The signature is five flats; but after a short fantasia, *con fuoco*, the theme of the introduction makes its appearance in F minor, in a style of vivacious *diablerie*. It is then carried through a series of natural progressions, in which the feeling of mystery is well sustained, until a sparkling passage of triplets leads to the polka itself, in the key of the signature D flat. The subject—the most prominent feature of which consists in skips of tenths—necessitating the player to take heed where he places his fingers and thumb—is gay and capricious as becomes the scope of the phantasy, which involves no end of imps and elves, not to speak of gnomes and ghouls whose ugliness excludes them from Miss Laura Barker's category of spirits. Another dashing *trait de bravoure* in triplets here comes to separate the *debut* from the *rentrée* of the polka; which, latter, being effectively accomplished, a new and suggestive measure, *con fuoco*, is struck up alternately in G flat and B flat minor, a capital point being obtained by the pauses, or silences, which separate the phrase of six bars in the major from that of four in the minor. Some well-designed *remplissage*, terminating with a chromatic scale, F F, restores us to the polka—intercepted shortly by another new motive in B flat minor, of a savage character—which, in its turn, after some pretty coquetry of keys, leaves the left hand alone to deal with a fiery passage of semi-quavers—the *avant-courier* of a fresh episode in A flat, a bold

and passionate melody, accompanied by an arpeggio for the left hand, by no means admitting of careless or sluggish execution. More *remplissage* are good, because in place, the polka once again *pianissimo*, varied both in melody and harmony, followed, as before, by *bravura*, the passage of triplets, dividing, as before, its entry from its re-entry; and lastly, an exceedingly effective and showy *coda*, in excellent keeping with the whole, and bringing about a climax which must prove equally satisfactory to the performer and hearer, provided the one is able to play and the other to appreciate.

The "Sprite Polka" is dedicated, in words of graceful and sincere compliment, to Mr. Cipriani Potter, from whose experienced teaching Miss Laura Barker has derived her knowledge of the art of composition, and, we believe, her proficiency on the pianoforte.

"THE GRAND MARCH OF ALL NATIONS." J. W. ETHERINGTON.—
J. Etherington, Richmond.

A dashing march in E flat, with a trio in the dominant, of graceful character, and a *coda*, not the less showy because brief. In this composition a decided inclination for harmony and modulation of the uncommon kind is to be remarked, an inclination which, while here it leads into a bold effect, there conducts to a quagmire. The opening theme of the march is very good, but the first two bars are like the Caliph's march in Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened*. The *fanfare*, which precedes it, would be excellent but for the bare fourth (E, B) which occurs in the second bar. The next subject, in A flat, is also good; but the harmony is too artificial for so simple a tune, and the progression (bars 3-4, line 4, page 2) from the chord of the 6, 4, 3, on B flat, to the 6, 4, on A flat, is forced into the service without adequate results—or, perhaps, with bad results, since it gives an unsatisfactory twist to the melody which, plainly harmonised, would have been unexceptionable. The *rentrée* of the theme is hardy, and nothing can be nicer in its way than the *trio* in B flat. The *coda*, where the subject is introduced in the bass, with a florid accompaniment of triplets, is capital. It would be still more capital if Mr. Etherington would strike out the natural affixed to the A, in the last chord of bar 3, line 3. We have already had the chord, with the A natural, at the beginning of the bar, and its reappearance, after it has once been got rid of by the A flat in the bass, is obtrusive, and spoils the otherwise blameless progression from D flat, beginning in the preceding bar. To conclude, we like the "Grand March of all Nations," and shall feel obliged to the composer, if, by making the proposed changes, he would help us to like it even better. As for the frontispiece, with Britannia in a sepulchre, surmounted by a posse of "the nations," carrying boxes and bundles to the Crystal Palace, each with a *pose* supposed to be peculiar (for goodness' sake, reader, look at the Frenchman, in the dexter corner of the foreground, with a white waistcoat, and some clock-work!)—as for the frontispiece, that is unique (*sui generis*), and not to be outdone by any of the pictorial *macula* that have started from the plethora of 1851. We should have mentioned that the March has an *ad libitum* accompaniment for flute or violin.

"PEGGOTTY, THE WANDERER," ballad, poetry by WILLIAM MARTIN, Esq.; music by J. W. ETHERINGTON.—Chappell. Also T. Etherington.

The present ballad, being a perfect example of the school to which it belongs—the sentimental Drawing Room—leaves nothing for criticism to advance. Had it been signed W. Vincent Wallace, or Michael W. Balfe, we should not have stopped to inquire into its genuineness—which is paying no small compliment to Mr. Etherington, who, by the way, has brought in his favourite progression, from the seventh upon the supertonic to the six-four on the dominant, with pretty effect, at the end of each verse, and by this little stroke of musicianship has just contrived to separate his very nice song from the common herd of ballads popular. He has also been very lucky in his poet, William Martin, Esq., who has paraphrased one of the sweetest passages in *David Copperfield* (where little Emily of the bruised heart leans on the shoulder of Peggotty of the mighty love), with uncommon feeling, and in verses that flow without let or hindrance, in rhymes that he who

runs may read, so pleasingly trip they on, without stick or stumble. We recommend this ballad as a good stock piece of its kidney.

"MAY GOD PRESERVE OLD ENGLAND."—New National Anthem; written by WILLIAM MARTIN, Esq.; composed by J. W. ETHERINGTON.—J. Etherington, Richmond.

We have already hinted that William Martin, Esq. is a good poet, and we could hardly adduce a better proof of the fact than the verses herein at issue. That such musty sentiments as "Preserve Old England," and "Loyalty be her watchword," and "May true religion arm her," &c. should be newly set agoing, in rhyme, and that in a manner at once hearty, unaffected, and agreeable, is to be noted down in white, with the comment, that a poet who has been able to do this ought by all means to do something much better—whereof, we stake our repute, William Martin, Esq. is fully capable, if he will but spur his energy to the act. Mr. Etherington, too, merits praise for having taken nothing from "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" except the key, B flat, which he had an absolute right to appropriate. His music is in vocal quartet, the theme, a good plain melody, being first given by the *soprano*, as solo. There are also short incidental solos, for second, *soprano* or tenor, and duets, for two *sopranos*, which confer a pleasing variety. The tune throughout is clear and singable, the harmony simple and correct, and the voicing unexceptionable. We have our doubts about the progression into A flat, and back again to the dominant of the original key, which occurs at the bottom of page 1 and at the top of page 4, since, for so homely a topic, the music could hardly have been made too unpretending. Nevertheless, it is evident Mr. Etherington, whatever he composes, is resolved to pop in a little bit, somewhere, which shall go to prove that he, Mr. Etherington, is a musician, and not a pretender—a fact whereof, we beg to assure both Mr. Etherington and our readers we are thoroughly persuaded and convinced.

"GORLITZA"—Polka and Mazurka, for the Pianoforte, by J. H. D'Egville.—R. Cocks and Co.

The polka and mazurka of Mr. D'Egville, although bearing the name *Gorlitza* (not *ga*), are totally unlike similar compositions, similarly dubbed, which have reached our table. We are, therefore, now in a condition to record that "Gorlitza" is not a particular tune, but a particular dance—Livonian, if you please, or anything else in that direction, which may suit the purpose better. A "Gorlitza," then, may be written and published without consulting M. Varin, which is something worth knowing. Mr. D'Egville has composed a sparkling mazurka in G, and a still more sparkling polka in B flat, each moving irresistably to the Polish sort of dance, and each courting popularity with an argument so tuneless that popularity is not likely to be chary in granting her patronage. Mr. D'Egville has printed both, without asking permission of M. Varin, and has circulated both, we understand (and are not surprised) profusely, with what consequence it remains for M. Varin to decide.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The inauguration of the seventh season took place on Wednesday evening at the New Beethoven Rooms. The change of *locale* from the Old Beethoven Rooms is not an improvement. M. Scipion Rousselot continues the representative of the society. His return to the original plan of three quartets, from the early, middle, and latter period of Beethoven's career, is to be applauded, and the engagement of Herr Ernst, to lead, as we hope, the entire series of performances, is a step of equal wisdom.

The programme comprised the quartets in A (No. 5, Op. 18), in E flat (No. 10, Op. 74), and in B flat (No. 13, Op. 130, Posthumous). We like them all, but the last the least. The quartet in A is a gem of simplicity; the one in E flat a deep well of mysterious passion; that in B flat a labyrinth of mingled beauty and unloveliness, clearness and complexity.

Herr Ernst was perfection in all of them. In the first he was playful, tender, and unstudied; in the second he was impassioned, varied and profoundly expressive; in the last he was grand, mysterious, and fitful as the work itself. A better second violin than Mr. H. C. Cooper (one of the first of "firsts") could not have been appointed; a more accomplished master of the viola than Mr. H. Hill does not exist; a more comprehensive Beethovenite than M. Rousselot professes not the violoncello. It was not then astonishing that the quartets were admirably executed, and that the audience, a select one, was stirred to enthusiasm. In the *adagio* in A flat (of the No. 10)—into which, by the way, that rarest of plagiarists, Mendelssohn, has dipped" (see *adagio non troppo* in the same key, from the quartet Op. 44, No. 3, in E flat)—Ernst fairly surpassed himself; and ditto in the *adagio* of the Posthumous in E flat. We never heard the violin give vent to such a full tide of tears and passions; the fourth string, in one passage (No. 10), spoke with the voice of a desperate lover, whose mistress has rejected him with contumely; it might have been Sir Pelleas complaining of the Lady Ettarde (*Morte Arthure*). Talking of plagiarisms—Spohr has taken a large piece out of the first movement of the A, and placed it in the opening *allegro* of his second symphony in D minor; and friend Benedict had an eye to one of the movements in a certain characteristic dance in the *Gipsy's Warning*, written at the request of poor George Wieland. Mentioning violas, we must not forget to say that Mr. Hill played the tenor variation, in the last and least surprising movement of the No. 10, with the utmost grace and fidelity; and, alluding to arpeggios, let us note that we never heard the grand arpeggio *trait de bravoure*, in the *allegro* of the same, so dexterously executed, and with such energy, as by Ernst on Wednesday night. The least hearty enjoyment of the evening was derived from the Posthumous quartet, which, with all the skill of the performers, except in some exquisitely beautiful passages, could not be unequivocally understood, and so did not strongly excite the sympathies and admiration of the audience.

The date of the next concert is not announced, but the series will comprise the seventeen quartets. Tea and coffee are served, as usual, in the interval between the second and third pieces.

PROBINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—From our own Correspondent.—MR. C. E. HORSLEY's oratorio of *David*, first produced by our Philharmonic Society, was repeated by them at their hall on Tuesday evening, the 25th inst., on which occasion a crowded audience proved that the interest it excited on its first hearing is unabated. The principals were the Misses Birch, and M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Henry Drayton, who sang the music of Goliath, in place of Mr. Machin. The performance was again most successful. Miss Birch was in capital voice, and never perhaps sang better, or with more feeling. In the duet with Miss Williams, "The Lord preserveth," the voices blended perfectly. Miss Williams exerted herself to the utmost throughout the oratorio, and her efforts were duly appreciated. The great weight of the oratorio fell upon Mr. Lockey, and could hardly have been better supported. Mr. Henry Drayton sang zealously the music of Goliath. Mr. Armstrong, who appeared to such advantage on the first performance of the oratorio, sang with feeling and propriety. The chorus acquitted themselves admirably throughout. The second performance of this oratorio has increased our respect for the composer. Mr. Horsley, as the composer of a large and ambitious work, has been subject to searching criticism, and grave charges of plagiarism; but the delight with which *David* has been twice listened to by impartial auditories in this town, is at least an argument in favour of its merits.

Henrich Werner, the boy pianist, gave a concert at the concert-hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Monday evening, when he satisfied the audience that report had not overrated his powers. His first performance was a composition of his own, in which several Scotch airs are introduced. This was followed by a duet of Mozart's for two pianofortes, one of which was played by Miss Theresa Jeffreys, a very clever young pianist, daughter of the well-known London publisher. The talents of both were conspicuously brought into notice. Variations by Czerny on Himmel's air, "Alexis," were given with ease and rapidity; but the most effectual performance was Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland," which Young Werner played from memory. The audience astonished by his performances, gave a vent to their admiration in loud applause. The vocal music introduced to the notice of a Liverpool audience two young ladies, named Jolly, the elder of whom was a contralto voice of sweetness and compass. Mr. Delavanti, an old favourite in Liverpool, suffered so severely from hoarseness as to make criticism unnecessary. Miss Whitnall sang several popular songs in her usual pleasing manner.

The Manchester Shaksperian Society will play at our Theatre Royal, on the 25th of next month, for the benefit of our Eye and Ear Infirmary. The pieces will be, *As you like it*, and *The Review*, preceded by a prologue, entitled "Light and Darkness," written expressly for the occasion, by J. B. Rogerson, Esq., a poet known as the author of a book entitled *Rhyme, Romance, and Reverie*.

J. H. N.

SHREWSBURY.—The first of a series of Classical Chamber Concerts, by Messrs. Hay and Adam, was held in the Music Hall, on Friday evening, the 7th inst., and the company, assembled by private invitation, included most of the respectable inhabitants of the town. The Hall, covered with a carpet, and fitted up with the decorations of a drawing room, presented an elegant appearance. The programme included some of the finest compositions of Beethoven and Haydn. In Beethoven's Quintett for piano, violin, flute, viola, and violoncello, the light and shade was well defined by the performers; the pathos of the slow movement, and the animation of the allegro, afforded a rich treat. Mr. Hayward's violin solo was equal to most things of kind we have heard. The selection from Reisiger's Trio, No. 6, in which Mr. Hyles played with his customary skill, was entitled to praise, and made us wish the whole had been given instead of a part. The second movement from a sonata by Beethoven, for violin and piano, delighted everybody, both by its exquisite beauty, and the manner in which it was executed. Perhaps the most successful performance of the evening was the selection from one of Haydn's Quartetts, by Messrs. Hayward, Bourlay, and two gentlemen amateurs. The concert concluded with a Duo Concertante, for two pianofortes, played by Messrs. Hay and Adams, with great spirit and precision. It was performed at the last Choral Concert, but on this occasion with increased effect. We trust there will be no difficulty in continuing these concerts monthly.

BATH.—On Friday evening, the 21st ult., the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society held their last meeting (for this season) at the Assembly Rooms: C. J. Vigne, Esq., Vice-President, presided. The programme was chosen from Handel, Attwood, Spofforth, and others. The performance gave much gratification, particularly the first chorus, "O the Pleasure of the Plains" (Handel), which was admirably sung. A charming duet, by Mendelssohn, "On yon Streamlet's Yellow Sand," was beautifully given by Mr. and Mrs. Millar, and encored. The first part was terminated by the chorus, "Hither we come," in which Mrs. Pyne gave the solo, "My task is ended," with her usual ability. Mrs. Pyne and Miss Gilbert sang a very pretty duet (MS), by Mr. Bianchi Taylor, cleverly: the piece well merited the unanimous *encore* it elicited. Dr. Calcott's comic trio, "Aldiborontophoscophornio," was done sufficiently well to excite laughter, which is all the author aimed at. Mr. Millar, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. B. Taylor, were the executants. "On the Banks of Allan Water," harmonized for four voices, was effectively sung by Mrs. Pyne, Messrs. Bell, Pyne, and B. Taylor. The whole concluded with Sir H. Bishop's chorus, "Welcome, welcome, Lady fair," the solo sung by Mrs. Millar, with characteristic effect.

KINGTON.—The fifth and last meeting of the Musical Society

for the season was held on Thursday, the 20th ult., when the performance created a lively interest. The performers were all amateur ladies and gentlemen. The programme demonstrated, to a certain extent, the proficiency the members have attained under the directorship of Mr. Ridley, organist of the Parish Church. Among the pieces we may name the Overture to *Il Barbiere*; the market chorus from *Masaniello*: the *Andante* and *Allegro* from Symphony No. 1, (Beethoven); the overture to *L'Italiana in Algeri*, (Rossini); a trio of Mozart's, and "God Save the Queen," as a finale. Several of the pieces were repeated at the request of the president. At the conclusion the president congratulated the audience on the termination of a brilliant succession of meetings, and, in the name of the subscribers, thanked the performers for their exertions, and proceeded in a very eulogistic strain to compliment the conductor, the originator of the society, for his liberality in continuing to direct the concerts gratuitously. Three hearty cheers were then given for Mr. Ridley, who immediately came forward in a very appropriate and feeling address, to return thanks, assuring the company that he felt highly gratified that his humble exertions had secured their approbation, but still more so, at the success of the institution—for he conceived that the society was a benefit to the town, in a moral, social, and intellectual point of view.

MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday the 19th ult., there was an undress concert at the Concert Hall, which presented so good a programme that we were surprised it did not attract. The room was not nearly so full as at several of the previous undress concerts. The audience, too, was apathetic,—not one *encore* was awarded, though the performances, both vocal and instrumental, were all creditable, and some of a superior character. The splendid symphony of Beethoven (*Eroica*) was most carefully rendered under the able direction of Mr. Charles Hallé; indeed, we were scarcely prepared to hear the arduous undertaking achieved so satisfactorily in all its details. Two solos were given by members of the orchestra. The first was on the violoncello, by Herr Lidel, who played with that skill of which we have before spoken, and was well supported by the band. The second was on the violin by M. Baetens. Both the writing and playing of Mons. Baetens betoken taste, but we have found his performances more satisfactory at the Chamber Concerts of Hallé and others. He was, perhaps, incommoded by the size of the room. The superb march from Mendelssohn's *Athalie* was given with fine effect, and though in style not so light, and not so popular as the well-known Wedding March, it proved sufficiently attractive to induce a large proportion of the audience to remain until the close. The vocal music was efficiently sustained; Mrs. Wood sang well, but scarcely, as we thought, with her usual power; Mr. Isherwood's singing requires no encomiums from us; and Mrs. Thomas ably sustained the *contralto*. Mr. Slater's voice cannot be surpassed in this town in its mixing quality, a point of importance in concerted vocal music. The "Ave verum" of Mozart and the quartet from *Fidelio* were the most successful pieces. In the well known "Over the Dark Blue Waters," from *Oberon*, the singers appeared to be overpowered by the band. The concert was over at an early hour.

The fascinating Anna Thillon, accompanied by the Irish Mr. Hudson, commenced their second series of performances at the Free-trade Hall, on Tuesday the 25th ult. The lady appeared in much better health than on the occasion of her previous visit, and gave her beautiful melodies with great brilliancy and feeling. Charming, indeed, was her Brounais *Melanie*, with the French romance, "Une rose bien fleurie;" the dancing girl of Egypt; and the sweet melody, "Where trembling lotus flowers;" whilst the Genius of America ensured her rapturous applause, which rose into an enthusiastic *encore*, for the parody upon Jenny Lind's favourite song from *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Mr. Hudson gave point to the humorisms allotted to him. Between the first and second parts, M. Thillon played a fantasia on the violin, in which he exhibited fine taste and delicacy of execution. He was accompanied on the pianoforte, as were all the songs, by Mr. Frederick Hudson. The series of Concerts extends to four, and terminates on Friday.

The benefit of Mrs. Thomas on Monday the 24th ult. was a benefit indeed. The Free-trade Hall was crowded, and a larger number of reserved seats taken than is usual at the Concerts of the People. Besides Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. James Isherwood were among the additional vocal attractions, whilst Mr. Royal and Mr. H. Walker lent their aid as instrumentalists, the former on the flute, the latter on the concertina. During the evening there were several encores. The concert ended somewhat later than on the regular nights, but few left the hall, packed as it was, before the close of the performance. On Monday, the 31st ult., Mr. Walton took his benefit, and this, we learn, was the last but two of the extra nights. Mr. Walton has long been a valuable assistant in the musical societies of the town and neighbourhood, and his appeal was not forgotten by his friends. A selection from the works of Sir Henry Bishop was the principal attraction.

The last of Mr. Seymour's quartet concerts for the season was given on Thursday evening, the 27th ult., at the Town Hall, Chorlton-on-Medlock, before a select, but not very numerous audience. The performances commenced with a work by an author new to Manchester,—Verhulst, a Dutchman. The quartet, though not of the highest class, was an interesting composition, and had full justice done to it by Messrs. Baetens (first violin), Thomas (second), Seymour (tenor), and Lidel (violinello). A harp fantasia introduced a stranger to us in the person of Miss Kennedy, who played a solo by Bochsa with evident command of the instrument. The second part opened with one of the posthumous works of the lamented Mendelssohn, the quintet in B flat, which was executed with great skill by the parties above-named, with the addition of an amateur who took the second tenor. Mr. Seymour and Mr. Baetens exchanged places, the former taking the first violin and the latter the tenor. The *Andante scherzando* was encored. The concert concluded with a quartet by Mayseder, in which Mr. Thomas took the first and Mr. Seymour the second violin; it was played throughout with great spirit. Thus, it will be seen, that three gentlemen in turn took the first violin.

Ernst, the unrivalled violinist, played on Thursday, at Mr. Seymour's benefit concert. There is no time for an account now.

ISLINGTON INSTITUTION.—Mr. Pearsall gave a very animated entertainment at the Athenæum Institution, on the 17th ult., and introduced a variety of songs, principally classical, introducing each with either a biographical notice or a criticism of the composition, interspersed with numerous anecdotes. "Comfort ye my people" was given excellently. Haydn's delightful song, "In native worth," drew down the plaudits of the audience, and in the "Death of Nelson" an encore was unanimously demanded. Among the lighter pieces, Dibdin's, "When the Lads of the Village," a pretty little ballad of Attwood's, "Let me Die," on which Charles Horn founded his celebrated "Cherry ripe," and Donizetti's Serenade from *Don Pasquale*, "Oh Summer Night," were among the best; and, but for the great exertion used by Mr. Pearsall would have called for repetition. We were much gratified in listening to this excellent singer in the character of an entertainer and hail him as an acquisition in this department of the art. The room was well filled although the weather proved most unpropitious. Mr. Jolley accompanied Mr. Pearsall on the pianoforte with taste and judgment.—(From a Correspondent.)

HEREFORD.—After a strict trial of skill, each candidate being first tested in an anthem chosen by himself, then in the daily Choral Service, also in a MS. solo for each kind of voice, composed by the organist, the following were appointed Lay Clerks of Hereford Cathedral on the 20th ult.:—Mr. G. Bickley, of the Cathedral, Lichfield; Mr. Burville, of the Cathedral, Rochester; Mr. Stevens, of the Cathedral, Ely; Mr. Lumley, of the Cathedral, Lincoln; Mr. Taylor, of the Cathedral, Lincoln; Mr. Ward, of the Cathedral, Lincoln. Amongst the candidates, Mr. Metcalfe, a pupil of Dr. Bexfield's, greatly distinguished himself. The Services were Hall and Hine, Morning; Hayes, Evening. Anthems, "God is gone up," Croft; "God is our Hope," Greene. The effect of the choral service in the fine nave of the Cathedral was most beautiful. It is a pity that twelve singers are not to be employed. There were forty candidates. Twelve were selected to compete.

The appointment of Lay Clerks is a novelty at Hereford; the old system was a college of twelve Vicars Choral in orders, four of them being also minor canons.

MDLLE CAROLINE DUPREZ.

(Abridged from the Illustrated London News.)

In the autumn of 1835, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* was first produced at the *San Carlo*, at Naples, Edgardo being sustained by M. Duprez, for whom the part had been expressly composed, and Lucia by Mdlle. Tacchinardi (now known as Madame Persiani); Signori Cosselli and Porti being Enrico and Bidebent. Soon after the production of this work, Duprez gave a dinner, at which Malibran (who was in the same company at the *San Carlo*), Mdlle Ungher, Signor Cosselli, and other artists were present. In the midst of the dinner, a little girl some three years of age, without being asked, began to sing the well-known air from *Tancredi*, "Di tanti palpiti." The guests were astonished at the quality of her voice and her precision. They asked Duprez—for it was his eldest daughter, Caroline, how it was she began to sing in the middle of dinner? He explained that it was her invariable custom to sing "Di tanti palpiti" when there was any particular dish she fancied on the table. Caroline Duprez was born at Florence in 1832, during the period of Duprez's second visit to Italy, where he married a vocalist of that country. From her earliest infancy she was fond of music, and when Duprez, after his career in Italy, returned to Paris in 1837, to make his *débüt* at the Académie Royale, as Arnoldo in *Guillaume Tell*, he took especial pains with the musical education of his child. She was always anxious to be present at the Grand Opera, and in vain were her desires checked by her parents. Whilst Duprez took charge of her tuition in singing, she studied harmony and accompaniment under M. A. Lecarpentier, and the piano under Mdlle. Marten. It was principally for his daughter that Duprez wrote his work *The Art of Singing*. At the age of fourteen years Mdlle. Caroline was enabled to conquer every vocal difficulty, and was then left to her own juvenile inspirations.

After Duprez had quitted the Académie Royale, the scene of his triumphs in *Guillaume Tell*, *La Favorita*, *La Juive*, *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *Otello*, &c., for twelve years, he determined to establish a dramatic singing-school, in order to promulgate the principles of that art of which he had been such an eloquent exponent. For this purpose he selected a certain number of pupils from the *Conservatoire*, where he was professor of singing; and, after he had trained the most intelligent in his class, he gave them the advantage of dramatic experience, having erected a private theatre at his residence. When he had perfected a company for opera, he left Paris on a tour in the provinces. He was at Nantes, thus occupied with his pupils, when he was joined by his wife and children, who were witnesses of the success of his experiment. Here Mdlle. Caroline's irresistible desire to sing on the stage induced her father to cultivate her talents, with the promise that she should make her *débüt* in due course. Last year he began a fresh tour with his pupils, six of whom now occupy positions in Paris and London on the operatic boards. Mdlle. Masson, Mdlle. Poinot, and M. Oswald, at the Grand Opera; Mdlle. Felix Miolon, at the *Opera Comique*; Mdlle. Duprez and M. Balanche, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Caroline Duprez sang for the first time in public at L'Île-Adam, where her father gave a concert for some inhabitants of a village near his country house, who had been burnt out

Her first public appearance was at Geneva, about four months since, in the character of the Princess Eudoxie, in Halévy's *Juive*. Her preparations for the stage were concluded at Stuttgart (Wurtemberg), Nancy, &c.; and, on the 9th of January last, she made her *débüt* in Paris, at the *Theatre des Italiens*, having been engaged by Mr. Lumley, director of that establishment as well as of Her Majesty's Theatre. Her father was the Edgardo, and her success was decided. In the same month she appeared as Adina, in Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, with Lablache, Signori Ferranti and Calzolari. She took her farewell of the Parisians, on the 10th inst., as Desdemona, in the third act of Rossini's *Otello*, her father sustaining the part of the Moor. On the 22nd inst. she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. It remains to be recorded, that Mdlle. Caroline Duprez is highly accomplished, and that in private life, she shines as an amiable member of a gifted family, thus adding intrinsic worth to professional excellence.

Original Correspondence.

STAGE FASHIONS FOR 1851.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—It was with great delight that I read the remarks of the bold and adventurous "Dramaticus," on the "dressing" of *Macbeth*, at the Haymarket. I honour him (Dramaticus, not Macbeth) for his manly indignation; and shall be happy to fight, side by side with him, against existing evils, such as he has pointed out. But, though I thus volunteer a coalition to turn out the present administration, it must not be thought that our politics are the same. Like him, I object to the "person of our Banquo" being "graced" by a railway wrapper. I have no notion of that ill-used warrior, in his defunct state, taking Macbeth's words literally; and, in order to resemble a Russian bear as nearly as possible, approaching, "rugged" up to the eyes, any more than he has. We vote altogether against the iniquitous measure; but, for different reasons. Dramaticus (whom I unhesitatingly brand as a bigotted conservative) objects to it, as an innovation on the good old system of kilts and tartans. I, an uncompromising radical, disapprove of it as not going far enough. It is a timid specimen of whig finality; I am for thorough out-and-out reform. And this brings me to the real subject of my letter. The Haymarket question, may be said literally to have "two sides to it." Let us consider Mr. Webster's share of it settled, for the time, and see about the evil being "removed from over the way."

Why does Mr. Lumley allow the beauty of *Lucia di Lammermoor* at his establishment to be marred by such glaring incongruities and anachronisms of costume? I noticed, the other evening, that five or six different periods of English history were represented by the dresses of the different characters. Edgardo wore a suit of the time of Charles the First. Bidebent, over an unmeaning black gown (belonging to no age or country whatever), displayed a style of beard and collar, reminding us of the portraits of that celebrated individual, whom old gentlemen delight in speaking of as the "Sweet Swan, who was not for an age, but for all time." Lucy herself, went mad in a white muslin evening dress of the present day; whilst the hearts of the nobility, gentry, and the public generally, gracing her ill-starred nuptials with their presence, sympathised with her sufferings from under the stiff coats and long waistcoats of the early part of the 1st century. Again, Lorenzo the magnificent enacted Enrico (who ought not to be a Scotchman at all, certainly not a Highlander) in a kilt and *sash culottes*. With the exception of the *Jealous Wife*, as produced by Mr. Macready (the eminent tragedian wearing a "gent's evening dress" of our own time, in a piece essentially of the last century, civilians being represented in it as wearing swords and drawing them), I do not recollect a parallel case of incorrectness. I have great faith in the old saying, "What is worth doing at all

is worth doing well." If we are to have costumes on the stage, let them be correct. People are a vast deal more knowing than they were, and less easily pleased. Our forefathers saw nothing ridiculous in Garrick playing *Macbeth* in a bag-wig and laced waistcoat. We roar at his portrait in the character, as at a caricature in Punch. Mr. Lumley should observe his age, and endeavour to keep pace with it. Let him once find the importance of the reform I have suggested, and nothing is easier than its accomplishment. What I would have him avoid is, treating the subject in a Toots-ian manner, and saying, "It's of no consequence." London, March 29, 1851. ROBERT B. BROUGH.

MOZART'S SONATAS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will please to inform me if "Mozart's concertos" are ever performed in public without accompaniments, as I see John Cramer has arranged them without accompaniments.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

[We believe, and we hope, that no pianist has ever thought of playing Mozart's concertos in public otherwise than Mozart intended they should be played.—Ed. M. W.]

ENGLISH COMPOSITIONS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The thanks of all true musicians are due to you for your noble advocacy of their rights and principles.

It is a remarkable fact, that all the great modern sacred works have been first produced in the provinces. *St. Paul*, the *Last Judgment*, *Fall of Babylon*, the *Crucifixion*, *Elijah*, *Jerusalem*, and *David*. I believe all these were not first performed at the Sacred Harmonic, or the other large societies, which ought naturally to follow the same course as our operatic directors, and secure at once any work of merit or renown.

The people of England are not wanting in generosity when a new work is performed. *David* has been well received, and *Jerusalem*, by our townsman, William Glover, was most cordially welcomed; why, then, are these works not presented by the Sacred Harmonic? The subscribers must surely require some fresh arrangement, instead of ringing the changes upon the *Messiah*, or the *Creation*, and others.

Is composition a crime, and talent a distemper, that both are so carefully avoided? Is music to be reckoned with pines, and silks, and tobacco, and figs, which are better from abroad? Are our old ladies to say for ever to subscribers, "you know, we always have had our oratorios and tea and coffee from the continent. It would not only be unfashionable, but interfering with the designs of providence to disturb the arrangement?"

Mind and genius belong to no particular clime. Norway or Greece, England or Italy—all are open to the impress of divinity. "Oh, but you English are such a money-getting, shop-keeping, utilitarian people." If the lands of sun and orange groves, of mountain and avalanche can produce anything more imaginative and ethereal than the "Midsummer Night's Dream," more gigantic and sublime than Milton and Shakspeare, more diversified and musical than Byron, and Shelley, and Moore, and twenty others, I will retire from the argument, and will consent to agree that we are a respectable, cold, solid, heavy, engine-making, shop-keeping people, and nothing more.

Manchester,
April 2nd, 1851.

Your obliged servant,
MENTAL EQUALITY.

THE FLUTE CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—My last letter was devoted exclusively to clear up the doubt which must have been created in the minds of your readers from the correspondence of Marsyas, respecting the open and shut keys. I will now endeavour to accomplish a more important object, namely, that of entering minutely into the fundamental principles of the instrument, proving how much of the modern alterations are necessary to constitute a *practical* flute, as near perfection

as we may ever hope to reach. Should my efforts be successful it may possibly be the stepping stone to the establishment of one universal system as formerly, instead of those endless varieties of new fangled flutes with which we have been tutored, and which have thrown the flute playing world into a perfect chaos. After a diligent study of all the works which have appeared on the subject, united to a complete and impartial examination of the instruments themselves, it is quite clear to me, that the whole affair lies in a nutshell, there being but three fundamental principles to be properly carried out, viz., "the size and distance of the holes, united to the bore;" "the adoption of the open or shut keys;" and "the system of fingering," as far as practicable. I will take those subjects separately. First, then, as to the holes. The first work that appeared in London on that subject was called an "Essay on the Boehm Flute," by Mr. Clinton, in which we are informed that the holes of a flute ought to be equal in size and distance, *relatively to the conical form of the instrument*, so that they shall resemble a series of organ pipes, each of which yields a half tone in an ascending order. That statement has been corroborated since by Messrs. Card, Carte, and Siccama, and the necessity of such an arrangement enforced by a repetition of that very comparison first advanced here by Mr. Clinton. Now although the inventors, one and all, take that as their *basis* both in theory and practice, it should not be understood that every hole is of exactly the same size, or the same distance apart. I have tested every new flute both in wood and metal, also with conical and cylindrical bores, *not one* of which have *perfect* equality in size and distance *throughout*, but precisely in accordance with Mr. Clinton's first statement, viz., *relative* equality. It will, however, be evident that in selecting a flute, we have merely to ascertain that the holes are *tolerably* equal in size and distance, taking care not to pass over any *lateral* holes covered with keys, such as the hole under the F sharp key on the old flute, as by omitting to notice similar holes many persons have been deceived. Concluding this equal arrangement to be positively necessary merely from the arguments of all the inventors, let us see how far nature demands it. The successive opening of each hole on the flute yields one semitone higher, and as each semitone in music is tolerably equal, so should each opening which produces it, be tolerably equal also, as in the organ pipes; and as the pitch is also influenced by the *size* of the hole, it follows quality should be observed then as well. Before quitting this part of my subject, I must caution your readers to remember that the size and distance of the holes for the fourteen lowest notes must be subservient to the production of the *highest* notes or third octave; here is the rock upon which the majority of the inventors have been wrecked; but of this more anon. The tone of the flute is governed by the size of the holes and the skilful arrangement of the bore. A very small hole invariably yields a feeble tone, but as we increase its size, so we increase the powers; and numerous experiments have abundantly proved, that we must have what are commonly termed "large holes," the size harmonizing with that of the bore or interior. The bore can assume but one of two forms, viz., "conical" or "cylindrical," although the latter has been used from time immemorial. I was delighted to hear that Mr. Boehm had removed the defects of his flute by the adoption of the cylinder bore and parabola head, which (as I was informed) equalized all the lowest notes, and rendered the third octave in tune. Eager to possess such an instrument, I lost no time in testing it, but was cruelly disappointed at the result. The lowest C sharp was improved, but the D immediately above it was execrable; so that the equality depended upon the player to *subdue* the stronger to the level of the weaker. These and similar inequalities in other regions not only in tone but in *tune* induced me to remain contented with the conical bore. Now although the eminent manufacturers and patentees, Messrs. Rudall and Rose eulogized the cylinder bore, to the condemnation of all others, we find Mr. Clinton says in his treatise, that a properly graduated cone is the best for tone and tune. I might have been induced to doubt his opinion although united to my own, were it not for the following lines from page 22 of Mr. Carte's *Sketch of the Flute*; "Strenuous efforts have been made by Mr. Rose so as to vary the proportions of the cone, as to correct the defective notes mentioned as having existed in the first of Boehm's flutes; and so successful have been his efforts, that not only are these notes

rendered equal to the others, but, so much is the general tone of the instrument improved, that it becomes a matter of opinion whether the wooden flute with parabola and cylinder, or that with this improved conical bore, is now the better." Here then we have an honest avowal from the patentees of the cylinder, that the conical bore is *just as good* to say the least it. Now that being the case, we are enabled to obtain as good a tone as can be produced without having to pay either for the patentee cylinder or parabola head, and hence that most important element "cheapness" can be regulated by the competition of the manufacturers. We may, therefore, not unreasonably augur that an equal arrangement of the holes, united to a well regulated *conical* bore, will ultimately become universal, both being indispensable and free to be used by all the manufacturers. In my next I will point out the respective merits of the open and shut keyed systems. Trusting you will deem my observations worthy of insertion.

I remain, sir, your constant reader,
Clerkenwell Green.

INDEX.

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you obligingly decide the following wager in your next paper:—

F. bets W. that the Hutchinson Family were the *FIRST* that sang the song of "There's a good time coming, Boys," *IN PUBLIC*—composed by Mr. McKay.

Apologizing for thus troubling you, permit me to subscribe myself yours, obligingly,
M. D. K.

Hanley, April 3rd, 1851.

[Will some kind friend do, what we cannot,—resolve this question for our correspondent.—ED. M. W.]

PROPORTIONS OF A MUSIC ROOM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you oblige me by replying to the following queries? It is the intention of the public of this town to build a large room—their *extent of ground* is 80 feet by 36 feet. What are the proportions best adapted for sound, length, breadth, and height? What sort of roof is the best? Does a hollow or a solid wall best answer for music-rooms?

As the place is to be used for public purposes, it is wished to be made as large as possible.

Your reply will be esteemed a favour by your obedient Servant,
Stockton, March 19, 1851. J. P. JEWSON.

[We do not presume to be authorities in these matters, and think we shall best serve our correspondent's purpose by inserting his queries in our columns, which are open to replies.—ED. M. W.]

MUSIC.

There is a balm that Heaven bestows,
To ease the smart of human woes,
'Tis music Heaven has given.
All other things may earthly be,
And mingled with earth's misery;
But music is from Heaven.

Joys to the joyous it imparts,
In time of sadness soothes the hearts
That are by sorrow riven.
When swelling in the trumpet breath,
It bids the warrior fear not death;
For music is from Heaven.

Is there a man whose stubborn soul
Owns not sweet music's soft controul?
Each holy thought is driven
From his craven heart which ne'er can know
Such bliss as music can bestow—
For music is from Heaven.

CROTCHET.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—A novel kind of piece, called *The Queen of Spades* (from the French of Scribe, by Mr. Bourcicault), has been produced. We shall notice it in our next.

ADELPHI.—The new piece of *The Disowned* has been withdrawn.

SURREY THEATRE.—The Easter novelty will be a very stirring drama in the *Theatre Historique* style, by Messrs. Morris Barnett, and Angus B. Reach. The object of the *collaborateurs* has been to produce a piece in which the strongest efforts will be supported by literary and artistic merit, and the whole set off by a most elaborate and gorgeous *mise en scene*.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our Correspondent.)—Sims Reeves' favour with the Parisian public has increased with each successive hearing. His second performance in *Linda di Chamouni* created more enthusiasm than the first. The subscribers and visitors to the Salle Ventadour are most anxious to hear him in a new part. Gennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia* is mentioned as his next. It is much to be lamented that an opportunity was not afforded Mr. Sims Reeves of playing in the *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Caroline Duprez. By all accounts his Edgardo is his most successful assumption.

It is not often we have to record the appearance of a new and original opera on the Italian stage of Paris; but this was witnessed on Sunday night by the habitués of the Salle Ventadour. This is the first time since the revolution of February that a new Italian opera has been produced in Paris. As far as my recollection goes, no original Italian opera, or at all events none which has kept its ground with the public, has been produced here since 1842, when Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* came out. I have already informed you that M. Alary, whose airs and romances have long been popular, and who last year aimed at a higher flight in his oratorio of *The Redemption*, had been employed by Mr. Lumley to produce an opera buffa. I at the same time mentioned that the name of the new opera was to be *I Tre Matrimoni*; but for some reason the name has been altered to *Le Tre Nozze*. The story is founded on a tale of love. Two couples of young lovers have agreed to marry, but their plans do not exactly suit the views of their elders, and their happiness is disturbed by the arrival of the Barone Feudatorio d'Acetosa (Signor Lablache), a very rich and very fat candidate for the hand of Louisa (Madame Sontag). Fortunately for the lovers, Vespina, the cameriera of Louisa (Mdlle. Giuliani), has also a lover named Cricca (Signor Ferranti), who, at the request of the lovers, takes the intruder in hand, and the tricks by which he endeavours to, and at last succeeds, in deceiving the intruder, gives rise to a series of amusing comic scenes, which form the staple of the piece. The title of *Le Tre Nozze* is justified by the conclusion. The old lover, finding that he has lost the daughter, determines not to return without a wife, and so takes the mother. The three marriages accordingly take place, and every one is satisfied.

Lablache is inimitable. There is an admirable scene in the second act, in which Louisa undertakes to give the Baron a lesson in the graces. The peculiarities of Lablache's physique are brought out in strong relief. In order to acquire the *aria di Francese*, he is paraded about the stage, with his head erect, his toes pointed, and his hat under his arm, till he is ready to drop; and after a lesson in French, which leads to some ludicrous mistakes, he is (when utterly exhausted) obliged to commence a polka. The scene closes with a duet between

Lablache and Madame Sontag, which was encored with a warmth seldom witnessed at the Italian Opera of Paris. The *finale* of the second act is one of the most successful scenes in the opera. From this portion of the opera the applause was incessant, and at the end of the second act there was a loud cry for the performers. Madame Sontag, Lablache, Mdlle. Giuliani, Gardoni, and Ferranti, immediately came forward, and after receiving the compliments of the audience, there was a general cry for the composer. M. Alary was accordingly dragged from behind the scenes by Madame Sontag; and if we may judge from his mode of making his bow, it was his first appearance on any stage. The *morceaux* which seemed to strike most were the duets between Lablache and Madame Sontag, to which I have alluded above; a *sesteto* in the third act, in which all the principal performers take part, without orchestral accompaniment; and the *rondo finale*, in which Madame Sontag revels in those bird-like variations for which she is celebrated. I must not omit to mention an air sung by Mdlle. Ida Bertrand at the commencement of the second act, beginning with the words, "Perche ognun non è al suo posto," which was sung with taste and feeling, and brought down well-merited applause. There is also a drinking song in the third act, sung by Gardoni, accompanied by a chorus, and commencing with the words, "In giro il bicchiere, tocchiamo," full of spirit and joviality. Upon the whole, the new opera is as successful as the friends of the composer could possibly wish. The piece was brought out under considerable disadvantages, at the latter end of a season, and after two general rehearsals. The effect of this haste was clearly visible last night, as neither the orchestra nor the singers were perfect in their parts, and the music consequently suffered. These defects will, however, gradually disappear as the performers become better acquainted with their parts. M. Alary has established his reputation, and we cannot help congratulating Mr. Lumley in having secured his co-operation. The audience was the most brilliant of the season. After the fall of the curtain, M. Alary was called forward a second time.

NEW ORLEANS.—(We copy for the amusement of our readers the following article from the *Daily Delta*, under the head of "Hints to those who go to Jenny Lind's Concerts," as an amusing example of the decorum which, in a New Orleans point of view, should be observed at concerts and other public entertainments:—) "As a general thing, the audiences at the St. Charles are characterised by great quiet, order, and propriety of conduct. The admirable arrangements and promptitude of Mr. Le Grand Smith, who has general control of the house, cannot be too highly praised. But still there are a few little matters which interfere with the full enjoyment of the music, that rest with the audience, and demand attention and correction on their part. Fortunately, too, they are little peccadilloes, no doubt inadvertent, which are easily avoided. And first we would notice a habit of talking, whispering, and sometimes laughing, on the part of some of the younger portion of the audience, during Miss Lind's singing, which is a great annoyance to those sitting in the neighbourhood. The notes of Miss Lind are too precious to be lost for a small consideration; besides, too, people pay their money to hear her, and they ought to get the worth of it. Small talk—even the interests of courting—ought to be deferred until the interludes. Wit and punmakers ought to restrain their tendencies, and contain themselves until they may display their powers without incommoding others.

"There is another matter which ought to be corrected. The eagerness to applaud often prompts some of the audience to manifest their feelings before the tones of the singer have subsided, thus cutting off the richest of her notes, and spoiling

the harmony of the piece. This is inexcusable. There ought to be an ordinance, fining persons who thus violate all property, as well as the rights of others.

"Lastly, we would note a very reprehensible habit, of some persons rising to leave the Theatre before the last piece is concluded, or before it is determined whether the cry of *encore* will be responded to. In this manner much confusion is created, and the effect of the music greatly marred.

"These are slight matters, but much of the comfort and enjoyments of life consist in an attention to little matters of this sort."

Miscellaneous.

JETTY TREFFZ.—This favourite and charming singer was so indisposed last week that she was obliged to leave M. Jullien and come to London to consult her medical adviser. She was nearly a week confined to her bed, but is now, we are happy to say, convalescent, and immediately joins the great *entrepreneur* for London and the provinces, (where he is equally the popular idol,) to complete the *tournee*, which is expected to terminate about the middle of next month. Mdle. Jetty Treffz' place in M. Jullien's *troupe* was supplied successively by Miss Poole and Miss Bassano.

ERNST.—This great violinist, we are glad to inform our readers, is entirely recovered from his late indisposition, and played at the New Beethoven Quartet Society, on Wednesday evening, with all his usual fire and expression.

M. MASSOL.—This popular French barytone, after a season of unprecedented honours, concluded his engagement at the *Academie* last week, and has arrived in London. His two last performances were *Guillaume Tell* in Rossini's opera, and *Reuben* in the *Enfant Prodigue*, in both of which his success was triumphant.

CHARLES HALLE comes expressly to London to inaugurate the opening of this memorable season, at the Musical Union, in conjunction with Ernst, Deloffre, Mellon, Hill, and Piatti.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN.—This clever and rising professor of the pianoforte, announces a very attractive *matinee musicale*, at the New Beethoven Rooms, for Saturday the 12th prox. The vocal and instrumental talent includes many of the most eminent names in each department.

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT attended the performances at Drury Lane on Friday evening, and remained throughout the whole of the entertainment.

THE BRASS BAND OF THE 1ST AND 2ND LIFE GUARDS.—Those who had the fortune to be present at Her Majesty's Drawing-room yesterday, may have noticed the style in which the brass bands of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards executed the operatic gems of the great masters. The excellence these bands have attained is striking; and reflects credit on the masters. Another thing which also struck us was, that the configuration of the instruments was peculiar, and that they had valves different to the usual valve instruments. We observed that about 18 instruments of the 2nd Life Guards possessed a peculiar arrangement of the complimentary wind passages, and the new form of valve. The advantages of the new valves are manifest in the trumpet, cornopean, cornetto, French horn, and the trombone. The facility which they give the cornetto players, and the ease with which the most perfect intonation was given to rapid and difficult passages, prove their value. The boon which this invention confers on the lovers of this instrument will soon make it familiar with all amateurs. The advantages of the new valve consists in its securing a free and circular passage for the wind, and that it always remains air tight, not being in the least affected by wear; and it cannot, therefore, get out of order. The invention is patented, and those who are interested will meet with courteous attention by the manufacturer, M. Köhler, of 35, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where may be seen a most beautiful set of them, intended for the Great Exhibition.—*Globe*.

Mr. H. BLAGROVE'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The last of these interesting Concerts took place in St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 25th inst. It commenced with Beethoven's quartet in E minor, No. 8, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by

Messrs. H. Blagrove, Dando, R. Blagrove, and Lucas, which was played with very great effect, especially the *Finale*. Mr. Lawler sang Handel's, fine song, "*Lascia amor*" with vigour and expression—we never heard him in better voice. Schubert's serenade, "*Oh, see the moon's silver light*," was sung by Miss M. Wells, and the violin obligato of Mr. H. Blagrove drew forth unanimous applause. It was *encored*. Spohr's double quartet in D. minor, No. 1, was a great treat. Each movement was performed with effect, and the lightness and brilliancy of the *Scherzo Vivace* again called forth an *encore*. The concertante duet for pianoforte and violin, by Messrs. Salaman and Blagrove, gave general satisfaction; Mr. Salaman executed the pianoforte part brilliantly, and Mr. H. Blagrove played with more than his usual finish. Miss Kearns sang "*Porgi amor*," very pleasingly. The Misses Wells gave Mendelssohn's beautiful duet, "*I would that my love could silently flow*," with appropriate quietude, and were deservedly *encored*. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's magnificent *Otello*, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, which was played with remarkable spirit and precision, the various points being taken up with the utmost readiness and *aplomb*. The grand *Finale* elicited the loudest applause. Mr. H. Blagrove deserves great credit for selecting so excellent a programme, and for the highly satisfactory manner in which he directed its performance.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—The numerous audiences which attend the Shaksperian "readings" of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, at the St. James's Theatre, and the attention with which they listen to every word as it proceeds from the mouth of the reader, are gratifying signs of the intelligence of the age. Mrs. Kemble couples with a rare appreciation of character, and a most finished elocution, the gift of being able to convey to her hearers the distinctness of all the personages she represents, without any indication beyond a change of manner and voice, and that not such a change as belongs to ordinary mimicry. On Monday night, *King John* was the play selected, and nothing could have been more accurately represented than the great scene between the King and Hubert, in which the former hints away the life of Arthur. The difference of the two natures was completely set forth. There was the King bent on his purpose, while impressed with its horror, and Hubert, evidently not vicious by nature, weakly and unwillingly yielding to the force of circumstances. It cannot be too often remarked, with regard to these readings, that if, on the one hand, we lose the advantage of stage decoration, we are, on the other, secured against the chance of any part, however subordinate, being badly sustained. Even those scenes in which the stage is supposed to be filled with persons, and which seem most of all to require an appeal to the eye, are rendered perfectly clear by the variety of Mrs. Kemble's delivery.—*Times*.

MR. LUCAS'S CLASSICAL SOIREES.—The fourth and last of these interesting meetings took place yesterday evening. The great feature was a quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments, by Mr. Henry Leslie, which met with well-deserved success.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second performance of *Samson* at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening week, attracted a crowded audience, and went off with the same *eclat* as its predecessor. The vocalists were as before. The Oratorio is to be repeated next week, for the third time, and is likely to rank henceforth among the most popular, as it ever has ranked among the grandest of Handel's works.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. Charles Field gave a musical lecture on Wednesday week, entitled "*The British Naval Service and its Commanders*." The entertainment was certainly a novel one, and Mr. Field may congratulate himself upon having essayed a new field of didactic vocal amusement. Such an "evening with the Tars of old England" at any of the seaports would make the lecturer's fortune, and we recommend him strongly to have an eager eye towards Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other places verging on the domains of Neptune for his future givings. Mr. Field was assisted by Mrs. Alexander Gibbs (formerly Miss Graddon), Miss Augusta Purcell, Miss Emily Macnamara, Mr. F. Werstemann, Mr. C. Aylwin Field, and Master John Lawrence Field as vocalists.

MR. DANDO'S FIFTH QUARTET CONCERT was held at Crosby

Hall, on Monday evening. We must apologise for not having reached the rooms in time either for Mr. Mellon's Quartet—his first essay of the kind—or for Miss Dolby's two songs. We learned, however, that the Quartet had been highly successful, that the last movement was especially promising, and that the minuet and trio had nearly achieved an encore. As the piece is to be published, we shall soon have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with it. Mr. Westrop supplied a pretty and graceful pianoforte duet. The specimens of Haydn's and Mozart's quartets were both happy. Haydn's (No. 77) is a celebrated one; although he has certainly written better. The *Andante* is charming, nor could it have been executed better. The *minuet* and *trio* are characteristic; but the *finale* wants the *verve* which the old master was accustomed to give in compositions of this kind. A song by Wallace, exceedingly well sung by Miss Thornton, is a very pretty one, and nicely relevant to the words. The room was very well attended.

MR. LUMLEY has gone to Paris to witness the new and successful opera of Signor Alary, produced on Sunday last, at the *Italiens*, which, we presume, there is some chance of hearing in London.

DUEL BETWEEN TWO OF JULLIEN'S MUSICIANS.—Prior to the commencement of M. Jullien's concert, on Tuesday last, an incident, which might have been attended with tragic consequences, took place. It appears that Herr Sommers, the saxophonist, and M. Grillen, one of the French drummers, had an altercation respecting some pecuniary obligation existing between them. High words ensued, and a duel was decided on to settle the dispute, which might also have "settled" the disputants as well, had fortune willed it so. Pistols were procured, and the seconds, Messrs. Winterbottom, Cioffi, Franks, and Jarrett, quickly measured off twenty paces in one of the passages of the Assembly Rooms. The combatants took their respective positions, and, on a preconcerted signal, both fired. The bullet from one missed its mark, but the other passed close by the neck of his antagonist, carrying away a portion of his coat collar, which was shot through, and striking the wall, some paces distant, deeply indented the brickwork. The seconds now interfered, and each party deeming he had obtained sufficient "satisfaction," as is prescribed by the code of honour, shook hands, and then went into the concert-room, to take their respective parts in the evening's entertainment, with the greatest nonchalance. The audience were profoundly ignorant of what had transpired.—*Lincoln Times*.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre was honoured by the attendance of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and *suite* on Monday evening.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE.—We are pleased to announce that this talented pianist and composer has entirely recovered from his late indisposition, and has returned to town for the season.

MISS WATSON, a pupil of Mr. T. H. Tomlinson, who made so favorable a debut at one of Mr. Rae's concerts, is advertised to make her second appearance at Mr. Mühlentfeldt's soirée, on Wednesday.

MADAME AND HERR GOFFRIE have announced a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, for Wednesday evening.

MR. F. WEBER, the pianist and resident organist at the Royal German Chapel, St. James' Palace, has returned to town from Wurtemberg, where he was married on the 4th inst., to Marie, only daughter of the late Mr. Charles, of Hohenlohe, Oehringen.

MR. PRATTEN, principal flautist from M. Jullien's band, has joined the Royal Italian Opera Orchestra.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—M. Billet commenced the first of his second series of performances of classical pianoforte music on Tuesday evening. The first part contained some beautiful compositions of Hummel, Weber, and Mendelssohn. The sonata in F minor, op. 20, by Hummel, was performed by M. Billet with delightful expression; the lighter passages appeared as if touched by fairy fingers, sweeping over the keys with magical effect, and the expression imparted to the slow movement declared the master mind, while the execution of the *presto* was remarkable for force of expression and decision of accent. Weber's Polacca in E major, (*L'Hilarite*), was indeed a charming performance; delicacy and elasticity of finger were combined with graceful buoyancy of feeling; and the brilliant rapidity and neatness with

which the concluding passages were rendered elicited the most enthusiastic applause from the audience. Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (book seventh). M. Billet played the greater part of the entire book, consisting of six numbers, and thus gave his audience an opportunity of judging of the posthumous works of the master in a complete state. Mozart's sonata in A minor, with which the second part began, was executed with such vigour and expression as brought out in strong relief the many beauties of that magnificent composition. Sterndale Bennett's fanciful *caprice*, in D minor—a work but little known, we regret to say,—almost carried away the honors of the evening. It was played to perfection. A selection of studies from Cramer, (in C minor), Moscheles, (C major), Steibelt, (F major), Chopin, (F minor), and Potter, (D flat, *Pezzo di Bravura*), each played with animation and the requisite expression, was an effective climax to the concert. The last but one, by Chopin, was unanimously encored, and repeated. The audience throughout listened with the utmost attention, and gave vent to their satisfaction in frequent and judicious applause; and although the *Bravura* of Potter was the last piece in the programme, the same compliment was bestowed upon it as upon the study of Chopin; but, this time, M. Billet was too fatigued to comply.

MR. KIALLMARK'S last performance of classical and modern music was given on Monday morning, before a crowded and fashionable audience. Beethoven's grand *Trio* in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was played in a highly artistic manner by Messrs. Kiallmark, Molique, and Hausmann. A madrigalian duett, "Cantando un di," was sung by the Misses Pyne in their best style, and Rode's air, by Miss Louisa Pyne, a brilliant piece of vocalisation, drew forth loud applause. Mr. Hausmann, in his new fantasia for violoncello, on airs from *Don Pasquale*, excelled himself. His skilful mechanism and delicacy of expression elicited general admiration. Mr. Kiallmark was thoroughly successful in Thalberg's *fantasia* for the pianoforte, "*Mosé in Égypte*." Miss E. Birch sang Weber's "Arab Maid" very nicely, and Miss Laura Baxter did as much for Molique's delicious song, "If o'er the boundless sky." Beethoven's grand concertante duet, for violin and pianoforte, was played by Messrs. Molique and Kiallmark with the utmost energy, freedom and taste. The other gentlemen were rewarded with marked applause. Of Signor Regondi's fantasia for the concertina, on airs from *Lucia*, it is impossible to speak too warmly; he played it as no one but himself could have played it, and received unbounded applause. Miss Pyne also sang Donizetti's "Io non ti posso," and Miss E. Birch, Miss L. Baxter, and Miss Pyne, Spohr's Trio, "Night's lingering shades." Mr. Kiallmark performed his *deuxième suite de* "Trois Romances," in his usual artistic manner, thus bringing to a close a really interesting concert. Mr. Charles Salaman presided as accompanist at the pianoforte, with his accustomed ability.

SIGNOR PALTONI, the well-known *buffo* singer, has arrived in town from Dublin, where he has been singing at the Theatre Royal, with Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, and Herr Mengis, with the greatest success, in a series of representations of Italian opera, the speculation of Mr. Beale. The Dublin papers speak in flattering terms of Signor Paltoni, and the *Daily Express* pays him the high compliment of a comparison with the great Lablache himself.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY will repeat the performance of Handel's *Samson*, for the last time, on Wednesday next, the 9th inst.

JENNY LIND IN NEW ORLEANS.—A critic in one of the New Orleans papers, speaking of Jenny Lind's singing "Home, sweet home," goes into ecstasies about her "beautiful verbalization of the lines," and the "sympathy of the audible range of her register, and of the exquisite crispness of her register throughout its whole compass." "These," he adds, "completed his wonderment." And ours.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Jephtha* was given on the 28th ult. to a crowded hall. This oratorio is remarkable for its modern character. The two songs in the first act—"Pour forth no more," and "In gentle Murmurs," with their charming melodies, and florid and graceful accompaniments, might have been written now instead of a century ago, for any signs that they shew of the longevity which they have reached. The most re-

markable achievement of the evening was Mr. Lockey's "Deeper and deeper still." Aware, of course, of the comparison to which he would be subjected, he met the test boldly, passed it honourably, and received a loud and just tribute of applause for his exertions. Miss Birch sang charmingly, especially in the recitation and air "Happy they." Miss Kenneth was equally happy in the above-named song "In gentle Murmurs," and Mr. Lawler delivered the opening recitative and air, "Pour forth no more," with his accustomed force and correctness. The choir wanted more rehearsing. The first part of the chorus, "When his loud Voice," one of Handel's grandest achievements, was somewhat marred by a lack of decision in seizing the points and responses. There were some other slips of the same kind, in all, however, not amounting to much more than the exceptions said to be necessary to prove the general excellence of a rule. Mr. Surman conducted with great spirit. *Jephtha* was the last Oratorio composed by Handel, who, whilst engaged in its composition, was attacked by a disorder in his eyes, which ended in total blindness. The work was commenced on the 21st of January, and finished on the 17th of July, 1751; some additions were afterwards made, which appear to have been concluded on the 15th of August following. It was performed for the first time in the same or the succeeding year. Until this period Handel had always conducted his Oratorios himself; but being incapacitated from doing so, he delegated that duty to Mr. J. C. Smith, the son of his copyist, who afterwards composed several oratorios. Handel, however, attended the performances, and occupying a place near the conductor, assisted in the general direction, besides playing extempore on the organ, between the acts. He was in his 68th year when he produced *Jephtha*, and continued to direct the performance of his Oratorios for several years afterwards, the last that he attended being on the 6th of April, 1759, only seven days before his death. The words of this Oratorio, were written for Handel by the Rev. Dr. Morell, who rendered Handel the same ill turn in other works. They lived on terms of intimacy for some years, and at his death Handel left the Doctor a legacy of £200. Dr. Maurice Green, in 1737, composed an Oratorio with the same title, written by Dr. John Hoadly, youngest son of Bishop Hoadly; and in 1757, Mr. Stanley, his pupil, and Handel's friend, composed another, to the poetry of Dr. John Free. Both are forgotten.

Mendelssohn's *Eljah* will be the next performance.

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The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in the following cases:—

Rad Legs	Coco Bay	Contracted	Lumbago	Scurvy
Bad Breasts	Chiego-foot	Stiff Joints	Piles	Sore-heads
Burns	Chilblains	Euphantais	Rheumatism	Tumours
Bunions	Chapped hands	Fistulas	Scalds	Ulcers
Bite of Mosche	Corns (Soft)	Gout	Sore Nipples	Wounds
toes and Sand	Cancers	Glandular Swellings	Sore-throats	Yaws
Flies			Skin-diseases	

Sold by the Proprietor, 344, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World in Pots and boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot or Box.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

IT is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on

THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 10th,

Uniting the talents of
MADAME FIORENTINI and MDLLE. CAROLINE DUPREZ,
SIGNOR CALZOLARI. SIGNOR LORENZO,
F. LABLACHE, and M. POULTIER.

With various Entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT, in which Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Madame Petit Stephan, Mdles. Aussandon, Tedeschi, Julien, Lamoureux, Dantoine, and Mdle. Amalia Ferrara, MM. Gosselin, Ehrlich, and Charles will appear.

Application for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MUSICAL UNION.—WILLIS'S ROOMS.

TUESDAY, April 8th, half-past 3. Quartet in F, No. 49, Haydn; Sonata, violin and pianoforte, C minor, Beethoven; Quintet, B flat, (Posthumous), Mendelssohn; Presto Scherzando, F sharp minor, Mendelssohn. Executants—Ernst, Deloffre, Mellon, Hill, Piatti, and Hallé. Members are requested to pay their Subscriptions on or before the day of the concert. Visitors' tickets, half-a-guinea each; to be had only of Cramer and Co., Regent-street. Nominations of new members to be sent in by Saturday, the 5th of April, to J. ELLA, Director.

Artists engaged 1850 have free admission for the present season. The Director regrets to refuse resident artists their usual admissions owing to the increased list of new members.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—WEDNESDAY next, Final performance of HANDEL'S SAMSON. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby; Mr. Lockey, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. H. Phillips. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved seats in area or gallery, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. Surman; Leader, Mr. H. Blagrove. On the Monday in Passion Week, April 15th, 1851, Mendelssohn's Sacred Oratorio, ELIJAH. Principal Vocalists: Miss Birch, Miss Stewart, Miss Dolby, Miss L. Baxter, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Banks, Mr. Maits, and Mr. H. Phillips, with Orchestra of 800 Performers. Organist, Mr. T. Jolley. Tickets, Area, 3s.; Reserved Seats, Area or Western Gallery, 5s.; in the North or South Gallery, 7s.; Central Area, Reserved Seats, numbered, 10s. 6d., to be obtained at the Society's only Office, No. 9, Exeter-hall, and the Principal Musiciansellers.

APOLLONICON CONCERTS.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL, LOWTHER ARCADE, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, Mornings 8, evenings 8; Miss Poole, Miss Messent (evenings), the Misses, Mr. and Master Collins, Mr. Frederick Chatterton's Juvenile Harpists, Mr. Grattan Cooke, Mr. Sedgwick and pupil. Admission 1s.; reserved seats 1s. 6d.; stalls 2s. 6d.

PROGRAMME OF MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S

THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, will take place on TUESDAY evening, April 8th, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. To commence at half-past 8. Trio, C minor, Mendelssohn; Selections from the pianoforte works of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and W. S. Bennett; Variations, à quatre mains, Mendelssohn; Sonata Duo in A major, dedicated to Salière; Cantata Non Temere, Mozart; and Two Songs, W. S. Bennett. Instrumentalists—Messrs. Robert Barnett and W. S. Bennett, Herr Ernst, and Signor Piatti. Vocalist—Mrs. Endersohn, pupil of Sir George Smart. Tickets half a guinea each; triple tickets to admit three one guinea. To be had at all the music warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

PROGRAMME OF

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SECOND CONCERT,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 15th, to commence at half-past eight o'clock precisely.

PART FIRST.

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1. SONATA in A major, Op. 101 | BEETHOVEN. |
| 2. CAPRICE in F sharp minor | MENDELSSOHN |
| 3. PLUS ULTRA, Sonata in A flat Major, Op. 71 | DUSSEK. |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 4. SONATA in E flat minor | PINTO. |
| 5. LES FANNALLES, Caprice caractéristique No. 2, C major | E. SILAS. |
| 6. SELECTION OF STUDIES—
B flat major, Clementi; G flat major, Chopin; B minor, Henselt; E major, Hiller; C minor, Toccata, Kalchbrenner. | |

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF MASANIELLO.

ON TUESDAY next, April 8th, will be performed, for the first time this season, Auber's celebrated Opera,

MASANIELLO.

Elvira, ...	MADAME CASTELLAN.
(Her first appearance this season.)	
Fenella ...	MADLLE. BALLIN.
(Her first appearance this season.)	
Alfonso ...	SIGNOR LUIGI MEI.
Borella ...	SIGNOR ROMMI.
Pietro ...	HERR FORMES.
(His first appearance in that character, and his first appearance this season.)	
And	
Masanietto ...	SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.
(His first appearance this season.)	

The Divertissement incidental to the Opera will be danced by M. Alexandre and Madlle. Louise Tagliani. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

On Thursday next, April 10th, a Grand Extra Night will be given, on which occasion Auber's Grand Opera, MASANIELLO, will be repeated, with other Entertainments.

The doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the performance will commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Boxes and Stalls may be engaged, and full particulars obtained, at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

MADAME AND HERR GOFFRIE

BEG to announce to their patrons, friends, and pupils, that their ANNUAL GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, April the 9th, at HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, with Full Orchestra. Vocalists, Miss Bassano, Mdle. Rummel, Mdle. Theresé Wagner, and Mdle. Lavinia. Herr Stigelli (his first appearance this season), Signor Marchesi, Herr Mengis, Herr Mayerhofer, and Herr Stockhausen. Instrumentalists—Piano, Madame Goffrie and Master Joseph Parker (pupil of Madame Goffrie, his first appearance in public); Harp, Madame Parish Alvars (from Vienna, her first appearance in England); Contra-Basso, Herr Müller, the celebrated Contra-Bassist from Darmstadt, his first appearance in London; Violin, Herr Goffrie. Conductors, Herr Rummel and Herr Goffrie. Tickets to be had of Mr. Goffrie, at 16, Southampton-street, Strand, the principal Music Warehouses, and at Mitchell's Royal Library.

MR. CH. MÜHLENFELDT

HAS the honour to announce that his SECOND AND LAST SOIREE OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 9th of April, at the New Beethoven Rooms, 27, QUEEN ANN STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE. Mr. Mühlendorf will be assisted by Herr Ernst, Messrs. Rousset and Lindsay Sloper. Vocalists, Misses Williams, Watson, and Herr Mengis. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each. May be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. MÜHLENFELDT, 57, Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN

HAS the honour to announce that her first MATINEE MUSICAL will take place under the Patronage of the Right Honorable the Countess of Bedford, at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on SATURDAY, 12th of April, 1851, to commence precisely at 2, on which occasion Mr. Cipriani Potter and Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett will perform a duet. Mrs. John Macfarren, and Mr. W. H. Holmes, a duet. Miss Goddard, Mrs. John Macfarren, Mr. W. Dorrell, and Mr. W. H. Holmes, a romance on two Pianofortes. Miss Kate Loder, Mrs. John Macfarren, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. W. C. Macfarren, une Grande Valse a Quatre on two pianofortes. Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, Harpist to Her Majesty, a Fantasia. Mrs. John Macfarren, a Rondeau of Weber, and a Fantasia of Schu'hoff. Miss Birch will sing, first time, a new song by W. H. Holmes, Miss Dolby, by desire "Many a one laugheth" from the Arabian Nights. Madame and Signor Ferrari, first time, an entirely new duet, by J. A. Macfarren. Signor Nappi, La Tarantella, &c., &c. Tickets, 7s. each. To be had of Mrs. John Macfarren, 16, Stanhope Street, Regent's Park.

MR. EDWARD TURNER

BEGS to announce that his first CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on

TUESDAY EVENING, 6th MAY,

to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists already engaged—Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Miss Watson, Mr. Leffler, and Mr. Edward Turner. Pianoforte, M. Alexandre Billet. Further particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets to be had at Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street, corner of Hanover Street, and at the principal Music Warehouses.

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No. 15.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA ORCHESTRA.

WE have received a letter, signed "An admirer of the Royal Italian Opera Orchestra," complaining of a certain paragraph in our report on the opening night of that establishment. We extract the following passage, which will serve the purpose of the writer as well as if we had inserted the whole letter.

"In the first place, Mr. Rowland, now principal double-bass at Her Majesty's Theatre, was never principal double-bass at Covent Garden. In the next place, no bassoon part was introduced into the *andante* of the overture to *Semiramide*, except by Rossini, as an accompaniment to the four horns. Your reporter should be more careful for the future. Mr. Costa is not a likely man to allow of any interpolations or changes in the scores of Rossini.

"An admirer of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra."

We are quite aware that Mr. Howell was always, as now, first double-bass at the Royal Italian Opera; and we thoroughly believe that Mr. Costa would not permit alterations in a score of ~~the orchestra~~. Agreeing with the remarks of our correspondent, and thanking him for setting our reporter right on the points in question, we recommend him in his turn to be more careful for the future, of applying hard names to gentlemen who neither wilfully publish mis-statements, nor are (as he intimates in another part of his letter) "entirely ignorant of Italian Opera." That the writer of the article in question was "an amateur," we admit, and that he would more wisely have refrained from touching on technical matters; but since Mr. Rowland was one of the double-basses at Covent Garden last season, and since there is a bassoon part in the *andante* of the *Semiramide* overture, his mistakes were not so preposterous as our correspondent would have it believed. Were "An admirer" to undertake the criticism of an operatic performance, he would, in all likelihood, make a much greater "fool of himself" (the language is not our own) than our reporter, who, for the monstrous crime of being "an amateur," has exposed himself in conjunction with the vernacular tongue, to the savage onslaught of our correspondent.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

BOIELDIEU, the French composer, was possibly not a hero in the eyes of his valet-de-chambre, but his countrymen are about to name a street after him. The part of the Boulevards which takes its name after the "Italiens," or rather the part precisely where that pleasantest of theatres, the *Opera Comique*, rears its laughing flanks, in short, the "Place des Italiens," as the "Place de l'Opera Comique" is improperly styled, is about to be changed—that is, if

the voice popular, and the voice critical of the great city of Paris have sufficient influence—to the welcomer and French denomination of the "Place Boieldieu." An unforeseen difficulty, however, presents itself. Cotemporary with Boieldieu, and, indeed, famous before Boieldieu reached his celebrity, was another French composer, whose name was Nicolo—Nicolo Isouard. Nicolo wrote *Jocunde*, the *Rendezvous Bourgeois*, *Cendrillon* (&c. &c. &c), operas that attained in their day very great popularity, and the last of which was only lately found worthy of revival at the *Opera Comique*, and admired as much as of yore. Nicolo, which is not surprising, has *neveux* still in existence, who clamourously cry that the honour of dubbing the "Place de l'Opera Comique" with an appropriate name, and French, should devolve upon their *aieul*, a good composer of his pen, and an honoured name to boot. In some degree their cry has made an impression in influential quarters, and at one moment the admirers, not to speak of the *neveux*, of the illustrious composer of *La dame Blanche*, began to tremble for their idol. The question has been mooted in no courteous or measured terms, and at one time there was some fear, or some hope, of a modern controversy, not less furious, bigotted, boiling, and bi-sided than the notorious antagonism, literary and *café*, of the Gluckists and Piccinnists. The quarrel however, would hardly have been as interesting, since, though Boieldieu may be said to follow close upon the heels of Gluck, and, in one or two particulars, to have his right foot in advance of him, Nicolo Isouard cannot, without an outrage to the courtesy due and so gracefully exercised towards foreigners by the French, be for one instant compared with Piccini, who was an Italian. Luckily, there seems a chance of the affair being settled in the only manner conducive to the ends of justice and the honour of the art of music—need we say, in favour of Adrien Boieldieu?—and Paris will shortly, if events be propitious, and Revolution continue its slumbers, which heaven grant! not only exult in a "Rue Mèhul," a "Rue," or a "Place Gretry" (the "Rue Rossini" is a compliment to an illustrious foreigner) but in a "Place Boieldieu." Finding the direction towards which the agitation of the *neveux* of Isouard threatened to force the popular feeling, some French musicians of eminence, headed by Auber, (who were he dead, which heaven forefend! might be made to decide the question satisfactorily with his own name, combining the higher qualities of Boieldieu and the sparkling *verve* of Nicolo in himself) have published a manifesto, or rather a petition, to employ their own designation, addressed to the Pre-

sident of the Municipal Commission of the City of Paris, of which the following is a literal translation :—

"Mons. the President,—For some months past the question of giving a new denomination to the "Place des Italiens," where the theatre of the *Opera Comique* stands, has been agitated. The name of an illustrious composer, one of the greatest glories of the French school, Boieldieu, the author of *La Dame Blanche*, was no sooner pronounced, than it appeared to unite the entire sympathies of artists and the public.

"But pretensions have been raised, tending to deprive him of an honour so justly merited. Without wishing to establish ourselves judges of the degrees of merit belonging to the composers who were his contemporaries, whose celebrity it has been attempted to oppose to his, we come forward as fellow composers, as friends, and as admirers of Boieldieu, supplicating the Municipal Commission to take into consideration the immense popularity of the author of the *Calife de Bagdad*, *Ma Tante Aurore*, *Jour de Paris*, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, and so many other masterpieces.

Since Rouen, his native town, has erected a statue in his honour, would it be just in the city of Paris to decorate with any other name than his the place where the theatre stands of which, during thirty years, he constituted the glory and the fortune?

In the expectation of a decision, the result of which can hardly admit of a doubt, we beseech you, Mons. the President, to accept the expression of our gratitude and our most respectful sentiments.

Signed, AUBER, Adolphe Adam (pupil of Boieldieu), Carrafa, Halévy, Onslow, Ambroise Thomas. [The capitals are our own Ed. M. W.]

Such an expression of sentiment from so high an authority must, we should imagine, inevitably lead to the immediate decision of the question. The "Place de l'Opera Comique" will henceforth, or thenceforth, be denominated "Place Boieldieu," and the justly renowned composer of so many ravishing melodies, and so many grand and finely constructed finales (for an opinion of which consult Carl Maria Von Weber), will by the issue overturn the musty saw, that "no man is a prophet in his own country," although he leave the other and mustier, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," still an open question.

Reviews of Music.

"DREAMS"—A Pictorial Ballad.—Written by F. W. N. BAYLEY.
—Composed by EUGENE ROLT.—Rüst and Stahl.

A nice, flowing, and vocal melody, which, although it cannot fail in the first three bars to recall the very popular Balfe's "Light of Other Days," is, thence to the end, as entirely Mr. Eugene Rolt's as it is graceful and expressive, and, let us hasten to add, sentimental, and at the same time, artless and unaffected. There is one point, however, of the melody (in the second page, line 3, bars 1-2) where a great improvement would be effected if the A natural, instead of going to F, went to B flat, with the chord of B flat minor as accompaniment. In the harmony of the ballad there are also several points which might be altered for the better. In the first page, line 3, bar 1, the chord of 6-4 on E would be better the common chord on A. In the second page, line 1, bar 2, the chord of the 6-4 on E requires the chord of the 7th after it, before going to the common chord of A. Line 2, bar 1, of the same page, the chord of the 7th is left unresolved, the E and C that follow requiring the addition of an A in the treble, and an A in the bass. Line 3, bar 1, the chord of the 6-4 on E cannot be followed by that of the 7th on F; instead of the 6-4 it would have been better, again, to take the common chord on A. These faults are so easy of amendment that we feel assured Mr. Rolt will not be offended with our pointing them out for his consideration. By correcting them he will make his ballad of "Dreams" as blameless as it is pretty. Mr. Bayley's words are appropriately dreamy.

"THE ANGEL'S SONG"—ROMANCE FOR PIANOFORTE.—Dedicated to Z. BUCK, Esq., Organist of Norwich Cathedral, by BRINLEY RICHARDS.—R. Cocks & Co.

Longfellow, the poet *par excellence* of the United States, in one of his quiet and harmonious lyrics, has a passage to this effect :—

"Ye sounds so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seem'd to me like an angel's psalm."

The idea of embodying this in music having occurred to Mr. Brinley Richards—who is not more a musician than a poet—is natural enough; and the manner in which he has represented the dream of Longfellow betrays a peculiar appreciation of that minstrel's numbers. The introduction to the theme, in F, 2-4, *allegretto*, is simple to a fault, but not the less attractive for that. It is a sort of unfinished wail. The theme is set forth in the same key, 6-8 measure, *andantino*, "with expression." This, too, is simple as the eye of a needle. The left hand plays the bass, and the two first notes of the melody, in alternation, vaulting, in its passage, over the right, which, in turn, is allotted three parts of a chord, distributed in *arpeggio*, and a counter-melody, for the most part of sixths, with the theme; and this form is maintained throughout the space of two pages, with a monotony by no means unagreeable, since it is plaintive and appropriate. In the next page, a new theme appears, in the key of D flat. The melody, aiming at tenderness and grace, and attaining both in the centre, is given to the right hand, while a bolder and more animated accompaniment, also in *arpeggio*, is carefully divided between the two hands. The original theme, accompanied as before, and in the same key, is then resumed, with some slight curtailments and modifications. A *cadenza* of *arpeggios*, "veloce," sweeping from the top to the bottom of the treble department of the key-board, now intervenes, after the harmony of the 6-4—as it were a sudden gust of wind, unexpectedly stirring the chords of an Eolian harp—which, interrupted in its turn, by a discord, not anticipated, leads to the *reprise* of a fragment of the first theme, and the whole concludes with a brilliant distribution of the tonic chord (in *arpeggio*). This, technically, is a description of the form and substance of the "Angel's Song." To unfold its poetical and harmonious attractions would require a command of numbers like that possessed by Longfellow himself. We shall, therefore, not attempt it. Let it suffice that Mr. Brinley Richards has successfully described the poet's *reverie*, in the language of sound, which appeals to the ear universal. Some painter, with a vivid brush, should now endeavour to translate Mr. Richards' description on canvas, and so complete the triad, in which numbers, tones, and colours shall be fused into a trinity of art—though separate, one and indivisible.

To go down stairs, from the observatory of metaphor to the *rez-de-chaussée* of common speech, the "Angel's Song" is not more warmly to be spoken of as a pleasing trifle than as a valuable teaching piece—neither too easy for the initiated, nor too intricate for the "oi polloi."

"SOUVENIR DE LA FILLE DU REGIMENT."—FANTASIE POUR LE VIOLON.—PROSPER SAINTON. Schott & Co.

This brilliant piece, now for the first time published, is one of the most popular which its gifted author is in the habit of playing in public. Dedicated to the great *chef d'orchestre*, Mr. Costa, much more is naturally expected from it than from an ordinary *fantasia*, which might be inscribed to any one else; nor will he who purchases a copy at the house of Messrs. Schott be disappointed. M. Sainton's "Souvenir" sets out in rather a melancholy tone, with an introduction in the key of E minor, a sort of *agitato* reminiscence of one of the popular melodies of Donizetti's popular opera, as though it had been heard in gladness and remembered in grief. The violin then takes up the same theme, *un poco più lento*, in a more florid style, and after a bold passage of double stopping, modulates into the major, in which key some *traits de bravoure* of an effective character are introduced, bringing the introduction to a close. The air of the *rondo finale*, in the key of A, is then allotted to the violin; the first part in double notes, the second in single, and a series of three brilliant variations, well contrasted in style, are constructed upon it. The second variation

demands the greatest facility in the art of double stopping, of which M. Sainton, without reference to the present *fantasia*, is known to be a perfect master. The same difficulty is presented in the third. If performed with the energy of style, and combined ease and certainty of mechanism, so remarkable in the playing of M. Sainton, these variations cannot fail to be heard with pleasure; since, though difficult, they are admirably adapted to display the capabilities of the violin with the utmost possible effect. A few bars of *remplissage*, for the orchestra, preface the entry, in the key of E, of the popular and *entrainant* "Rataplan," pitched for the instrument in a bold suite of sixths, for which sorry violinists will not be apt to thank M. Sainton, but the contrary—that is, if sorry violinists should be found with sufficient constitutional courage and mental opaqueness to attempt it, of which we should be sorry as they. The theme delivered with its lively burden, the real "Rataplan," which from the throat of the "Nightingale" was wont to set the pit in a roar, and the boxes, and the galleries (at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Lumley had cunningly contrived to put salt upon the "Nightingale's" tail, and catch the "Nightingale," and force the "Nightingale," nilled she, willed she, to sing for the delight and wonder and recreation of his *abonnement*), is dexterously fused into a rapid and sparkling passage of *bravura*, which brings the *Fantasia* to a termination in an animated and highly effective manner. In this coda a passage of chords of immense difficulty occurs twice, and at the end a series of harmonies, of which the sorry violinist will have to beware, lest he stumble in the endeavour to get over it. On second thoughts, however, our advice to the sorry violinist is, after all, superfluous, since none of his species are likely to be found sufficiently adventuresome, or sufficiently slightful of his positive position, to essay a *fantasia* of such pretensions, and from the pen of so accomplished a master of his instrument as M. Prosper Sainton, who, in the present contribution, has added a valuable item to the repertory of *bravura* pieces for the violin for public performers *de la première force*. We recommend it urgently to the consideration of Signor Camillo Sivori, who has just the fingers, and has just arrived, and is just expected by Mr. Alcroft for the Promenade Concerts he has just announced, and who would be likely to approach, more nearly than nine fiddlers out of ten, the intentions of the composer.

We should eke have recommended the *Fantasia* upon the airs from *La Fille du Régiment* as an admirable exercise for the daily practice of the eager student. Those who have heard it in public can also attest with us that it is a very telling and showy *morceau* for display, besides being scored for the orchestra with decided ability. The pianoforte arrangement is an able and commodious adaptation of the score, presenting none of those uneven distributions of harmony, and diluent divargations, which so often render such arrangements ungrateful and inefficient, hard to play and harder to hear.

"NAPOLITANA."—Composed and dedicated to Mrs. Robert Cartwright. By the EARL OF BELFAST. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

The accomplished amateur whose name stands affixed to the above composition, to judge from his manner of writing, must be possessed of more than ordinary facility on the instrument. Lord Belfast's "Napolitana" would puzzle nine amateurs out of ten, and many professors to boot. The introduction, with the brilliant passage of triplets chromatic, for the right hand, going against a descending scale chromatic, for the left, is by no means to be mastered *à prima vista* (as we ourselves experienced), but once dominated, the effect is peculiar, by which we infer, of course, original. The theme of the "Napolitana" is a *bona fide* *tarentella*, and a lively, bustling, and vivacious specimen of that most lively, bustling, and vivacious of dances. The harmony is always correct, and occasionally (as for example in bars 5, 6, 7, 8, of page 2) *rechereke*, not merely well travailed, but graceful and tasty. The great merit of this piece is its continuous animation. It is, as it were, a *moto perpetuo*; and provided M. Billet, or some other light-fingered pianist (his lordship himself would do) be found to execute it with the required rapidity and decision, it would not be easy for one given to habits saltatory, to remain quiet on his seat. At page 4 there is a very brilliant episode, which leads to

the *reprise* of the first theme, in the minor key, whereby variety is happily obtained. The *coda* is extremely dashing and showy. We have hinted that the "Napolitana" is not adapted to common fingers; nevertheless, after a little practice, a pianist of some advancement may execute it with tolerable certainty, provided he attend to the important point of *accentuation*, which, unhappily, is too often neglected by performers in general.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Auber's *Gustave III.* was repeated on Saturday for the fourth time with increased *eclat*. The success attending the first production of a grand French lyric drama at Her Majesty's Theatre appears to have stimulated Mr. Lumley to have recourse again to the *repertoire* of the Académie. *Masaniello* was produced on Thursday, with a success far surpassing that of *Gustave*, and henceforth, we take it, the pure Italian Opera will not be allowed to absorb all the interest of the subscribers and visitors. Verdi must alternate with Halévy, Donizetti with Meyerbeer, and Mozart and Rossini sometimes make way for Auber. The director of Her Majesty's Theatre most judiciously commenced with the two best operas of the best writer in the French School; we say, "has commenced," for we set aside altogether the production of *Robert Le Diable*, or, more properly, part of *Robert Le Diable*, got up some four years ago merely for the exhibition of Jenny Lind's vocal and dramatic talents, without any attempt to give completeness or consistency to Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*; while Halévy's *La Tempesta*, having been written for Her Majesty's Theatre, comes not within the category of grand operas of the French school, although the composer be a Frenchman. From the manner in which *Gustave* and *Masaniello* have been cast and put upon the stage, the intention of the manager is evidently, while providing novelty, to make the best use of his immense resources, which will be found more available in the French than in the Italian Opera. The modern Italian Opera is too often conventionally cut out for soprano, tenor, barytone, and second contralto only. All Verdi's operas, and most of Donizetti's, are written to this pattern. Having been prepared for theatres in which the principals were limited in number, the composers were, to a certain extent, compelled to restrict themselves to particular forms, and distribute all the leading *morceaux* between three or four singers. For this reason most of Rossini's operas have been banished from the modern Italian stage, and *Don Giovanni* cannot be performed in more than one or two theatres in all Italy. For a small company, Verdi's scores are excellently adapted. Anybody can fill the inferior parts. In the French opera it is entirely different. The smallest character is of importance, and its just interpretation absolutely necessary to the perfection of the whole. Mr. Lumley has this season an *embarras de richesses*, and were he to adhere to the old *repertoire*, many of his artistes would find their engagements sinecures.

Before alluding to the production of *Masaniello* on Thursday, we must notice the very remarkable success achieved by Mdlle. Caroline Duprez on Tuesday night in *Sonnambula*. It was generally feared that the part of Amina—one which demanded a great amount of *physique* and no small power of endurance, to say nothing of the comparisons that must inevitably force themselves upon the mind, without going back to Malibran—would be found too much for the powers of the young and charming artist. And such apprehensions, indeed, were by no means dispelled when Mdlle. Duprez entered on the scene and commenced the recitative "Care compagne e voi." She was evidently conscious of the daring attempt to gather new leaves from the same laurel-tree which had been almost stripped by Jenny Lind and Sontag, and for awhile seemed

to shrink, though not to sink, under the consciousness. Nor did she appear to be entirely re-assured in the cavatina "Come per me sereno," although she gathered strength and confidence as she went on. In the duet with Elvino, "Prendi, l'anel ti dono," she sang most delightfully, having regained her self-possession, and took the house by storm by her exquisitely pure singing in the duet which closes the first act. In this *morceau* Mdle. Duprez was admirably supported by Calzolari in Elvino. A most enthusiastic recall for both singers was the consequence. From this point to the end of the opera the success of Mdle. Duprez was progressive. The whole of the second act displayed the highest poetical intelligence in the acting, and a dramatic feeling and power in the singing not before evinced in the young artist. The "D'un pensiero" was beautifully sung, and the appeals to Elvino delivered with intensity and truthfulness. The curtain fell amid loud and prolonged applause, and Mdle. Duprez had to appear twice to receive the congratulations of her delighted hearers. As the last scene of *Sonnambula* is the great test of the artist, so it turns out her great triumph or her failure. We have known several singers who progressed bravely and hopefully in the two first acts, but found the last scene a stumbling-block which they could not successfully surmount. On the other hand, it must be confessed that there is much that is favourable to the singer in this scene, from the attractive character of the music and the beauty of the situation. But every new "Sonnambulist" attempts something out of the way, or, at least, not contemplated by the composer, and by that attempt stands or falls. Without some delicious novelties of *floritura pianissimi* in the recitative, "Oh! se una volta sola"—without some heart-searching passages in the "Ah! non credea mirarti"—without some wonderful displays of feats of fancy in the *rondo finale* which shall outstrip all preceding efforts—the Amina of the evening is looked upon as having achieved nothing. Malibran used to do this, Persiani was wont to do that; Jenny Lind made an effect here, and Sontag made another there—these words may not be used, but their purport runs in the brain, and memory cannot be paid off with a goodly disposition. We must make comparisons. Analogy is one of the instincts of the mind. The artist who creates a great sensation in Amina, despite these four memories, must have a real and original talent. That Mdle. Caroline Duprez is so gifted, none will have the hardihood to deny after the success of Tuesday night. There were many things in the sleep scene which struck us as especially good. The rigidity of the arms and fixedness of the eyes, were after the conception of Malibran, and opposed to that of her rivals, with whom we have always found fault for redundancy of action in this scene. Both the recitative and prayer were charmingly sung, and produced an unmistakable effect. Some new and appropriate *bravura* passages were introduced very happily. This constituted an admirable close to a brilliant performance. The audience were unbounded in their enthusiasm, the *rondo finale* was repeated, and Mdle. Duprez recalled three times. A more decided and legitimate success could not have been achieved.

Elvino is Signor Calzolari's best part. The music is well adapted to his voice, and the love-passion does not transcend his dramatic capabilities. His two duets with Amina were excellent displays of pure Italian vocalization. The universal "Tutto è sciolto" was finely declaimed and pathetically sung.

Signor Coletti made his first appearance this season in Count Rudolpho and met with a very warm reception from all parts of the house. Coletti is a great favourite with the subscribers and frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. He sang the "Vi ravviso" with power and meaning, and was of much

importance in the concerted pieces. The part, however, is somewhat out of his line, and the acting did not indicate any originality of conception.

Mdlle. Feller made a very pretty Lisa, and gave the music with excellent effect. The aria, "Tutto è gioia," was neatly and accurately sung. Mdle. Feller is entitled in the prospectus a *contralto*. We are inclined to set down the fair actress as a *mezzo soprano*. Her upper notes in the aria were clear, unforced, and retained all the quality of the middle voice—a characteristic, we take it, sufficient to distinguish it from a *contralto*. Mdle. Feller would have pleased us entirely had she exhibited a little more animation in her acting. Even her lady-like person and her expressive countenance could not redeem the *nonchalance* of her deportment in the first and last finales. We shall be glad to report an amendment in this particular.

After the Opera, a scene from the unequalled ballet of *La Esmeralda*, introduced Carlotta Grisi in the *Truandaise*, accompanied by the light M. Charles. This most piquant, original, and characteristic of dances, is, as it were, cut out to exhibit the peculiar grace and fascination of the inimitable artist to perfection. There are no *tours de force*, but the ethereal movements of the sylph-like *danseuse*, bring forcibly to the mind of the delighted spectator, Shelley's magnificent simile, from the *Ode to a Sky-Lark*:—

"Like an unbodied joy, whose race has just begun."

The most ambitious and high-soaring of sculptors might supply his chisel with a series of illustrations of Arethusa fleeing from the pursuit of "Alpheus bold;" only he would have to eschew the arch-pliance of Carlotta's face, and put terror and despair in its stead, since Esmeralda flies in jest from the pursuit of Gringoire, while Arethusa is fearfully earnest in her desire to elude the icy grasp of the King of the Glaciers, who shook Erymanthus with his trident, and opened a chasm where he did not exactly intend, since it let his mistress flow into the arms of the Dorian Sea, and lost her to him in *perpetuum*. Carlotta was received with enthusiasm—applauded with enthusiasm—and recalled with enthusiasm, which being a thing of course might happily be stereotyped. Carlotta and enthusiasm are, as it were, cause and effect.

After the *Divertissement*, Coletti appeared in the last act of the *Due Foscari*. The Doge is one of the popular barytone's most weighty performances, and we do not remember to have heard his voice more powerful, his acting more bearded and emphatic. Signor Coletti was immensely applauded at the end.

The performances concluded with selections from *L'Ile des Amours*, in which Mdle. Amalia Ferraris was applauded to perfection.

On Thursday night, Auber's *Masaniello* was produced at this house, for the first time, with great and deserved success. Auber is all the rage now. Who complains? Not we, assuredly. It is odd, however, that the Italian Opera, erst so conceited in its monopoly and monotony, cannot now exist without the aid of the great French and German composers. *Masaniello* was once popular as a ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the title of *Masaniello*; it is now likely to be even more popular in its original state, as an opera, under the title of *La Muta di Portici*—thanks to Mdle. Monti, and M. Massol and Mad. Fiorentini, and Mr. Marshall, and M. Taglioni and Mr. Harris, and Mr. Balfe. We liked the ballet, but we like the opera much better.

Perhaps on no occasion has an opera been produced with more liberality at Her Majesty's Theatre than *La Muta di Portici*. We do not say that half-a-dozen more rehearsals,

under the indefatigable Balfe, would not have made the concerted and choral music go better; but half-a-dozen more rehearsals are not to be had in England, for love or money. Let us, therefore, take what we can get, and be thankful. First, we must cite the cast of the opera, which was as follows:—

Alfonso, Sig. Scotti; Lorenzo, Sig. Mercuriali; Silva, Sig. Balanchi; Masaniello, Sig. Pardini; Pietro, M. Massol; Borella, Sig. Lorenzo; Elvira, Mad. Fiorentini; Fenella, Mdle. Monti.

Let us, as we are in a hurry, take the characters as they stand. Sig. Scotti is a new comer. He has a pretty voice, but small. The music of Alphonso is too high for him, and his singing is but tame at the best. He made no marked impression. Sig. Mercuriali, in the little part of Lorenzo, had no occasion to prove himself worthy of his name. His voice is fuller than Sig. Scotti's, and stronger; but how much of a singer he may be he must show when chance gives him a better opportunity for distinction. Signor Balanchi, as Silva, had nothing to sing, but he sang it very correctly.

Signor Pardini (from the Italian Opera of Berlin) should have been the lion of the evening; but he was not the lion; the lion was a lioness, that roared not, a mute that spoke not, a woman, an angel, of whom more anon. Signor Pardini, however, though not the lion of the evening, turned out to be a very pleasant acquisition for the theatre, and though not equal to the character of Masaniello, persuaded the audience that he was a very good singer, and by no means an indifferent actor. This gentleman's voice is a tenor of fine quality, of even volume throughout the register, not powerful, but mellow, telling, and agreeable. He sang the barcarole with immense spirit, and was encored with acclamations. He gave the duet with Pietro (mutilated as at the Royal Italian Opera—for shame, Balfe!) with equal spirit, and shared with M. Massol another acclamatory encore. At the end of the first act he was obliged to come before the curtain, and this was the meridian of his success. During the third, fourth, and fifth acts his sun went down in the horizon. But it did not entirely set. The encores had fatigued Signor Pardini, and he has not the strength to stand fatigue. The "Sommeil," which he transposed to F, like Signor Tamberlik, was tamely and ineffectively sung. He redeemed himself, however, in the mad scene, with several touches of plaintive singing, which denoted intelligence and feeling. He did not attempt the high C sharp at the end, wherein he showed his wisdom. We repeat, Signor Pardini is not Masaniello, but he is a real acquisition to the theatre. He was applauded liberally and indulgently by the audience.

M. Massol was received with a volley of applause. His Pietro was as frank, as hearty, as vigorous, as truthful, and as fishermanly as ever. It was the true Pietro, not the dark and sophisticate. Pietro is a very good fellow at first, until he gets drunken and envious; then he becomes an arrant rascal. In this way M. Massol acts Pietro, and hence our approval, which is also his good fortune. M. Massol sings the music of Pietro to admiration. His great point, the duet with Masaniello, "Aux armes," was a striking and powerful piece of declamatory vocalism, and the applause and encore were as the applause and encore of yore—vehement and enthusiastic. The wine song in the fifth act was equally forcible in its way, and produced a more than usual effect. In all the concerted music the splendid voice of M. Massol was heard as a strengthener of the melody and a ripener of the harmony. Such a voice is inestimable for the purposes of a composer.

Signor Lorenzo was quaintly mysterious in the part of the fisherman, Borella, which he attitudinized unctuously.

We have said that Madame Fiorentini was the best

of Madame Ankastroms. We have now to protest that she is one of the loveliest and most engaging of Elviras. The part is not a grateful one, and we are the more grateful for the charming manner in which Madame Fiorentini plays it. There is something in her fine and clear sounding voice peculiarly suited to Auber's music. In the *cavatina*, which she vocalized admirably, her upper tones came out with delicious sonority. To the appeal to Fenella (act 4) she imparted the utmost expression. In short Madame Fiorentini was herself in Elvira, to be more than which would be something too much to ask of her.

We have left Mdle. Monti to the last. Mdle. Monti is the lioness of whom we spoke above—or rather woman, or rather angel. She is, they say, a great painter, and speaks German fluently. Of this we know nothing; but we know, from ocular conviction, that she is a great mimist and gesticulates marvellously. Of her person a poet might speak in burning numbers. Being no poets, we can only say, she is "beautiful exceedingly"—which Coleridge has said before us of somebody else, in *Christabel*. Her features are plastic; that is her feelings mould them into expression and leave nothing in mystery but the singular power with which she can talk without words, make language with her eyes and mouth and arms, more eloquent than were she endowed with twenty tongues "of silver." We never beheld eyes that spoke so plainly. Mdle. Monti comes from Milan. At the *Scala*, she has been miming for some five or six years, and with such effect that her name has long been celebrated, and her title is "the first mime of Italy." She supports her reputation with ease. Indeed, had we not read the she was the "first mime of Italy," we should have guessed it, from her performance of the part of Fenella, on Thursday night. We have seen nothing to beat it—nothing to equal it, in its particular way. All the scenes in which Fenella is engaged were pictures—moving pictures—irresistible touches of nature, that must have gone to the most inaccessible heart. And yet all was so unobtrusive that a new charm was imparted to the character, which we never remember in any other Fenella—and we have witnessed several. We have no time to enter into details, but must leave them for another occasion. Suffice it that Mdle. Monti's Fenella was a picturesque, a subtle, a poetical, in fine a great piece of acting; it was a cut above pantomime—and there is an end of it. The audience understood much, and applauded much; but the audience did not understand all. Many nice and masterly points escaped them. They must go again, every one of them, and see Mdle. Monti play the part once more. They will thank us for the counsel.

Balfe had been to work zealously, and though he cut the duet, "Aux Armes," and the Market Chorus, he brought out the orchestral, choral, and otherwise concerted music with capital effect. The overture was well played and encored, and the prayer was well played and encored; the latter began in E flat and ended in E flat, which is so rarely the case that we have noted it. The dances were managed to perfection. M. Taglioni had used all his taste and ability in getting them up. We never saw the *Guaracha* and *Bolero* done so efficiently. The Costumes, varied according to the groups, were exceedingly pretty, gratefully contrasted, and enhanced the effect of the *ensemble*. Madlles. Aussundon, Julien, Lamoureux, Esper and Rosa—that quintet of chorographic divinities—all assisted, and the dances thus executed created a furor. The *Guaracha* was encored. The *Tarantella* was equally brilliant, Madlle. Ferraris and M. Charles representing the principal couple, with consummate talent, and a *brío* that carried all before it. Mr. Marshall has been unusually happy with his scenery, and the eruption of Vesuvius was

managed in a manner not more striking than original. Mr. Harris never showed himself more a master of his business; the groupings and all the acting of the chorus and subordinates were admirably arranged, and the director himself was always observed, actively taking the lead upon the stage.

To sum up, *La Muta di Portici* was eminently successful, and deservedly so. The recalls of the principal artists were too numerous to mention.

A grievous disappointment was felt at the non-appearance of Carlotta Grisi, who was prevented, by a severe cold, from giving her favourite *pas* from *Esmeralda*. The place of Carlotta cannot be supplied. We trust the incomparable *danceuse* will have sufficiently recovered to-night to shine—the sun among the stars of the *ballet*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The return of Madame Castellan, Signor Tamberlik, and Herr Formes gave the management an opportunity of reviving *Masaniello*, the masterpiece of Auber (who has created a dozen other masterpieces), of which advantage was taken on Tuesday night. The house was full, and Her Majesty, accompanied by the younger scions of the blood-royal of England, attended the representation.

Masaniello was Signor Tamberlik's first part in this country, and certainly ranks among his very best interpretations. Handsome, manly, and with a well-built frame, he looks the gallant fisherman to the life. The dress becomes him and he becomes the dress. His conception of the character is admirable, and his acting vigorous and picturesque. Since his first appearance at Covent Garden, Signor Tamberlik has not been in better voice than on Tuesday. It was as though he had taken a new lease of his physical house, and was entering upon the first year of its enjoyment. The barcarole was sung with great spirit, the "Sommeil" with incomparable tenderness, and the mad scene in the last act with amazing force and touching pathos. At the end of the latter Signor Tamberlik gave out the famous C sharp "*de poitrine*" with a volume of tone and a sustained power that electrified the house, and suggested comparisons with the more famous C natural "*de poitrine*" of M. Duprez (in *Guillaume Tell*) by no means prejudicial to either, the C sharp of Signor Tamberlik winning the battle against the C natural of M. Duprez by a semitone. We need not enter into any further analysis of Signor Tamberlik's very striking performance, the various beauties of which have often been set forth in detail for the delight and contemplation of our readers, amateur and professional. Suffice it, as we have hinted, it was more glowing, and animated, and impressive than ever, and cast the audience into a train of pleasure and excitement, which exploded in bursts of genuine enthusiasm. The reception of the great tenor, as he sauntered down the windings of the pass to join his companions, in the second act, was hearty and unanimous.

Madame Castellan, the charming, and clever, and thoughtful, and intelligent Madame Castellan was not in her very best voice. She appeared fatigued and unwell. Nevertheless, in the cavatina she sang with a brilliancy that does not fail her in the most trying moments, and in the air of the fourth act (Elvira's petition to Fenella, to save her husband from Pietro and the others) with a grace and sentiment of which no mental or corporeal depression can ever succeed in depriving her. Like Signor Tamberlik, Madame Castellan's reception was that which is only accorded to the most favoured artists.

The Pietro of Herr Formes (seen for the first time in England) was mysterious and elaborate. His conception is to keep the evil side of the character continually presented to the

audience. Herr Formes evidently regards Pietro as a man of savage and wicked nature—*tout bonnement*; not as the creature of circumstance, the victim of debauch, and envy, and hatred (the illegitimate offspring from the loins of envy), and disappointment, and wine, and want of education, in which light it was viewed by M. Massol, his predecessor. Both ideas are open to discussion, although we are inclined to sympathise with the last. Herr Formes, however, makes his notion sufficiently palpable, by appropriate and characteristic gestures and by-play, which occasionally, we think, with deference, are carried to excess. An instance may be cited in the scene of the triumph (act IV.), when Masaniello is made king, and paraded on a horse:—Herr Formes (Pietro), in a corner with a band of malcontents, assumes threatening attitudes and postures during the whole ceremony; and as Masaniello, surrounded by the people, his adorers, makes his way, *à cheval*, through the pressing and enthusiastic crowd, the supposed Pietro aims furious blows at him with a stiletto, which the adherents of Masaniello cannot help seeing, albeit they treat the convulsions of the would-be assassin with strangely unruffled indifference. In the vocal part of the character, Herr Formes came out like thunder, and the grand duet, "Aux Armes," with Sig. Tamberlik, superbly ejaculated by both performers, was enthusiastically re-demanded; that is, the second movement was encored, and the duet was recommenced and repeated up to this point, the rest being omitted. How such a proceeding can be tolerated at "the classical temple of the opera," as Covent Garden has been so unanimously entitled, we are at a loss to guess; how Signor Tamberlik and Herr Formes can tolerate it; still more strange, how an accomplished musician and composer like Mr. Costa can tolerate it; how Mr. Gye can tolerate it, and finally, how the public can tolerate it—we are puzzled to explain. Our columns are open to any other "admirer of the Royal Italian orchestra" who shall be moved to communicate with us on the subject; since we are really curious to see what line of defence can be taken up in defence of a proceeding which makes a great master like Auber the author of a piece of music without design or form, beginning in one key, ending in another, and coming to a conclusion without a climax. We are curious, we repeat, for instruction on this point. In all the concerted music Herr Formes was boldly efficient. In Masaniello's tent (act IV), when Pietro and the conspirators insist upon the death of Alphonso and Elvira, his acting was full of point and energy. In the drinking song (act V.), wishing to do too much, Herr Formes missed his aim. It is somewhat odd that this highly effective air nearly always falls flat upon the audience. Perhaps it is because it comes so late in the opera.

Mdlle. Ballin, as Fenella, was more active and fervid than graceful and natural. Nearly all the representatives of Fenella are disposed to overdo the part, and thus to render it obtrusive, which was not the author's intention. Auber's most eloquent music, however, carried all before it, and redeemed a multitude of sins committed and omitted. Never was poetical conception of dramatist more poetically musicked by composer. Sig. Luigi Mei does his best with Alphonso, a very ungrateful and uncomfortable part, always in miserable positions and put to sorry subterfuges, while no one feels either sympathy for his misfortunes or admiration for his person. Sig. Soldi, as the confidant of Alphonso, ejaculated the recitative dialogue of the first scene with evident purpose; and Sig. Polonini, in the small part of Borella, was the perfection of the Neapolitan fisherman. But, where was Sig. Rommi, the former representative of this part, and one of the welcomest physiognomies in the establishment? *Ubi fuit Rommi?*

The band and chorus were as brilliant as usual. The over-

ture and the prayer in the third act were encored, (the only encores, by the way, excepting the duet) and the groupings and other scenic effects preserved the "traditions," and were as picturesque and animated as usual. The dances—the *Guaracha*, the *Bolero*, and the *Tarentella*—were done with great spirit. Mdle Louise Taglioni was the life and soul of them, and exhibited all her accustomed vigour, sprightliness, and *entrain*. This young lady is invaluable to the theatre, and her improvement is remarkable. Her *caro sposo*, M. Fuschs (alias Alexandre), is also a meritorious artist, and thoroughly understands his business. His *tarantella*, with Mdle Taglioni, was irresistible. The only drawback in the *ensemble* was the mutilation of the Market Chorus, of which we complained last year; all the modulations in the middle were cut out, and the most characteristic features of this most sparkling and picturesque *morceau* extinguished. The Market Chorus is essentially descriptive, and does not depend on its beautiful melody alone for its effect. Scarcely two minutes of time are saved by the curtailment, which is, nevertheless, important enough to destroy Auber's conception altogether.

After the second act of the opera, Sig. Tamberlik, Herr Formes, and Mdle. Ballin re-appeared, at the unanimous summons of the audience.

On Thursday, the first act of *Semiramide* with four acts of *Masaniello* was announced as a "Grand extra night," but, in consequence of Signor Tamberlik's sudden indisposition, the performance was changed, and *Semiramide* given entire.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The third concert took place on Monday. The room was crammed to inconvenience. The programme, full of excellence and variety, though much too long, was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture		
Introduction, Quartet and Chorus— Principal voice parts by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and M. Jules Stockhausen	Jessonda.....	Spohr.
Recitative..... { Miss Louisa Pyne (Don Aria, "Non mi dir," { Giovanni)		Mozart.
Concerto in E flat, Op. 76, Violin, composed in 1782. M. Sainton (first time of performance in this country)		Mozart.
Recitative..... { (Il ratto di Proserpina) Aria, "Pago fui,"..... { Miss Williams		Winter.
Overture		
Scherzo		
Song, with Chorus, "You spotted snakes," Miss L. Pyne and Miss Williams	A Midsum- mer Night's Dream. }	Mendelssohn.
Notturmo, March, and final Cho- rus.....		

PART II.

Choral Symphony, No. 9 (in illustration of Schil- ler's "Ode to Joy"), the principal voice parts by Miss L. Pyne, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and M. Jules Stockhausen.....	Beethoven.
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Conductor—Mr. Costa.

Old Spohr came out like a giant refreshed. His overture, one of the best of overtures dramatic, was finely played and loudly encored. His introduction, in which Brahmin and Bayadere meet in a friendly battle of lamentations for their dead Rajah, dispersed in choruses and quartets of infinite beauty and variety, "went" well, and the audience relished it exceedingly.

With Mendelssohn's music there were some mishaps. The

overture was going off "like a shot," when a "slip" in the last chord unhinged the good impression that had been created; and this was not entirely repaired during the *scherso*, nor during the duet, nor during the *notturmo*, nor during the march, nor during the final chorus. If one fool may be said to make many in a crowd, one mistake may be equally averred to make many, in the best organized troop of instrumentalists. The gigantic symphony of Beethoven, however, in a great measure atoned for the past. The three instrumental movements were perhaps better executed, on the whole, than on any previous occasion in this country, more especially the *allegro maestoso* in D minor, which we never remember so intelligible and clear. In the *seherzo* the French method of curtailment was adopted. The *adagio* was well played, although there were one or two drawbacks, and among others, the redoubtable cadence in six flats for the third horn—which again caused people to enquire what had become of Mr. Jarrett, who used to play it so well. The choral movement, as usual, left much to be desired, although the principal bass solos were remarkably well sung by Mr. Jules Stockhausen.

Mozart's violin concerto in E flat was played by M. Sainton in first-rate style. This is one of the only two that are published, the others still remaining in M.S. M. Sainton may be congratulated on having, by the revival of this very fine composition, added one to the limited *repertoire* of violin concertos of the Classical school, which have been hitherto confined to Beethoven in D, Mendelssohn in E minor, and one or two of Spohr's. The sooner M. Sainton comes forward at the Philharmonic with a second of Mozart's (that in G, for example, the other published one), the more grateful will be our amateurs of the fiddle, more especially if he plays it with the same fire and perfection which he imparted to the one in E flat.

Miss Louisa Pyne has wonderfully improved, both in voice and execution. Her singing of Mozart's beautiful air (in the original key, F) was worthy of any vocalist that could be named. Not less charming in her way, was Miss Williams, with the smooth *aria* of "Winter," which she sang to perfection.

The mistake of this Concert was to place the ninth symphony last, instead of first. The result was a general "move" during the choral *finale*. The audience were already fatigued with what they had heard. We cannot force it into the heads of the Philharmonic directors, that "enough is as good as a feast."

MUSICAL UNION.

Mr. Ella made a brilliant beginning to the season on Tuesday. The programme was admirable, the executants first-rate, and the audience numerous and highly distinguished for fashion, aristocracy, and mental eminence. The Musical Union has now reached its seventh year, and has made rapid progress, especially within the last few seasons, since its importance as an art-institution has become more fully recognised. By the death of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, the office of President became vacant, and has been accepted by the Duke of Leinster, an accomplished amateur and patron of the art of music. The *réunion* still takes place in Willis's Rooms, the *locale* selected by Mr. Ella, some five years ago, in place of the rooms in Mortimer Street.

The performances of Tuesday last consisted of Haydn's quartet in F (No. 48), Beethoven's sonata for violin and piano-forte, in C minor, (op. 30), Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* in F sharp minor, for pianoforte solos, and the same composer's posthumous quintet for stringed instruments, in B flat, (Op. 37).

Haydn's quartet was admirably executed by Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. Beethoven's sonata afforded a great treat to Mr. Ella's subscribers. Ernst and Hallé were joined together in the interpretation of this glorious work, and nothing short of perfection was attained. Ernst was in great force. It was one of his happiest days, and he played like one inspired. Throughout the whole of the sonata and quintet he was listened to with breathless interest, and in every movement he appeared to surpass his previous efforts. In the *allegro* and *finale* to the Sonata he played with prodigious fire, whilst the *adagio* was a perfect display of faultless intonation and the most genuine sentiment. In Beethoven's masterly work Ernst could not possibly have found a more able coadjutor, one who could more thoroughly appreciate, and enter more deeply into the spirit of Beethoven's music, than Charles Hallé. This great pianist shines not more remarkably in the brilliancy of his execution than in his finely classic style and most intimate sympathy with the music he is interpreting. In Mendelssohn's pianoforte solo, Hallé exhibited that exquisite finish, that elasticity of touch, and perfect command of the instrument for which he is so eminently distinguished. His execution of this most charming and irresistible movement was full of fancy, and the delicacy and force he alternately exhibited produced the most striking effect. He was applauded "to the echo" by the noble and learned assembly. The grand feature of the selection was undoubtedly Mendelssohn's posthumous quintet, which has caused so great a stir lately in musical circles. We have already described this work as one of Mendelssohn's most wonderful compositions, when it was performed at Mr. Dando's, in the winter; we thought the same on hearing it at Mr. Lucas's, about a fortnight since; and now Mr. Ella has afforded us the opportunity of being so thoroughly convinced of the justness of our first impressions, that nothing can possibly shake our conviction. Each movement is a master piece. How Ernst played it, and how he always plays Mendelssohn's music, we need not say, nor how zealously and ably he was backed by Deloffre, Hill, Mellon, and Piatti "the unrivalled." We shall not analyse the composition here, an abler pen than that of the writer of this notice being already engaged in the task. Suffice it that its success was triumphant, and that unanimous opinion pronounced it one of the most extraordinary inspirations of its incomparable author.

Thus has Mr. Ella well begun. Let him thus proceed, and he will astonish "the nations" during the month of May.

Original Correspondence.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Having called your attention to the confused idea we have of the precise difference between the terms "Andante and Andantino," (to which you kindly replied in your number of March 15th) I take the liberty of forwarding the following extract from the last No. of the *Musical Times* :—

"MUSICA, BRIGHTON.—We give you the definition of the terms from *Marx Allgemeine Musiklehre*. 'Andante—going, but walking not running; Andantino—somewhat slower than Andante.' Gottfried Weber defines the latter, Andantino—'this term is a diminutive of Andante.' As a designation of time, it has no distinct well-defined meaning; it may, however, serve as the designation of a small, short Andante."

If I understand your definition correctly, you say "Andantino" is faster than "Andante."

By inserting a few lines on this subject in your valuable columns, you will oblige

Reigate, April 4th, 1851.

Sir, yours, very faithfully,
EDW. THURMAN.

P.S.—"Hamilton," "Bishop," "Kalkbrenner," and a host of others, say that Andantino is *slower* than Andante.

[We think, though both are slow movements, that *andante* and *andantino* have more strictly a relation to character than to time. We will endeavour to make room for an article on the subject —
ED. M. W.]

THE GUITAR—SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Kilkhampton, April 8, 1851.

MR. EDITOR,—A friend of mine has recently purchased a guitar, but cannot tell whether it is a Spanish or an English one. May I ask—1. How is he to know whether it is a Spanish or an English guitar? 2. Assuming that it is a Spanish one, whose Instruction Book would you recommend? 3. Assuming that it is an English one, what Instruction book ought he to procure? He will have to learn the guitar himself without the aid of a master—none here can instruct him. An answer will oblige.

Yours truly,

H. W. HOLLAND.

[Our columns are open to a reply, for which, in common with our correspondent, we shall feel obliged to any of our kind friends.
—ED. M. W.]

MAJOR AND MINOR KEYS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Pimlico, April 9, 1851.

Sir,—I find in one work the following "Table of Signature" marked thus :—

I

MAJOR KEYS.	MINOR KEYS.
C.....	A.....
G. one sharp.....	E. one sharp.
D. two sharps.....	B. two sharps.
A. three sharps.....	F. three sharps.
and so throughout.	

In another work :

II.

MAJOR KEYS	MINOR KEYS.
C.....	C. three flats.
G. one sharp.....	G. two flats.
D. two sharps.....	D. one flat.
A. three sharps.....	A.....
and so on throughout.	

In the first Table the Relative Minor is given, but no mention of the Minor. In the second table the Minor is given, but no mention of the Relative Minor. It is contended by a party, that there is no occasion to mention Relative Minor, but to call it Minor, as in the first table. From this opinion I differ; and, to decide this question, I have taken upon myself to write to the Editor of the *Musical World* on the subject, as I contend, that it is *requisite* for the scholar to have them more fully explained, and that they ought to be placed thus—

MAJOR KEYS.	MINOR.	RELATIVE MINOR.
C.....	C. three flats.....	A.....
G. one sharp.....	G. two flats.....	E. one sharp.
D. two sharps.....	D. flat.....	B. two sharps.
And so on throughout.		

But the question I beg to ask, (as they must be laid down in classes for the purpose they are intended for), will it be proper to arrange them thus, which is the way wanted.

C....C. three flats. | C....A. | F....F. four flats. | F....D one flat.

Your obedient servant.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Open to discussion.—ED. M. W.]

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—"There's a Good Time coming" was first sung by the Hutchinson Family. It was also arranged as a song expressly for

them, by Mr. G. Simpson, of Hanley (Professor of Music), though not published, the words being the property of Mr. Henry Russell.

Yours, very truly,
H. H.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—I cannot take upon myself to decide the wager between F. and W. respecting the fact of the Hutchinson family being the first to sing the above song; but this I can say, that a professor of music at Hanley offered to give me a MS. copy of it, as sung by them, just after they had sung it in the Potteries, and I believe before any other vocalist had taken it up; my impression being that the music and words are held together by the copyright of the latter only. If this will answer the purpose of your correspondent "M. D. K." the information, in the absence of better, is at his service.

P. Q.

WEBER'S PRECIOSA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Edinburgh, 7th April, 1851.

SIR.—Please inform your Limerick correspondent that the Pianoforte score, instrumental parts, and full score of Weber's *Preciosa* are to be had from Schlesinger in Berlin.

I am, Sir, yours most obedient,
D. HAMILTON.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—*The Queen of Spades* is the title of a two-act piece produced at this Theatre, and which has now run some eight or nine nights successfully. It is taken from the Comic Opera, *La Dame de Pique*, written by Scribe, with Halévy's music, brought out last winter at the *Opera Comique*, Paris. Dion Bourcicault is the Drury Lane adapter; and, as might have been expected, the new version has lost nothing in point or neatness of expression. The story suffers from want of musical connection. Books indited with a view to illustration by music, are seldom clear enough, or concise enough for the plot of a spoken drama. The omission of details is a great drawback. In its original state, the *Dame de Pique* was not a very transparent piece; nor, well as the adaptation has been done, do we think it has received much clarification in translating. The main notion is that of a Russian Princess in disguise, who wishes to liberate from the salt mines an officer to whom she is attached. The means by which this is effected has reference to a secret spell over the cards at a gaming-table, by which success is supposed to be ensured. The Princess professes to a knowledge of this secret, and works upon all within her influence, until they become believers in her supernatural powers. At the end, when, after a series of complications, accidents, *contretemps*, and explanations, the *dénouement* is *en train*, it is discovered that the Princess has no power whatever over the cards; that her three fancy cards, the Three of Spades, the Ten of Spades, and the Queen of Spades (why then call the piece *The Queen of Spades* only?), have no magic in them whatever; and that she took the hint solely from the fact of the Empress Elizabeth always winning at faro on the "Queen of Spades,"—her courtiers being too loyal and too polite to suffer their royal mistress to be chagrined by a loss at cards.

The drama has been well put upon the boards, and is strongly cast, combining among others, the names of Messrs. Anderson, Emery, Walter Lacy, and the Mesdames Fanny Vining, and W. Lacy.

Mr. Anderson plays an inspector in the Salt Mines, whose head becomes turned with a lust for gambling. The part is hardly prominent enough for this gentleman's talents.

Mr. Walter Lacy plays a Governor who tries all sorts of stratagems to obtain the hand of the Princess, but fails in the end. The part is not sufficiently prominent for the talents of so accomplished an artist, who, however, makes it exceedingly effective.

Miss Fanny Vining fails to produce a great effort in the Princess; a part, which in the hands of Madame Ugalde, at the *Opera Comique*, at Paris, has been considered one of the great hits of the day.

Mrs. Walter Lacy had a subordinate part, which she plays with becoming grace and *naïveté*.

From its being performed so many nights, *The Queen of Spades* must be pronounced successful.

HAYMARKET.—*The Lady of Lyons* has been re-produced at this theatre, with Mr. J. W. Wallack as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Laura Addison as Pauline Deschapelles. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer wrote this play with an especial eye to Macready's genius, and never was actor more felicitously suited in a part. Had Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer to write his very elegant drama over again, with an especial eye to Mr. J. W. Wallack's peculiar talents, there is no doubt he would have altered it materially. Mr. J. W. Wallack laboured under the great disadvantage of having to put on a suit cut out and sewn up for another artist, and which did not at all fit him. Under such counteracting circumstances, Mr. J. W. Wallack may be said to have acquitted himself with tact and skill. In the first act he was sufficiently light and plastic, and his scenes with his mother betokened a nice feeling for the homely pathetic. In the second act he wanted force and point, although he had some very happy moments. The great scene in the third act hardly rose to the author's intention, not being too earnest nor over impressive. The whole of the last scene was carefully, judiciously, and effectively acted; still we are not inclined to set down Claude Melnotte as one of Mr. J. W. Wallack's best impersonations.

Miss Laura Addison looked more charming than ever in Pauline, and found a character better suited to her pretty capabilities than the horrid towering heroines of Shakspeare. We can assure our readers that their favourite, Laura, made a serious impression on the spectators—too serious, we are afraid, in one instance—and that half the ladies were jealous and envious of her attractions. To criticise Laura as we would criticise other actresses, would not be fair, neither would it be possible. Laura has no parallel, of latitude or longitude, except her sweet self. In her case, indeed, comparisons would be odious. She is a piece of pure nature—Laura nature—a child-woman and woman-child, "a thing of loves and kisses, smiles and tears," as the poet saith, whose genius is unimaginable, whose art is illimitable, whose mind is unfathomable, whose form is unapproachable, whose beauty is intolerable—for who can look on her starry face and endure without languishing?—in short, who has everything finitively "able" about her, which may be summed up in one able word "incomparable,"—thus proving that Laura is no parable. But Laura's Pauline has the further advantage of being original. Her conception would have made the poet blush for his forgetfulness, and lament his having written the play years too soon. Not only the "beauty, youth, clean linen" (Farquhar again), and tenderness of the character, set off Laura's talents to plural advantage, or advantages—it depends upon the construction of the noun of number—but the pride became her, and flashed along her form, from radiant brow to tiny foot, like lightning (sheet, of course,) over a summer sky. In the scene where she discovers Claude's treachery—

"She stood a moment as a Pythoness
Stands on her tripod, agonised and full

Of inspiration gathered from distress,
When all the heart-strings, like wild horses pull
The heart asunder—"

We forget the rest. In short, to quote the same nice poet, "She looked a beautiful embodied storm." We never saw rage so prettily assumed, nor astonishment so captivatingly depicted. Laura's look and Laura's silence spoke volumes. That Laura was vehemently and universally applauded throughout, and that Laura was called for at the end of the performance, were things of course.

The rest of the characters were well sustained, especially that of Beauseant, by Mr. Howe, which was a striking bit of acting. We missed poor Mrs. Clifford sadly in Pauline's mother, a character which she made entirely her own.

The *Lady of Lyons* has been repeated several times, and Laura's Pauline grows more and more mellowed with each performance. Let no one who loves to look upon the beautiful in simplicity, and the truthful in nature, fail to go to the Haymarket and behold Laura Addison in Pauline Deschappelles in the *Lady of Lyons*.

ADELPHI.—On Thursday evening, after Dion Bourcicault's excellent drama of the *Willow Copse*, in which the two lead-stars of the Adelphi—Madame Celeste and Miss Woolgar—shine with even more than their wonted lustre, and Mr. S. Emery makes an admirable representative of the villain of the piece—a new farce was produced, called *London Fog*. It is a bagatelle of the *Box versus Cox* species. Copal (Mr. Bedford), a ruined artist, enters by mistake, in the obscurity of a London fog, the house of Simple (Mr. Wright), an inexorable creditor. Discovering his error too late to make his escape, he contrives, with the aid of Simple's housekeeper, so to alter the appearance first of the room and then of himself, that Simple, on entering, believes, in his turn, that he has got into the wrong house. Abundance of drollery arises out of this inverted position of the host and his unknown visitor, after which, Simple falls asleep, and the room being restored to its former appearance, the bewildered occupant, on awakening, fancies that he has been in a dream. Mr. Wright played with his usual quiet gusto of humour; but, spite of his exertions, aided by those of Mr. Paul Bedford, the piece had but a lukewarm reception.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Barnard's neatly written domestic drama, "The Farmer's Story," and the new farce, "Charles King," have been dividing, during the week, the suffrages of very full houses. Mrs. Stirling's rustic humour and domestic pathos in the former piece, are charming; and her broken Frenchified-English in the latter, very telling. We must leave it to the reader or the historian to determine, whether Nell Gwynne was as handsome as Louisa Howard.

Provincial.

LEEDS.—The first general annual meeting of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society was held in St. George's School-room, on Wednesday evening, Thomas Charlesworth, Esq., in the chair. A satisfactory report of the societies' proceedings during the first year of its existence was read, and the accounts submitted to the members, from which it appeared that a small balance remained in the treasurer's hands; the present accounts including the expenditure necessary in first forming the society, as advertisements, circulars, &c. The report concluded by inciting the members to increased diligence in attending rehearsals. The following resolutions were then put and carried unanimously.—Moved by Mr. G. Young, seconded by Mr. James Buckton, "That the report which has been read to the meeting be adopted and printed, and circulated among the members of the society." Moved by Mr. France, seconded by Mr. Bradshaw, "That the thanks of the society be given to the committee for their services, and that the four mem-

bers now retiring agreeably to the rules of the society (namely, Mr. S. Hey, Mr. Kemplay, Mr. Kershaw, and Mr. Hopkinson,) be and are hereby re-elected." Moved by Mr. Shaw, seconded by Mr. Denton, "That the best thanks of the society be given to Mr. Spark, the honorary director, for his very able and gratuitous services during the past year, and that he be requested to continue his valuable aid to the society." Moved by Mr. Moore, seconded by Mr. Kighley, "That the thanks of the society be given to the honorary secretary for his services, and that he be requested to continue the same." Moved by Mr. Buckton, seconded by Mr. Shaw, "That the thanks, of the subscribers be given to the professional members of the society for their assistance and the readiness they have at all times shown to co-operate with them in promoting the interests of the society." A vote of thanks to the chairman having passed, the ordinary meeting for practice took place, and the members separated.

SWANSEA.—We were last (Tuesday) night favoured with a visit from the unrivalled M. Jullien, who gave his concert in the theatre. Of the performance it is sufficient to say that it was worthy of his fame. The audience was a fitting tribute to the genius that presided over this feast of harmony. Not only was the theatre crammed—the front seats in the gallery being filled with box tickets, but the partitions between the side boxes and galleries had to be thrown down. Even this was not sufficient to alleviate the "pressure from without." Above three hundred persons had to be accommodated on the stage, and then it was difficult to procure more than standing room. As an illustration of the interest felt in Wales in M. Jullien's concert, it may be stated that a special train was engaged to convey a large number of persons from Neath and its neighbourhood, who were anxious to be present.—*Swansea Herald*.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

There has been very little of any interest to communicate on musical matters here since our last, and that little has been fairly supplied from other sources. On Thursday the 3rd instant, however, there was an attraction of no ordinary kind, which induced us to strain a point to be present and report thereon. We allude to Mr. C. A. Seymour's annual benefit, at our Theatre Royal, where, besides the dramatic performances of the *Sheriff of the County* and the farce of the *Ladies' Club*, both played, at the best, respectably, (with the exception of Mrs. Horsman's acting, which was first rate), we had the gifted Ernst to attract us, and to assist his brother violinist at his benefit. We were much pleased to see the theatre so well attended. The dress circle was full to the extreme corner: there was a capital pit and upper circle; the gallery alone being thin. Ernst appeared immediately after the comedy to play his fantasia on *Hungarian airs*, with variations. He looked exceedingly pale, the result of his recent indisposition, which added to his usually pensive cast of countenance, and imparted mysterious wildness to his playing, that more than ever reminded us of his great antetype—Paganini. Ernst looked, indeed, like a spirit from some other world, come to enchant and delight us in this nether earth—himself being full of mournful thought the while. Nevertheless, Ernst's slender gentlemanly figure and regularly expressive features can in no wise be compared to the gaunt visage, lank flowing hair and ungainly form of his celebrated predecessor, of whom, nevertheless, still we were forcibly (inevitably perhaps) reminded of Paganini. We never heard Ernst to such perfection; his "harmonics" were so neat and pure (and he gave them in great profusion)—his *arpeggio*, his double, treble, (and almost quadruple) stopping, his alternations of *pizzicato* with passages *col arco*, were each and all marvellous, yet so entirely at his command as to appear thrown in merely as graces or ornaments *a piacere* to his impassioned themes, and that with the greatest ease and nonchalance. Ernst next appeared in Maurer's well-known quartet for four violins, with Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Thomas—a remarkable composition in its way, though never before heard in Manchester. It is seldom that four such first fiddles can be heard together in the provinces; and this quartet can only be rendered intelligibly by first rate artists. It was played in the most perfect style by all

the executants, listened to with the deepest interest and loudly applauded at the close. After some clever dancing by Miss Annie Payne and Mr. J. Marshall—(the hornpipe of the latter being exceedingly spirited), Herr Lidel came forward with a composition of his own—a *fantasia* for the violoncello, on Irish airs, introducing melodies familiar to us, from the English words to which Moore and others have adapted them, such as "A Rose tree in full bearing," and "T'o Ladies eyes, a round, boys." We were very much pleased with Herr Lidel's performance, which displayed great command over the instrument, without any vulgar attempts to astonish, and without being long and tedious. Ernst then came on for the last time, with the grotesque and universally popular *Carnaval de Venise*. He played his own introduction, a melodious and elegant *andante*, which pleased us as much as anything he did all the evening. A more refined and finished example of pure and legitimate "fiddling" we never listened to. The composition is elegant and appropriate. To record the wonderful metamorphoses to which he subjected the air, in the series of variations, would be to repeat a thrice told tale. Suffice it, he surpassed himself, and many of his variations seemed to us quite new. Of course he played others on responding to the loud and unanimous encore, and these appeared more original, fantastic and difficult than the rest. Altogether Mr. Seymour, the spirited leader of our Theatre Royal orchestra, afforded his friends a very high treat at his annual benefit this year, and we trust the proceeds were as satisfactory to himself as his entertainment to the audience. It was unfortunately the closing night of the gentlemen's Glee Club. Most of the members of that jubilant institute are warm friends of Mr. Seymour, and would all have otherwise attended. The house could not have held very many more, however, and that was a consolation.

It appears from to-day's *Guardian* that the Glee Club meeting passed off very satisfactorily. There was a large attendance of members and their friends under the presidency of John Potter, Esq., our worthy mayor. The Monday night or Weekly "Concerts for the People," have for some weeks now been a series of bumper nights, we rejoice to say, since each was for the benefit of one or other of our deserving vocalists, or for the choir itself, or for the zealous conductor, Mr. David Ward Banks. Next Monday is to be the last, for the benefit of Mr. Creed Royal, principal flute at the Theatre Royal and Concert Hall. The one last Monday, which was crowded to overflow, was for the benefit of Mr. Pigot, our local John Parry—or rather the local singer of John Parry's songs, for John has given himself up to a wandering life, and cannot be located anywhere. A concert is announced for Monday next at the Mechanics' Institute. Another public or dress concert is announced this month at our Concert Hall, at which Mme. Fiorentini and Signor Calzolari are to appear. We should be glad to hear your opinion of Mrs. Enderssohn, whom we saw, by last week's number, was to appear last night at Sterndale Bennett's last concert of classical pianoforte music. If we are not mistaken we heard her give token of great promise in private, some eighteen months ago, in this city, since which time she has been studying under Sir George Smart. Your accounts of the two Italian Operas will weekly increase in interest, especially to us poor subscribers in the country, who cannot see and hear the performances for ourselves. We have a greater facility, however, this season for securing a seat in a stall or a box for her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Knowles having entered into an arrangement with Mr. Lumley, by which means he can let a certain portion to parties in Manchester for each performance. Charles Hallé is about to leave us for the season. Our Theatre Royal closes this week, consequently we shall have little interesting to your readers to report for some time to come, and shall be glad to see the space devoted to other matter of immediate interest.

[Our correspondent will find our opinion of Mrs. Enderssohn in a notice of the performance of *Elijah*, at Mr. Hullah's Monthly Concerts.—ED. M. W.]

HERR STIGELLI, the German tenor, makes, this evening, his first appearance in *Robert Le Diable*, at the Royal Italian Opera, in Rambaldo, which was made so prominent a character last season by Mario.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S SOIREEs.

THE third and last of the present series of classical pianoforte performances took place on Tuesday. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

TRIO—No. 2, Op. 66, in C minor, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn), Mr. W. S. Bennett, Herr Ernst, and Signor Piatti.

SELECTIONS—Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett (J. S. Bach. Handel.) Fugue in E minor (J. S. Bach). Harpsichord Lesson; Allemande; Courante; Air—"The Harmonious Blacksmith," by desire (Handel).

CANTATA—Mrs. Enderssohn, "Non temer" (Mozart). Con Accompagnamento di pianoforte—Mr. W. S. Bennett.

Duo in A major, dedicated to Salieri, pianoforte and violin (Beethoven), Messrs. W. S. Bennett and Herr Ernst.

SECOND PART.

VARIATIONS à quatre Mains, in B flat (Posthumous) (Mendelssohn), Messrs. Robert Barnett and W. S. Bennett.

TWO SONGS—"Cbloris in sickness," "May dew," Mrs. Enderssohn (W. S. Bennett).

SELECTIONS from the Pianoforte Works (W. S. Bennett). Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett. SCHERZO, in E minor, Op. 27. THREE MUSICAL SKETCHES:—"The Lake," "The Mill Stream," "The Fountain."

The trio went splendidly, as might have been expected, from three of the finest players on their respective instruments now existing—Sterndale Bennett, Heinrich Ernst, and Alfredo Piatti—each, in his way, a giant. The pleasant sonata of Beethoven, by Bennett and Ernst, was given to perfection, and pleased the audience mightily. As for Ernst, he was Ernst; as for Bennett, he was Bennett; as for both together, they were Beethoven. What a difference between this work and the ninth symphony! The selections from Bach and Handel were very happy. The variations on the "Harmonious blacksmith" were encored. They are as effective as any of Herz or Thalberg, and much prettier in the bargain. The variations of Mendelssohn, in E flat, beat all the variations that exist, except one set of Beethoven's, into fits. The piece is as full of variety, fancy, and clear design as the best sonata that could be written. If all variations were like these we should soon become variation-mad; but unfortunately the other is the case. The playing was as irreproachable as it was strikingly effective. Mr. Robert Barnett is one of the most finished pianists of the day, and worthily occupied his place beside the genius of the evening. We should like to hear a batch of duets, some evening, by Bennett and Barnett; they seem, as it were, cut out to play together. We never heard a better *ensemble*. The duet (which Mr. Bennett played from the MS. copy, with Mendelssohn himself, at his concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, in 1844), produced a marked effect, and the brilliant *coda* elicited the heartiest applause. The selections from Mr. Bennett's own works for the piano, executed with admirable vigor and expression, by their gifted author, brought the concert and the series to a close with dignity.

The vocal music was delightful. Mrs. Enderssohn sang the "Non temer" exceedingly well, and was accompanied by Mr. Sterndale Bennett in brilliant style. The lady also gave the two lovely songs of the beneficaire (the last of which reminds us, at the end of each couplet, of the bass song in A, from Bach's mass in B minor), with extreme unction. She was much applauded, and the "May Dew" deservedly encored. The room was crowded, and everybody was contented and delighted.

ERNST.

We have not been able to spare room for any lengthened notice of the recent provincial *tournee* in which this gifted "fiddler" took a prominent part; but to judge from the articles in the local papers which we have received from time to time, he appears to have made a prodigious effect wherever he played. To make up for unintended neglect, we quote below some extracts from two of the articles in the *Manchester Guardian*, one of the most undoubted provincial authorities on musical subjects. The following is *à propos* of the first concert given at Manchester:—

"The great feature of the concert, however, was Ernst; and his appearance on the platform was the signal for a tremendous greeting from the audience, many of whom, doubtless, had previously heard him in the same place. For some moments, owing to this manifestation of pleasure, the great violinist was unable to proceed, but after repeatedly bowing his thanks, the violin was raised to its place, and what in common parlance is termed a fiddle, became in the hands of this accomplished executant a means of conveying to the vast multitude around him the most exquisite emotions of pleasure, by rendering, in the sweetest tones, the refined musical ideas of a great artist. Herr Ernst's first solo was on themes from *Otello*, and introduced several beautiful airs, which, of course, were played with ravishing sweetness. He also took part in a duet for pianoforte and violin; but it was in the celebrated *Carnival* solo, in the second part, that his wonderful powers of execution were chiefly displayed. He accomplished what appeared to be impossibilities, and wrought his audience up to a pitch of interested excitement rarely equalled in Manchester. The calls of "bravo" and "encore" which greeted the termination of the solo were almost deafening, and on his re-appearance to respond to the demand, he performed a couple of additional variations, if possible more wonderful than their predecessors."

The same writer, in a notice of the second and last concert at Manchester, speaks of Ernst with even still greater enthusiasm:—

"Ernst, thin and pale, in mind intellectual, elevated, spiritual, with that touching tone of melancholy which pervades so many really great musical existences—the great, the unapproachable Ernst, was to us the grand attraction of the concert. His exquisitely charming treatment of the lighter passages in Mayseder's well-known solo, with variations, his fine, expressive enunciation of those which require more thought and feeling, his brilliant execution of the pizzicato and harmonic passages, and his breadth yet clearness of tremolo, were really fascinating, and elicited the loudest plaudits from the numerous and delighted auditory. In the elegy of his own composition, he poured forth deep, thrilling gushes of saddest and most touching music; subordinating every grace, note, trill, and ornament to the funereal character of the theme. In his treatment of the *Carnival of Venice* he reminds us more powerfully than any other living violinist, of his great prototype, Paganini. There are the same alternations of the mirthful and the sad, the boisterous and the subdued, the frolicsome and the despairing, laughter of maidens, and shrieks of tormented spirits, and all these pervaded by that indescribable yet easily recognized product of genius, which gives strange life and voice to the inanimate instrument."

How far we share the sentiments of our eloquent cotemporary it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers.

Foreign.

LEIPZIG, 28th March.—Mr. Moscheles writes that Madame Kückenmeister Rudersdoff, the celebrated vocalist, purposes visiting London this season, as well as the Leipzig vocal quartet society, consisting of twelve of the best chorus singers of the opera and of the *Pauliner-Sing-verein*, who will be "consigned to the care" of Mr. Albert Schloss, the well-known concert agent.

Miscellaneous.

MARY-LE-BONE THEATRE.—Mr. Jarrett, the eminent cornist, has announced a series of three Grand Concerts in Passion Week, to consist of sacred and miscellaneous performances, in which some of the most notable vocal and instrumental artists at present in London are engaged to appear. Among others we may name Jetty Treffz, Herr Formes, Signor Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, Mr. F. Bodda, Miss Martha Williams, Mdlle. Rummell, the Misses Cole, Miss Messent, Miss Bassano, Miss Rose Braham, and the double quartet from the famous Berlin choir, as vocalists; and M.M. Alexandre Billet (pianist), Cioffi (trombone), Prospero (serpent-cleide), Lazarus (clarinet), Pratten and Collins (flute), Koenig (cornet-a-piston), Madame Parish Alvars and Chatterton (harp), Lindley Collins (violoncello), Sinton and Viotti Collins (violin), and the Distins (Sax-Horn), as instrumentalists. For further particulars see our advertisement columns.

DISCOVERY OF MUSICAL GEMS BY PAGANINI.—It was said, just before the death of this great musician, that he burned nearly all his MS. compositions. This is not the case; the greater part of them were stolen from him by, it is supposed, some enthusiastic admirer, who, it is hoped, will one day give them to the world. The rest descended to his son. The son has, we learn, just arranged with a music publisher of Paris to bring out nine of the latter. They consist of *fantaisies* and variations, full of that wild and indescribable charm which the renowned violinist threw into all his original compositions.—*Literary Gazette*.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEE MUSICALE took place on Thursday at his residence, Upper Norton-street, for the purpose of exhibiting the progress of his young pupils to the parents and friends. About a dozen performed select compositions. Those most admired, both as regards musical merits and the talent displayed in their performance, were two "Duettings" by Sterndale Bennett, a Serenade by Osborne, Favarger's "Souvenir d'Andalousie," Schulhoff's "Victoria" (duet), two *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and Mr. Aguilar's own composition, entitled "La Fête Villageoise," a *Nocturne* in F sharp, and an *Etude* in A minor. Mr. Aguilar's plan of inducing young pupils to perform in society is a good one. It gives them confidence, inspires them with emulation, and is an incentive to diligence.

MADAME AND HERR GOFFRIE'S CONCERT.—The Hanover Square rooms were quite filled on Wednesday evening, at the concert of these artists. The audience had to listen to a *rather long* programme, consisting of 27 pieces. In Germany four concerts would be required to obtain listeners for so much music, and having something of the teutonic in our blood, as we could not make up our minds to remain till the end, we offer to plead this fact as an excuse for giving an account of the first part only. It is rarely that an orchestra can be collected at a benefit concert. Herr Goffrie nevertheless had secured one, and deserved to be commended for his spirit. The band played the overture to *Masaniello* in the usual style. Its next employment was in the "Sleep" song (*Masaniello*), sung in German by Herr Stigelli, with a pathos that elicited an unanimous "da capo." He however substituted a beautiful song by Schubert (in English, "I heard a streamlet gushing"). A lengthy duet from *Belisario* seemed to make every body weary, although Madlle. Magner and Herr Mayerhofer did all in their power for it. The performance of this kind of music in a concert room is an error, too often observed, however, in singers more experienced than Madlle. Magner and Herr Mayerhofer. Madlle. Lavinia sustained her reputation as a good *soprano* in the duet from *Semiramide*, supported by that agreeable and improving *basso*, Signor Marchesi. Herr Mengis and Mlle. Rummell were prevented by illness from appearing. We always enjoy the singing of Herr Stockhausen. His voice is really musical, and we applaud him for the taste which so often leads him to the songs of the best composers. The pretty romance of Schubert, "Floweret's blooming" ("Lob der Thranen") was much applauded. A great attraction was a solo on the contra *basso* (with four strings) by Herr Muller, from Darmstadt (now at Her Majesty's theatre). The *Adagio*, by Mangold, he performed with great expression, more indeed than we thought the instrument capable of rendering.* The *beneficiaire* executed the *Tema con*

* We have since heard that Herr Muller's "Scherzo" shewed him an executant of extraordinary power.

Variationi of Beethoven's op. 47 sonata (the "Kreutzer"). Madame Goffrie has read and studied "her Beethoven," and this shewed itself in her performance of that celebrated movement. The violin *obligato* could not have been handled with more sincere animation than by Herr Goffrie, and the *ensemble* was most satisfactory. We have little doubt but Madame Goffrie will rapidly strengthen her position amongst us, and be ranked as one of the deserving pianists of London. Her ambition was declared in attempting the last two movements of Chopin's concerto in E minor, with orchestral accompaniments. It was a pity that the great length of the programme necessitated the omission of the first movement. The peculiar turn of Chopin is, however, developed to admiration in the *Adagio* and *Rondo*. As is too often the case when rehearsals have been stint, the accompaniments were too predominant throughout. Herr Goffrie seemed to have little command over the obstreperous enthusiasm of his brethren. Madame Parish Alvares (widow of the celebrated English harpist) gratified us by a solo on the harp. Her mechanism is pure, her tone agreeable, and her style unexceptionable—qualities that place Madame Parish Alvares among the best performers on her instrument. This lady is the daughter of Herr Levy, the celebrated horn player of Vienna, with whom she travelled when only twelve years of age, and more than once played before the Emperor of Austria and the Imperial family. M. Rummel accompanied the vocal pieces with great efficiency.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—A vocal and instrumental concert—which attracted a full audience—was given here on Friday evening, the 14th inst., under the direction of Messieurs C. De Besnier and Verdavainne. It was the first of a series of three, and was confined to classical music; the second and third are to be devoted to sacred and classic, and modern compositions. The most attractive portion of the programme consisted of Mozart's Quartett in G major, for two violins, alto and bass; and two Quartetts in A major, by Beethoven, for the same instruments; played respectively by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Hancock, and executed admirably by the talented "quartett" of professors. Made. Verdavainne elicited much applause by the neat and clever manner in which she played Bach's prelude and fugue in C sharp, and the "Etude Melodique-hommage a Mozart," by Cramer. This lady seems to have studied carefully, and to have a good command of the instrument. In the vocal department, the *Prière de Joseph*, of Mehul, with the exception of a slip on the part of one of the male voices, was well sung. Signor Bottura gave the "Non piu andrai" creditably. Mos. De Besnier is a tenor of too limited a range for the quartet from *Fidelio*, in which he took part, assisted by Signor Bottura, and Madmes. Lemaire and Zimmerman. The former lady displayed her contralto voice advantageously in Haydn's aria from the *Creation*, which she executed with much feeling; and a similar compliment may be accorded Madme. Zimmerman in her aria from *Orfeo*, "Sposa di Euridice." Altogether the Concert passed off well.

MADAME PARISH ALVARES, the widow of the celebrated harpist, has taken up her permanent residence in London.

DUPREZ'S FIRST PART.—The first part ever played in Italy by the great French tenor was Idreno, in Rossini's *Semiramide*.

MR. MACREADY has presented Mr. Wilmot, his former stage-manager, with a beautiful silver inkstand.

THE BROTHERS BROUGH have taken Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* as the subject for their Eastern Burlesque at the Adelphi.

APOLLONICON CONCERTS.—These meetings, which are held every day, on alternate mornings and evenings, at the Lowther Rooms, seem likely to afford a favourite lounge for the amateurs of Westminster and the neighbourhood. The Apollonicon being at present under repair, the instrumental part of the business is confined entirely to the Collins family, assisted by Mr. Grattan Cooke, and one or two more wind instrument players of note. Here Miss Rosina Collins—aided by a handsome face, and a highly effective bow-arm—takes the lead, personally, as well as artistically. The Vocalists are Miss Poole, and Miss Messent. The chief novelty of the week has been a new song by Billelta, a young Italian writer, just come to England. It was delivered by Miss Messent (for whom it has been written) with the simplicity natural to her. We would suggest to the Directors to lessen the number of reserved seats;

this part of the room commonly presenting nothing but a dreary blank; while to the eyes of the visitors at the back, the performers are dwarfed from the extreme length of the Hall.

MR. JOHN PARRY (Bardd Alaw), Editor of the "Welch Melodies," late Treasurer of the Royal Society of Musicians, and father of the popular John Parry, Jun., died on Tuesday last, aged 76.

MR. J. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT, a well-known musician, who held an important position in the great house of Cramer, Beale, & Co., died recently.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The customary annual performance of Handel's *Messiah* in Passion Week, is announced to take place on Wednesday next.

MR. CHARLES MUHLENFELDT's last Soirée was given in the New Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Muhlenfeldt was assisted in the instrumental part by Messrs. Ernst, Rousselot, and Lindsay Sloper. The Concert commenced with Mendelssohn's first Trio in D minor, which was performed with the utmost spirit and animation. Miss Williams sang Gluck's "Che Faro," in her happiest manner; her full deep-toned voice also produced great effect in a ballad, called "My Childhood's happy hours," which was encored. Herr Mengis sang Mr. Salaman's elaborate canzonet, "I arise from dreams of thee," and Mr. Muhlenfeldt's new song, "The Sea's serenade to the Moon," in a manner that called forth the warmest applause. Miss Watson (Mr. T. H. Tomlinson's pupil) made her second appearance in "Bid me discourse," and justified our previous remark, that she would make progress when she had overcome the nervousness natural to a *debutante*; her exertions were rewarded by a unanimous encore. Mozart's *Andante con variazione* in G, was played with brilliant effect by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Muhlenfeldt; and a grand Sonata of Beethoven's, for pianoforte and Violin, by Messrs. Muhlenfeldt and Ernst. The great German Violinist was in one of his enthusiastic moods, and brought forth from his instrument sounds that were irresistible. He was ably seconded on the pianoforte by Mr. Muhlenfeldt. Beethoven's "Variations and Finale *alla fuga*," in E flat, well known to all musicians as the type of the fugged *finale* to the *Eroica* symphony, was played by Mr. Muhlenfeldt in a pointed and effective manner. He also introduced several studies by Mendelssohn, Muller, and Chopin's well known study on the black keys (in G flat). The Concert was brought to a conclusion by a *Valse Brillante*, of his own composition (for two performers on the pianoforte), which was played with graceful lightness and brilliancy by Messrs. Muhlenfeldt and Lindsay Sloper, and much applauded.

MR. SAKH DEEN MAHOMED died at Brighton, on the 24th of February, at the extraordinary age of 102 years, having enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and retained all his faculties unimpaired almost to the last hour of his life; indeed entirely so, until the death of his wife two months ago, since which he gradually drooped, and died without any apparent physical cause. This remarkable person was born at Patna in Hindoostan, in the year 1749. In 1769 he entered the Indian army, and served in the 27th regt. of Native Infantry, in conjunction and under the command of Colonels Leslie, Morgan, Gottard, Tottingham, Grant, Baillie, Majors Roberts, Crabb, and Popham, during the Governorship of Pelham and Hastings, and was present at the taking of forts Chunar, Patectah, Luteefur, Seckrool, Lora, Gochipour, Ramnuggar, and Gwalior in 1780. He came to England in 1784, and brought a letter of introduction to the Right Hon. William Pitt, from the Governor-General Warren Hastings. After various vicissitudes caused by the loss of all he possessed through the failure of a banking firm in Calcutta, he finally established himself in Brighton, as shampooing surgeon, in which profession he acquired a popularity rarely equalled. By his keen observation in the detection of various maladies, and his success in their treatment, with the assistance of the vapour and shampooing bath, a grand and most valuable therapeutic agent, which was first introduced into England by our late lamented friend—and now carried on by his son, at his elegant and commodious establishment, No. 7, Ryder-street, St. James's. During his long career, his assistance was demanded by all classes, even by Royalty itself, George IV. when Prince Regent, as well as during his sovereignty, placing himself several times under his treatment, and it was at his command that Mr. Mahomed arranged the baths in the Pavilion.

William IV. honored him by his patronage, as did also the leading members of the aristocracy of both the past and present generation. The name of Mahomed was popularly associated with Brighton, and he witnessed its progress to an extent that must have far surpassed his best anticipations, when he decided on fixing his abode there. Mr. Mahomed was a very kind hearted man, most benevolently disposed, and was always ready to assist the poor, as well by contributions from his purse, as by extending to them gratuitously all the treatment of his medical art and resources.

Our Scrap Book.

VOCAL EXPRESSION.—The celebrated singers of the 18th century were not less renowned for their power of expression than for the beauty of their mechanical performance. Some things are related of them which appear almost fabulous at the present day. Everybody knows the story of Farinelli, whose touching voice and expression cured the King of Spain, Philip V., of an attack of melancholy, which threatened his reason. The anecdote of Raff, who saved the life of the Princess Belmont, put in jeopardy by a violent fit of grief, by causing her to shed a torrent of tears, also attests the vast power of expression possessed by these singers. Tenesino, a singer of extraordinary merit, forgetting his part, in order to embrace Farinelli, who happened to sing an air with miraculous perfection; La Gabrieli, affected even to the exhibition of the most lively emotion, upon hearing Marchesi sing a *cantabile*; and Crescentini, causing Napoleon and all his court to shed tears in Romeo and Juliet, are also proofs of the power of expression which these divinities of song possessed. At moments, when Malibran avoided exaggeration, and exhibited true expression, combined with irreproachable execution, she gave an idea of this sort of merit; but the singers whom I have mentioned maintained, during the whole of a part, that perfection which Malibran exhibited only at intervals. In order to sing, it is not enough to possess a fine voice; though this gift of nature is an invaluable advantage, which no degree of skill can possibly supply. But one who possesses the art of regulating his voice with firmness, and understands the management of its powers, sometimes produces a better effect, with an inferior voice, than an ignorant singer can do with a fine one.

Skill, in the mechanical part of singing or playing on instruments, is undoubtedly necessary to the attainment of a good execution; but alone it is not enough. In his sensibility, and in his enthusiasm, an artist finds the most powerful resources for exciting those who hear him. Dexterity may sometimes astonish by its prodigies; but it is the privilege of true expression alone to touch the soul. What I call expression is not that grimacing which consists in twisting the arms, leaning over affectedly, moving the body, and shaking the head; a sort of pantomime of which some musicians make use, but of which they alone are the dupes. *True expression is manifested without effort, by the tones of the voice or instrument.* The musician who has the sentiment of it, transmits it from his soul, as by enchantment, to his throat, to the end of his fingers, to his bow, string, or finger-board. The quality of his voice, his breathing, his touch, are stamped with it; for him, there are no bad instruments; and, for him, I would almost venture to say, there is no bad music, though he may be more sensible than another to the beauties of composition. We should be mistaken if we supposed that there is no possible expression but that of grief and melancholy. *There are tones proper for the expression of every emotion.* Talent enables the performer to identify himself with the style of the piece which he is performing, to be simple with its simplicity, vehement with its passion, sparing of ornament in its severity, brilliant with embellishments in the elegant follies of fashion, and always great, even in trifles. There is no need of great or prolonged exertions to excite emotions of different kinds: a single phrase of a *cantabile*, or the theme of a *rondeau*, is enough. What do I say? The simplest note, even an *appoggiatura*, properly placed, a tone, sometimes calls forth bursts of admiration from a whole audience. At the risk of being accused of exaggeration, I will even say that we have an instinct that an-

nounces the great artist by the manner in which his bow strikes the string, or his finger the key. I know not what emanation it is which then diffuses itself through the atmosphere, proclaiming the presence of talent; but we are rarely deceived.—Extracted from —; by *Aurelian*.

HOMAGE TO HAYDN.—When Nelson passed through Vienna he paid Haydn a visit, and begged to have an old pen which he had used in his compositions; and, in return, the "hero of the ocean" presented him with his own watch. The French generals, Murat and Soult, and other distinguished officers, paid a visit to Haydn, in 1805, and he requested them to insert their names in a book. The generals placed a couple of sentinels before his house to prevent the French soldiers from molesting the veteran.

MUSIC.—The wordless language of bodiless spirits, clogged with encumbrance on earth, but fully revealed in heaven. **MUSIC**—The winds caught and tamed. **MUSIC**—A flowing stream of poetry, which seems shallow to those who look into it near the margin, but deep to those who look beyond. **MUSIC**—A cordial distilled from sound.—The Council of Four, from Wallbridge Lunn's Miscellanies—G. Routledge & Co.'s Popular Library.

CHINESE MUSIC.—The drum is indispensable in every procession of any importance; and as the Chinese have not adapted the plan of making it light enough to be slung from the neck, they are obliged to place it in a kind of stand or frame, which is carried by several men, while the drummer follows his instrument on foot. In the head or prow of this litter was placed the little drum, the sharp clicking sound of which was intended as a treble to the large drum. A gong was suspended upon a post near the little drum; while a fourth musician made a most obstreperous din with a large pair of cymbals. The man who beat the little drum seemed to find no extraordinary delight in his occupation; while the swain with the cymbals held them close to the ear of the drummer, as if he meant to requite him for his diligence with a flood of sonorous vibrations poured fresh into his ear.—Extracted from —; by *Aurelian*.

MILITARY MUSIC FETE.—The arrangements for the Military Musical Festival to be held in June next are now nearly completed, and will employ the greatest number of wind instruments ever congregated in this country; in all nearly 300 performers, including the bands of the 1st Life Guards, 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (blue), Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Fusileer Guards, Royal Artillery, &c. The fete, which is for the benefit of the Consumption Hospital, will, it is expected, be honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, &c.

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FIRST NIGHT OF LES HUGUENOTS.

PRODUCTION OF FIDELIO.

THE DIRECTORS have the honor to announce that on **TUESDAY, APRIL 22nd**, will be performed for the first time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, **LES HUGUENOTS**. The principal characters by Madame Grist, Madame Castellani, M^{lle}. Anzani, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliacozzi, Signor Polonini, Signor Meli, Signor Foldi, and Signor Mario.

EXTRA NIGHT.**FIDELIO.**

On Thursday, April 24th, will be produced for the first time on the Italian Stage in England, Beethoven's celebrated Opera, **FIDELIO**.
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MISS HENRIETTE MANN

HAS the honor to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has left town for the Easter recess, and requests that letters and communications intended for her may be directed to the care of **Mr. C. Ollivier, Musical Library 41-42, New Bond-street**.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to **Sig. BOTTESINI, Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street**.

MADAME SCHWAB

BEGS to announce that her **ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT** will take place in the **ROYAL PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS, on TUESDAY, MAY 13th**.
Further Particulars will be duly announced.

MR. D. MAGNUS, PIANISTE,

HAS the honour to announce that his **FIRST MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place at the **NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on SATURDAY, 19th APRIL**, to commence precisely at Two, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Pianoforte, Mr. Magnus; Violoncello, Mr. Demunck; Harp, Gerhard Taylor; Oboe, Mr. Lavigne Vocalists—tenor, M. Rubini; Baryton, Signor Montelli; Soprani, M^{me}. Sainville, Miss Samuel Saufford Tickets 5s. each; to be had of **Mr. D. Magnus, 76, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square**, and of Charles Ollivier, Music Publisher, 41 and 42 New Bond-street.

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LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. Surman; Leader, Mr. H. Blagrove. On the Monday in Passion Week, April 14th, 1851, Mendelssohn's Sacred Oratorio, **ELIJAH**. Principal Vocalists: Miss Birch, Miss Stewart, Miss Dolby, Miss L. Baxter, Mr. Locke, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Banks, Mr. Matts, and Mr. H. Phillips, with Orchestra of 800 Performers. Organist, Mr. T. Jolley. Tickets, Area, 3s.; Reserved Seats, Area or Western Gallery, 5s.; in the North or South Gallery, 7s.; Central Area, Reserved Seats, numbered, 10s. 6d., to be obtained at the Society's only Office, No. 9, Exeter-hall, and the Principal Musiciansellers.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—ON WEDNESDAY next, 16th April, Handel's **MESSIAH**. Vocalists—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby; Mr. Locke, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. H. Phillips. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved seats in area or gallery, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross. This performance will not be repeated, but will be shortly followed by Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

HERR ERNST'S SECOND EVENING PERFORMANCE will take place at 27, **QUEEN ANNE STREET**, on **TUESDAY, APRIL 15th**, instead of Wednesday. Quartetts, Beethoven, No. 4 in C minor, first period; No. 7, in F, second period; and No. 16, in A minor (posthumous), third period. Executants—Messrs. Ernst, H. Cooper, H. Hill, and S. Rousselot. Subscriptions and Tickets at Messrs. Rousselot and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

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PART FIRST.

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1. SONATA in A major, Op. 101 | BEETHOVEN. |
| 2. CAPRICE in F sharp minor | MENDELSSOHN |
| 3. PLUS ULTRA, Sonata in A flat Major, Op. 71 | DUSSEK. |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 4. SONATA in E flat minor | PINTO. |
| 5. LES FANNALLES, Caprice caracteristique No. 2, C major | E. SILAS. |
| 6. SELECTION OF STUDIES—
B flat major, Clementi; G flat major, Chopin; B minor, Henselt; E major, Hiller; C minor, Toccata, Kalkbrenner. | |

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No. 16.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

OUR REVIEWS.

OUR labours in this department of the *Musical World* having materially increased, we have entered into an engagement with Mr. G. A. Macfarren to review some important and interesting works that have been forwarded to the office. Mr. Macfarren commences in the present number with a *critique* of Mr. Charles Horsley's *David*. His articles will always be distinguished by the initials, G. A. M.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI

Our cotemporaries, *d'outre manche*, are in ecstasies with a new singer who has but now appeared at the *Theatre des Italiens*, as Dona Sol, in Verdi's *Ernani*. The new singer, whom the Parisians have assumed unto themselves the honour of christening, was half-baptised in London three years ago. Who could have forgotten the beautiful Cruvelli, with her flashing eyes and ringing voice? Who did not regret to miss her name from the prospectus of 1849? Cruvelli's misfortune was to form one of Mr. Lumley's company during the Jenny Lind *furor*. The light of all the "stella minora" was extinguished by the solitary effulgence of that shining moon of song. The public were beside themselves, and Mr. Lumley forgot he was the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, remembering only his engagement with the "Nightingale," and its golden harvest. This was unlucky for Cruvelli, who might *beau* have sung like Malibran, and acted like Rachel; none would have listened to her, none would have done her justice; and though everybody exclaimed, "Qu'elle est belle, la Cruvelli!—comme elle chante bien, comme elle joue bien la Sophie!"—everybody took his box, or his stall, his *place numérotée*, or his chance of losing his watch, his coat-tails, or his elbows (there being no "elbow-room") on the Lind nights, sumtering leisurely into the house, with free admissions, on the others. The result was natural. Hearing that Jenny Lind was coming again, in 1849, Cruvelli declined to come in 1849; and went roaming instead about the cities of the Rhine. Once upon a time, we were at Cologne (in the autumn of 1850), and at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Royal (where, by the way, in 1845, we first saw Jenny Lind, with a large dog—of which C. K. made "*a mem*") our attention was directed to two handsome "madchens," dining gracefully upon *sour kroust*, and uncooked herring, sliced. These were Sophie Cruvelli, and her sister, still taller than herself. At night, she was announced to appear in *Norma*; but Formes had a concert at Bonn, to which we were pledged, and so we missed hearing Cruvelli in *Norma*—whereof we were after-

wards sorry, hearing that it was a great performance, and created such a deep sensation on the Rhine, that, at supper, many flasks of *Geisenheimer*, and *Rudesheimer*, and *Johannisberg* (not exactly *Schloss*), were emptied, with *champagner* to boot, as libations (poured inwards) to "the divine Sophie." The reader, perhaps, knows that Cruvelli is a German; or, if he did not know it two lines higher up, he knows it now, since we have said it.

Our esteemed *collaborateur*, Henri Panofka, can tell a great many stories about Cruvelli. He knew her when she and her tall sister were both studying under Bordogni, in Paris. Panofka aided Bordogni in his classes, and predicted Sophie's *avenir* as soon as he heard her voice. Sophie and her sister were passionately fond of "pfannkuchen"—not pancakes, we believe, but a sort of "kisses," innocent kisses, because only in sugar and paste. Cruvelli and her sister were fond of "kisses," and Panofka, aware of their foible, on the day of their *début* (at a concert of the *Gazette Musicale*), promised them some "kisses" in the evening, if they sang well. They sang well, and had the "kisses," which Panofka gave freely, loyal to his word, and eager to bestow the recompense on his most attractive *protégées*; and the lovely sisters ate the "pfannkuchen" for supper. It is also worth recording, that the Cruvellis made their *début* in a duet composed by Panofka, who himself accompanied them on the pianoforte—a duet called "*La barca e pronta*," of which Messrs. Boosey and Co. have since sold a great many copies, in Holles-street, there being no M. Varin to set up a claim—and that, afterwards, Sophie gave Rode's *air varié*, and obtaining great applause, retired, suffused in blushes, which made the bloom upon her cheeks and lips, if possible, more beautifully red—"carnation beautiful."

Of Cruvelli's reception in London, in 1848, and of her various successes, we need not speak. Are they not written in the *Musical World*—Vol. 23, 1848?

Having lost sight of the charming Sophie for a space of three years, our pleasure was the keener to read the praises that followed her triumphant *début* a few days since (with Sims Reeves, the Englishman), in Verdi's obstreperous *Ernani*, at Mr. Lumley's Italian Opera in Paris. We shall, however, quit the subject for the present—loth as we are to leave it—but, next week, we promise our readers a free translation of a memoir, and a *critique*, of the charming Sophie, from the brilliant pen of our *camarade*, P. A. Fiorentino, together with other particulars equally interesting, if not accompanied by the wit and fine writing which so eminently distinguish the *musical feuilletons* of the *Constitutionnel*.

Meanwhile, the announcement that Mr. Lumley has engaged Cruvelli, and that Cruvelli will shortly arrive in London, ready and eager to renew her acquaintance with her English admirers (which means the Operatic public, to a man and woman), will be read with unmixed gratification. In what opera she will make her *debut* we know not. Let us hope it may not be in one of Verdi's. It is already pleasant to reflect, that one of her duties will be to strengthen the cast of *Don Giovanni*.

THE GORLITZA-ÇA.

WE have received a letter from Mr. James Byrn, who accuses us of defending "piracy," because we asked a question about M. Varin. If to ignore the fact of M. Varin's existence amount to a defence of "piracy," we are guilty; but if the contrary, we are not guilty. We never heard of M. Varin until Messrs. Hale sent us a copy of the *Gorlitza-ça*, from Cheltenham. We were then made aware of him, and of the exclusive right which he possessed in the *Gorlitza-ça*. As the *Gorlitza-ça* was sent to us for review, however, we reviewed it. Our review, it appears, did not give satisfaction, which we regret, though, on referring to it, we can find nothing to complain of. In a subsequent notice of a *Gorlitza*, by Mr. D'Egville of Worcester, we decided that it was not a particular composition, but a particular species of dance, like a polka. The conclusion was natural, since, except in the peculiarity of rhythm there is not the slightest resemblance between Mr. D'Egville's *Gorlitza* and M. Varin's *Gorlitza*. Nor have we, in the course of our researches, been able to detect any of the attempted "blinds" against which Mr. Byrn inveighs with such vehemence.

It is worth mentioning that, when lately in Paris, we inquired at the houses of Brandus, Troupenas, and Richault for the *Gorlitza*, and at each, respectively, we were informed that nothing of the sort was known. This does not say much for the celebrity of M. Varin; although it says quite as much as he deserves, if his talents are to be estimated by the *Gorlitza*, in F major, which is neither more nor less than a very dull polka. Mr. D'Egville's *Gorlitza*, in G, though better music, is still a polka; and, until convinced by sounder arguments than those of Mr. Byrn, we shall continue to believe that the term, *Gorlitza*, is a mere invention to palm off a quantity of rubbish upon the public, which, under the denomination of *polka*, would have rested in obscurity.

Not being learned in the terpsichorean art we refrain from questioning the existence of a peculiar dance called *Gorlitza-ça*; and of course we place implicit faith in the assurance of Mr. Byrn, a professor of talent and standing, when he claims the honor of having introduced it in this country. We do not thank him at all for the music of M. Varin, which is the essence of common-place; but we have little doubt that the *Gorlitza-ça* itself is a lively step and characteristic, as is generally the case with the Slavonic national dances.

We have published Mr. Byrn's letter elsewhere. Our readers may peruse it and deduce their own inferences from

the statements it advances. We can print no other communication, however, on the subject, unless as an advertisement. The sale of "1500 copies in a few weeks" is an interesting fact—but to Messrs. Hale, Byrn, and Varin exclusively. We quit the topic, therefore, with a hope that Mr. Byrn will not persist in proclaiming us "defenders of piracy," even though we conclude with a reiteration of the query—who is M. Varin?

Reviews of Music.

"DAVID." A SACRED ORATORIO. The words selected from Scripture, and the music composed by CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.—Addison.

David is a work of that class which universal consent ranks as the very highest in musical composition. The composer therefore comes before the world with the boldest pretensions, and careful examination of the oratorio, justifies our asserting that these pretensions are honourably fulfilled, and that Mr. Horsley and the rising English school, of which his talents are decidedly an ornament, are equally advanced by the production. That this composition has faults it would be prejudice on our parts and prejudicial to the author to deny: but these are soon counted—the enumeration of its beauties will be a much longer and a wholly pleasanter duty.

To speak first of what we consider to be faults in Mr. Horsley's oratorios, we must notice to begin, its great length; a length which even the transcendent merit of the *Messiah* fails to fill up with unceasing interest, and which will always prevent even a musical audience from doing justice at an entire performance to the latter portion of the composer's labours, since the attention cannot but be wearied, if not wholly exhausted, before the work approaches its conclusion, and thus, not only the beauties of the last pieces will be lost upon the hearer, but an unsatisfactory impression of the whole will be left upon him. Next, we object to the subject, which is greatly deficient in dramatic interest, in marked character, and in powerful situations for musical effect. Next, we think there is very serious objection to the words, which, besides that they are for the most part of no very striking interest, are often so quaint or so conversational as to produce an effect nearly bordering upon ludicrous, when given with the emphatic force of musical declamation. We now come to speak of the music. Great exception has been taken to this in a manner equally ungentlemanly, uncritical, ill-natured, and injudicious, on the score of its want of originality. Well,—granted, Mr. Horsley's production bears a certain degree of resemblance in style to music already existing. This is a fault which our composer, young as he is, shares with the greatest masters of his art; the music of Handel has not only a general resemblance in all that constitutes style, in everything but its excellence, to the music of his age, but, many and many a distinct idea is identical with some unquestionable prototype, yet is the greatness of Handel not disparaged; the early writings of Mozart are precisely in the style of the Italian opera composers of his period, and his genius was in the course of its developments evidently modified by the influence of Gluck and Haydn, yet is the greatness of Mozart not disparaged; the early works of Beethoven are so closely modelled on the form and phraseology of Haydn and Mozart, that there are many movements belonging to the first period of this great master's career which might well be supposed to be the productions of one of his great originals, yet is the greatness of Beethoven not disparaged; some of the ablest critics of Spohr trace an analogy between his music and Mozart's, and some of the warmest admirers of Mendelssohn refer to that which is peculiar in him, to his familiarity with Bach, yet is the greatness of Spohr and Mendelssohn not disparaged: from all this it is evident then, that, however originality of style, when free from affectation and wilful eccentricity, is to be admired as a very high if not an essential attribute of true genius, the composer is by no means to be condemned as worthless and inestimable who may be to a certain extent wanting in this quality; and the more especially so when,

as is the case with Mr. Horsley, such composer is yet green in experience, and of whom it may be reasonably supposed that his style is still immature and incompletely developed. Since, then, there is quite enough in the present work of real merit to interest the unprejudiced hearer, and highly to gratify the candid examiner, we may fairly give to the young composer the same license that has been assumed by the greatest of his predecessors, confident as we are that, with due encouragement and with fair opportunity to exercise his talents, who has done already thus much, may, will, must, in course of time do very much more and very much better. Our next objection is that the general character of the work is wanting in breadth, grandeur, dignity; there are few places throughout that at all approach that largeness of effect and loftiness of purpose which are, we think, indispensable, to a composition of this class; and, albeit the subject but rarely suggests such a train of thoughts as we feel to be so much wanting in the present work, the composition suffers in its impression upon an audience, and, if we may use the expression, loses cast, or, rather, fails to attain it by the want of which we speak. An obvious fault throughout this oratorio is an absence of clearness of design, definiteness of plan, consistency of construction in the longer movements; and this is a matter to which we most earnestly call Mr. Horsley's attention, for we are certain that whether musical or unmusical, whether able to analyze the development of a musical idea or susceptible only of a general impression from its most striking effects, there is no hearer but is greatly affected in his appreciation of a musical composition by the presence or the absence of the power of construction in the composer. We may next notice some rare but unfortunate irregularities of harmony; one in particular, which, from its frequent repetition, appears not to be the result of carelessness or accident, but of an intentional disregard of the rule that is broken, and which produces always a most unsatisfactory effect: we allude to the practice of taking the common chord of the key note or the first inversion of it after the common chord of second of the scale, a chord of F major for instance after a chord of G minor, than which nothing, to our perception, can more confuse the feeling of key. A more important point of objection to the work as a whole is the too great preponderance of the choral recitative, which, however emphatic when sparingly used, and for some particular point only which requires peculiarly energetic declamation, becomes extremely monotonous when used to the extent in which Mr. Horsley has employed it, and thus loses all the force for which, in judicious hands, it is mostly remarkable. We have next to complain of a certain degree of lugubriousness which prevails in the work, conveying the idea of a kind of morbid affectation of expression in places where the merely narrative character of the words gives nothing to express, and where, if such words *must* be employed, not to pass over them in the simplest and most unobtrusive manner can only be to make them troublesomely prominent, the music dull, and the effect tedious. One more objection and we believe we shall have catalogued every fault that impartial criticism can find with Mr. Horsley's truly interesting and highly meritorious work, faults which we have thus carefully and distinctly detailed in order to prove the disinterestedness and sincerity of the otherwise unreasonable praise which it will be our pleasure to bestow upon the work; this last fault is the fatiguing and consequently ineffective manner in which much of it is written for the voices; it is not because the contralto and the bass can sing down to G or F, that they are to be kept for movement after movement entirely in the lower part of their compass, the extremes of the voice must, to produce any effect, be used very sparingly, and the want of this most necessary economy of the powers of his executants, is a most unfortunate thing for the general effect of our composer's production.

We will now proceed to make a brief synopsis of the oratorio, offering such remarks upon the several pieces as their various merits suggest.

The overture opens with a slow, majestic movement, in which is introduced a chorale, which recurs later in the overture, and is afterwards introduced, with voices, in the latter part of the oratorio. We are at some loss to divine what can be the composer's intention in the introduction of this chorale, whether to illustrate

any particular portion of his subject, or whether merely in accordance with the lately growing fashion of introducing chorales, which we believe to belong especially to the simple service of the Christian Church, in all classes of composition, whether mediæval or ancient, sacred or secular, simple or sublime. We must, then, overlook the intention, if there be any, of its introduction, and regard only the musicianship with which the chorale is treated, and this is very able, both as to the harmony with which it is accompanied, and the effective contrast of what introduces and succeeds it. We know not whether this chorale be of Mr. Horsley's composition, or whether it be one of the numerous Lutheran tunes; whichever it may be, we cannot but think the choice of it is so far injudicious as, the notes of the first phrase being identical with those of a most familiar grandmamma's ditty, this phrase, on those who recollect the resemblance, is likely to produce a somewhat ludicrous effect. The slow movement is followed by an *allegro*, in the form of a fugue on two subjects, which is admirably worked, and may be considered as a good example of pure counterpoint. This movement which, as well as the former, is in the key of D minor, and its immediate relative, bursts, towards its close, effectively into the major of the same tonic with the recurrence of the chorale; and this is then skillfully worked with the two subjects of the fugue, until the conclusion of the overture. As a composition, and especially as a piece of contrapuntal writing, we are much pleased with this overture. As a prelude to this oratorio, except for the anticipation of the chorale, we see not its pertinency; certain it is that it prepares us for the general character of gloom with which our composer has invested his entire work, but in this particular, it less disposes us for the subject to be treated, than for the especial, and, we think, not quite appropriate feeling with which the subject is treated. It creates, however, a most favourable impression of the extent of Mr. Horsley's musicianly powers; and it prepares us to expect from him quite as great things as the very best portions of the present oratorio.

The oratorio opens with a choral recitative, which tells of the anger of the Lord against Saul, and the grief of Samuel at receiving the announcement. This introduces a long and elaborate chorus, "How are the mighty fallen," in which the declamatory character of the opening, the extensively worked fugal point on the words, "Ye daughters of Israel," and the massive harmony of the passage beginning "God judgeth the righteous," are well contrasted and judiciously relieved each by the other.

We have next an aria for Samuel, written for a bass voice, "O Lord, take away the iniquity," which is beautifully flowing and well in keeping with the devotional character of the words. Except for a few high notes in the last page—and the composer offers us an alternative for these—this song would be much more effective in a higher key; enough, however, of this fault-finding; we have made a distinct though general allusion to all that might have been better in the work before us; to particularise instances would be illiberal and tedious.

The next piece is a duet for soprano and contralto, which is better written for the voices than is the greater part of the work. The melody throughout is clear, continuous, and graceful, and there is one in particular truly charming effect, at the resumption of the subject, from the addition of a counterpoint of semiquavers to the voice parts, which were at first given without accompaniment.

The chorus, "Behold I am against thee," is well conceived, and forms a timely and judicious relief to the smooth, cantabile character of the two preceding movements.

We have then a choral recitative, in which the Lord commands Samuel to seek a king from among the sons of Jesse, the Bethlehemite. This is well relieved by a short solo, of much character, for Samuel, and it contains an excellent effect, produced by the tremolo of the string instruments, in the upper part of their compass, accompanying the recitative of the male chorus, the pitch of which is always below the accompaniment.

The aria for David, "The Lord is my Shepherd," pleases us very greatly; the melody is truly beautiful, and the accompaniment does all that may be to heighten its effect. The conclusion might indeed be improved, as it terminates with a phrase for the

weakest part of the tenor voice, and as a very trifling alteration would make this improvement, and as this song is so good as to deserve to be made the best of, we especially recommend Mr. Horsley to consider the matter.

The chorus "He that scattered Israel," must always lose much of the effect that its most fluent melody with its well-sustained accompaniment should produce, from its being in the same key and much of the same character as the preceding song. Considered apart from the context, it is indeed a very charming piece of writing. A point on the words "The Lord hath redeemed Jacob," in which the voices are left much alone, strikes us as being particularly happy.

Next follows a recitative for soprano, in which Samuel demands of Jesse his son, in the course of which the words of Samuel are given in a bass solo. The recurrence to the opening phrase of the song "The Lord is my Shepherd," at the introduction of David to the prophet, helps well to tell the story; and the enunciation of the final words, "Arise, for this is he," by the full chorus is judicious. The chorus, "The spirit of the Lord," grows out of this passage, a very graceful movement to which the interspersed passages of soprano solo form an excellent colouring; but here again we have to regret the likeness of the figure of accompaniment, and other points of resemblance to the last chorus, which from the degree of monotony such similarity produces, frustrate much of the effect that otherwise could not but belong to this movement.

The aria for contralto, "Righteous as thou," is the least striking of the solo pieces to which we have yet come, but the peculiarly happy manner in which is brought about the return to the opening theme in D, the original key, after an episode in F sharp minor, is alone sufficient to make this song interesting.

We next come to a double quartet without accompaniment, in which the choir of female voices is made to alternate with that of the male until the close of the movement, when the two choirs are brought skilfully together. But for its too great length, and but for the excessive lowness of the bass part, we should safely reckon upon this as a sure point for effect whenever the work might be performed.

Another choral recitative tells how the armies of Philistia and of Israel met in array for battle, and how the former sent out Goliath for a champion. This introduces a vigorous and characteristic recitative and aria for Goliath himself, the subject of which latter has been anticipated with dramatic propriety, and with good effect in the symphonies of the preceding solo and choral recitatives. The character of defiance is well maintained in this song, which opens with an appropriate change of feeling, a new period in the history. The song leads into a chorus of considerable dramatic power "Have you seen this man," and this, after being cleverly elaborated to a great, perhaps a too great length, is interrupted by a short solo for David, and the scene concludes with a short resumption of the Israelite chorus in which the enemy's challenge is accepted.

The next piece is a bass song for the High Priest, "Why comest thou down hither," which is marked by great dignity, a character that the stately and excellently continued march of the accompaniment tends much to maintain.

We have now an irregular movement consisting partly of recitative, partly of rhythmical music, in which David is introduced to Saul, offers to undertake the fight with the Philistine, and is received by the king and his party with mistrust of his power to contend against so fierce an antagonist. This introduces David's aria, "Thy servant kept," the opening phrase of which is lovely, and there are many nice points in the course of the song, but we feel it to be unequal, and we think it partakes too much of the pastoral character instead of the air of defiance which the dramatic situation requires; some of the most energetic passages, too, are written so low that no tenor voice can give them with any effect, and thus also, that which we so greatly miss, is made to be still more manifestly wanting. Setting aside dramatic propriety to which we attach great importance, for the sake of musical effect which is of still more consequence, and which depends so very largely upon contrast, the composer should have made this an animated movement in order to relieve the prayer that

follows it for the same voice and in the same key, and which having also much sameness of character, cannot produce so good an impression as it would were it more judiciously introduced. Mr. Horsley seems to have forgotten that his hero was a hero, that though a shepherd he was a warrior, and that like all members of a pastoral people he possessed not only the arts of war, but the courage to exercise them. Well, for the prayer itself. This is a most charming air beautifully harmonized and full of devotional feeling; it is given once by the character of David as a solo, and repeated with increased effect by the chorus, when it is judiciously lengthened by an appropriate coda.

We have now a grand duet for David and Goliath "Am I a dog," in which distinctness of character in the different music of the two opponents is not unsuccessfully aimed at. The movement is somewhat long, but it contains many points of interest.

The chorus that follows upon this duet, "Woe to us," is a movement of great power. The long dominant pedal with which it opens, and the agitated character of the accompaniment, together with the division of the choirs of male and female voices prepare the way with good effect for the fortissimo of the whole orchestra in the key of F minor, when the before only muttered griefs of the conquered Philistines burst into wild exclamation. The fugal point on the words "Who shall deliver us," forms a timely relief, but we are not quite satisfied with the course of modulation through which it is carried. The passage beginning "These are the Gods," is well conceived, but we think not harmonised with sufficient reference to principles. Another dominant pedal, to the same words, is quite as effective as that which opens the movement, and introduces well the return to the principal subject. The prolongation of this, the re-entry of the fugal points before alluded to, and the coda of which this is the commencement, are all sure to elicit the admiration of the candid and educated hearer.

Another choral recitative announces the flight of the Philistines, and an invocation of David, "Praise ye the Lord," answered phrase by phrase by the full chorus, has a fine, broad, clear and purely vocal effect. This introduces the concluding chorus of the first part, "Sing unto God," in which the natural freedom of the opening theme is well relieved by many points of close imitation in the progress of a long and elaborately wrought movement. The interest is perhaps not in accordance with the length of this chorus, which, like some of the previous pieces, could it be much compressed, would be greatly advantaged. The want of a power of condensation in the arrangement of his ideas, of conciseness in their development, has been always observable to us in Mr. Horsley's compositions, and it is a want that in this oratorio, which is an assemblage of so many movements, all requiring consistency in themselves no less than coherence with each other, is especially and unfortunately obvious. This chorus, is however, full of merit and it winds up the first part with very great spirit.

The second part opens with a march which is bold and manly, well relieved by a trio of a softer character, and wound up with a vigorous coda. In this last we cannot admire the harmony of a passage in which the bass descends by semitones from E to A, and where the greatest possible confusion of key prevails; the idea is good, but the carrying out of it is, to say the least, unsatisfactory.

A choral recitative, which is interspersed with the opening phrase of the preceding march transposed into a minor key, and which is, to our appreciation, of a mournful character, singularly inappropriate, tells how the Tribes came to pay homage to David. The chorus which this introduces (to the same words as one of Handel's coronation anthems), "The King shall rejoice," is one of the most masterly movements in the whole oratorio; and, which is no little merit fine as it is, is wholly unlike the previous magnificent setting of the same passage of scripture. It opens with a forcible passage of plain counterpoint, which continues till the words, "For thou preventest him." Here commences an admirably worked fugue, which, coming to a close on the fifth of the original key, again introduces the opening theme of the movement. Then follows another fugue to the words, "For thou hast made him most blessed," which is no less ably treated than the preceding. We have then another recurrence of the opening theme, and then the subjects of the two fugues are brought to-

gether in the manner of a most skilful contrapuntist. After some very ingeniously close working of these, we have a truly impressive coda consisting of a progression of the broadest and most massive harmony; we may particularize the first inversion of the major supertonic ninth being followed by the second inversion of the major tonic ninth, which last is resolved on the third, having then the root in the bass, as an instance of equal boldness, novelty, and excellence of effect.

The aria which succeeds, "Who am I, O Lord," is the most pretensive, and, not so much on account of its pretensions as of their fulfilment, the most important solo piece in the work. It consists of an expressive andante in B minor, a declamatory recitative, and an allegro of considerable length and much power. The very extensive compass of this song, and the fact that not single notes but long passages in it are better suited for a bass than a tenor, while the rest is decidedly written for a tenor voice, will always prevent its realizing the composer's intentions in performance, and must proportionably hinder its effect.

"The Lord is a God of judgment" is a charmingly melodious chorus, with a flowing accompaniment, well sustained in the manner that Mendelssohn has so often made effective. The episode to the words "Blessed is the man" is in good keeping, the coda is happy, and the whole exceedingly effective.

Another of the almost countless choral recitatives, which serve unfortunately to bedull and so to deaden the work, tells how the Philistines rose against David, how David sought the assistance of heaven, and how the Lord promised to deliver them into the hands of David. This introduces a lovely aria for soprano, "O, love the Lord," in which, besides the great merit of the whole, we may particularize the return to the subject as being a very felicitous point.

The double chorus, "Come, let us cut them off," in which the Philistines sing an agitated theme (the character whereof is well and continuously preserved), and the Israelites a slow and psalmic strain, is clever. In this Mr. Horsley has, like Handel and others of his great predecessors, given the Philistines by far the best of it in respect of the attractiveness, if we may not say the interest of their music, thus illustrating the old figure of the flowery and the thorny paths of vice and virtue. This movement terminates with a half close on G;—then, after a bar's silence, we have the second inversion of a chord of D flat, which, though a chromatic chord belonging to the key of C minor, introduced in this manner has an effect of striking harshness. David has a few bars of recitative while this chord is sustained, and then an augmented sixth on the same bass note leads into the key of C major, a most gratifying relief from the harmonious perplexity in which we have been involved. Here, then, we have the bass solo and chorus "God is the King of all the earth," which, for breadth, for clearness, for simplicity, and for purity, the sum total of all these constituting true grandeur and real beauty, gives us the most unalloyed and unexceptionable pleasure of any movement of which we have yet spoken.

Next we have the scene of David consulting the leaders as to the fetching the ark of the Lord out of the land of Israel,—the fetching the ark "in a new cart,"—and the judgment against Uzza, who "drove the cart," for daring to put his hand upon the ark. This abounds in real beauties. It opens with the chorale introduced in the overture—which, once more, we wish had been better chosen—and then continues, in alternation of recitative and rhythmical movement, for solo voices and for chorus. We are especially struck with a Canto Fermo, first sung by David with a counterpoint of crotchets, and afterwards by the full chorus in simple counterpoint of note against note. This recurs subsequently with equally good effect.

Next follows a quartet, "Behold thou art wroth," which is without accompaniment, but has the pauses at the four closes that occur in it filled up with a long passage for a wind instrument. The effect of these interludes is not quite novel, but it is very good. The whole is a very pleasing piece of smooth harmony, having only the fault of being written too low for the voices.

The aria for contralto, "The Lord shall endure for ever," is very low, and very slow, and very far from being our favourite piece.

We have then a scene similar in its conduct to that of the fetching up of the ark of the Lord, in which David gives his injunction to Zadock and Abiathar to sanctify themselves, and to bring up the covenant. In this, portions of the overture chorale, the Canto Fermo of David, and other matter in the previous scene, are introduced again with good and appropriate effect.

The trio for soprano, alto and tenor, "How amiable are thy tabernacles," would, except for its length, be unexceptionable. Our composer forgets that we may have too much even of a very good thing, and that, however good, what would otherwise be the best of things, ceases to excel in beauty directly it excels in length the just proportion which its character requires.

A short chorus, "So they brought the Ark," and David's solo in continuation of this, "Sing ye to the Lord," bring us to the final chorus, "Give unto the Lord." The opening movement of this, which is of a majestic character, leads into the chorale of the overture, now introduced for the first time with voices, "O praise the Lord." There is considerable ingenuity in the variety of harmony given to this theme at its several introductions in the course of the work, of which it would be difficult to select the most effective: the composer has thus done his utmost to counteract the unfortunate effect of the familiarity of the first phrase of the chorale, which strikes us more and more forcibly every time it recurs. We have then an allegro of great spirit, in the course of which occurs a well worked point of imitation on the words, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord," and finally the chorale is introduced again, accompanied this time with the whole power of the orchestra, and so the Oratorio concludes. From our remarks, it may be gathered that we prefer the second part of this work to the first; and such, indeed, is the case; for though, according to our fallible judgment, this had its failings, and these we have not scrupled to indicate, we think upon the whole it presents much fewer weak points, and is generally written with more freedom, vigour, and mastery of the resources of a musician. It would seem that our composer grew into his subject as he proceeded with it, and that his power increased with the weight of what he had to support.

As a whole, we are fully satisfied that *David* is a fine work, though we cannot, in justice, describe it as a great one; and it is one which makes us truly proud to be the compatriots of the writer. That Mr. Horsley may continue in the excellent path he has chosen for himself is our hearty wish and earnest recommendation, and, from the analogy of all the great musicians whose example he so honourably emulates, we see no reason for supposing other than, that with further practice in writing and experience in hearing what he writes, and accumulating opinions upon it, he may and will free himself from the trammels of his early studies, and, retaining only the true profit make for himself a decided and individual style which will rescue him from the ignorant, unjust, and injudicious sneers of those would-be critics who possess that dangerous thing, the little knowledge which enables them to grovel in the mud for faults, without giving them the power to look towards heaven for the beautiful light which streams from thence, or to appreciate, or even to feel, the glowing warmth which it so profusely pours upon them. We look forward with hope and pleasure to Mr. Charles Horsley's next important production.

G. A. M.

L'OISEAU MOQUEUR—Valse Brillante, pour le Piano-forte
—A SON ELEVE MDLLE. THOMPSON—PAR EDWARD DEARLE.—
D'Almaine and Co.

We should have liked Mr. Dearle's title-page better thus:—*The Mocking Bird—Brilliant Waltz, for the Piano-forte—dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Thompson, by Edward Dearle*—Op. — No, there is no "Op." Why Mr. Dearle should appear in a French costume on the cover of his piece,—while the interior, subject and treatment, are so purely English, that we object even to the designation, *valse*, being applied to it—puzzles us. We are happy to say, however, that this is the only grave objection we have to urge against the composition. *L'Oiseau Moqueur Valse* ("The Mocking Bird Waltz") is brilliant, sparkling, well accentuated, and showy, without being seriously difficult. There is a touch of George Osborne's *Pluie de Perles* (why not "Shower of Pearls,"

O! son of Hibernia?) but the key of E flat being adopted, instead of that of D flat, *L'Oiseau Moqueur* ("The Mocking Bird") is not so hard to play by a long stretch as the *Pluie de Perles* ("Shower of Pearls"). Do not suppose, reader, that we accuse Mr. Dearle of having appropriated to himself any phrase, phrases, or parts of phrases, from that well known fantasy—which has had so extraordinary a sale, and for which the English music publishers had to pay £10 each (*à rebrousse poil*)—on the contrary, Mr. Dearle has done nothing of the kind. His *valse* (waltz) is his own, from first to last, although in the opening bar there is a feeling of something which immediately brings *La Pluie* ("The Shower") to the mind's ear; but the mind's ear, after a moment's loan ("Lend me your ear.")—(GHOST), rejects the comparison as "odorous." Professing to admire the whole of Mr. Dearle's *valse* (waltz),—which, in its way, is a sort of John Bull version of Weber's *Invitation pour la valse* (minus the invitation and retiring compliment), though we acknowledge there is not a single bar where resemblance may be traced—professing to admire the whole *valse* (waltz), we enter a preference for the episode in A flat, at page 4, a sort of waltz-march, vigorous, rhythmical, and stirring, with a progression into the relative minor that smacks of the musician—another episode in F major, which, from the imitations in alternate bars, we take to be a poetical illustration of the mocking bird's peculiarity—and a third, in E flat, the same as the second in F, being simply a transposition, which but for the graceful progression into G flat, at page 7, should be struck out incontinent, since, at the end of page 7, Mr. Dearle merely arrives at the same place where he found himself at the middle of page 6 (line 3, bar 4), on the dominant of E flat, to which point, it may be presumed, he directed his steps for the evident purpose of resuming, in the most natural way, his first and principal subject. On second thoughts, however, the progression into G flat (page 7) is again merely a transposition of the progression into A flat (page 5), in the first episode, which induces us to reiterate our suggestion that the episode (in E flat, not in F) should be struck out incontinent. The *valse* (waltz) would be shortened thereby, and though shortened, improved—since in compactness is strength, and in redundancy weakness; while, as the to-be-excised-episode happens precisely in the same key as the principal subject, and the *coda*, which is animated and brief, nothing will be lost by the loss of it, but something gained by its omission.

As a teaching piece we heartily recommend *L'Oiseau Moqueur* ("The Mocking Bird") to all masters and scholars of moderate attainments. He that would shine without a vast deal of preparatory exercise may fall to at once, for here is an excellent means of exhibiting in crowded *salon* or in *petit comité*.

"THE AMATEUR PRELUDIST." A COLLECTION OF PRELUDES FOR ORGAN OR HARMONIUM. Composed and selected by EDWARD TRAVIS. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

The object of this little work, which is published in a very convenient form, is praiseworthy; but the fifty-three examples which Mr. Travis designates as preludes are rather short pieces, or voluntaries, their form being too regular and compact to come properly under the designation of preludes, which should always have the air of impromptus. The amateur who makes use of them will be simply prefacing the piece he is going to play with another piece that is shorter. We presume at least Mr. Travis does not intend his brief examples as specimens of that elaborate kind of movement, complete in all its parts, which Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn designate "Preludes," but simply as "anteludes," or runnings-over-the-keys previous to beginning the performance, and, consequently, though the "Preludes," which he has "composed and selected," without stating which are his own and which he has borrowed (a somewhat questionable proceeding) have much of the sweetness of harmony, simplicity of melody, and, in some cases, insipidity of Rinck, they do not seem to us to carry out what their title would seem to imply; that is, if our interpretation be accepted; nevertheless, as short and not difficult studies for amateur organists, they may be recommended as excellent of their kind, combining the *utile* and the *dulce*. It becomes Mr. Travis, however, as a zealous and loyal British musician and organist, to publish as early as possible, an index whereby the amateur

purchaser and the hard critic may be enabled to know which are Mr. Travis's and which are the property of other masters. Until this index appears, he will find no reviewer sufficiently venturesome to analyze the "Preludes" individually, in detail, since it would be very disagreeable to be finding fault with harmonies, counterpoint, form, and what-not, in a piece, supposed to be a composition of Mr. Travis's, but which he, Mr. Travis, might afterwards fling in the face of the reviewer with a triumphant exclamation "Ah, you have been pitching into Mozart," as though the possibility of finding faults in the works of a great master, rendered him, Mr. Travis, unassailable. No, Mr. Travis! As *Punch* says, "Feathered hipeds of an advanced age are not to be entrapped by the outer husks of corn." Send us your index, in order that we may see what you have selected and what you have composed, and we will criticise your "Amateur Preludist" piece by piece—that is the Second Book, for we have with the First.

"TROIS MORCEAUX DESCRIPTIFS." For the Pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to Sigismond Thalberg, by the EARL OF BELFAST.—Cramer, Beale, & Co.

These are dedicated to a pianist *de la première force*, and to M. Thalberg, with all humility, we confide the first—*Chant plaintif Au Bord de la Mer*—in D flat, which utterly eludes our grasp. We have heard it executed, however, in a very finished and effective style, by M. Alexandre Billet, the Russian pianist, at a private *soirée*, when both the piece and the player obtained the unanimous suffrages of all present, among whom were divers connoisseurs. We liked the *Chant*, but subsequently attempting it at our own fingers, we totally failed to renew to our satisfaction the effect produced by M. Billet, and abandoned it, incontinent, as hopeless. In short, the first of the three descriptive pieces is only adapted to such pianists as set all difficulties at defiance, of which number are not we. The principal passage, a large and sweeping *arpeggio*, is gracefully disposed and harmonizes well with the melody.

No. 2, *La Fileuse*, in F sharp major, is more in our way. The bass, *monotono assai* (sufficiently monotonous), gives an excellent idea of the *rouet à filer*, while the canto, dolorous, and plaintive, indicates that the poor *fileuse* is anything but satisfied with her lot. In the *agitato*, page six, when the key changes to the minor, her dissatisfaction with her task approaches despair, which despair, we may suppose, at the *reprise of the tempo primo* and the original key, to be a little alleviated by some passing thought, at page 9, where the effective and unexpected progression to D, assumes even the colour of hope; this, however, by the immediate resumption of the harmony of F sharp, turns out to be but a transient gleam, and—as the *fileuse* continues filling to the end of the *morceau*, which terminates with a sentimental shake—a delusion.

In No. 3, *L'Insomnie*, Lord Belfast again betakes himself to the key of D flat,—and again emulates his illustrious dedicatee, whose peculiar style, in the dispersion of harmonies, wide and rich, he has happily caught. Had this "morceau descriptif" borne the initials of the great Sigismond, we should have been inclined to lay the authorship at his door; from which it may be inferred, that, besides being difficult and well-stretched; it is by no means devoid of sentiment, not to speak of other musical attractions. The poetical idea is good and carried out. The first page, an *allegretto agitato*, describes sleeplessness, and not inaptly, since the melody is so graceful, and catching, and Italian, that it is very likely to be an enemy to sleep, obstinately singing at the pillow of any one who has heard it *en passant*, in whose head it is running, and whence to comb it out, with the comb of resolution, is impossible. The next page, a *largo* in G flat, entitled "Effort pour dormir," is equally engaging, and we are not surprised that in the last bar but two (line 4), his Lordship should have written the words *en vain*, over against the melody, which is not a likely tune to sleep to, but rather to sing to. In despair at his double unsuccess, his Lordship resumes the first theme in a more agitated and passionate style, prefacing its entrée with a short and fanciful *leggiervo* of semiquavers in syncope, as it were one of the tiny waggoners of Queen Mab tickling the ear of the unwilling waker with the lash of his web-woven waggon whip. For a time, however, the

original theme produces no more effect than at first, until line 3, bar 2, of the last page, up to the end of the following line, where his Lordship introduces a reminiscence of one of the songs in book 2, of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne worte*, which at once accomplishes an *assoupissement*, or dozing off, that, aided by an enharmonic modulation from D flat to A major, and back again by a *diminuendo*, accomplishes the desired *sommeil*, and sends the imaginary player,—not the audience—to sleep.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

La Muta di Portici was repeated on Saturday, and again attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with a party, occupied the Royal Box. Auber's star is in the ascendant, and in good time. When the Grand Opera of the French stage made its way into the Italian theatres represented by Meyerbeer, it was reasonable to hope that Auber would not be long behind. He came, followed by Halevy at one theatre, anticipated by Halevy at the other. Two master-pieces have been produced, and others, we are given to understand, are in *prospectu*! Besides *Gustave* and *Masaniello*, Auber has written *Lestocq*, *Le Cheval de Bronze*, and others, equally well fitted for the Italian stage. The sooner they are thought of the better.

With respect to the performance of *La Muta* on Saturday, it was to be lamented that Signor Pardini, who, on the previous Thursday, in the latter part of the opera, had already exhibited indications of suffering under the prevalent epidemic, was so much worse that after the third act he had to resign his part to M. Poultier. That artist being luckily in the theatre at the time gallantly undertook it at a moment's notice. M. Poultier was for several years the *Masaniello* of the *Academie*, and the chief provincial theatres of France, and obtained a high reputation in the character. We cannot however pretend to criticise his performance on Saturday night under the peculiar circumstances that procured us the advantage of witnessing it. He sang the "Somno" with a vast deal of expression, and made redundant use of his *falsette*. M. Poultier displayed considerable energy and intention in his acting, but, seemed to be deficient in ease, for which there was every excuse. He was most kindly received by the audience and was recalled before the curtain, after the opera, with Madame Fiorentini, Mlle. Monti, and M. Massol.

Mlle. Monti more than confirmed the great impression she made on Thursday. There is but one opinion about this lady—that she emphatically merits the title which introduced her to this country, that of "the greatest mime of Italy."

Mr. Lumley's brief season before Easter has presented features of striking interest. The production of *Gustave III.* was important, because that opera is one of the best of the greatest living French composer, and significant, because it gave reason to hope for other works from the same pen, and led to the conclusion that the *impresario* of Her Majesty's Theatre would not for the future restrict himself wholly to the Italian repertoire. *Masaniello* corroborated this view, and its success further justified the new policy. The *debut* of Mlle. Caroline Duprez was highly interesting. So much had been said and written about this youthful artist, after her appearance at the *Italiens*, in Paris, that the greatest expectations were formed in her behalf. Mlle. Duprez did not discredit her renown. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was judiciously selected for her *debut*, and nothing could be more unanimous than the public verdict. The season opened with this performance, and Mr. Lumley had thus to congratulate himself upon a "hit" at the very outset of his campaign. Madame Fiorentini made her first appearance as Madame Ankaström in *Gustave*, with entire suc-

cess. The beautiful quality of her voice, and the largeness of her style, were advantageously exhibited. This charming singer can hardly fail to prove a valuable acquisition to the theatre. Signor Calzolari appeared on the opening night, as Edgardo. He was indisposed, and failed to do himself justice. Gustave was his second part; the music was too high for him, but the intelligence of the singer could not be concealed. Signor Calzolari is a really intelligent artist. Mlle. Duprez' page in *Gustave* was infinitely admired. She, nevertheless, received some gentle admonishment for interfering with Auber's music, and for the introduction of the *rondo finale* from *Le Serment*, which, nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, excited a *furor*.

Masaniello, under the title of *La Muta di Portici*, was produced in a style of splendour and completeness, which eclipsed any thing ever brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Pardini made his first appearance in *Masaniello*. He sang the barcarole amid a torrent of applause, and created a highly favourable impression in the grand duet with Pietro. From this point, however, either his strength failed him from taxing his powers too much in so large a theatre, or from the effect of an incipient cold, and he did not improve his position at the end. That the latter was the case may, we think, be ascertained from the fact that, at the second performance of *Masaniello*, Signor Pardini was entirely incapacitated from singing. The true merits of the new tenor may, therefore, be said to be yet unknown.

M. Massol's engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre was an act of good policy on the part of Mr. Lumley. In certain parts of the French Opera, and the Italian, we may add, Massol has no rival on the stage at present. The popular barytone made his first appearance in Pietro, one of his most spirited and admirable performances. He was received with immense favour, and achieved a success not to be disputed. Mlle. Monti's success has already been dwelt upon, and need not be repeated here. The admirable *mime* has appeared twice as Fenella, and twice won the hearts of all who saw her. Two new tenors appeared in *Masaniello*, without adding much to the vocal strength of the company. Signor Scotti found the music of Alfonso too high. Signor Mercuriali has a strong voice, which may be found useful in subordinate parts.

In the ballet department, the principal novelty was the *L'Isle des Amours*, which introduced Amalia Ferraris and M. Charles. Carlotta Grisi made her first appearance in the Bal scene of *Gustave*, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

Thus far of Her Majesty's Theatre up to the period of the Easter recess. Next week Lablache makes his first appearance as Dulcamara in the *Elisir d'Amore*, and Mlle. Caroline Duprez will play Adina, a part in which she obtained so much success in Paris. On Thursday *Masaniello* will be repeated, and on Saturday Mlle. Alaymo will make her *debut* in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Rumour speaks highly of Mlle. Alaymo's beauty, voice, and dramatic powers. *Nous verrons*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Roberto il Diavolo was announced for Saturday evening, and the Queen signified her intention of being present. At 7 o'clock a large concourse surrounded the outer doors, which were expected to be opened at that hour, according to usage. Cabs and carriages lined the streets, and the policemen found plenty of occupation in establishing order. The crowd waited with singular patience until half-past 7, when they began to exhibit symptoms of dissatisfaction. The evening was bitter cold, and the ladies had to stand exposed in the open air in thin shoes, and with uncovered heads, for three quarters of an

hour. When the doors were at length opened, and the crowds rushed into the theatre, their eyes were greeted by the following placard posted on the walls:—

"It is with extreme regret that the directors are compelled to announce that the illness of Signor Tamberlik was this afternoon so greatly increased as entirely to deprive him of his voice, and it will therefore be impossible to perform the opera of 'Roberto il Diavolo' this evening. The opera of 'Semiramide' will be substituted, in which Madame Grisi and Mademoiselle Angri will perform; the part of Assur will be sung by Signor Salvatori, who, although still suffering most severely from hoarseness and sore throat, has most kindly consented to appear. Under these circumstances, the directors most respectfully request the kind indulgence of the audience.

"Royal Italian Opera, April 12, 1851."

"MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

"I hereby certify that it is quite impossible for Signor Tamberlik to perform this evening, in consequence of complete loss of voice from a sudden attack of influenza.

"April 12, 1851.

"A. BILLING, M.D."

Great was the surprise and manifest the indignation expressed at the change in the performance, and at its not being announced sooner. Still, although an obvious remedy was at hand, none of the malcontents thought of leaving the theatre. The only blame chargeable against the directors lay in their not having the outer doors opened at the usual time. They could not be made responsible for Signor Tamberlik's illness, nor, seeing that he was so much better in the morning, could they tell that he would not be enabled to sing until it was too late to have new bills printed. The grumblers had but little cause for their grumbling—nevertheless, they made the most of it. The overture was executed amid calls, hisses, and plaudits from all parts of the house, commingled in one discordant sound. Nor did the uproar cease during the entire of the first scene, until Grisi made her appearance and with a look seemed, like Norna of the Fitful Head, to assuage the elemental fury. The opera after this was suffered to proceed in quietude.

One of the grumblers, not satisfied with his share in the din on Saturday, thus gives vent to his grumbling in the *Times* of Monday:—

"SIR,—Will you allow one of the 'obstreperous demonstrators of ill-humour' of Saturday night a word of excuse? On the Saturday previous I went to see the opera of *Semiramide*. On Thursday I went to see *Masaniello*, and not until the crowd in the vestibule of the pit entrance hurried me past the checktakers was it discovered that we were to have *Semiramide* again. On Saturday I went to see *Robert le Diable*, and merged into the crowd of the vestibule equally unconscious as before of another repetition of *Semiramide*. An immense crowd, including ladies in full-dress, uncovered, was kept standing out in the street at the pit entrance half an hour beyond the time advertised for the doors to be opened, and the bill of *Robert le Diable* was suspended alongside of the entrance the whole time. Of what avail was it for the checktakers politely to intimate to the flow of crowding visitors that the opera was changed? We did not call for Tamberlik, nor for the opera of *Roberto*. An apology was due to the audience from the stage on account of the want of any notice outside the doors of the theatre. Had it been courteously given, the opera would not have proceeded until the appearance of Grisi in dumb show amid the tumult of the malcontents.

"April 14.

"L. R."

The season before Easter presents but few points for our notice. Grisi's *réentrée*, and the manifest improvement in her voice since last season, were the principal features. The re-engagement of Angri was justified by the fair artist's increasing popularity and her undoubted talents. Signor Salvatori, on the other hand, proved but an inefficient substitute for Tam-

burini, whose loss, or we are greatly mistaken, will be seriously felt at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Salvatori, however, has had a persistent attack of influenza, and may yet prove himself a second Tamburini. *Semiramide* did not prove as attractive as formerly. *Masaniello* brought back Tamberlik in all his force, but did not bring back Massol, who seceded to the other house, and made way for Formes. The great German basso created an evident sensation in Pietro, but had his opponents as well as his admirers.

So far the season has not proved very brilliant, and the directors must look to the attractions after Easter to make up for lost time.

Mario has arrived, and will make his first appearance in the *Huguenots*; and *Fidelio* is announced for Thursday, May 1st. This looks like making up for lost time.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

(From the *Times*.)

M. Alexandre Billet is still advocating the cause of sterling pianoforte music in the convenient lecture-room of St. Martin's Hall. That his concerts have been well attended is to be hailed as a good sign, since their attraction depends entirely on legitimate causes. Unassisted by vocalists, relying solely on his own capabilities to do justice to the classical compositions of which his programmes are exclusively composed, M. Billet has succeeded in winning a large share of public attention. The number of works, hitherto almost as unknown to the majority of the profession as to the uninitiated laity, which he has revived at his concerts in St. Martin's-hall, would alone attest to their utility. On Tuesday night, at the fifth performance of the present series, almost every piece in the programme was comparatively new, while scarcely one but was associated with some interesting event in the life or artistic career of its composer. The sonata in A, Op. 101, of Beethoven, though one of the most remarkable of his pianoforte works, is scarcely known at all. A lady, for whom Beethoven had a strong predilection, accused him of a general want of "amiability" in his music. Hurt by the insinuation, Beethoven wrote the sonata in question, the opening movement of which is a passionate love-song, as melodious as it is richly harmonized, the rest of the work being in the usual fashion of his latter style; he dedicated it to his fair accuser, and silenced her for ever. The sonata in A flat of Dussek, Op. 71, is connected with a different kind of anecdote. It was originally published in Paris (when Dussek entered into the household of Talleyrand) under the denomination of *Le Retour à Paris*. About the same time, however, another well known writer for the pianoforte, Woelfl, published a sonata, which, owing to its extreme difficulty, was surnamed *Ne Plus Ultra*. To the last movement of this sonata—variations on Mozart's "O Dolce concerto"—may be traced the origin of that school which afterwards gave birth to Herz, Thalberg, and the rest of the modern *bravura* pianists—the "romantics," as they are absurdly styled. Dussek's London publishers, however, having received a copy of the *Rétour à Paris*, printed it in London, with the title of *Plus Ultra*, "dedicated to *Ne Plus Ultra*." And in truth, while many can be found to master the sonata of Woelfl, few but pianists of the first class (and few again of these in the exclusively "brilliant" school) can accomplish the sonata of Dussek, which, moreover, is one of the most striking and original of his compositions. The *Caprice* of Mendelssohn in F sharp, a *prestissimo* of incredible difficulty, was originally written in an album; it was an early work, and not intended

for publication ; none, however, will complain that its destined obscurity has been counteracted by the enterprise of the foreign publishers who first placed such a masterly work within general reach. The *fantasia* by the same composer, in the same key, dedicated to his friend, Moscheles, is, in spite of its name, a regular sonata, and one of the finest ever composed for the instrument. These, a very spirited caprice by M. Silas, entitled *Les Fannales*, and a set of studies from Clementi, Chopin, Hiller, and Kalkbrenner, completed the programme. Scarcely one of them has been heard in public before, although not one but well deserves the distinction. It is hardly less creditable to M. Billet to have introduced them than to have played them in such a manner as to engage the attention, enchain the interest, and gain the hearty applause of a very crowded audience during the whole of his unaided performance. The study of Chopin on the black keys, an extraordinary piece of mechanism, was unanimously encored. The sixth concert is announced for the 29th, when several works by Haydn, Sterndale Bennett, Stephen Heller, &c., never before given in public, will be introduced.

MASSOL.

Although he has betrayed his colors and gone over to the camp of the enemy (*style de feux camarades*), Massol has been heartily received by the public, who ignorant of the motives which urged him to migrate, see nothing but an old favorite on fresh boards, a well known physiognomy hanging on the cheek of another night, a voice whose vibrations, ever cheerful, agitate a new atmosphere, and beat against other boxes. In his own part of Pietro, Massol has achieved the same triumph before the lamps of "Her Majesty's" as before the footlights of the "Royal Italian." Missed there he is found here, wept in one place he is cheered in another. The public is simply a *bon enfant*, and pries not into particulars, nor puts its nose behind the scenes. The various organs of public opinion, too, have unanimously held out to Massol the cordial grasp, have tendered the friendly fist. The *Herald*, eloquent as just, thus apostrophises our Pietro :—

"M. Massol, who was the Pietro of the Royal Italian Opera last season, was the Pietro of last night ; and where was a better to be found ? We look upon the engagement of this gentleman to be an adroit step on the part of the management, for there are few in his peculiar line whose pretensions have been so well and so satisfactorily tried. His singing is totally devoid of the coarsenesses and austerities which but too often belong to the voices of his register, and whatever he undertakes he executes with care and precision. His Pietro wholly differs from that of Formes ; but it has its own merits. In the duet in the second act the general energy which he exhibited while deprecating the thralldom of his country, was immensely effective, not for the loudness of the definition, but for the settled depth of purpose and the vigour of the mental impulse. This display was rewarded with the usual encore. The air in the fifth act was also a demonstration of neat and graceful singing."

The *Times* more curt is not a bit less hearty :—

"M. Massol was received with acclamations of applause. His Pietro is too well known, as a manly and vigorous performance, to need any description here. Suffice it his voice was in first-rate condition, and he sang the famous duet, 'Aux armes' (with Massaniello), with immense energy and spirit, and obtained an enthusiastic encore. He was also excellent in the drinking song of the last act, to which he imparted unusual point and emphasis. There is nothing calculated in M. Massol's conception of Pietro ; it is simple, straightforward, and natural, and hence it is effective."

Shorter, but sweet, thus sings the *Morning Post* :—

"M. Massol, who made his debut at her Majesty's Theatre on this occasion in the part of Pietro, was enthusiastically welcomed,

and sang throughout the opera with his accustomed *verve* and dramatic feeling."

The *Chronicle* finds spirit, finish, grace, and smoothness, all in Massol's singing :—

"The first appearance of M. Massol upon these boards was the third event of the night. This admirable singer is a great addition to the strength of the company. Whatever part he undertakes he executes with the utmost spirit and finish. His Pietro became an important feature in the opera, and he sang with all his habitual grace and smoothness. To the success of the great duet with Pardini he contributed largely, and in the whole of the concerted music his voice was heard with great advantage. We should also mention that his make-up was very picturesque."

The *Daily News*, who wastes no words in ordinary, wastes none here in particular, but speaks briefly to the purpose :—

"Massol, who performed the part of Pietro, appeared, it will be remembered, last season in that part at the other house. It is a character which, on the Parisian stage, he has made his own, and in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled."

We cannot find space for any more, or rather we cannot find any more for space, having mislaid all the other papers, except the *Athenæum*, which, going straight up to the wall in a bound, declares that "Massol is the best Pietro on the stage." Brevity is the soul of wit—and we leave Massol for the nonce to his fortunes until we have to criticise him in another part.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The second meeting took place on Tuesday, and was well attended. The quartets were No. 4, Op. 18, in C minor ; the "Razamoffsky," in F, No. 7, Op. 59 ; and the A minor, No. 16, Op. 131. The executants were Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot.

The performance was admirable, and afforded unqualified pleasure. The quartet in C minor, one of the finest specimens of Beethoven's early style exhibited the grandeur and passionate expression of Ernst's playing to perfection, especially in the first movement. The great violinist was ably supported by his coadjutors, each of whom seemed to project his entire energies and feelings into the performance. The "Razamoffsky" quartet was no less satisfactory. The elaborate details of the *allegro* were rendered with irreproachable delicacy and precision ; and the *adagio* again brought Ernst's highest powers into play ; its deep and varied beauties were brought out with wonderful expression. The *finale*, tantalising and capricious, was executed with infinite point and spirit. The quartet in A minor, one of the most original of the "posthumous" set, and one of the most puzzling to the executants, taxed the four performers to the uttermost. But again their efforts were crowned with success, and again did Ernst come out with twofold force, and triumphantly evince his supremacy as an interpreter of the sublime and pathetic. The *canzona* in his hands (in spite of its Greek crudities) was transcendent. Such a thanksgiving was worthy such a cure. (Beethoven wrote this movement in gratitude for his recovery from a long and painful illness. Its direction is truly heaven-ward.)

The whole evening was in the highest degree satisfactory. To judge by the full audience, M. Rousselot appears likely to have a prosperous season. We are glad of it.

FRENCH PLAYS.

No one will be sorry to be disappointed, when the disappointment brings the French Plays. Mr. Mitchell has delighted the public for many years, but this year, the first of seven, owing to his unusual silence, was given up in despair,

until the appearance of a short prospectus, which is not published while we write, but written on embossed post, and will, probably, be unpublished when we rewrite—since why circulate it twice for once, as though there were a virtue in printer's ink that not existed in the other? This short prospectus gives us long hopes of many a broad laugh during the brief course of days that run between April 28, and the 3rd of May. Better little than nothing, and better late than never.

The theatre will open, as we have hinted, on the 28th of the present month. The first six or eight representations are proposed to be devoted exclusively to comedy and *vaudeville*; the remainder of the season to pieces from the repertory of the Palais Royal or Theatre Montansier. The company engaged includes Mdle. Judith, from the Theatre Français, Mdle. St. Marc, from the Variétés; Mdle. Bilhaud from the Odeon; Mdle. Figeac, Mdle. Octave, from the Vaudeville; Mdle. Scriwaneck, from the Palais Royal, and Mdle. Aline; M. M. Regnier, Lafont, Levassor, Ravel, and Hyacinthe, all of whom, with the exception of the last, are already known to the London public. On the opening night the new three-act comedy of MM. Scribe and Legouvé, *La Bataille des Dames*, which has been so successful in Paris, will be produced with Mdles. Judith and St. Marc, and M. M. Lafont and Regnier in the principal parts; to be followed by the last novelty of the Palais Royal, *L'Amour* and *L'Avenglette*, in which the lively Mdle. Scriwaneck and the quaint M. Hyacinthe will appear.

During the season, several of the most popular pieces, written expressly for M. Lafont, at the Variétés, will be produced; in which Madlle. St. Marc, who will be remembered in London, in 1846, is to sustain the principal female characters.

In another paragraph it is stated that Madlle. Rachel will make her first appearance on the second of June, but in what theatre the great tragedian will perform, is not mentioned. From the announcement, however, of the subsequent half-promise of Bouffé, and Frederick Lemaitre, we are led to hope for a post season; but at the attraction of Rachel at the time of the Great Exhibition, when all the world is to be in London, will be something quite unprecedented, not to speak of MM. Bouffé and Frederick Lemaitre, the St. James's Theatre will not be large enough, and we trust that the report may be true, that MM. Jullien and Gye have placed the magnificent theatre of Drury Lane at the disposal of Mr. Mitchell, for the representations of the unspeakable actress. Meanwhile, we take leave of Mr. Mitchell and his elegant little theatre in St. James's, with the best wishes for his success. Full accounts of the performances will appear, as usual, from the vivacious and adequate pen of J. DE C.

Foreign.

Paris, Monday, April 14th. (From our own Correspondent.)—The conceit of the French, with their *baptême artistique de Paris*, is really amusing. They pretend to have discovered the talent of Sophie Cravelli, who two years ago, was acknowledged by the subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre, by the public, and by the press, as a dramatic vocalist of the first order. Let us, however, leave them to their imaginary eminence, satisfied that they are the most shallow judges of music in musical Europe, in spite of the executive means, and the state-sustained establishments, which should place them in the first rank. Mr. Lumley could not have made a happier hit than in engaging Mdle. Cravelli, who is more beautiful and

energetic than ever. Her voice, which I need not describe to you, is in first-rate condition, and if she eschew the music of Verdi as much as lies in her power, it is likely to preserve its strength and freshness for many years, since she has an excellent method and vocalises with the utmost ease. Her *début* in Paris, as *Dona Sol*, in the ranting opera of *Ernani*, on Tuesday, the 8th, was triumphant, and on Thursday, the 10th, she repeated her performance and confirmed her success. Sims Reeves played *Ernani*, Colini Carlo V., and Scapini Silva, The English tenor was in splendid voice, and rose higher than ever in the good opinion of the *abonnés*. The opera was rehearsed and got up in a few days, and much credit is due to M. Bonsquet.

St. Louis, March 22.—Jenny Lind has arrived here, and has already given two concerts. The following account of her second concert is abridged from the *Missouri Republican* of the above date. "The concert room was filled on Wednesday night with an audience more numerous even than that which had occupied it on the previous evening. Nor was it the concert room alone that was filled. The street opposite and lying around the front of the Hall, and the roofs of the lower houses in its vicinity, were crowded, and covered with people. Every where that a chance was promised them of hearing the voice of the fair Swede, the multitude had thronged, and listened, as we afterwards learned, with an attention which emulated that of the more favoured lovers of music who had procured seats in the interior of the Hall. Nor, indeed, was their chance of hearing altogether so bad, inasmuch as Jenny Lind's voice was borne to them, somewhat deadened, of course, yet almost as clear as if they had heard it in an open space. Some of the more delicate ornaments they of course lost, but as they paid nothing for their evening's amusement, we conceive they had no right to complain.

"The Overture to *Der Freischütz* was better given than we ever heard it at such a distance from New York. It did credit to the *baton* of Benedict and the lungs, bows, and cat-gut of the orchestra. The Overture to Reissiger's *Felsenkühle* was also played. Benedict himself gave with Mr. Joseph Burke, a duet of his composition jointly with De Beriot, a pleasant and sparkling piece of music, and admirably played. Indeed, we have no hesitation in classing Benedict the very best pianist we have heard. He has an essentially graceful touch, and plays with a feeling and expression rarely met with. We should have been pleased indeed, to have heard the audience "encore" the charming duet, both on the score of its agreeable melody, and its execution by the author and Mr. Burke. Signor Belletti sang the "Vi Ravviso," from the *Sonnambula*; "Riccio Barcarole," from the *Prigione d'Edinburgo*, and a duet on Tyrolean melodies, composed recently by Benedict.

"But let us now speak of Jenny Lind. In the "Quando lascia la Normandia," we felt that we had—warmly as we previously spoke of her—scarcely done her justice. The exquisite *finesse* of her vocalization, and the charming manner in which she delivered the Romance, chained us to her voice, and when she ceased singing, we felt as if we also had been lifted from the earth and were in our spirit soaring on those fading accents into the realms above. (!) Indeed, whatever we may have previously said must not be taken into consideration in our estimate of the attractions of this extraordinary woman. We attempted, as we believe, to describe her voice, and analyse her style of vocalization. Now, we as frankly confess, that these are indescribable. But much as we were delighted with "Quando lascia," in the "Casta Diva" we were charmed out of ourselves. The applause that followed this was tremendous. Yet, finely as the "Casta Diva" was delivered, in the aria from *Lucia* all the power and flexibility of her voice seemed

called into operation ; and when the last accents failed, we heard but one low murmur of delight around us, until the audience burst out into an explosion of applause. The duet on *Tyrolean Melodies*, with Signor Belletti, was sweetly rendered. This is an elegant and charming composition, and does great credit to M. Benedict, whom we knew by report from several of his works, but only by report, until we had the present opportunity of judging. We consider him, as far as we have now the means of arriving at a conclusion, as a talented and eminently graceful composer, and one with whom we should have great pleasure in forming a longer and more solid acquaintance, should he ever have the opportunity of presenting us with an entire opera in some of the cities of our more eastern States, or should any manager succeed in inducing him to put the *Crusaders* or the *Brides of Venice* in rehearsal. The concert concluded with the gorgeous Coronation March, from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, followed by the Bird Song, by Taubert, and a Swedish melody, called the Mountaineer's Song. Both of the last were committed to the lips of Jenny Lind. The Bird Song was given with enchanting *naïveté*. However, we have said everything we can well say. Our time is running short, and our pen grows *wearisome* ; we will, therefore, throw it down and quit writing, with the memory still warm in us, and the conviction that Jenny Lind herself must rank as indisputably the most splendid and remarkable vocalist (!) the present day has given birth to. Let us, however, in casting aside the pen remark, that in this evening's concert she will sing the air from Handel's *Messiah*, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Who would not wish to hear this from such an *interpreter* ?

THIRD JENNY LIND CONCERT.—The tickets to Miss Jenny Lind's third concert were this forenoon bringing an average of 5 dollars premium. About two hours after the auction had commenced the premium had ranged from 3 dollars 75. to 4 dollars. The choice front seats had much exceeded this. The auction was carried on briskly, and the enthusiasm appeared to be unabated. A large crowd, as usual, was in attendance.—*Missouri Republican*, 22nd March.

NEW YORK.—Another speculation of Barnum's. "We learn," says the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, "from a reliable source, that Mr. Barnum has engaged the 'Bateman children' for two years, to appear entirely in Europe, and that he contracts to pay all their expenses and give them one half the net proceeds of the whole sum of their attraction, guaranteeing this half to amount to 20,000 dollars the first year, and 30,000 the next, making 50,000 dollars (nearly £10,000) in all ; and we think that Mr. B. will make a handsome profit by the speculation. When Jenny Lind beheld these little phenomema, she pronounced them the most wonderful little creatures she had ever seen ; and when the dilettanti of Europe see their astonishing intellectual efforts, when the land of Shakespeare witnesses the beautiful conception and delicate elaboration of the most difficult creations of that immortal bard, none will be surprised at the pains we think it honest to take, in order to keep these gifted spirits from being classed, in stranger lands, along with the mountebanks and impostors who may happen to tread at the same time, the same field of public enterprise."

[*Nous verrons.* The Batemans may be a family of Thumbs, and, if so, just calculated for "beautifully conceiving," and "delicately elaborating" the "most difficult creations of the immortal bard." Conceiving and elaborating a difficult creation, is profoundly Yankee.]

Provincial.

CAMBRIDGE.—On Thursday last, the Cambridge Cornet Society gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music at the Town-hall,

for the benefit of the Royal Albert Benevolent Society. The band, conducted by Mr. J. C. Large, played well. The features of the evening were a flute solo by Mr. C. Sippel, which was encored ; a sonata—pianoforte and violoncello, Messrs. F. Sipple and Amps ; a violin solo by Mr. Ingram ; and a solo on the cornopean by Mr. Large. There were, also, a variety of glees, duets, and songs, by Messrs. Jackman, Baraclough (of the Ely choir), and Mr. Weller and Master Robinson, of Cambridge. The concert was well attended, the admission being low. The audience appeared much gratified ; and, after paying all expenses, there was a clear balance of £10 for the Royal Albert.—*Cambridge Press*.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Hirst has been appointed successor to Mr. W. T. Best as organist to the Philharmonic Society. The competitors were Messrs. Hirst, W. Rogers, and Turvey, who severally performed on the organ before the Committee, on Tuesday last, and all of whom acquitted themselves in a very able manner.

Mr. Jackson's new Oratorio, *Isaiah*, is to be shortly produced by the Festival Choral Society, where his *Deliverance* was given with such success some time since.

TODMORDEN.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The concert of the Harmonic Society took place last Tuesday, when the Hall was well attended. Miss M. B. Marsh (of the Liverpool Concerts), appeared for the first time at these concerts. She possesses a *soprano* voice of great flexibility ; and in Pacini's "I tuoi frequenti," her taste was remarkable. Mr. Riley has a barytone voice, of great power, which, at present, requires cultivation. "Sleep, gentle lady" (Bishop), "Chief of the windy Morven" (Calleott), and other glees, were executed with skill, by the society, assisted by the above named vocalists. Mr. Charles Greenwood played Thalberg's fantasia on "We're a noddin'," in capital style. J. N. B.

CHELMSTEDT.—MR. CARTE'S LECTURE.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Carte, attended by Mr. Wells, professor of the flute of the Royal Academy, gave a treat to the real lovers of music, but more especially of flute music, at the Institute in this town. Of Mr. Carte's proficiency on the flute it is quite superfluous to add one word to the encomiums which have so frequently and extensively been lavished on him. It is sufficient to say that he is a perfect master of the instrument ; and that, whether we estimate the tone, the taste, or the execution, we are sure of our expectations being gratified. He prefaced his performance on the instrument with a brief history of music from the earliest ages, comparing the ancient with the modern, describing their respective peculiarities, explaining melody and harmony, and making observations on national music, with the comparative effect of vocal and instrumental music. Mr. B. Wells displayed great powers of execution, and brought out a splendid tone from one of Mr. Carte's new flutes in "Rousseau's Dream," with Richardson's variations. His embouchure is good, and though he slurs rather than tips his demi-semi-quavers, every note is distinctly marked even in the most rapid passages. The duet with Mr. Carte, "The last Rose of Summer," followed up by "Garry Owen," was beautifully played, and rapturously encored. The harmony of their notes was complete ; and the crescendo and diminuendo, so indispensable to expression in an adagio, was so admirably managed that

"A spirit spoke in every tone they drew."

The improvements which Mr. Carte has made in his new patent flute have removed the acknowledged imperfections of the instrument hitherto in use, and evince that the powers of the patentee in performing are only equalled by his science in constructing the nearest instrumental approach to the human voice. The silver flute is remarkable for a sweet, soft, and liquid tone, and the wooden for great power and brilliancy ; the silver also possesses an exquisitely soft swelling vocal quality, without being deficient in power, while the wood produced such a power and volume as we never heard from a flute before. In the duet the two were beautifully blended, the silver taking the lead, and the wood the second part, and with the admirable execution we have noticed beautifully brought out the characteristics of both. Mr. F. Dawson presided at the piano, and played the accompaniments in his usual style of excellence.—*Essex Herald*.

Original Correspondence.

THALBERG'S AGE AND BIRTHPLACE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR.—A Subscriber would feel obliged by your kindly favouring him, at your earliest convenience, with the *Age* and birth-place of "Thalberg," the composer. If it is possible, a reply in your next (Saturday, the 19th inst.), will much oblige.

[We shall be obliged to any of our lady subscribers who can and will satisfy our correspondent on these interesting points. We are unfurnished with the required information.—ED. M. W.]

M. VARIN—GORLITZA, GORLITZA—MR. BYRN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

April 16th, 1851.

SIR.—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in *The Musical World* of the 22nd of March, headed "La Gorlitzza, M. Varin," which, I trust, in common justice to yourself and others, you will afford me an opportunity to explain, as *supposing* you were in possession of the real facts of the case when you allowed that paragraph to appear, you, by it, defended those who *pirate the musical compositions of others*, and I am sure your publication is too respectable to *wittingly* do anything of the kind. "La Gorlitzza Danse Livonienne," ever so freely translated, "cannot be construed a Polka composed by a Livonian;" the edition referred to "in F is according to the inscription upon its forehead, the only one authorised by M. Varin. As to 'who is M. Varin that should authorise or interdict an edition (in F or any other key) of La Gorlitzza?' he is 'the Frenchman' who composed such music, and the dance to it (and it is not many who are so fortunate twice in a life time), and whether the name of it be spelt with a g, or a z, or whether it be written in the key of F or any other key, the subject is still his. As to 'it is not painfully *recherché*, 'it has been thought so original and so well adapted to the Dance, that 1,500 copies were sold the first few weeks of publication; directly after which, 5 or 6 other writers copied it, and with the blind of a few bars introduction, or another key, or an accompaniment for another instrument, or a coda, or a few notes of a bar altered, have had the assurance to put their names to such Gorlitzas, to make the public suppose they are the authors of such subjects. Such conduct *only* has been complained of, and if it does not amount quite to *piracy*, it is very fine evasion of the law, and moreover such writers must have a high opinion of M. Varin's subject, and a poor opinion of their own brains not to attempt to compose other Gorlitzas, and thus make them as various as Polkas, which all are entitled to do, but not to spoil 1 bar of M. Varin's, and then put their own name as the author.

"The right of copyright appertaining to M. Varin's edition," is the property, entirely and unconditionally, of Messrs. Hale and Son (Cheltenham), I am prepared to prove, whenever or wherever they may think proper to call upon me, as *since* my attention was drawn to your paragraph (some time after its publication or I should have written to you before), I have sent to Paris for further documents to prove such statement.

Being the introducer into England of M. Varin's Gorlitzza (Music and Dance), I trust will be deemed by you a sufficient apology for my thus troubling you.

I am, Sir,

50, Regent-street, Cheltenham,
And 71, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-sq.

Yours, obediently,

JAMES BYRN.

P.S.—As no one has borrowed the "Cracovia," I need not state more about it, than your Critic must have been very barren of subjects to find fault, when he was obliged to have recourse to the mistake of a poor printer's—putting an E instead of an O.

"I CANNA LEAVE THE HIGHLAND HILLS."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—As you are always willing to answer any question for the benefit of the musical public, I am desirous of knowing whether a song sung for the last year by Henry Phillips, is published, entitled

"I canna leave the Highland Hills," as I have called at various music-sellers, and can learn nothing concerning it; although, I believe it is either published here or in Glasgow. As it has not been advertized nor reviewed, so far as I have seen, though promised long since by Mr. Phillip's to the public, perhaps some of your musical friends may know.

84, Coleshill-street, Pimlico.

Wednesday.

Your obedient servant,

ALLAN MACDONALD.

Miscellaneous.

ALBONI has arrived in Paris, covered with the laurels of her triumphs at Madrid. She is diligently studying her part in Auber's new opera, *Corbeille d'Oranges*, which is now nearly completed; and from the production of which a great success is anticipated. To Alboni the study of Auber's music must prove a labour of love, the more especially as the great composer has written it with an especial view to her brilliant and varied powers.

JETTY TREFFZ.—The best of *lieder-singerinn*, as Mendelssohn called this accomplished and popular vocalist, has arrived in town for the season, after her brilliant tournée in the provinces with M. Jullien.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The lovers of the ballet will be delighted to hear that its veritable queen, having entirely recovered her health, strength, and spirits, will make her rentrée on Tuesday at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Les Metamorphoses*.

MARIO.—The great tenor arrived early last week from St. Petersburg, and will make his first appearance this season at the Royal Italian Opera as Raoul in the *Huguenots*.

LABLACHE has arrived in London from Paris, and will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday in his favorite part of *Dulcamara* in *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

MDLLE. ALAYMO.—The continental journals speak in high terms of this fair *cantatrice*, who makes her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday next, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Some of the French papers set her down as a Sicilian Countess, and describe her as being exceedingly handsome, and possessed of great abilities. We shall soon have an opportunity of judging for ourselves.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WORKS.—The copyright of Sir Walter Scott's works, with the stock on hand, was submitted for sale, by Mr. Hodgson, at the London Coffee House, and purchased by Mr. Milne, of Edinburgh, writer to the signet, for the sum of £15,000, subject to an agreement to take the printed stock at a valuation of £10,160. The above sale took place under the direction of the executors of the late Mr. Caddell of Edinburgh, and we hear that the property was bought in.

THEODORE LABARRE, the celebrated harp-player, has arrived in London for the season.

CRUVELLI'S *LUCREZIA BORGIA*.—"The fine scene with Gennaro and Alfonso, where having unwittingly placed her lover in the Duke's power, she wishes to save him, was acted with fine intelligence. The duet and trio were acted and sung with equal effect; and the popular *andante* "*Guai se ti sfugge*," was encored. The climax to the scene, when Lucrezia persuades Gennaro to take the antidote, was full of dramatic feeling, and Mdle. Cruvelli was recalled with Gardoni at the fall of the curtain. But the last act was better than all. The whole scene was a display of dramatic energy far surpassing any previous effort of Mdle. Cruvelli on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. The phrase, "M'odi, ah m'odi," was delivered with touching pathos, and rapturously encored; and Grisi herself could scarcely have infused a larger amount of passion into the burst of feeling with which Lucrezia deplores the fate of her unhappy Gennaro. In short, Mdle. Cruvelli achieved a complete triumph, and convinced her audience that her charming talent was much better displayed in the tender and graceful music of poor Donizetti than in the rant and fustian of the empty blusterer, Verdi. She was recalled with enthusiasm, at the end, and overwhelmed with plaudits.

[The above is quoted from the *Musical World*, No. 17, vol. 23, April 22, 1848].

CAROLINA ROSATI, the charming and accomplished *danseuse*, has arrived in town, and will shortly appear at Her Majesty's Theatre.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—An excellent performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given here last Monday to a very full attendance. The principal vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, and Miss Baxter; Messrs. Lockey and Phillips. The quartet in the first act, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was encored, and Miss Dolby delivered the air, "Woe to them," as charmingly as ever. In the second act, which is the finest, Miss Birch gave the opening song, "Hear! ye Israel," with her usual effect. The elaborate and difficult chorus, "Woe unto them," the masterpiece of the work, wanted clearness and precision in the delivery. The delicious and popular trio, "Lift thine eyes," was, as usual, encored. Miss Dolby has made the song, "Rest in the Lord," her own, by her deeply beautiful manner of delivering it. The choir lacked, now and then, a little of their accustomed accuracy. Their performance was, on the whole, highly satisfactory. The next concert (7th May) will consist of "a selection," an experiment which has not been tried by either society.

THE THEATRES IN PASSION WEEK.—The closing of all the Theatres for dramatic purposes did not necessarily exclude other performances during the preceding Easter. Nearly every theatre in London has been devoted to amusements of one kind or another, and we consider it altogether an anomaly to interdict the performance of a play, and allow dramatic, vocal and other entertainments to be given. Surely the government ought to take into their own hands the regulation of all affairs connected with the stage. They manage these things better in France.—At the Haymarket, during the week, Mr. C. H. Adams exhibited his Orrery, and delivered his highly interesting and instructive Lecture on Astronomy.—At the St. James's Mrs. Fanny Kemble continued her Readings of Shakspeare, and attracted large audiences.—Madame Anna Thillon, and Mr. Hudson gave their new "Musical Entertainment" at the Adelphi, which proved a lucrative speculation; the theatre, every night, being crowded; the entertainment, and the charming singing of the captivating Anna Thillon, were more successful than ever.—At the Lyceum Mr. Allcroft gave a series of Promenade Concerts, which proved very attractive, although Signor Sivori, who was announced, did not appear. Sivori's place was supplied by Herr Laub, an excellent violinist from the band of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Allcroft provided a good orchestra, good vocalists, good instrumentalists, and two good conductors (Lavenue and Negri).—Mr. Henry Russell, at the Olympic, provided a new "vocal and pictorial entertainment" entitled the *Far West*, in which he sang with vociferant energy sundry songs descriptive and condemnatory of the slave trade, which he may, with great propriety, dedicate to the memory of Wilberforce, and to Fowell Buxton. The illustrations were moving.—At the Surrey Theatre concerts were given on Monday and Tuesday, supported by Miss Louisa Pyne, Harrison, Whitworth, and other vocalists, together with a strong battalion of instrumentalists. The remainder of the week was devoted to Mr. Love's Polyphonic Entertainment.—The visitors to the Soho Theatre were entertained with Mr. Darling by his Lectures on Electro-Biology—a very extraordinary performance.—At the Sadler's Wells a concert of an attractive character was given, in which Ernst played, with a goodly array of instrumentalists and a host of vocalists, among which we may name Mdlle. Angri, Mdlle. Rummell, and several Pupils of Mr. Howard Glover.—At the Mary-le-bone Theatre Mr. Jarrett, the eminent horn-player, during three days in the week, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, invited his friends and the public to an unusual treat, vocal and instrumental. Never had the good folks in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood such an opportunity afforded them of hearing such first-rate artists; never had such an array of talent congregated together within the walls of the neat little theatre in Church Street. The vocal corps consisted of Jetty Treffz, Formes, Stigelli, Marchesi, Frank Bodda, Manley, Kieschler, Fraser, the Mesdames Rummell, Rose Braham, Cole and M. Cole, M. O'Connor, Messent, the double quartet from the Berlin choir of Her Majesty's Theatre, and others:—the instrumental, of Alexandre Billet, Sainton, F. Collins, V. Collins, Chatterton, Lazarus, Pratten, Goffrie, Nicholson, Prospero, Rowland, Lovell Phillips, and the Messrs. Distin and Sons. With such an army of artists, and with such a general to command them as Mr. Jarrett, it may be readily supposed that each evening's entertainment was

highly spiced and well varied, that the theatre was crowded, and the audience perfectly satisfied. And such was the case, and more, seeing that Jetty Treffz, on Thursday night, excited a *furor*. It was the first appearance, in London, of the charming and accomplished Teutonian—Jullien's thrush, as she has been called—and her entrée was hailed with every demonstration of delight. She was in admirable voice, sang with indescribable effect, and was encored in everything. Formes, too, created a powerful sensation. The Mary-le-bonians were in such extacies with the tremendous German profound bass that they made him repeat every thing over again. To make mention of all the effective pieces, sung or played, would take up more space than we can afford in a resumé of the entertainments in Passion Week. One thing, however, seemed to create general surprise, which it is necessary to add, and which appears to ourselves unusual and unaccountable, viz., that Mr. Jarrett did not play at his own concert. Mr. Jarrett's performance would constitute a striking feature in any concert, and its omission on the present occasion can only be accounted for on the principle that a general never takes an actual part in an engagement; and, consequently, Mr. Jarrett, as commander of his forces, may stand excused from drawing his weapon in the ranks of the grand vocal and instrumental battles in the theatre, light Marylebone.

PRIZE GLEE.—About four months since, advertisements appeared in some of the London papers, offering a prize of 10 guineas to the composer of the best serious glee. Thirty-six composers sent in, amongst others, Mr. Sparks, of Leeds, who carried several medals, and Mr. Battye, of Huddersfield, who carried the Gresham prize in 1845. Sir Henry Bishop has awarded the prize to Dr. Bexfield, for his glee entitled "The Death of Hector."

HEER GUSTAVE HOLZEL.—The German *lied* composer and singer, has arrived in London.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, WATERLOO PLACE.—On Thursday morning, we were favored with a private view of a representation of the celebrated "Taj Mehal," which, in addition to the Grand Moving Panorama, accompanied by descriptive detail and appropriate music, portraying the entire route of the Overland Mail to India, will be presented for the first time to the public on Easter Monday, in a series of views from drawings on the spot, for which the proprietors are indebted to the kindness of Captain W. Barnett, *the Taj Mehal*. This Mausoleum was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan as the tomb of his wife, Mum Taza Zamanie.—"*The most Exalted of the Age*." It is built on the Agra side of the river Jumna, three miles and a half from the Fort and Palace of the Great Mogul. The views consist of the gateway called the Kalan Durwasa, as seen from the centre of the spacious gardens; the interior of the building, showing the marble screen and elegant Mosaics round the tomb of the Emperor and his wife, represented as seen in the days of the Great Mogul by light of lamps; the exterior of the building, and one of its detached Mosques, (by moonlight), taken from a sand bank on the opposite side of the river Jumna. The whole is intended to convey a complete idea of this wonder, as it has ever been considered by those who have seen it.

MR. HENRY HAYCRAFT, the well known professor of the piano-forte and singing, of Clifton and Bristol, has arrived in town for the purpose of giving instructions in these important branches of musical education during the present season.

MADAME GRISI AND M. DE MELCY.—By the deed of separation of the celebrated singer Grisi and her husband M. de Melcy he was to have the property of some iron works at Chitieri; but as the revenue arising from them was uncertain, it was further stipulated that the wife should pay him 10,000*fr.* a year as long as she should remain on the stage. For some time past this income has not been paid, and M. de Melcy, on Thursday last, brought an action against his wife for the arrears, amounting to 27,500*fr.* The counsel pleaded that the revolution of February had so injured her in her professional pursuits that she was no longer able to pay so large a sum as 10,000*fr.* a year, and offered, in lieu of the arrears due, to pay a sum of 10,000*fr.* The counsel for M. de Melcy denied the truth of the statement made as to the reduced means of Madame Grisi, and entered into a detail of the sums received by her at different theatres, &c. He mentioned, among other things,

that when in Russia she had received very valuable presents in jewels, and in particular a wreath for the head, valued at 30,000 rubles (about 120,000*f.*), which had been purchased by subscription the Emperor himself having subscribed 10,000 rubles. He stated, also, in reply to the advocate of Madame Grisi, who, after having alluded to the abandonment of the Italian Opera by the aristocracy in consequence of the revolution, had described the attempt of his client to find a compensation in London as unfortunate, that she had not been a loser to the extent pretended. On the contrary, he declared that she had realized large sums, and had received not less than 30,000*f.* in England for her assistance at the musical festivals. The Court condemned the defendant to pay the whole sum claimed by M. de Melcy.—*Times*.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MATINEE MUSICALE—We were gratified to see a numerous and most elegant audience filling the New Beethoven Rooms on Saturday morning last, to support a very rising and admirable professor. Mrs. John Macfarren is a pianist of great attainments, and richly merits the very warm encouragement she received. Her first performance was a duet of Herz with Mr. W. H. Holmes, in which she evinced a light touch and a distinct and brilliant finger. She next played a *Rondeau Brillant*, of Weber, which shewed her to possess no less merit in another style. In the second part she chose the *Carnaval de Venise*, of Schulhoff, and in her rendering of this, we found no less to admire, than in her other performances. She played, also, in Mr. Holmes' quartet for four pianists, "Une Romance de deux Minuets," with Miss Goddard, Mr. W. Dorrell, and the composer, and with Mr. Walter Macfarren in a similar composition of his, which is a most effective concert piece, and cannot fail to become very popular; in this she was coadjuted by Miss Kate Loder, and Mr. Brinley Richards. We had yet further interesting matter for the pianoforte in the duet of Mendelssohn, the original variations in B flat, executed by Mr. Cipriani Potter and Mr. Sterndale Bennett in a manner of first-rate mastery. To complete the list of instrumental pieces, we must name Mr. Balsir Chatterton's solo on the harp, a potpourri of themes of Mendelssohn, which he delivered in a most finished style. Among the vocal pieces were two novelties; a song of Mr. W. H. Holmes, which Miss Birch rendered in her accustomed manner, and which will please no less than two or three other songs of the same composer, we have lately noticed with great pleasure; and a duet for soprano and bass, a class of composition much in request, "Oh, let me take my sounding lyre," which was charmingly sung by Madame and Signora Ferrari. Miss M. Williams' most lovely voice was heard in all its sweetness in the little song of Reissiger. Signor Nappi sang so admirably Rossini's song "La Tarantella," and was so favourably accompanied by Mr. Walter Macfarren as to obtain the only encore of the morning. Miss Dolby sang a German song, an Italian, and an English, thereby proving her facility in language to be great, as her excellencies in her art is perfect; in the first and last songs, especially, "Schwermuth," and "Wishes" she appeared to particular advantage and touched the hearts of all who heard her. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music like an accomplished musician. The concert was under the patronage of the Countess of Bradford.

Our Scrap Book.

PROPOSED NEW OPERA HOUSE.—It is proposed to erect an opera house in New York, to seat 4,000 people. It will be bounded by four wide streets, and have a front of 197 feet by an average depth of 217 feet. The first tier of boxes and the parquet are entered on a level with the street. Viewed from the front of each retreating behind the one immediately below it, each having its open balcony. A system of ventilating, with warm air in winter, and with air artificially cooled to any required temperature in summer, forms a part of the design. It is proposed, by the use of iron for the stairways and in other parts of the building for which it may be available, and by coating all the stage frame-work with a recently discovered incombustible paint, to render the whole structure nearly fire-proof. The cost of the land and the estimated cost of the building, furnished for use, are between 250,000 and 300,000 dollars. Of this the proprietor is to furnish one half, and hopes to raise the remainder by leasing 250 seats for 99 years for 500 dollars each.—*The Builder*.

MASANIELLO—(*From the Opera Boz.*)—Tomaso Anello, better known by his nickname, Masaniello, was the son of a Neapolitan fisherman. He was brought up to his father's business, and at a very early age was distinguished among his companions by his courage, his activity, and his integrity. In 1647 a remarkably obnoxious tax was introduced into Naples, and Anello's wife having been detected in smuggling a small quantity of meal for the support of her children, was not only imprisoned for the offence, but was condemned to pay a large fine, for the discharge of which Anello's furniture was sold. Enraged both on his own and the public account, Masaniello excited his friends to assist him in driving away the officers, and they were soon joined by the populace, who demanded an abolition of the tax. Not only did they gain their point, but they obtained the offer of a pension to their leader Anello, which he nobly refused. These concessions far from restoring order, left the city to the mercy of the mob, and at the instigation of some of the malcontents, Masaniello was induced to issue a command for burning the houses of all persons concerned in levying the tax, which was but too speedily executed. He then required the Spanish viceroy, by whom Naples was governed, to abolish taxes of every kind, and being again successful, placed himself at the head of a vast body of men, and exercised absolute sway. He spent little time in refreshment or repose, gave his orders with judgment, and appeared free from selfish views. Soon, however, he began to govern with more severity, and put to death several persons upon mere suspicion. The viceroy fearing that the French might take advantage of the confusion in Naples, entered into a treaty with Anello, by which he not only granted all that had been demanded, but allowed him to retain his dignity, and the people to remain under arms. Anello now lost his self control. Intoxicated with power, and disordered by constant excitement, he became frantic, and performed all sorts of extravagant actions, till at last he was assassinated by the very populace he had roused, only ten days after his elevation. His corpse was treated with the greatest indignity; but on a temporary rise of provisions it was reclaimed by the rabble, carried through the streets in solemn procession, and magnificently buried. [Masaniello ought (according to history) to wear white trousers on the stage. Ed. M. W.]

IRISH WAR.—The Dublin playgoers have had a riot, and have nearly torn down a theatre, because of a shockingly bad riddle. "Pablo Fanque, the acrobat," advertised the gift of a pony and car to the propounder of the best riddle. There were 1056 competitors, and the prize was awarded to Miss Emma Stanley, for a conundrum so mediocre, that we will not attempt to transcribe it; it is neither good enough nor bad enough for notice. The audience, touched with a sense of national degradation, that out of more than a thousand Irish, not one could make a better piece of wit, broke into such excesses, that a body of police had to be marched into the building, to preserve it from wreck. Miss Stanley, however, accepted the prize, ordered its sale, and gave the produce to the Lord Mayor for distribution in charity.—*Daily Express*.

M. AMBROISE THOMAS.—The vacant chair of the Institute has been bestowed upon the composer of the *Caid* and the *Songes d'une Nuit d'Ete*. M. Thomas has a new opera in rehearsal at the *Opera Comique*.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notice of the second Royal Academy concert is unavoidably postponed till next number.

Advertisements.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Wesel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

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FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIG. LABLACHE THIS SEASON—
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IT is respectfully announced that on TUESDAY, APRIL 22, will be presented (first time this season) Donizetti's Opera, L'ELISIR D'AMORE.

Adina, Mlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ,
Dr. Dulcamara, SIGNOR LADLACHE,
(His first appearance this season.)

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Applications for Boxes, Stalls and Tickets to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

On Saturday, April 26, Mlle. Alaymo will make her first appearance in England in Donizetti's Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Madame Sontag will make her first appearance this season on Tuesday, April 29, as Maria in Donizetti's admired Opera of LA FIGLIA DEL REGIMENTO.

Alary's Opera, LE TRE NOZZE, recently produced with the greatest success at the Italian Opera, Paris, will speedily be presented.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MR. EDWARD J. TURNER has the honour to announce to his Patrons and Friends that his FIRST EVENING CONCERT will take place at the above Rooms, on TUESDAY, 6th of MAY, 1851, when he trusts the Entertainments provided will meet with general approbation. Vocalists:—Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Miss Watson, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Edward J. Turner; Pianoforte, M. Alexandre Billet; Harp, Herr Carl Oberthir, Harpist to the Grand Duke of Nassau; Bassoon, Herr G. Mayer, first Bassoon to the Grand Duke of Nassau; Flute, Monsieur Camus, first Flute at the Italiens, Paris. Conductor, M. Alexandre Billet. Tickets, Seven Shillings each; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. To be had at the Rooms; of Mr. E. J. TURNER, No. 17, Crown-row, Walworth; Wessell & Co., 229, Regent-street; Prowse, Hanway-street, and at all the principal Music Publishers.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT begs to announce that SIGNOR CAMILLO SIVORI will arrive on the 20th inst., and will play for the first time in London since his departure for America, conjointly with M. Sainton, at the FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE on the 24th, at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Quartets commence at quarter-past five o'clock. Subscription to the Four Morning Performances, One Guinea and a Half. Single Tickets Half a Guinea; at Messrs. Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 17.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

BRITISH MUSICIANS IN 1851.

The 1st of May is close at hand, and no evidence yet presents itself of any unusual stir in the world of music. Is this memorable year to pass away, unsignalized by an appropriate demonstration of activity on the part of English musicians? Will the foreigner be allowed to come, and go, with the sneer upon his lip? We are aware of the small esteem in which we are held by our continental brethren. We are conscious that our mission is considered rather shop-keeping than music-making. Our painters have resented the obloquy, by an appeal to Europe. Europe has answered nobly, and the names of Turner, Landseer, and others are famous over the world. But the painters of England can boast of what the musicians of England wholly lack—a literature and an *esprit de corps*. The one may perhaps be parent to the other; but, yes or no, our musicians possess neither. We own it, to our shame, for, whatever our enemies and detractors may assert, we shall continue to believe that there is an amount of musical talent in this country equal to any contingency. To mention names would be invidious; nor is it needed; those who are informed on the subject can sum up and draw their own conclusions. We have composers of oratorios, operas, symphonies, and all kinds of chamber and vocal music. We have pianists, violinists, and players upon every instrument. We have orchestras, acknowledged by all who have heard them to be first-rate. We have voices (as good as the Italians) and singers, who, in classical music, cannot be excelled. Who denies this denies the truth, in ignorance or in malice. We are accused, however, of having no "school," and without being able to define the term, we are ready to admit it. We have no school then—be it so. But how readily is this accounted for? Unprotected, unprotected, we have neither the patronage of the great nor the support of each other. We have allowed ourselves to be made tools of by those whose interest it is to disunite us, and who have applied the fable of the bundle of sticks to our disadvantage.

We have no institutions, no theatres, no clubs; and we have not the energy, if we had the will, to combine and create them. An English musician thinks and lives for himself alone, caring nothing for his brethren. We do not "row in the same boat," but each divides the waves of life with his own solitary oar, neglectful of the ship of state that should carry us all together; as though in his particular person were concentrated the whole interests of the art, and the hopes, and profit, and glory of the profession. The error is a grievous one, and has led to unanimous dis-brotherhood, antagonism, and selfishness. How, while this endures, can we expect to have a "school?" We

have not even a common play-ground, where mutual good feeling might be engendered, and a bright future spring from the morning of union; as the sun from the eastern hemisphere, chasing away envy, jealousy, and hatred, like shadows.

Where are our National Operas, grand and comic? The French have both; we have neither. And yet, in the poor semblances which, from time to time, have sprung up, our composers have not failed to distinguish themselves. The *Mountain Sylph* and *Farinelli*, *Nourjahad* and the *Night Dancers*, *Don Quixote* and *Charles II*, the *Bondman* and the *Maid of Honor*, *Maritana*, and others (not to go back to *Aladdin* and *The Doom Kiss*) are not to be despised. On the other hand, that miserable burlesque of unity, the Society of British Musicians, with all its uncounted sins of omission and commission, did something worth remembering. It brought forward a number of instrumental composers and executants, at the head of whom was Sterndale Bennett, and at the rear, men of no contemptible pretensions. With these antecedents it is sad to contemplate our actual condition—one so forlorn and anomalous, that the existence of a fine work, like the oratorio of *David*, which should be a matter of general pride and felicitation, is treated as a fact of little or no importance by many among us who should know better, or speak with more reserve.

These are gloomy reflections for festival time, and seem ill assorted to the year 1851, which should be a year of plenty and progress, and universal exultation. But they are not out of place. On the contrary, now is the time to make them; now is the time, if ever, to repent and mend our ways. We beseech our musical friends to use their wits, their courage, and their enthusiasm. We beseech them to do something—not stand idle, to be scoffed at. What must foreigners think, who go to Drury-lane Theatre, and see the *Enfant Prodigue*, the masterpiece of a Frenchman, performed without the music? Will they not vote us barbarians? They will—and who shall blame them? At Drury-lane the operas of Balfe, which have been represented in France, in Belgium, and in Germany, first saw the light; at Drury-lane, then, it is natural the Frenchman, Belgian, and German should repair, who desire to hear English music in England. but what is there to hear? Nothing—except a French grand opera, *without the music*. Where else can the foreigner go? *Nowhere*. The English musical drama has no home, and Balfe himself, with all his popularity, might hand about the score of a newly finished opera, without finding a manager or a publisher!

Is this to last? Why it is worse than when Bunn managed Drury-lane Theatre. Then, at least, we had a dozen operas of Balfe, three of Barnett's, one of Macfarren's, one of Wal-

lace's, one of Loder's, one of Lavenu's, and one of Forbes', without reckoning the foreign adaptations. And yet our musicians did nothing but rail against Bunn. Now we have nothing whatever. Our composers, with operas in their portfolios, seek in vain for the means of representing them. What foreign director will be inclined to afford them a chance, when they are not found sufficiently attractive for speculators at home?

It is very easy to talk—we shall be told; but where is the remedy? The answer is not to be improvised. But surely some scheme might be invented and matured. Suppose, for example, about twenty musicians were to club together, and take Drury-lane Theatre (which is to let), for the purpose of bringing out English operas, during the months of June, July, and August, when all the world will be in London. An opera by each of our best acknowledged composers might be produced, with care and completeness. The prices reasonable—as no *ballet* would be necessary (the *ballet* being foreign to the purpose, and unapproachable elsewhere)—the undertaking would, we feel convinced, pay well. But there must be no negligence in the preparations. The band must be good, the chorus good, the singers good, the scenery good, and the rehearsals ample. There must be no remissness, no shuffling, no mean shirking of expenses and pains. We can see nothing impossible in the realisation of this scheme. If there cannot be found a number of musicians courageous enough to attempt it, it might be essayed by Mr. Beale or M. Jullien, presuming that we, who are most interested in the matter, rally around them zealously. It cannot be expected that M. Jullien and Mr. Beale would otherwise interfere in what does not naturally concern them. They are speculative and munificent; but their time and their energies are fully occupied.

But let this, or any other plan, be carried into action; we are not particular as to form; we merely insist that something should be done—that the year 1851 should not be allowed to pass away, without the record of a single event in which the honor and advantage of the British musician are concerned. While every other trade and profession is full of activity and hope, why alone should the followers of “the divine art” be silent and indifferent?

M. GOUNOD'S SAPPHO.

Sappho has been produced, and “the new Beethoven” tested. The result has proved, what every one knew before, that M. Emile Augier is a good classical poet, and that Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia is a remarkably clever person. Who has not read the *Cigüe*, and who has not seen the *Prophète*? We offer no opinion upon M. Gounod here, for the best of all possible reasons—because we have not heard his music; and although our correspondent, in whom we have great confidence, has sent us an account which differs, *in toto*, from the glowing apostrophe of the *Athenæum* (see Paris letter) we shall do him the injustice to be influenced in no respect by what he writes.

We beg his pardon, but the question is one of such importance in our estimation that we shall credit nothing but our own ears.

M. Gounod's *Sappho* is to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Viardot has so stipulated in her engagement, and the director is bound in honour to bring it out. How pleased we shall be if a fine work appears we need hardly say. At the same time we have not the slightest idea that the author of the sacred and dramatic pieces executed at Mr. Hullah's second Monthly Concert, can, at any period of his life, be equal to the composition of a great one. Those fragments afford presumptive evidence that this is impossible. We are compelled, therefore, to regard the eulogy of the *Athenæum*, on Saturday, as mere enthusiasm. At the same time we beg our readers, on the other hand, to treat the strictures of our Paris correspondent as pure scepticism.

It will be remembered that the *Athenæum* was the first to discover M. Gounod, or rather the first to discover that Madame Viardot had discovered M. Gounod. How far anticipation jumped with the specimens of his talent with which the English public were edified, we need not insist. Our readers will not forget that we pronounced them “crude and inexperienced efforts.” We can say more. When in Paris, about two years ago, we assisted at one of the meetings of an excellent amateur orchestra, accustomed to assemble, once a week, in the music-room of M. Sax. There we heard a symphony, which, on enquiry, we found to be the composition of M. Gounod. We regret to state now, that this was in no respect better than the sacred and dramatic pieces produced by Mr. Hullah; on the whole, indeed, it was worse. We remember, after the first movement, observing to Berlioz, who was present, that many such symphonies had *been rejected* by the committee of the Society of British Musicians; and what these must have been may be guessed from the *calibre* of others that were accepted and performed. Now we cannot be convinced that a musician, (even though not a native of Great Britain) who has composed a symphony, three long sacred pieces, and one long dramatic scene, without discovering a single new idea, without displaying any beyond the most ordinary talent in the handling of outline, detail, and orchestral colouring, in short without shewing himself at all superior to a hundred more who have produced things deservedly forgotten as soon as heard, is a great genius; we cannot be convinced, in the teeth of reason and common sense, in the face of deduction, analogy, and example, that a musician who has thus written indifferent, not to say (which we might say) *bad* music, can be capable, at any future time, of meriting such extravagant praises as have been bestowed upon *Sappho*, by the *Athenæum*—the *Athenæum* which pronounced *David* “no composition,” and Mr. W. H. Holmes unworthy a place in the Philharmonic programme—the *Athenæum*, which (since a Gounod sprang from his imagination, as Pallas from the brain of Jove) has taken to be critical on Mendelssohn—poor Mendelssohn, who cannot now speak in his own defence. We cannot be convinced of it, and we will not credit it. We have really no patience with

the half-patronage, half cold-shouldering, now applied to the works of a mighty genius, the extinction of whose life was the darkness of music—a darkness which twenty thousand of M. Gounod's rushlights would fail to re-illumine. We hate controversy, and respect every man who gives his opinion freely and conscientiously; but, Mendelssohn criticised, and Gounod exalted, is somewhat too much for endurance, and we are compelled to lift our voice in strong dissent, that the honour of the art may not be perilled by the circulation of such strange and unsound doctrine. That Mendelssohn was perfect we do not suppose; nor was Mozart; how much less so, then, M. Gounod, not the shadow of a shade of far less men than either!

BOTTESINI.

This greatest of players on that greatest of instruments, the double-bass, so called because it is an octave lower than the violoncello, will arrive in London for the season, on the 1st of May—next Thursday—the day allotted to the opening of the Exhibition of all Nations; the day in which Her Majesty the Queen will go to Covent Garden to hear *Fidelio*; the day on which Alary's new opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, will be brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre; the day of days, in short, on which everything will happen to everybody; and it is hoped there will be no "row," and that London will not be set on fire by the "designing foreigners." The 1st of May, then, will be a fine day for Signor Bottesini's arrival, and we hope a lucky day. That he will be one of the "lions" of the season of 1851 can hardly be doubted, since he is a man of original and extraordinary talent. Van Amburgh's taming of a lion, or Petruccio's of a shrew, was not more marvellous than Bottesini's taming of an instrument so unmanageable and big, to the utterance of tones, soft and sweet as a baby's laugh, or the voice of the beloved one whispering the word desired.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

[Translated from the "Constitutionnel."]

Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli was born at Bielefeld (some will have it Dusseldorf,) in Prussia. Her family possessed just sufficient property to have married her to an honest *bourgeois*. But the vivacity, natural *esprit*, and remarkable disposition which the young girl showed for music and singing, decided her parents to take her to Paris. At Paris she was placed with her sister, five or six years ago, at a boarding house in the *Rue de la Pepinière*, which I can see from my window. Permarini and Bordogni gave her lessons. The latter, at once perceiving what sort of a pupil he had got, spared no pains with her; he made her practice the *soffeggio* four hours a day, and set her the most difficult exercises to study. After two years of severe application, and dry labour from which she never recoiled, her professor at last allowed her to sing something besides mere vocal exercises, and her mother came to take her away. She considered, good lady, that her daughter knew enough of music and French to make the happiness of a German *menage*, and like Lolotte, to cut excellent slices of bread and butter for the children which heaven might be pleased to send her.

But it was now Bordogni's turn to object. He declared it a crime, and a folly, to separate one of such remarkable promise from the art of her predilection, and that, if they left him his pupil for two or three years longer, he would undertake to make her an accomplished singer. To which Madame Cruvelli replied, with rare good sense—"If my daughter devotes herself to the stage, and freely embraces the career of an artist, we may endeavour to submit to further sacrifices; but if merely destined to marry and bring up a family, she has learnt quite enough of *soffeggio*; her little fortune will be all consumed by her singing lessons. Sophie being consulted, pronounced for the stage. An *i* was added to her name (qy.—an *l* and an *i*, and a *w* changed to a *v*), Cruwel, (for she was too candid to change it for another), and shortly after the family set out for Milan.

At the moment of presenting herself to Merelli, the young artist felt buoyed up with hope and courage. "Let me see," said she, "if I have forgotten nothing. Here are my portfolios, my music, and my letters of recommendation—here is a testimonial from Bordogni, who pledges himself for my ability; my engagement is certain." Alas! poor Sophie had left nothing in Paris but her voice. When she opened her lips not a sound came forth; the extinction of voice was absolute and complete. Judge of the despair of the family, thus seeing, like a castle built of cards, the brilliant prospect they had dreamed of fall to pieces. Nothing was left but to return to Bielefeld, without engagement and without money, for what remained of Sophie's little fortune had been absorbed in the travelling expenses. As they were dolefully making their preparations to depart, the servant announced Signor Lamberti, an excellent professor to whom they had been recommended. Lamberti conversed a few moments with Sophie, questioned her about the accident which had happened so inopportunistically, and persuaded her to postpone her departure for a few days, unwilling to believe that, at her age and in such perfect health, it was possible she could have lost her voice irretrievably. It turned out as he imagined; after a short crisis, the voice came back, stronger and more beautiful than before. The high notes had gained additional purity and clearness, the lower ones were mellow and rounder. Lamberti aided her with his advice, and before the end of 1847, Mdlle. Cruvelli made her *début* at Venice, in the same part, *Dona Sol*, in which, the other evening, she achieved so brilliant a success. She next performed *Norma*, and excited a furore. Mr. Lumley (abandoned by his ancient company), was seeking for artists all over Europe, and hearing Mdlle. Cruvelli at Venice, engaged her for the following season. But the dazzling star of Jenny Lind eclipsed all other luminaries; and after the season, Mdlle. Cruvelli quitted London for a tour in Germany, where she gave dramatic performances and concerts, in various towns, winning for herself, in the eyes of the most enlightened and enthusiastic of musical publics, a position of the highest eminence. She sang at the Royal Opera of Berlin, just previous to the revolution. The rebellion was raging in the streets, and there were not a dozen persons in the theatre. This time it was not her voice that had left her; but the theatre was tottering under her feet.

She left Berlin for Trieste, where, during the carnival, she successively played in *Attila*, *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *Macbeth*—in short the entire *repertoire*, serious and comic, ancient and modern. Last year at Milan, the public of the Scala offered her the most extravagant ovations; and more recently, at Genoa, in spite of a passing cloud that rose between her and the young *habitués* of the *parterre*—the consequence of some misunderstanding—she sang in

Lucrezia Borgia, *Norma*, *Nabucco*, and *Attila*, with such success, and her performances proved so attractive, that it was impossible to obtain a place without securing it several days in advance. Her last part—in an opera by Sig. Chiaramonte, a Neapolitan composer—added greatly to her fame, and I have some Italian journals before me which speak *con elogi strepitosi* of the *Gondoliere*, (such was the title of the opera), and of the young and beautiful *prima donna*, who excited such veritable transports.

Mdlle. Cruvelli had been taught to dread the public of Paris. She hoped for nothing more than cold and reserved indulgence; how then, must she have been astonished and delighted, in the *Salle Ventadour*, to hear applause more warm and vociferous than ever greeted her efforts at Venice, Trieste, and Milan! Paris has inscribed Sophie Cruvelli among the names she has adopted with the utmost affection and enthusiasm.

To her voice so powerful and beautiful, her talent as comedian and singer, her passion, her *entrain*, her *feu sacré*, Mdlle. Cruvelli adds another quality, which enhances the value of the rest, and confers an invincible prestige; that other quality is youth; she is scarcely more than twenty.

P. A. FIORENTINO.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The first appearance of Signor Camillo Sivori since his return from America, gave especial interest to the third meeting, which took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday afternoon. The quartets were No. 6, Op. 18 (in B flat) and No. 9, Op. 59 (in C—"Razumowsky"). There were only two on this occasion, the gap being filled up by Mendelssohn's magnificent quintet in B flat (posthumous). Sig. Sivori led two quartets; M. Sainton the quintet; and Mr. Hill and M. Rousselot occupying their accustomed posts as tenor and violincello. The second tenor, in the quintet, was allotted to Mr. Webb.

Sig. Sivori was received with great enthusiasm, and his playing showed that his transatlantic trip had in no degree impaired the beauties of his style and execution. He excelled in both quartets. The first, one of the simplest of the early set, was rendered with beautiful precision, great delicacy of style, and entire absence of affectation. The "Razumowsky," as its grander dimensions warrant, was delivered with a larger expression and a greater variety of effect. The fugued *finale* was given with prodigious accuracy, combined with the utmost fire and point. The *allegro vivace* (the first movement) was remarkable for the clearness with which the details were made to come out ("sortir" is the French and better mode of expression) from the general canvass, and the *andante* in A minor, abounded in sentiment and passion. Signor Sivori's performances were applauded "to the echo," and his best friends could not have coveted for him a more successful *rentrée*.

Mendelssohn's quintet, heard for the fourth time in public, (Dando, Lucas, Ella, Rousselot) pleased in proportion to increased familiarity. It was marvellously well executed by M. Sainton (Sig. Sivori taking the second violin), and his coadjutors. Mr. Hill came out beautifully with the first tenor solo, but the "holding-notes" in the *andante-scherzando*, for the second tenor, should have been a little louder; they were scarcely audible. This delicious movement was welcomed with such a hearty and unanimous encore as we have seldom heard in a concert-room.

M. Rousselot is going on bravely. While he is about

Mendelssohn, however, let us suggest that the Posthumous Quartet in F minor has not been heard since last year, and that it will bear hearing again. We trust that all the seventeen quartets will be presented in the course of the season, according to the original plan of the late Mr. Alsager, the founder of the Beethoven Quartet Society. Besides we want to hear them all; and would not miss one of them—not even the little "Posthumous" in F—for "five pound" of the realm.

MR. HULLAH'S MONTHLY CONCERTS.

The sixth concert, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday the 16th inst. presented an attractive programme. Haydn's oratorio, *The Passion, or the Words of the Redeemer on the Cross*, a work too seldom heard, was on the whole effectively rendered, the solo parts by Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Messrs Lockey and Whitworth. A "Tantum ergo," composed in 1847, by Rossini, on the occasion of the restitution to the Catholic religion of the church of St. Francisco at Bologna, a showy and theatrical composition, with many beauties and not much depth, followed, the solos, for two tenors and bass, being taken by Messrs. Lockey, T. Williams and Mr. Whitworth. This was better executed than the *Passion*. A "Sanctus," "Hosanna," and "Benedictus," by Charles Gounod, which were heard at the second concert, did not improve upon further acquaintance. *Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit* might serve as a motto for all Gounod's church music. Miss Kearns and Mr. Lockey took the solos, which are singularly unvocal and ineffectual. It was quite refreshing to hear the flowing and simply noble *Lauda Sion* ("Praise Jehovah") of Mendelssohn after the empty noise of M. Gounod. This beautiful work improves on every hearing. It went very well, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, who was the first to introduce it in England, (in 1849 at Exeter Hall,) Mendelssohn having presented him with the score. The solos were very carefully rendered by Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Messrs Lockey and Whitworth.

At the seventh concert, besides a new work by Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam, and the *Acis and Galatea* by Handel, we are promised a great curiosity, in Carissimi's oratorio of *Jephtha*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The after Easter season brought back Lablache in his great part, *Dulcamara*, in Donzetti's charming opera, *L'Élixir d'Amore*, and Tuesday night was, in consequence, a carnival with the subscribers and *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. Lablache's mirth is, as it were, a Niagara, whose torrent produces an incessant roar—a Nile, which in the season of rains, overflows its banks and inundates the plains. The great basso has long been one of the principal favourites of the opera with the London public, and is always welcomed back with the heartiest applause. His *entrée* on Tuesday night in the car was the signal for a general shout from all parts of the house which made the walls reverberate. Lablache's voice is as grand and powerful as ever, and his acting as unctuous and rich. As a piece of eccentric comedy his *Dulcamara* is unsurpassed, excepting by his own *Doctor Bartolo*, which is the very *ne plus ultra* of humorous acting.

Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez was the Adina, and a more arch, naïve and piquante village coquet could hardly be imagined. The youthful *cantatrice* already exhibits a decided talent for comedy, and we hope to see her in many more characters of this stamp. Her humour is genial and natural, and her animal spirits overflowing. The rusticity was admirably

assumed, without losing a particle of grace or ease. The singing of Mdle. Duprez was no less entitled to commendation. The music is excellently suited to the capabilities of a light and brilliant soprano, and affords abundant opportunity for the display of *fortitudo*. In the first aria, "Della crudel Isotta," Mdle. Duprez introduced some cadenzas of a most elaborate and fanciful character, which were executed with singular precision and neatness. A passage of triplets, and a descending chromatic scale, must be noted for facility and equality of delivery. The duet with Nemorino, "Chiedi all'aura lusinghiera," was charmingly sung by Mdle. Duprez and Calzolari, and greatly applauded. The popular duo with Dulcamara, "Io son ricco," was encored with boisterous applause. The duet in the second act, "O quanto amore," also with Dulcamara, was no less admirable. Mdle. Duprez made some capital points here. The words—

"La ricetta è il mio visino,
In quest'occhi è l'elisir"—

were given with infinite point, and drew down a well-merited round of applause. But the gem of the evening was decidedly the "Prendi; per me sei libero," which Mdle. Duprez sang to perfection. The introductory passages were exceedingly brilliant and appropriate, and the expression infused into the aria was natural and touching. The voice of the young artist, also, was heard to greater advantage, having apparently gained strength and volume. Altogether this was an undeniable accomplishment of art, and Mdle. Duprez obtained a legitimate success, and was applauded to the echo. In brief, we are inclined to set down Mdle. Caroline Duprez' Adina as her best performance, histrionic and vocal; and so the audience appeared to think, for they recalled her at the end of the opera, and received her with the utmost enthusiasm.

Calzolari was in excellent voice, and sang the music of Nemorino in his happiest manner. We have already alluded to the duet between Nemorino and Adina in the first act, and to the effect produced by both artists. To Calzolari's graceful and finished singing much of this effect must be attributed. Not only here, but throughout the entire opera, the talented tenor distinguished himself by his perfect intonation, expressive phrasing, and pure style. The "Una furtiva lagrima" was given with so much feeling and sentiment, as to elicit a rapturous encore. Calzolari, also, acted the part of Nemorino with great spirit and vivacity, although we are inclined to think he made the lover of the fair Adina a little *trop rustique*.

Coletti appeared, for the first time we believe, in Belcore, and, albeit the part is somewhat too light and the music too florid for him, the performance indicated that carefulness and intelligence which invariably declare themselves in all his attempts.

In some fragments of the *Metamorphoses*, M. Taglioni's *chef d'œuvre*, Carlotta Grisi danced and mimed to such veritable perfection that, late as was the hour, we cursed our stars that the whole *ballet* was not done, more especially the first act, which, as a combination of etherial dancing, and varied by expressive pantomime, is quite unparalleled. Carlotta is looking more charming and sylph-like than ever. The influenza has not hurt her. How could it, indeed? It lays its hands on her but to caress her.

On Thursday *Masaniello* was repeated, and proved on the whole the best performance of that opera yet given. Signor Pardini, though not entirely recovered from his recent hoarseness, greatly improved in his singing, and was in high favour with the audience during the evening. He sang the *barcarole* admirably, and was encored, and honoured with a recall. The great duet between Pardini and Massol produced a real

furor. Massol was in glorious voice, and sang with more power than ever. The duet was encored with acclamations, and was demanded a third time, but, of course, not complied with. Madame Fiorentini sang very finely throughout. The cavatina, in the first act, appeared to us more decided and energetic than before. It is needless to add anything to our former encomiums on Mdle. Monti, unless it be that in every subsequent performance new beauties are discoverable.

The ballet was as excellent as before. The *bolero* and *guaracha* were danced a *marveille* and encored. The performance passed off with great eclat.

To-night Mdle. Alaymo, or Alaimo—the printers have not yet made up their minds as to the correct orthography—makes her *debut* in *Lucrezia Borgia*. The fair artist has obtained a high reputation on the continent as a great dramatic singer. She is also reported as possessed of remarkable personal attractions. Gardoni reappears in Genaro, and Signor Castanova, a new bass, makes his *debut* in *Gazella*.

Madame Sontag makes her *rentrée*, in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, on Tuesday. Her performance of Maria last year was one of the great hits of the season, and Mr. Lumley has judiciously selected that part for her first appearance this year. On Thursday Alary's new opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, will be produced, in honour of the inauguration of the Great Exhibition, which takes place that day. This opera had a great success in Paris, owing to the pleasing character of the music and the strong cast of parts, which included Mesdames Sontag, Guiliani, and Ida Bertrand; Lablache, Gardoni, and Ferranti. The same cast is provided for Her Majesty's Theatre.

A full rehearsal of *Lucrezia Borgia* took place yesterday, and Mdle. Alaimo produced a powerful sensation upon all who heard her. At the end of the first cavatina, the effect of her singing was so great as to elicit three enthusiastic volleys of applause from the orchestra. It is to be hoped that the influenza will keep his fell grip from the throat of the fair *debutante*, and not interfere with the fair promise of this evening's success.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first performance of the *Huguenots* this season, and Mario's *rentrée* in his celebrated part, Raoul de Nangis, attracted an overflowing audience on Tuesday evening. With two exceptions the cast was the same as last year—omitting the substitution of Mdle. Bertrandi for Angri in the Page, the popular contralto having been seized with an attack of the prevailing epidemic. The exceptions were, Tagliafico in Nevers—Massol, the representative of last year, having left the establishment—and Polonini in St. Bris, Tagliafico having given up that part to play Nevers. Grisi, Castellani, and Formes retained their roles.

Mario was received with immense favour, and began his first song apparently in his finest voice, and we never remember to have heard him sing with more finish, or produce a greater effect; but towards the end of the first act, and more especially in the septuor in the *Pré au Clercs* scene, in the second, it was but too evident that Mario was not himself, and that the fell tyrant of the Spring, high Sir Influenza, had dealt him a buffet in the regions of the *œsophagus*, and modified the voice that else would have charmed and enraptured the eager multitudes that hung upon his lips. Knowing this, and feeling this, Mario bore up long and manfully against every encroachment of the enemy; all in vain, Sir Influenza was not to be balked of his prey, but laid his grasp more firmly on

Mario's throat with every succeeding effort of the great tenor. As a matter of course, this *contretemps* threw a damp over the whole performance, and had not Grisi come nobly to the rescue, there is no knowing what might have been the result. As if to make amends for the calamity that so ruthlessly had stricken down the powers of Mario, Grisi came out with a force and a power that literally were overwhelming. Sir Influenza, appeased by her majesty, and conciliated by her beauty, had spared her, nor touched one note of her silver voice. Grisi sang magnificently, and acted more than magnificently, and, could anything have made amends for the loss of Mario, such acting and such singing must have atoned for it. But Mario's loss is not to be supplied nor atoned for, and so Grisi the glorious, the superb, could not altogether fill up the loss of Mario. The performance was, consequently, shorn of much of its ancient splendour, and the lovers of Mario and Meyerbeer had to indulge in speculations for this evening, when the second representation of the *Huguenots* will be given, and Mario, it is hoped, will have recovered from his indisposition.

Castellan was in better voice than she has been since the first night, and sang with all her wonted sweetness and brilliancy.

Formes, we think, was better even than last year in Marcel. His singing the "Piff Paff" was powerful and impressive, although it failed to elicit an encore. His acting, too, was striking and forcible, although we fancy he exhibited still too great a fondness for the mystic and the subtle—a characteristic of his style. He was very fine in the *Pré au Clercs* scene, and sang the duet with Valentine splendidly.

The indisposition of Mdlle. Angri led to our making the acquaintance of Mdlle. Bertrandi, a young singer from the Italian Opera at Berlin, who, at a few hours' notice, undertook to play the part of Urbain. As Meyerbeer wrote the part originally for a *soprano*, the music fell into its proper place. Although indulgence was of course demanded for the young aspirant, very little was needed. She appeared quite at her ease, sang the romance, "Nobil Signor," with charming naïveté, and demonstrated that besides being a very excellent singer and a good musician, she possessed a flexible voice of the most agreeable quality. Mdlle. Bertrandi, of course, omitted the *contralto* air in A flat, which Meyerbeer composed expressly for Alboni, when that incomparable vocalist first undertook the part of the Page. She was warmly received by the audience, and liberally applauded. A more valuable acquisition could hardly have been made by the theatre, which stood greatly in want of a *comprimaria* to replace Corbari.

Altogether, the performance of the *Huguenots* was not so efficient as we have heard at Covent Garden. The chorus was somewhat disorderly. Tagliafico was an admirable substitute for Massol, in Nevers, and Polonini was exceedingly active and intelligent in the part of St. Bris, although his enthusiasm in singing the vocal points, led him occasionally into extremes.

We cannot do better than conclude our notice of the Royal Italian Opera with the following article from a morning cotemporary:—

"Last night Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* was given for the first time this season. The performance made good amends for the disappointment on Saturday week. The cast, with two exceptions, was the same as last year. A new tenor, Signor Stigelli, replaced Mario as Rambaldo, and Signor Rommi succeeded Massol in the small part of the Herald. It was one of those special evenings when everybody is well disposed, everybody zealous and able to do the very best. Such a faultless *ensemble* has not been previously attained during

the present season, and a fairer opportunity could not have presented itself for strangers to judge of what the resources of the theatre are capable. Grisi, who essayed Alice for the first time a year ago, has now perfected her conception of the character, which henceforth may rank among her most admirable assumptions. The last two years will constitute an epoch in the life of this great dramatic singer. After exhausting the Italian *repertoire*, and successfully appearing, during a long period of time, as absolute *prima donna*, both in the serious and comic styles, she has tried her talents in a wholly different sphere, and already made herself thorough mistress of two of the most celebrated parts in the school of Grand French Opera. Such facility betokens the universality that pertains alone to genius. Grisi's Alice is as delightful from its prevailing simplicity as for its passion in the higher and more absorbing situations of the drama. The modest peasant, and the great heart of the woman, which beats for the companion of her childhood, are each represented with the utmost truth; and her performance, wholly without artifice, is as genuine and natural as it is impressive. Roberto is decidedly one of the most striking impersonations of Signor Tamberlik; though graceful and effortless, it is a powerful piece of acting, remarkable for its vigour and romantic bearing. Few tenors can supply the stamina required for the music of this part, which is not merely difficult, but arduous, and in many respects ungrateful for the voice. But Signor Tamberlik sings it throughout with remarkable ease, and the ringing quality of his higher notes produces an effect, in many passages, that may be said to belong to himself alone. Passing by certain mannerisms essentially German in their exaggeration, the Bertram of Herr Formes is the real portrait of the demon-knight. In the scenes with Alice and Rambaldo he presents a wholly different exterior from that which marks his relations with Roberto, and while he justifies the suspicion and inward aversion of the peasant-girl, he does nothing to discredit the friendship and attachment of her foster-brother. His grand points are the scene in which he makes the compact with the demons, and the final trio with Alice and Roberto, where Bertram endeavours to make the latter sign the compact, his design being frustrated by the faith and devotion of Alice. The florid music of the Princess Isabella could hardly be vocalized with more brilliant fluency than by Madame Castellan: and the duet with Roberto, in which the popular air "Roberto, O tu che'adoro!" (Robert, toi que j'aime!) occurs as an episode, is delivered by that lady with remarkable feeling and expression.

After the great hit made by Mario in the part of Rambaldo last year, the new tenor, Signor Stigelli, had a difficult task to perform; but he accomplished it with great credit to himself, and was deservedly successful. He sang the romance, "Regnava un di in Normandia," with pointed effect, and the duet with Bertram, in the second act, "Oh che onest'uom," still better. In the latter indeed, he displayed so much spirit, and such an excellent idea of the dramatic situation, that he was recalled before the audience with Herr Formes, at the end. Signor Stigelli has been known in England for two or three years as a concert singer. He is a German by birth, and has sung in most of the theatres in Italy. His voice is a *tenore robusto*, of fine quality and considerable power. The high notes are good, and he uses them effectively. His singing is artistic and unaffected. A better acquisition could scarcely have been made, since the theatre was eminently in want of a second tenor, and Signor Stigelli is calculated to fill that place most effectively.

"The praise we have accorded to the execution of the opera in general last night leaves us little more to say. There were,

however, some points which came out with unusual effect, and among these the unaccompanied trio, "Lo sguardo immobile," for Alice, Roberto, and Bertram, was sung with a truth of intonation and a steadiness of accent by Grisi, Tamberlik and Formes that we have rarely heard surpassed. It was enthusiastically encored. The duet for Roberto and Bertram in the same act, was also a performance of singular energy, and both artists were compelled to re-appear. Madame Castellan was unanimously applauded in "Robert, toi que j'aime;" and the trio for Alice, Roberto, and Bertram, in which, the good triumphing over the evil principle, the climax of the opera is attained, was a worthy conclusion to one of the most efficient representations of *Roberto il Diavolo* we can remember. The orchestra and chorus, under Mr. Costa, left nothing to desire; while the horrors of the resuscitation of the nuns, in the ruined cloisters, were agreeably relieved by the clever and sprightly dancing of Mademoiselle Louise Taglioni, as the abbess. At the fall of the curtain Madame Grisi, Signor Tamberlik, and Herr Formes were again summoned before the footlights. There was an excellent house."

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—Schiller's celebrated tragedy, *The Robbers* has been judiciously brought forward by Mr. Anderson at a time when the influx of the author's countrymen into London will give additional interest to the production, while the deep and notorious enthusiasm of the great dramatist for Shakespere and the poets of this country certainly has not lessened the public curiosity to see this master-piece of the German school.

The Robbers is too well-known to need detail or analysis. The great length of the work, and the inordinate speeches, rendered considerable curtailment necessary; but amply and judiciously as this has been effected, some of the scenes, however, and many of the speeches are still too long. For example, Karl's lament over the innocence of his childhood, finely wrought as it is, has an epic, rather than a dramatic, interest, and fails in its due effect on the stage. The curse and the oath of vengeance on his brother, also uttered over the body of his father, in the last scene, have the same fault of being spun-out and attenuated; while the unceasing and violent appeals to the Deity might judiciously be omitted.

On the other hand, we were disappointed at the omission of the scene, in the fourth act, between the hero and Amelia, which deprives the action of the variety and relief—the want of which are its chief defects. With these drawbacks, the arrangement, performance, and stage effects, were as excellent as could be desired.

Mr. Anderson in Karl has found a character well suited to his bold and manly style. The noble heart, crushed by falsehood and injustice, seeking refuge from its wrongs in crime and outlawry—and at bitter war with itself—was delineated with a force and versatility which were highly creditable to the actor. The scene at the end of the second act—in which Karl desires his comrades to give him up to the officers of the law—is the best in the piece, and was the most effective in the acting. Mr. W. West gave a forcible and picturesque sketch of the small, though not unimportant, part of Rolla. Miss Gilbert's enunciation wants fluency and ease; but she looked well, and upon the whole played with taste and feeling. The forest scenery is beautiful in the extreme, and the stage arrangements are executed with the utmost care and completeness.

HAYMARKET.—The Easter entertainment commenced here

with *The Lady of Lyons*, and finished with a new burlesque by the Brothers Brough, entitled *Arline*, founded on the *Bohemian Girl*, Balfe's most popular opera. The notion of constructing a burlesque on an opera is, we believe, novel. It is also good, as it holds forth a double advantage—the music being obnoxious to travestie as well as the plot. The choice of the Brothers Brough on the present occasion was not entirely felicitous. The *Bohemian Girl* is undoubtedly one of the most popular and well-known of English operas, but the story is not sufficiently peculiar, pointed, nor elevated—the higher the subject, the better the burlesque—and never excited interest enough to fix it indelibly on the public mind, although, thanks to Balfe's music, it had an unprecedented run in England, and still enjoys a high reputation in Germany, and various parts of the Continent. The fortunes of *Arline* are very pretty fortunes, but not broadly distinguished from the fortunes of Matilda of Hungary, and other heroines of the Bunnish operatic era, which, at that period, were so much in vogue. In taking the *Bohemian Girl* as the basis of their new burlesque the Brothers Brough were led by the consideration that they had chosen a subject of great interest, and one perfectly familiar to playgoers. We will not quarrel about the first proposition, but we contend that the Brothers Brough have been led into an error in the second. There are few theatrical people who have not a thorough recollection of most of the airs in the *Bohemian Girl*; a great many who have not the remotest idea of the story. The piece on which an extravaganza is founded, should be as transparent as crystal in the construction, as well as interesting and well known. We have much respect for Mr. Bunn's poetry, and no mean opinion of his dramatic tact, but with all due deference, his book of the *Bohemian Girl* is not captivating at a first hearing. From such materials, and in the teeth of such impediments, the Brothers Brough, nevertheless, achieved an undoubted success—not such a success, certainly, as that which followed *Prince Camaralzaman*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Sphinx*, and other efforts of their joint pens, but such as must be termed unanimous and hearty.

Mr. Bunn's plot is followed closely. The chief characters are preserved and the principal incidents remain unchanged. Count Arnheim, the heavy bass who did "The heart bow'd down" in the original, becomes a heavy butcher, and is played with extreme unction by Mr. James Bland; Count Florestine retains most of his normal characteristics, and is represented by Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, who exhibits her pretty figure advantageously in a handsome and a becoming costume; Thaddeus, the hero, transmuted into a runaway Pole, who flies his country and the embraces of sheriffs' officers, is acted and sung in a most spirited manner by Miss P. Horton, who introduces to the audience their umquile favorite, "When other lips," with new and striking words; and Arline, the heroine, one of Bunn's most vivifying creations, has found a most lively, and arch, and coquettish, and sweetly vocal representative in the charming Annie Romer. Mr. H. Bedford figures as the Queen of the Gipsies, and presents an unusually small waist (for a man), and a decided notion of burlesque acting. Buckstone officiates as prime minister, alias Devilshoof, alias "the Kinchin," who supplies Her Majesty with subtle and ambitious hints on the art of replenishing her treasury and larder, and has no misgivings as to the mode of procurement. Buckstone is the life and soul of the piece, and has a part admirably written for him: indeed we remember no extravaganza in which he comes out with more decided force and point.

The music introduced from the *Bohemian Girl* is well selected and amply treated. Of this, however, the Brothers have not made a marked feature, there being but two or three

songs, and one chorus given. Balfe's music, we fancy, might have been more copiously administered, and with good effect. Still we must not complain of the musical selection, seeing that we had popular specimens from Rossini, Bellini, Jullien, Bishop, Macfarren, and Brother Jonathan, which afforded abundant opportunity to the authors for displaying their talent in the concoction of pithy and allusive versicles. The hints were pungent and frequent, and had reference to the most popular topics of the day, some of which excited roars of laughter. The dresses and scenery were rich and entirely new, and the *mise en scene* goodly and well managed.

The whole passed off excellent well, all the performers were called for, and Mr. Buckstone had the honor of announcing the new *Bohemian Girl* for repetition every evening amid general and generous applause.

PRINCESS' THEATRE.—After the thirty-fourth performance of Mr. Bourcicault's truly beautiful play of *Love in a Maze* on Monday evening, this establishment gave birth to a new burlesque founded on a tale of Washington Irving, and called *The Alhambra—or the Three Beautiful Princesses*, the father-ship of which is ascribed to Mr. Albert Smith of funny fame and facetious facility; and we rejoice to announce that the theatre-mother is doing as well as can be expected after giving to the world as healthy and promising an offspring as ever fattened on the milk of human kindness, which flows so freely from the breasts of a holiday audience. The piece had "an honest and noble success,"* and serve it right, and the theatre is nightly crowded with laughing witnesses of its triumph. To describe it would puzzle a conjuror—how then may we (who are only conjurors inasmuch as we conjure our "patient readers," including the "constant" to exercise constancy in their patience, whensoever, as now, a duty of difficulty devolves upon us) hope to accomplish a description without the chance of puzzling that portion of the enlightened British public which reads the *Musical World*, no less than the accomplishment puzzles ourselves? Echo answers "How?" Therefore it is evident that Echo, the mysterious maiden of the mountains, will not help us, and therefore the task being worth the trial, we emulate the great wizard of any point of the conjuring compass, and enter upon the ultimate analysis of Father Smith's most curious compound of fact and fiction, reason and rhyme, puns and pageantry, zoology, ærostation, incantation, dancing, dialogue, singing and music, (*vide Boarding School Prospectus*), and "last not least in our dear love," as well wishers of the management, "drawing included." First, then, we have Will'o the Wisp perambulating Brompton-square, and "holding the candle" to a host of devils, impersonated by the corps de ballet, the assembled "Fairies of all Nations." Then we have Mrs. Keeley "in propria persona" going home to No. 18 in the Square aforesaid, pondering on the product of a piece for Easter "like an ex-king, without a Subject." Then we have an incantation replete with repartee and smacking of smartness, which summons Mr. Flexmore in the character of Le Diable Boiteux, and this "crutched friar" introduces to the Manageress (whose wedded state will prevent her from ever being a Missmanager) Mr. W. Irving, as a worthy, more worthy her attention than all the nine worthies of old. Mrs. K. resolves to profit by the introduction, and takes the *Tales of the Alhambra* with her in doors where Mr. Keeley, impatient, is calling her to supper, prepared to give him a curtain lecture of the most interesting sort. Meantime, Asmodeus performs an aeronautic excursion in a balloon over the Crystal Palace, London, Dover, Calais, &c., &c., till he

arrives at the Alhambra. Then we have Mr. Harley as Baba, who sings a comic song, the chief object of which as regards the development of the drama, appeared to be encored—and it attained its end. This end ended, we had a procession, the members whereof were of multiple magnificence and magnificent multiplicity. We are now in the presence of Mr. Wynn as King Mohammed, and of Misses Murray, Carlotta Leclercq, and Mary Keeley, as the three beautiful princesses and daughters of the aforesaid. Then we have a new reading of the first scene of King Lear with his daughters three, wherein Mr. Wynn's imitation of the great tragedian whose recent setting will for many a long day shed its glory on the dramatic art—was equally unlike anything that we have seen before, and inimitable by all who may come after. O genius! how does thy brightness as it reaches its horizon lengthen the shadows of all whom thou leavest behind thee! But this was nothing to do with either the Princess' or the three princesses who hold their "at Home" there, six nights a week. To proceed—a Moorish hero announces that he has taken prisoners three Christian Knights, and that he is perfectly weak from the violence of the encounter, upon which Baba corrects him with the observation that

"Three nights don't make a week."

Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Wigan, and Mr. Keeley then appear as the three Christian Knights, and are straightway condemned to the bowstring, and on their being reprieved, Baba remarks that "Its noose is good news for them." Then the princesses fall in love with the knights, and the knights coincide with their emotion; then the knights are thrown into slavery; then Mr. Flexmore appears as a monkey, and performs many illustrations of the natural history of this animal; then Miss Leclercq performs a duet for feet and voice, the former executing the pedal part, the latter the vocal; then Miss Robinson and Mr. Harley perform a duet, in which both dance and both sing, and this, like the last-named *morceau*, was eagerly redemanded; then the Spirit of the Fountain (a kind of "cold without" of the supernatural world) delivers to one of the princesses a magic lyre; then Mr. Wigan appears as a shoeblack, and gives an interesting illustration of domestic economy; then there is a Moorish fete, to illustrate which we have a brilliantly effective influx of gas; then Mademoiselle Auriol dances a *pas mauresque* in her usually delightful manner, and is accordingly encored; then Mr. Flexmore gives an elegant extract from the last Christmas pantomime, in the shape of a *pas comique*, and here, for the first time in our experience, we wish Mr. Flexmore less, for we thought his performance quite like a discharged housemaid, decidedly "out of place,"—we were in the minority, however, for it was vociferously encored;—then Mrs. Keeley and Miss Leclercq dance the Gorlitz, an illustration of the progress of fashion in the Terpsichorean art; then Mr. Wigan and Mr. Keeley perform many acrobatic feats as *The bounding bricks of Babylon*—and here this fund of funniments truly attains its climacteric, for it would be purely impossible to transcend the exquisite absurdity of this display. Everything seems to lose its zest after this last prodigy of preposterousness,—the storm in the mountains, the second incantation, the second aeronautic excursion (this time on the magic carpet, from the story of the Peri Banon, in the Arabian Nights), the second condemnation of the bowstring, the revolution, and even the gorgeous galley that transports the three princesses and their champions to Christendom, however exciting and spirit-stirring they might, and doubtless would have been had they been more propitiously posed, were evidently in their present position unfortunately imposed upon the persevering patience of the public. Some considerable

* The expression is from a writer whose influence we respect more than his judgment.

excision was obviously necessary to this latter portion of *The Alhambra* on Monday, and the exciseman having fulfilled his office, we will gage our pen that the spirit of the whole in being thus improved will be above proof for the future. The scenery, for which this piece afforded unusual scope, was eminently effective; the costumes were costly and characteristic; the music was most pertinently chosen from the most applicable tunes in popular familiarity; the overture was a decided work of nature, for it was unquestionably the most artless production we have for a long time witnessed. Of the acting what needs be said, since we have named the names of the operators? Suffice, that each exerted himself according to his wont, and that the admirers of each will rarely find enough to admire in every of them. On the whole, we may sincerely congratulate Mr. Albert Smith on having added another to his countless successes, and we shall for the future look for his Easter absurdity, knowing it to be as indispensable to the religious and social observances of the season, as Hot Cross Buns and Greenwich Fair.

ADELPHI.—The little drama of "Marie Ducange" has been in company with the new Easter piece brought forward here for the holidays, and exhibits some unusually excellent acting of Madame Celeste. The new holiday production is entitled "O'Flannagan and the Fairies," and introduces us to Mr. Hudson as a sort of Irish Teetotaler who, having promised his betrothed bride, on pain of dismissal, that he will leave off drinking and fighting, is induced to go to a fair, where, having got into a fight in defence of an old witch, (his bride elect in disguise), returns home reeling drunk, and is thrown by the fairies into a dream; during which, his propensities leading him into a wine-cellar, he is arrested as a burglar, condemned, and carried in a cart, *up in the air*, to the place of execution. He is relieved from his painful vision by his bride and his companions, who in their wedding dresses, awaken him to take him to church. Being thus forgiven and made happy, the honest young Irishman once more promises reformation, not without a suspicion on the part of the audience at least, that his amended promise will not turn out to be worth much more than his broken one. The music is selected chiefly from Irish airs. The dresses and scenery have the costliness, and the dances and grouping the taste and variety, which always characterize these productions at the Adelphi. Mr. Hudson plays with his usual rattling vivacity and humour. Among the other performers, Miss Ellen Chaplin the fair-haired, and Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam the dark-eyed, looked, sung, and played as well as ever. Miss Collins was encored in a pretty Irish melody. The piece has been received by full audiences with the most decided marks of approval.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This theatre re-opened on Monday with "The Merchant of Venice," and the popular extravaganza of "Fortunio," evincing in the production of the latter piece, a change in the policy which has hitherto governed this theatre.

SURREY.—There exist a number of lugubrious-minded individuals, who go about like birds of ill-omen, predicting the speedy decline of the English drama. If we are to attach any credit to what they assert, we must feel horrified at hearing how long the stage has been on its last legs, and our horror can only be surpassed by our amazement that it has managed to stand erect so many years upon such a weak foundation. The public, these gentlemen inform us, will not patronise theatrical amusements now-a-days, and they account for this in all ways except the right one. They inform us that we have no longer a George III, who visits the theatre three or even four times a week—that the race of great actors is extinct—"Ah, Sir, you should have seen John Kemble!"—that the

Operas, like a couple of gigantic Upas trees, overshadow the English stage with their poisonous gloom—and lastly, that our present authors cannot write like their predecessors. On this head, these would-be histrionic undertakers, who are so anxious to see the National Drama dead and buried are wrong, most lamentably wrong. Our present authors *do* write like their predecessors, and unfortunately, too much so. They imitate them servilely in everything, and *this* is the real cause of their want of success. The public is a good natured monster, but *toujours perdrix* is too much of a good thing, and somehow or other, it will no more be contented with the same eternal model in a play, than the most amiable lady of our acquaintance would put up with a bonnet always of the same fashion. Plays as well as bonnets must discard the ancient shapes which used to delight our grandmothers, and adopt new ones if they would command the patronage of the present enlightened age.

The fact is one which modern dramatists and managers have not only disregarded but strenuously endeavoured to disprove, with what success, the treasurers of the different metropolitan theatres will be most delighted to testify. A few hardy free-thinkers in art, however, have presumed to imagine that something *new* would not be so bad, and that poetic beauties, however great intrinsically, are not quite sufficient to form a play of themselves. These hardy levellers have dared to insinuate that a pearl necklace could not very well be manufactured without a string to connect the several beads, and that *interest* might supply the place for string to the incidents and characters of a drama. According to every principle of art they were of course wrong; but somehow or other, the stupid public does not see the matter in this light, and we should not be surprised if the immense success which attended the production of "*The Czarina, or Ivan the Armourer*," last Monday night at the Surrey Theatre, were to make a great number of perverts from the true faith.

The authors of this specimen of the new-fangled school had but the same feelings and passions to work on, which have been at the command of every great legitimate author who has sent his manager to ponder over the sublimities of the old school in the classic solitude of the Queen's Bench; but they connected their characters with such a deep and well-sustained chain of interest, that the audience followed scene after scene with breathless anxiety; their curiosity rising with each successive act

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,"

until, at the fall of the curtain, the house rang with long and spontaneous bursts of hearty applause.

The action of the drama passes in Russia, when under the sway of *Elizabeth II.* (Mrs. Rignold). This princess has an Italian favourite, *Cornaro Pitti* (Mr. Shepherd), who, like many other favourites, is playing false to his sovereign, since he is carrying on an intrigue with *Meta* (Miss Fielding), who has been adopted by *Ivan* (Mr. Creswick), to whom she is betrothed. *Cornaro Pitti* is influenced, however, by something more than mere love; he has obtained information that *Meta* is entitled to immense wealth, and this secret is also known to a Jew spy (Mr. Mead), who threatens to divulge it, but asks such a price for his silence that *Cornaro* stabs him and flies. *Ivan* happens to be passing, and learns from the Jew the machinations of the Italian against *Meta*. A very powerfully written scene then follows, in which *Ivan* threatens to accuse *Cornaro*, who has returned, of murder. The latter retorts the charges upon him, and as there are no means of proving who is really the assassin, and as *Cornaro* is aware of the immense power of the favourite, he asserts the latter in

burying the Jew's body beneath the ice of the Neva, and the act closes on their mutual vows of vengeance.

In the following acts, the interest still increases. The Empress is informed of *Cornaro's* perfidy, and, in her first burst of rage, informs *Ivan* that he may be revenged by accusing *Cornaro* of having taken part with him in a plot against her life. *Ivan*, although aware he is signing his own death-warrant as well, consents, and the favourite is condemned to death. As soon as sentence is pronounced, however, the Empress relents; like our own Elizabeth with the unfortunate Essex, she vacillates between her affection and her rage, until the former predominates. In the meanwhile, however, the Populars become impertinent, and cry aloud for at least one victim. A prisoner covered with a black veil is led to execution, but whether *Cornaro* or *Ivan* is unknown. At this point the anxiety of every person in the house fully equalled that supposed to be felt by the *Dramatis Personæ*, until the appearance of *Ivan*, who rushes in and falls at *Meln's* feet, gave the audience an opportunity of showing how deeply they had been moved, and how greatly they were pleased.

Such is a short and imperfect outline of this exciting work. The authors, Messrs. Angus B. Reach and Morris Barnett, have shown great skill in the construction of their *charpente*; as a natural consequence each scene rises out of the preceding one as a necessary consequence, and the attention of the spectator is held enthralled to the conclusion. The dialogue is nervous and concise, and most remarkable for the extreme felicity the authors have shown in adapting it to the various characters.

Where all were so good, it appears almost invidious to mention any particular persons, but we cannot refrain from expressing our gratification at Mr. Creswick's impersonation of *Ivan*. Last Monday must have convinced him that great characters—great effects—and great triumphs are to be found in what is termed the romantic school, as well as in the pages of what are called our classic dramatists. The scenery was most beautiful—the dresses gorgeous and correct—the dances, processions, and music excellent, and the house densely crowded. In conclusion, we trust that Messrs. Angus Reach and Morris Barnett will persevere as they have begun, and very soon produce another piece equal to *The Czarina*.

[Lest it should be concluded from certain passages in our reporter's notice, that we prefer the "new" school to the "old," the "romantic" to the "classic," let us make profession of faith to the contrary.—Ed. M. W.]

MARY-LE-BONE.—The Easter novelties here are a new piece called *The Stringer*, depicting the adventures of a gang of robbers, whose leader, having too much humanity for his trade, protects his victims from the more atrocious violence of his comrades. The piece progresses with interest through a series of robberies—the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the leader—his re-capture, reprieve, and reformation. Then, among the performers, we have Mr. James Johnstone, as effective as ever; Miss Fanny Williams, pretty and graceful; Mrs. Henry Vining and Miss Eliza Travers, the latter with a part unworthy of her, Messrs. Oxberry and Wild, well known for their powers of broad humour. The little farce of *The Two Pages* followed, but the gods were so clamorous for their Easter offering that we can depose to no more than that Miss Annie Lonsdale, who played the principal part, looked exceedingly well, and seemed to be playing with spirit and *naïveté*. The new Burlesque presents us with the loves of Bacchus (Miss Fanny Williams) and Ariadne (Miss Eliza Travers), who with Hymen and Mercury, Momus and the drunken Silenus, carry on the dialogue through a series

of puns and merry conceits, some of them, to be sure, a little the worse for wear, which will, doubtless, float the piece down the stream of popular favour for the period commonly allotted to the existence of these holiday ephemera.

OLYMPIC.—The Easter piece at this house is formed upon the basis of a popular subject and rejoices in the title of a well known character "Sir Roger de Coverley." As far as scenery and dresses are concerned all is unexceptionable; in fact, it is never otherwise at this theatre, and due credit should always be given to those parties whose attention is directed to those departments in pieces of a description such as this, for any flagrant departure from their truthful character is more apparent than in classical costumes which admit of a greater and more unknown variety. Addison's *Spectator* is of course the spring from which the writer has taken his materials and although a more fertile and dramatic source might have been found, he has succeeded in adapting the characters for stage effect, and by introducing other personages he has embraced a more enlarged plot than would have been appropriate for the Olympic stage had Addison been strictly adhered to.

We must say at the same time that the subject is not felicitous, the wit somewhat partial and meagre, and if not for the admirable acting of its *dramatis personæ* the piece would have waxed heavy. In fact curtailment at present is absolutely necessary in order to insure a lengthened run.

As far as possible Addison has been worked, Sir Roger, Will Honeycombe, and the other individuals being adopted; and an underplot of the Gipsy tribe with their vernacular slang, is introduced with startling effects in fighting, burglary, and poisoning together with other low lived peculiarities creating a dramatic effect at the conclusion of sundry scenes which may be called "telling."

Farren as Sir Roger although having little to do or say is highly effective, while Compton and Farren Junr. keep the audience's risible faculties in action. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh[Murray] as the leading gipsies are admirable, and Miss Howard and the other Farren look and act, the one deliciously and the other admirably. Last though not least Mrs. Stirling as the Widow flirts, and chatters, and laughs, and smiles, until the sober are startled with the reality, and the jovial enchanted with her mirth-stirring representation. The house was not so full as we could have wished. H. L.

LUCAS v. BEALE.

This was an action tried before the Lord Chief Justice in which the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Mr. Keating, Q.C., now moved to set aside the nonsuit and for a new trial. The action was brought in *assumpsit* by the plaintiff as one of 80 performers of the orchestra of Covent Garden Opera, on behalf of himself and the other performers, to recover 1,280*l.*, their arrears of salary, and was brought against Mr. Beale, the manager after Mr. Delafield became insolvent. On behalf of the orchestra the plaintiff wrote to Mr. Beale, saying they would forego their salaries to the end of the season (1849) if the arrears were paid up. To this Mr. Beale assented, and said he would open the "treasury" to pay on a given day. It was objected at the trial that the whole of the persons claiming payment ought to have joined in the action, and that Mr. Lucas was not, therefore the proper plaintiff. It was also objected that Mr. Beale was only acting as the manager and agent of another, and he was not the proper defendant. On the first objection the plaintiff was nonsuited. Mr. Keating now contended that the contract entered into by Mr. Lucas with Mr. Beale might be considered

as the contract of Mr. Lucas acting on the part of the whole body of the performers, or as the several contract of each, and that they ought to have another opportunity of trying the case.

The Court were unanimously of opinion that there was no ground for disturbing the nonsuit. Rule refused.

BARNUM AND JENNY LIND.

Q. Why will Barnum and Jenny never fall out?

A. Because he is always for-getting, and she is always for-giving.

Reviews of Music.

"THREE GERMAN MELODIES," FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—Transcribed by IGNAZ TEDESCO. Op. 45.—Wessel & Co.

Although these little pieces are marked Op. 45, the name of the composer is new to us. Herr Tedesco, however, enjoys, we are told, a high reputation abroad as a composer of light and agreeable music for the piano. The "Three German Melodies" are favourable examples of his style. They are neither too difficult nor too easy; the tunes are very pleasing and familiar, and their arrangement in the shape of brief fantasias, is elegant and unpretending. Of the set before us we prefer No. 1., in G flat, "The Cottage," (*Das Hütchen*) which embodies one of the sweetest and homeliest of the German national melodies, and No. 3, in E flat, "Lorely," which while equally graceful is more brilliant and expressive. No. 2, in B flat, "True Love," is easier and shorter than either of its companions. It possesses less absolute musical interest, but its simplicity is the result of intention, not the offspring of meagre invention.

We recommend these little pieces of Herr Tedesco as something new and acceptable in the shape of teaching music.

SPIRIT OF LOVE, (GEIST DER LIEBE). CANZONE, Composed by CLARINA THALIA MACFARREN—Cramer, Beale, & Co.

This is a very charming, we scruple not to say, a beautiful song, and one of such merit as few lady-composers are in the habit of giving to the world. The poetry tells of the stillness of evening, the rising of the evening star, and the influence of the "Spirit of Love," wherever the pulse of nature beats, in the stream where each wave flows into another wave, in the wood where each leaf locks itself within another leaf; the Spirit is then invoked to lead the chosen one to her betrothed, and the moral of the whole is, that one love-look from the beloved brightens the earth with the splendour of heaven. The general feeling of this poem is fully infused in the music, and the particular rendering of each phrase truthful and poetical. Apart from the expression of the words, to succeed in which is no mean thing, the song has musical points of much interest—such, for instance, as the manner in which the episode in E major is introduced in the third page, and the subsequent return of the original subject in the minor of the same tonic. The melody is essentially vocal, and likely to produce, in the hands of an intelligent singer, a marked effect upon every intelligent audience. We shall look with pleasure for some further examples of Madame Macfarren's talent for composition.

THE GORLITZA. Dedicated to Miss Eleanor Jeffreys. W. GRILLIERS. D'Almaine and Co.

Another Gorlitz (not *ca*) without the permission of M. Varin. What says Mr. Byrn? Mr. Grilliers, more communicative than his brother Gorlitz-g-makers, has topt his music with a description of the nature of the dance, which we insert with many protestations of gratitude.

Description.—"The Gorlitz is a new and fashionable dance which has lately been introduced in Paris and London by some of the most eminent professors. It is somewhat slow, is danced in couples in the same manner as the Polka, Schottische, &c. It consists of four steps only, one of which is the Polka Mazurka; it can easily be acquired by those who are accustomed to the fashionable dances."

How now, Mr. Byrn?—how now, M. Varin? What say you

to "some of the most eminent professors?" Here is a matter for your consideration. Fall to, devour, and may you have a good digestion. Mr. Grilliers, as far as our conception takes us, in the composition of his Gorlitz, which is very sparkling, tuneful, and rhythmic, has not in any way availed himself of the inspiration of M. Varin. There are no "blinds" to shut out the light of originality. And yet, as a piece of dance music, we must confess that we greatly prefer it to the Gorlitz of M. Varin, whose permission has not been asked, and whose bars have not been borrowed. We congratulate Mr. Grilliers on having manufactured a Gorlitz which is catching without being common, and fluent without being fussy.

"THE SONG OF THE BIRD," Words by CARL ROSENBERG, Music by E. J. LODER. Jullien and Co.

Talk of German *lieder*, here is an English song, a ballad in three couplets, which, whether for the genuine simplicity and freshness of its theme, or the exquisite finish of its accompaniment, may vie, not only with the best of Schubert, or Weber, but what is better, with those still more fine inspirations of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, the real kings of German folk-song. We have seen few short and unambitious lyrics during the last few years more thoroughly adapted to display the talent and expression of a skilful concert vocalist, or move the feelings of an intelligent audience than this little gem, from the pen of one of our most accomplished and fertile musicians. We recommend it especially to tenor singers—English, German, French, and Italian. It would suit Mario, as well as the beautiful song from *Elijah*, which first introduced him as an English singer to an English public at Birmingham; or it would suit the *fougueux* Tamberlik in one of his softer moments; or it would do very well for the new and successful tenor, Stigelli, who, by the way, is one of the best *lied* singers of Germany, and, moreover, speaks English fluently: better than all, perhaps, would it go to the stirring tones of our British Sims Reeves. Nor do we wish to exclude our lady vocalists, whom we need not signalize by name. *Bref*—if Mr. Loder's "Bird" sing not his song in every chamber where a pianoforte and a voice can be combined we shall be sorry, not for the song itself, but for the singers who shall fail to sing it.

"DAVID,"—A SACRED ORATORIO—BY CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY. ADDISON.

We have received a letter from the composer of *David*, which is no less personally gratifying to us, than interesting as an explanation of the intention carried out in a very important feature of the work. The composer's explanation is the best possible comment on his work; and we therefore think it the best justice to Mr. Horsley to print his letter. G. A. M.

"My dear Macfarren,—I should deprive myself of a pleasure if I did not take the earliest opportunity, after an absence of some days from London, of thanking you very heartily for the sincere and candid criticism of *David*, in the last number of the *Musical World*. It is at all times refreshing to a musician to find his labours appreciated by those who thoroughly understand his craft, but more especially is it so in these days, when, as it appears to me, certain London critics are bent either upon annihilating the whole race of English composers (unless, indeed, they are content at aiming at no higher standard than is to be found in the composition of glees and madrigals), or else, being influenced by still more unworthy motives, they allow these unenviable feelings to get the better of their judgment.

"Of your praise and censure of my work, I will say nothing except to thank you for both.

"There are, however, two points which require explanation.

"1st. As regards what you call a 'Chorale.' Some years ago I taught the daughter of a Rabbi, and with this gentleman I had many interesting conversations respecting the musical service of the synagogue. He sang me many melodies which were very striking, especially some, which, to me, bore a great resemblance to the Lutheran tunes. Upon enquiring the origin of these he assured me they had been handed down from time immemorial, and by some were supposed to have been used at the dedication of the temple in the time of Solomon. When therefore I came to

that part of David in which I attempt to illustrate the carrying of the ark to its appointed place, I thought I was justified in writing a tune which bore some resemblance to what I was told was Jewish music, and hence the origin of this 'Chorale' if it can be so called. To quote a musical authority, I would refer to parts of *Elijah* and *Athalie*, which, I think, are constructed on a similar principle.

"As regards the tune itself, I always thought it was my own, until I discovered (some months after I had written it) the first phrase in an old psalm tune called, 'St. Thomas,' in a Psalter dated 1590 or thereabouts, but I was not at all aware until I read your review, that it was at all traceable to any 'Grandmama's ditty.'

"2ndly. I must plead guilty to the harmonic progressions to which you object, as I consider them anything but faults. I will not, however, enter into any discussion on this subject, as our harmony might end in 'unresolved discord.'

"Once more thanking you for your review, and trusting that in my next large work I shall avoid many of the faults I as well as others find in 'David,'

"Believe me, my dear Macfarren,

"Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

"G. A. Macfarren, Esq.,

"P.S. You are quite at liberty to make any public use of this letter, if you think it worth while so to do.

"Kensington, April 24th 1851."

Foreign.

NEW ORLEANS.—The *True Delta*, now that Jenny Lind and Barnum have departed, and there is no more money to be received, has seized the occasion to assert its independence, and peppers the *Nightingale* in a sum up. In this strain runs his preposterous palaver:—"She possesses power of voice all but unrivalled, a fine knowledge of music, and rare operatic talent; but she wants sincerity, and fails to touch the feelings or touch the passions of her auditory. Her English ballad singing is Opera burlesque; deficient alike in pathos, sentiment, and passion, which we regard quite as much a defect of her vocal organization as of imperfect knowledge of the alien language she essays to employ." Verdi's *Due Foscari* has been brought out at the *Orleans Theatre* with Madame Derris and Mons. Genibrel as *sujets*. The critics declare a preference for *Jerusalem*. There is some talk of Genibrel being engaged by the great London *impresario*, Mr. Lumley.

NASHVILLE.—Jenny Lind arrived here *en route* for New York, with Mr. Benedict, Signor Beletti, and party. The concert at Natchez and Memphis created the greatest enthusiasm. The *Talequal Advocate*, (a Cherokee paper), writes:—"As we live so far from the public highway, we do not expect the privilege of seeing the *Nightingale*; but, that the recollection of so great a songstress may not be lost among us, our citizens, Rev. S. Foreman and lady have named their infant daughter, Jenny Lind (wonderful!). We cannot now say that the infantine Jenny will ever equal her namesake in the sweet and delightful art of music. Yet one thing we have heard, that she already makes considerable noise (wonderful!)."

NEW YORK.—Vincent Wallace has just recovered from a severe attack of inflammation of the eyes which threatened him with blindness. Mr. T. D. Jones, a sculptor of repute, has received a commission from a musical amateur here to execute a bust of the popular composer. Maretzek's Italian Opera is shut up, but in its place we are shortly to have a French Vaudeville Company under his management, at the Astor Place establishment. A series of Quartet Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Eisfeld, is taking place at the Hope Chapel. The quartet is composed of Messrs. Noll, Reyer, Eicorn, and Eis-

feld. At the second meeting a quintet by Robert Schumann, in which M. Scharfenberg played the pianoforte part, was given. The Alleghaniens, a vocal Quartet Club, has also commenced a series of performances in the same *locale*. The Hutchinsons are here, but it will be heard with regret, that Abby Hutchinson no longer takes part in the family performances. Plenty of minor concerts are going on, but on the whole, things are dull.

JENNY LIND'S AMERICAN TOUR.—Upon the return of Jenny Lind to New York, or as soon thereafter as possible, the public will be favoured with a description of her tour in the United States and Cuba. The work will be from the pen of Mr. Charles Rosenberg, who has been one of the party, and is pre-eminently qualified for the duty. Mr. Rosenberg was for many years the musical critic of the London Morning Post, and *collaborateur* in the *Musical World*, is an able writer, and his personal knowledge of the whole tour, and the whole performances of Jenny Lind, will enable him to give to the publication an interest which none other could invest it with. The work will be issued in the handsomest style of modern printing, with embellishments, and sold for the low price of one dollar.

CHARLESTON.—The Italian Opera here with Parodi as prima donna, supported by Truffi, Forti, Rossi, and Benevenuto, is very successful. The season began with an opera by Verdi, called *Ernani*, in which the music was very loud.

WASHINGTON.—Madame Anna Bishop has been giving concerts here at Jackson Hall, assisted by Novelli, an Italian bass, and Bayley, a pistonist.

VICKSBURG.—According to the *Sentinel* of the 25th ult., Jenny Lind appears likely to have a great concert here. The Vicksburghites are enthusiasts, and, it would appear, there be hatters here, since up to the hour of the *Sentinel's* going to sleep—or rather press—on the 24th ult., "four tickets had been guaranteed in Vicksburg!" for 80 dollars, leaving only 9920 to be deposited.

ST. LOUIS (March 24).—Unpleasant as was the weather which prevailed during the greater part of Saturday, it was far from preventing the public from attending the third concert. The seats had been purchased at a high price, and the purchasers were unwilling to lose their money. The prudent people wrapped themselves up in cloaks and mantles, and deposited themselves in carriages, or in hackney vehicles, for the sake of arriving at the concert. We ourselves arrived late at the Hall, and when we walked to our place, we confess that we felt astonished at the array of beauty which met our eyes. Possibly the bad weather and the clouds had not prepared us to anticipate the presence of so much of feminine loveliness; but very certainly, the brightest eyes and the fairest brows in St. Louis, were beaming with anticipation. The programme was excellent. The two overtures were the *Fausto Magico* and *Fra Diavolo*. Signor Belletti sang the aria from *Lombardi*, "Sciagurata, hai tu creduto," and "Miei Rampolli," from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, and Rossini's "La Danza." The pieces selected for Jenny herself, were "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," "Qui la Voce," from Bellini's *Puritani*; the duet "Quanto Amore," taken from the *Elisir*; "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freyschutz*; the charming ballad, "Take this Lute," by Benedict, and "The Last Rose of Summer." "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," was delivered with a fervor of the most exalted character and gave us a far higher opinion of Jenny Lind than anything we have yet heard. It realized to us the impression we had formed of a great religious songstress. The triumph of the evening was the prayer from *Der Freyschutz*. Benedict's ballad of "Take this Lute," confirmed the opinion we had previously expressed concerning

the abilities of this Master. It is an excessively graceful composition, and led us to wonder that he has not given the American public more of his own music. We presume this may possibly arise from the difficulty which Belletti finds in singing English. At any rate, we are the sufferers. Altogether this was the best of the three Concerts which Jenny Lind has yet given.

The presentation, by the Polyhymnians, to Miss Jenny Lind, of a certificate of honorary membership of their Society, took place last Wednesday. Miss Lind had been advised of the proposed compliment, and at six o'clock in the afternoon, the hour she had fixed, received the committee, consisting of eight members, of the Polyhymnia. Mr. Haven, President of the Society, presented the diploma, or certificate saying, as he did so, that himself and his companions had been deputed by the musical association of which they were members to pay the tribute to her, which her extraordinary powers, and her pre-eminent attainments called for, with many other compliments. The association embraced not only all the musical talent of the city, but many old and respectable merchants, mechanics, and professional men, and some of the highest judicial officers of our city, and had for its object the encouragement and promotion of musical taste in their city, yet he gave utterance to the feelings of every member when he expressed their readiness to go out of the regular course, to pay their acknowledgments to the exemplary charity, praiseworthy benevolence, and the hundred other amiable traits which with Mdle. Lind had become proverbial. In conclusion, he solicited for the Society the most flattering honor it had ever received—the acceptance of the diploma, a mark of the lasting regard and attachment of the persons who offered it. Miss Lind accepted the diploma, and replied with a modest grace that became her quite charmingly. The roll was enveloped in two small white satin flags, the one American and the other Swedish. The committee remained with Miss Lind about half, or three-quarters of an hour in social conversation. Miss Lind was quite warm in her approval of the performances of the society at the serenade, the evening previous.

At the concert of the Polyhymnians, on Friday evening, Miss Lind, accompanied by Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, were received by Mr. Haven, who conducted them to their seats, and who afterwards continued to do the honors throughout the entertainment. Miss Lind seemed pleased with the music, applauding warmly at various times.

At the third concert of Mdle. Lind, the overtures were, the *Italiana in Algeri* and *Zampa*. Jenny sung "Ah non giunge," the Gipsy's song from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, the Bird Song, and the Mountaineer's Song. Then there was a ballad from the *Brides of Venice*, by Benedict—"By the sad sea waves"—and the duet, of which we expressed so warm an opinion a few nights since when it was performed for the first time, by the same master, and in our opinion, remarkably graceful and elegant. Indeed, the more we hear of the music of this writer, the more decidedly do we relish it. He is a remarkably finished and careful composer, and has a right to take his stand by the side of the leading names in the history of music. The ballad gave us an opportunity of testing the excellence of one of the operas to which we alluded, as we believe, in our criticism upon the third concert being taken from the *Brides of Venice*. It is wonderfully pleasing, and is composed with very evidently a profound and tranquil appreciation of the effect intended to be produced, which we presume, from the words, to have been the feeling of a calm sorrow. As it was sung by Mdle. Jenny Lind, it merited and received the warm and enthusiastic applause of the audi-

ence, and would, as we should conceive, eventually be remembered as one of the various charming novelties with which she has made us acquainted. The "Gipsy's Song" was a novelty in St. Louis. It is from the *Camp of Silesia*, by Meyerbeer, a singularly effective and spirited air. Jenny sang it deliciously, and the applause was warm in the extreme. Suffice it, she rendered it with a taste that fully justifies Meyerbeer in the caprice of withholding it from the public since she has left the stage.

Belletti sung "Nembe Fremete" from Benedict's opera of *La Zingara*—a cavatina from *Don Pasquale*, and Tadolini's *barcarole* "Se la vita vuoi godere." The "Nembi Fremete," which being taken from another of Benedict's operas, *La Zingara*, gave us the opportunity of judging his merits as a composer on an entirely different ground. It is a vigorous and masterly effusion, written apparently under the full inspiration of the feeling which it was intended to illustrate. Nothing could well have been more forcible than was this aria, or sung with more expression, than by Belletti, and it more than confirmed the opinion which we have previously expressed of its composer. And so farewell to Jenny.

With the exception of the concerts of Miss Jenny Lind, no musical entertainment has been so well attended as the Polyhymnian concerts. The "Nightingale" herself was present at the last, and attracted much attention to the part of the gallery she occupied. The entertainment went off satisfactorily.

Miss Charlotte Cushman has been playing here to crowded houses. She is a great favourite with the St. Louis public, as with every other, and the longer she remains among us the more friends and admirers she will acquire.

Whether we take Mr. Barnum as the readiest man in the world to oblige *his friend* the public, or as—if we may be allowed the liberty—a *financier of masterly abilities*, or as the ruling monarch among the caterers to public curiosity, or as an ardent advocate in the cause of temperance, we have reason to rank him among the *astounding geniuses* of the day. The manner in which his temperance lecture in the St. Louis theatre was received, shows that he is as *popular as astonishing*. The audience embraced a large portion of our most respectable and enlightened citizens, who received the views of the speaker with evident marks of satisfaction. Mr. Barnum is very practical in his speech, dealing only in sober matters of fact. He spoke of the evils of intemperance; mentioned the impossibility of success in business where a love of ardent spirits had been imbibed; alluded to the many species of misery to which the drunkard subjected himself, and all that were connected with him, and thus went on for one hour or more interspersing his address with numerous illustrative anecdotes.

HAMBURG.—At the Stadt Theatre there will be a very interesting *debut* next week. Madame Macfarren, well known in London as a singer of merit, and as the wife of the eminent composer, G. A. Macfarren, will make her first appearance as Tancredi in Rossini's celebrated opera of that name.

Original Correspondence.

SIGISMOND THALBERG.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Thalberg is 39 years old, and was born at Genoa, on the 7th of January, 1812.

Edinburgh, 21st April, 1851.

D. HAMILTON.

PRIZE ANTHEMS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Some time since I saw it announced that Mr. Surman's Exeter Hall Society had offered Prizes for the composition of Anthems and orchestral accompaniments.

In common with other musical friends, I was much rejoiced at this mark of liberality towards English musicians, and have since been waiting in anxiety the publication of the promised detailed plans.

Can you or any of your readers inform me if such is yet issued, and if so, what arrangements are made for submitting the works to the examination of competent professional advisers; also, whether parties competing for the prizes will, if successful thereby, part with their copyrights in the compositions, or will they be at liberty afterwards to publish them on their own account.

23rd April, 1861.

A CHURCH MUSICIAN.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

As fading leaves upon a tree,
When winter comes, decay,
So thy inconstant love for me
Exhausted, dies away.

In gaudy fashion's gayest throng
Go—pass thy fleeting hours;
But thou shalt feel a sense of wrong,
The bright sky sometimes lowers.

Upon thy melancholy smile
The wond'ring crowd will gaze,
Surprised to see thee bend awhile,
To sorrow's circling rays.

Then pleasure's cup still deeper drain,
Nor drop the conscious tear,
I will not, spite of thy disdain,
Molest thy brief career.

HERRMANN LANG.

Miscellaneous.

JULLIEN.—The great *entrepreneur* has returned from the provinces crowned with fresh laurels. The question is universal, now that Jullien is in town, "what will Jullien do during the Great Exhibition?"

A FOSTER DOUBLE BASS.—A genuine double bass, made by the Elder Foster, is advertised for sale at the establishment of Messrs. Duff and Hodgson. Foster, it is said, manufactured only four of these instruments, each of which realised a high price. Whoever is in want of a first-rate double bass has now an opportunity of gratifying his wish. For further particulars see our advertisement columns.

AMERICAN CRITICISM.—A writer in the *Missouri Republican*, speaking of Jenny Lind's singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," says that he "never heard such expression infused into a human song." A human song is new. Further on he adds of another performance of Lind, "it was the finest morsel of singing" he had ever heard. Morsel of singing is good.

Mons. JULES DE GLIMES, the fashionable conductor and professor of singing, has arrived in town from Berlin for the season.

MADAME PARISH ALVARS.—In reply to several correspondents we beg to inform them that this talented Harpiste is re-married to M. Fischer (late of Vienna), but that she continues her professional occupations under the well-known name of Parish Alvars.

SCHILLER'S "ROBBERS."—To the students of German literature no work, probably, is more familiar than this earliest of Schiller's dramatic works. As a specimen of power—rude, undisciplined Titanic power—it stands perhaps unrivalled. The author, when he wrote it, was a mere youth, subject to the rules of a military school so severe that they made him detest all rules whatever, whether they were those of ordinary society or those that regulated the literature patronized by the courts of the day. Hence he was

determined to execute a work which, while it was professionally directed against political tyrants, should exhibit, at the same time, a thorough emancipation from those laws of taste which French critics had imposed. Inspired with the notion of a hero who abjured all conventional systems, and conceiving a number of strong incidents which would effectively show forth the central Colossus, Schiller subjected himself to no form beyond that which his matter dictated, and flung upon the paper a huge work, much longer than Shakspeare's longest play, astounding for the force and variety of the characters, and for a diction which, though often bombastic, never ceased to be vigorous. Now the play looked like a melo-drama, presently it assumed the form of an essay; the most startling visible events passed before the eye, the largest questions which affect human nature were discussed; but, however the aspect was changed there was always the appearance of strength of the highest order. The generality of modern critics regard the *Robbers* as the sort of raw material which subsequent discipline polished into a *Wallenstein*. But those are not wanting who regard Schiller's earliest period as his best, and admire the rough productions of his youth more than the well-digested works which received the polish of Weimar—*Times*.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.—This eminent *soprano* has just returned to London from Rome, where she was engaged during the Carnival, and where she achieved the most brilliant and constant successes.

HERR REICHARD, the principal tenor at the Court of Vienna, has arrived in London. This artist is equally noted in Vienna as an operatic vocalist *Lieder-singer*.

MISS BASSANO.—It was incorrectly stated, that during the illness of Mdllé. Jetty Treffz, Miss Poole and Miss Bassano alternately supplied the place of the popular German in M. Jullien's tour; for Miss Bassano was the only substitute, Miss Poole being engaged every night at the Apollonicon concerts.

MISS DURLACHER has returned to town to resume her professional duties.

CAMILLO SIVORI, the celebrated violinist, arrived from Genoa on the 18th instant, two days sooner than he was expected. We are requested to state that, although announced in the bills, he had entered into no engagement whatever to play at the promenade concerts in the Lyceum Theatre.

CORBARI.—A correspondent enquires if it be true that this charming singer is going to join the Royal Italian Opera *troupe* this season. We cannot inform him precisely; but we believe there is no such good chance in store.

HERR MENTER, a violoncellist of great reputation, from Stuttgart, has arrived in town. This is Herr Menter's first visit to London.

HERR ECKERT.—The Italian Opera in Paris having closed, this well-known composer and musician, who holds a high position in Mr. Lumley's Parisian establishment, has come to London for the season.

NEWLY INVENTED BOW.—We have been favoured with a specimen of a new bow, the invention of Mr. Moat, which is registered as patent. On examination it appears to us that this bow has many advantages over its predecessor, the ancient bow. First the substitution of a metal for the ordinary wooden head, which facilitates the re-hairing, hitherto a difficult and unsatisfactory process. By the metallic head we have a more equal tension of the hairs, and, so to speak, a smoother surface is presented to the catgut. Moreover the handle is altogether constructed on an original plan. There is now a shoulder for the first finger and thumb to rest upon, which gives an unusual and advantageous purchase; in addition to these desirable points, the bow is handsomely got up, and, in spite of its metal top, and added elbow, is very light and portable. We unreservedly approve of the invention, and recommend it to all our fiddling friends, both amateur and professional.

GREGORIAN CHANT.—Dionus, in his life of St. Gregory, says the French and Germans of that age were unable to sing the Gregorian Chant. "Their figures were gigantic, and when they sung, it was rather like thunder than musical tones. Their rude throats, instead of the inflections of pleasing melody, formed such rough sounds as resembled the noise of a cart jolting down a pair of stairs."

CHESTERFIELD—The Assembly room was, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., filled by one of the most fashionable audiences ever assembled in Chesterfield;—every part was made available—side seats, orchestra, and even the platform itself—but still several hundreds were unable to gain admission. To Mr. Trimmell the public are indebted for the Messrs. Distin's visit; and the distinguished patronage he has obtained, the celebrity of the *artistes*, and the excellency of the arrangements combined to produce, as we have stated, "a house more than full." Miss O'Connor was the singer, and Mr. Brown the pianist "*accompagnateur*." The audience were delighted throughout with the performances of the Messrs. Distin.

Advertisements.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANA, BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

WESSEL AND CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CZAPEK—"La Gorlitz"	2s. 0d.
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TEDESCO—"Three German Melodies."
No. 1. "THE COTTAGE."—(Das Hütchen)	2s. 6d.
" 2. "TRUE LOVE."—(Treue Liebe)	2s. 0d.
" 3. "LORELEY."—(Loreley)	3s. 0d.

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THE PSALMODIA BRITANNICA—a selection of Psalms and Hymns for the Voice and Organ, in six Books, price 3s. each, arranged by EDWIN FLOOD, and may be had in one Volume, neatly bound, price 18s.

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MUSIC for the FLUTE.

THE AMATEUR FLUTIST—a selection of favorite Airs from the Standard Foreign Operas, arranged in sets, price 1s. each, by HENRY NICHOLSON, with an Accompaniment *ad lib.* for the Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte.

THE FLUTIST'S ALBUM—a collection of favorite Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, &c., arranged in sets, price 1s. each, by HENRY NICHOLSON, with an Accompaniment *ad lib.* for the Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.

MUSIC for the VIOLIN.

THE AMATEUR VIOLINIST—A selection of favorite Airs from the Standard Foreign Operas, arranged expressly for the first position of the Violin, in sets, price 1s. each, by HENRY PARKER, with an accompaniment *ad lib.* for the Piano, second Violin, and Violoncello.

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N.B.—A New Edition of "Farmer's Violin School," 5s.

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CARTE'S PATENT FLUTES.

Just published,

A SKETCH of the successive IMPROVEMENTS made in the FLUTE, with a statement of the Principles upon which Flutes are constructed and a comparison between the relative merits of the Ordinary Flute, the Flute of Boehm, and Carte's two new Patent Flutes. By RICHARD CARTE.

Publishers: Rudall, Rose, & Co., 28, Southampton-street, Strand; Addison, 210 Regent-street; Keith and Prowse, 48, Cheapside; and Cocks & Co., 6, New Burlington-street. Price 1s., or if sent by post, 1s. 6d.

ROSSINI'S NEW TANTUM ERGO,

PERFORMED at Mr. Hullah's last concert with immense approbation, is just published price 5s. with Piano accompaniment, or 17s. in Score.—"Certainly Rossini has out-Stabated his Stabat in this last work."—*Illustrated London News*.

T. Boosey and Co., 28, Holles Street.

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RICHARDS	Pastorale.
OURY	Valse Brilliant.
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A GENUINE FOSTER DOUBLE BASS,

ONE of the only four ever made by the Elder Foster, the property of a Gentleman, is for sale; and may be seen at Messrs. Duff and Hodgson's, 65, Oxford Street. Two of these instruments were the property of his late Majesty George the Fourth. The third is in the possession of Sir H. Durrant. One Hundred Guinea each were given for those of his late Majesty; this one is offered for 50 Guineas.

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FOR Improving the Voice, and removing all Affections of the Throat. Strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, persons subject to relaxed Throats, and to all persons desirous of cultivating their Voices, and ensuring a good and clear articulation. They have also been found highly beneficial to those afflicted with Nervous, Hysterical, or Stomachic Coughs. To be had in Boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, of every Medicine Vendor in the kingdom.

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HEALTH WHERE IT IS SOUGHT!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure of a disordered Liver and Stomach, when in a most hopeless state.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.—To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to perfect health, at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent Doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, considered my case hopeless. I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and everybody who knows me.

(Signed)

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N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE NEW OPERA LE TRE NOZZE

IT is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place ON THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 1, 1851, when will be presented for the first time in this country, Alari's New Opera Buffa, in Three Acts, produced with the greatest success at the Italian Opera, Paris, entitled,

LE TRE NOZZE.

Luisa	Madame SONTAG.
Vespina	Madame GIULIANA.
La Marchesa di Forli	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Cavaliere di Villafranca	Signor GARDONI.
Cricca	Signor FERRANTI.
(His first appearance in this Country.) And	
Il Barone Feudatario d'Acetosia	Signor Lablache.

To be followed by the First Tableau of the admired Ballet, L'ŒUVRE DES AMOURS—Mademoiselle AMALIA FERRARIS, Mdlles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Kohlenberg, Dantonie, Pascalis, and M. Charles.

The Performance will commence with the Last Act of Bellini's celebrated Opera,

LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina	Mdlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ
Count Rodolphe	Signor COLETTI.
Evino	Signor CALZOLARI.
Director of the Music and Conductor, M. BALFE.	

To conclude with the admired Ballet, LES METAMORPHOSES. Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdlles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Pascalis, M. Charles, and M. Paul Tagliani.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre. Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

MUSICAL UNION,

WILLIS'S ROOMS, Tuesday, April 29, half-past 3. Double Quartet, D minor, Spohr; Duet, B flat, piano and violoncello, and Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; Quintet, E flat, Op. 4, Beethoven. Artists—Sinton, Witt, Hill, and Pratt; Deloffre, Watson, Mellon, and Pilet. Piano—Sterndale Bennett. Admission, half a guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street. All subscriptions yet due to be paid on or before April 29. Extra Matinees will take place on the alternate Thursdays of the usual meetings, to which members only can subscribe and secure reserved seats. Herr Wenter, the celebrated violoncellist at the Court in Munich; Herr Lamb, the extraordinary young violinist, from Prague; and M. Vieuxtemps, are engaged. The programme will include solos and classical music. C. Halle is also re-engaged. J. ELLA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—ON FRIDAY next, 2nd May, Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Herr Formes. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

BY COMMAND.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the **FOURTH CONCERT** will take place on **MONDAY NEXT**, the 28th instant. Programme:—Overture, Struensee, Meyerbeer; Sinfonia in A, No. 2 (MS.), Mendelssohn; Overture, Der Freischütz, Weber; Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven; Overture, Lodoiska, Cherubini. Vocal performers:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Williams, and M. Jules Stockhausen. Single Tickets, £1 1s.; Double Tickets, £1 10s.; Triple Tickets, £2 5s. To be had at Messrs. Addison and Co.'s, 210, Regent-street.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

HERR ERNST'S THIRD EVENING PERFORMANCE will take place on the 30th inst., at 27, QUEEN ANNE STREET. Quartetts commence at a quarter past eight o'clock. Quartetts, F. Beethoven; No. 1 in F, first period; No. 8 in E minor, second period; No. 12 in E flat, third period. Executants:—Messrs. Ernst, H. Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. Single Tickets Half a Guinea; to be obtained of Messrs. Rousselot and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

APOLLONION.

ADDITION OF THE GREAT TUBA MIRABILIS.—Daily at Two. Mr. Mather's esteemed Illustrations, Juvenile Harpists, Messrs. Sedgwick and Barton concertinas; Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, evenings at 8. Apollonion with six Performers. Miss Poole, Miss Messent, the Misses, Mr. and Master Collins, Mr. Gratton Cooke, and Messrs. Sedgwick and Barton. Royal Music Hall, adjoining Lowther Arcade.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce that on **TUESDAY next, APRIL 29th**, will be performed for the second time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

The principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Louise Tagliani, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, Signor Rommi, Signor Luigi Mel, Signor Soldi, Signor Stigelli and Signor Tamberlik.

EXTRA NIGHT.

LES HUGUENOTS.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR MARIO.

On Thursday next, May 1st, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, **LES HUGUENOTS**. The principal characters by Mdlle. Grisi, Madame Castellan, Madlle. Angri, Madlle. Cott, Herr Formes, Sig. Polonini, Sig. Tagliafico, Sig. Luigi Mel, Sig. Soldi, Sig. Ferrari, Sig. Rommi, and Signor Mario. (His third appearance this season.)

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

AUBER'S Grand New Opera,

L'ENFANT PRODIGE,

Is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

PROGRAMME OF

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S THIRD CONCERT,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 29th, to commence at half-past eight o'clock precisely.

PART FIRST.

1. SUITE DE PIÈCES, F minor HANDEL.
2. CAPRICE in C major HAYDN.
3. CHARACTERISTIC STÜCKE (Book I. the Temperaments) MENDELSSOHN.

PART SECOND.

4. SONATA in F minor, Op. 13 (Dedicated to Mendelssohn) W. S. BENNETT.
5. CAPRICE in F minor (le Déserteur) S. HELLES.
6. SELECTION OF STUDIES—
D minor, Modio: A flat, Major: C Minor
Chopin; D flat, Minor: F minor (by desire)
Mendelssohn.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MR. EDWARD J. TURNER has the honour to announce to his Patrons and Friends that his **FIRST EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the above Rooms, on **TUESDAY, 6th of MAY, 1851**, when he trusts the Entertainments provided will meet with general approbation. Vocalists:—Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Miss Watson, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Edward J. Turner; Pianoforte, M. Alexandre Billet; Harp, Herr Carl Oberthier, Harpist to the Grand Duke of Nassau; Bassoon, Herr G. Mayer, first Bassoon to the Grand Duke of Nassau; Flute, Monsieur Camus, first Flute at the Italiens, Paris. Conductor, M. Alexandre Billet. Tickets, Seven Shillings each; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. To be had at the Rooms; of Mr. E. J. TURNER, No. 17, Crown-row, Walworth; WESSEL & Co., 229, Regent-street; Prowse, Hanway-street, and at all the principal Music Publishers.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES'S

GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on **MONDAY, the 19th MAY**. Full particulars at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

M. ERNST'S

GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on **MONDAY, JUNE 2nd**. Full particulars at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a **Third Edition** of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a **Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice**, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.
* Soon will be ready, the French and German Translation.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by **MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS**, of No. 3, Sandley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkiss, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, April 26, 1851.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Messrs. Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

No. 18.—VOL. XXVII.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

JULES JANIN.

THE prince of *feuilletonistes*, the celebrated, and *spirituel*, and kindly, and jovial, and melancholy, and wise, and humane, and satirical, and incomparable J. J., the sun of the *Journal des Débats*, the pearl of Parisian criticism, the maker of reputations, the destroyer of reputations, the feared, the respected, the beloved, the caressed, the courted of artists and *littérati* of all denominations—Jules Janin, who created Rachel, and cannot fly from the idol he set up, which, shining in the glory of his early apostrophes, reflects back upon him, *malgré lui*, its perennial splendour—Jules Janin, who pulled up Frederic from the dust-hole of obscurity, and bade all Paris laugh, as he had bade all Paris weep for Rachel—Jules Janin, the essayist, poet, novelist, historian, theologian, reviewer, philosopher, *libriographe*, wit, humourist, play-wright, metaphysician—no, not metaphysician, ontosophist—Jules Janin, whom Europe recognises as the incarnate personification of French *esprit* and French *bonhomie*, refined by the gloss, and subtlety, and triple edge, and insouciant politeness of Parisian life and manners—Jules Janin, whom not to know argues yourself to be known an ignoramus—Jules Janin, the man of the French press who showed neither cowardice, nor vacillation, nor tottering loyalty, nor homage to the calf-popular, nor hungry desire for place, nor any mean quality of cringe or bully, during the disastrous time of 1848—Jules Janin, who ridiculed Proud-homme, and peppered the “reds,” with the smart artillery of his flashing pen, at the risk of his head, when too many of his countrymen and co-labourers in the field of letters fled their posts, and pitifully hid themselves—Jules Janin, who took to writing politics for the first time when all the political writers of Paris had either cut their opinions or their sticks; who praised Louis Philippe, with words of affection, when Louis Philippe was banished and despoiled; who regarded the dying monarch as an enthusiast the sun that sets—Jules Janin, who made *Clarissa* popular in a strange language, when its great author was forgotten in the land of his birth—Jules Janin, the pilot of French literature, and French drama, and French *ballet*, and French anything, except cosmopolitanism, which is anything but French—Jules Janin, who has done all this, and much more; who concentrates all the best characteristics of his countrymen; whose glabrous physiognomy is the *ne plus ultra* of intelligent good-nature—*bref*, the original, the inimitable J. J., the type of a great race, who coming

* Lemaitre, whose talents were first discovered and eulogised by Janin.

first has outstept the widest leaps of his successors, and who, when a law was made that every one should sign, said, “I will not sign,” and signed—J. J.—

“And whispering he would ne’er consent, consented.”—

Jules Janin has arrived in London for the crystal season. He was seen, on Thursday, with a Delphine Horace under his left arm, at the Palace in the Park, which doubtless already his fluent pen has lengthily and brilliantly apostrophised, in a *feuilleton* that shall teach the purse-proud bughers of London the proper light in which to view their own great fair, not the least memorable incident whereof will be his presence, who never until now placed foot on English ground, and only comes to set the world aright about the Great Exhibition of all nations.

Enfin—he has come, this man of *tempes* and *metaphors*, this *bel esprit*, this will-o’-the-wisp of journalism, who leads his readers through a labyrinth of columns, and—when they arrive at the end, to which they are conducted by the fascinating glimmer of his wit—at the moment they think to clutch his meaning, vanishes, the initials, J. J., starting up in his place, to represent alike the vagueness of his object and the spell of his most pleasant and irresistible style. We look forward with extasy to Janin’s first *feuilleton* on the Crystal Exhibition, which will be a veritable kaleidoscope of *prosopopœia*—multiple and multiposed. We shall see the truth, flitting over a wall of words and wit, like some light that dances on a dark interior, impelled to fitful motion by influence outside, eccentric and unseen.

To say that Jules Janin has come to London is to say that Jules Janin will be feted and apostrophised. He will be invited everywhere and will go nowhere—without his Flaccus. He who has made drunk the Muses, will now be compelled to drink to the Muses—with Thackeray and Dickens, and Bourcicault and A’Beckett, and Kenney and Jerrold, and Smith, and the wits, and Baylis. They will drink to the Muses—they eight, who, with J. J. make up nine, each one his muse to kiss and quaff to. And each shall write an ode to the Crystal Palace, a May-Day ode—eight odes, and one in French. And after the odes are written, they shall quaff again with

“—Changing tongue, and various speech
Together blent.”

And after the odes are read—after each ode—they shall quaff again, each to his muse, nine separate quaffings, one for an ode; and “joy-bells” shall toll, and the nine shall part, each to his separate home, full to the lips of wine and minstrelsy.

Thus will Jules Janin be received, with song and cheer. There shall be "thunder," to respond to the lightning of his wit; but no "small beer," to turn the honey of good fellowship into the gall of acrimonious repartee. Jerrold shall be gentle, Baylis courteous, Bourcicault bashful, Lacy silent, Clem White consecutive, Kenney kindly, Smith "slow," Thackeray benevolent, Tom Taylor tender, Vivier grave, Oxenford sentimental, and all "jolly"—for the honour of J. J. "*In vino*" is confarrestation comfortable.

J. J. has come; *nunc est bibendum*; he will stay; *nunc est edendum*; he will appear at the C. C. and the CAFÉ; *nunc est saluandum*; Thackeray will put him in a preface, Dickens in a dirge, Smith in a stave; *tunc ridendum*; Brough in a burlesque; *tunc lacrimandum*.

In crystal time this prose-apostrophe to the merits of a great critic and greater wit, who never before poised a toe on British earth, who never before drank inspiration from a "London Fog" (the Gallic expression for a Cockney or West-end May-day) may not be found out of column. If it be, we are grieved, since we have no other column to put it in. We are eager to place on record the joy we naturally feel at the advent of Jules Janin, whose parallel is not to be found, unless at the Antipodes, where, to judge from the analysis of our own physical sensations, our fellow creatures should be walking upon the face of the earth, upside down, like flies upon a ceiling—or else "ups and downs" are mere delusions, (which would not be a bad thing, since, then, there would be none in the journey of life.) Wherewith, with many acknowledgments to our brilliant *camarade* of beyond the "Chops," for having suggested to us so curious a speculation, we bid him adieu for the present—wishing him a jolly time of it, and may he never repent his trip to White (but not perfidious) Albion.

COPYRIGHT.

We are not going into the question of international copyright, but as we have inserted a letter in which some very unequivocal opinions are advanced, we think it as well to say that we have no leaning to either side of the argument as it at present stands for legal discussion.

We can never lean to the notion that a composer should not have a property in his works all over the world; and if there be no international law to that effect, the sooner such a law is made the better. It is very hard upon one who has toiled night and day, for months, perhaps years, in the composition of an opera—that another, who has toiled not at all, shall be enabled to sell it for his own especial profit, without any advantage whatever to the author. The injustice is manifest, and no argument is strong enough to defend it.

Considered in another point of view, the example is injurious in every respect. A nation which can rob other nations of their books and music will neither have the will nor the energy to produce for itself. Take Belgium for example.

Belgium is the greatest thief in Europe; she steals wholesale from France and England, and offers nothing in return. Were she unable to steal from others with impunity, it is possible she might do something to encourage industry at home; but while she can fatten upon piracy, depend upon it she will be always idle.

It is probable that Belgium would not agree to an international copyright with France and England, since the sacrifice would be on her own side. She would abandon a rich booty, and receive little or nothing in exchange. Who ever heard of a Belgian opera or a Belgian book? Yet, doubtless, there are those in Belgium capable of writing both, and ready for the task, were there any chance of a market; and here lies the philosophical view of the question, for her statesmen to consider. The wrong done to France and England is bad enough; but the wrong done to Belgium herself is worse.

We give our vote for an international copyright for two reasons. First, it is plain justice that an author should be able to sell his works all over the world; no plausible sophistry can make it appear that Herr B——, at Leipsic, has any feasible property or right in the opera or novel of Mons. A——, or Mr. K——, in Paris or in London; the question will not bear discussion. Second, if it costs as much to buy a foreign opera as an English, our own musicians would have as good a chance of a bargain as the more favoured producers of the continent.

The question is not one of free trade, since robbing or piracy is not commerce; and if Messrs. Cramer publish an opera of Auber without paying for it, it is mere piracy, and no better, in the moral sense of the position. We do not advocate duties on books and music, but we wish to enforce a respect for the rights of their authors. The cheaper we can buy them the better. That depends on those who have them to sell. We want no protection in the "protectionist" sense of the term, but protection in the purely moral sense, which inculcates that the produce of a man's brain belongs to himself and to no other. What is just here is just all over the world; and it is difficult to imagine by what process of manœuvring a robbery on the property of M. Brandus or Herr Breitkoff can be defended any more than a robbery on that of Messrs. Beale or Mr. D'Almaine. If you print and sell the *Prophete* or the *Enfant Prodigue*, without the permission of M. Brandus, you are robbing M. Brandus; and if you perform those operas without the permission of the composers, you are robbing Meyerbeer and Auber—with the miserable plea that they are foreigners and live in France—as though the Straits of Dover could annul the universal recognition of the law that regulates *meum* and *tuum*. The error is monstrous, and the sooner it is corrected the better for all the world—for ourselves at home as well as for our friends abroad.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert, on Monday night, was graced by the presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duke of Welling-

ton, &c., and the Hanover Square Rooms were crowded to inconvenience. Her Majesty is an excellent judge of music, although it would appear she objects to solos at the Philharmonic, and among other things was graciously pleased to command the symphony in A major (No. 2) of Mendelssohn, which is not only our own especial favourite but the very pearl of orchestral pieces. Let us, however, give the whole of the Royal Programme, a capital one in its way, though not bristling with novelty:—

PART I.			
Overture, <i>Struensee</i>	Meyerbeer.		
Aria, "In questa tomba oscura." Miss Williams	Beethoven.		
Sinfonia in A, No. 2 (MS.)	Mendelssohn.		
Terzetto, "Dei che piangendo imploro" (Maometto) Miss L. Pyne, Miss Williams, and M. Jules Stockhausen	Winter.		
Overture, <i>Der Freischütz</i>	Weber.		
PART II.			
Sinfonia in C Minor, No. 5.	Beethoven.		
Recit. { "Caterina, ti pare" } (La Festa della Rose)			
Aria, { "Ah no, la rosa è mia" }			
Miss Louisa Pyne	Coppola.		
Terzetto, "Soave conforto" (Zelmira) Miss L. Pyne, Miss Williams, and Mr. Jules Stockhausen	Rossini.		
Overture, <i>Lodoiska</i>	Cherubini.		
Conductor, Mr. Costa.			

The overture to *Struensee* is a great favourite with Prince Albert; and so is its composer, Meyerbeer. The Prince is a fast admirer of great men, and the composer of *Il Crociato* and *Robert*, and the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* is one of the greatest men the Prince could fastly admire. The tragedy of *Struensee*, by Herr Beer (the brother of Meyerbeer), owes much of its celebrity to the incidental music, and the illustrious composer may congratulate himself in having given his brother a "lift," since, unquestionable as are the merits of *Struensee*, it would not be half so interesting without the music. The overture was played with great "clang" by the Philharmonic band (a little variety in the shape of a *piano* would have been grateful), and was much better appreciated than on a former occasion when it was "set before the Queen."

Miss Williams sang the solemn air of Beethoven with charming solemnity; but something new from her most musical lips would have been still more welcome. We have heard "In questa tomba oscura" very often. Miss Williams—we tell you that once for all; so now go to your portfolio and "rummage up" some other song. Winter's trio, though placid in character, is somewhat wintry; it was sung well, however, and that was a recompense.

Mendelssohn's symphony was a feast of sound, which the ear drank in, while the imagination revelled in dreams that can never be realized. What is the first movement? An *allegro vivace* in A major?—that means nothing. No—it is a walk out in the fields on a summer evening, with a fresh breeze, and corn bending, and insects buzzing, and trees rustling, and birds singing, and the blood leaping under the influence of the sun, still warm, though shorn of his scorching beams. What is called "*Andante con moto* in D minor," is the wail of a breaking heart that breaks with the last note. Molière, the great Molière, when he first heard this unspeakable movement, in England (it is unknown abroad), was affected almost to tears, and declared, in a spirit of kindred poetry, that it was "Mendelssohn writing his own epitaph." The minuet and trio full of grace, the grace that throws a halo over virgin-hood, and the *presto saltarello* in A minor—the most gorgeous musical picture of an Italian carnival ever painted for the orchestra, and at the same time a masterpiece of contrapuntal ingenuity and contrivance,—are worthy companions to the two preceding movements. On the whole the symphony was better performed on Monday night than on any previous occasion we remem-

ber; although we must confess that the *allegro* was not taken "*vivace*," nor the *saltarello* "*presto*," according to the indications of the composer. The *andante* was redemanded by the audience, but, as Her Majesty did not give the sign of assent, Mr. Costa proceeded with the *minuetto*. The A symphony has now become as great a favorite with the subscribers as any of Beethoven's, and its annual repetition is looked forward to as a matter of course.

The *Der Freischütz* was well played, although great objections were made to the *rallentando*, introduced in the *coda*. Mr. Costa, however, cannot be made responsible for what Chelard, Mendelssohn, and other conductors have done before him. Their authority, we believe, was Weber himself, and as the effect is a very good one, we see no reason to doubt it.

The C minor symphony was coarsely executed. There were no *pianos* from first to last, as a make-shift for which a certain rude energy was not enough. The trio of the *scherzo*, however, was given for the first time with the proper accent, an *innovation* for which we are doubtless indebted to Mr. Costa.

The entire omission of solos was a drawback to the concert, and hardly redeemed by the addition of a third overture, although that to *Lodoiska* is one of Cherubini's best, far too good indeed to be played as a voluntary while the audience were dispersing.

We were not greatly pleased with the vocal music on this occasion, except with Beethoven's song, which Miss Williams sang beautifully. Winter's trio, though nicely written, is somewhat dull, and Rossini's is much better on the stage. The recitative and air of Coppola, sung by Miss L. Pyne, was unworthy the talent of that rising vocalist. After Mozart, Coppola will not do, and Miss Pyne should have known better than to have followed her well deserved success, in "Non mi dir," at a previous concert, with such a trivial clap-clap.

The National Anthem was played on the arrival of her Majesty, who exhibited her accustomed punctuality, and, as usual, remained to the end of the concert.

NORTHAMPTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From a Correspondent).

The event of the past week has been the Musical Festival at the New Corn Exchange. For a time we seemed to have lost our provincial character; and our Market-square, with its line of carriages and crowds of spectators, reminded us of the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. We remember no occurrence of the kind which occasioned similar excitement. The plan of the Festival was as follows:—On Tuesday morning, the *Creation*; on Tuesday evening, a miscellaneous Concert; and on Wednesday morning, the *Messiah*. The singers were Miss Birch, Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Poole, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. T. Williams. First violin, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Banister, Eames, Rice, Streather, Clementi, Norman, Wickett, Tole, and Hensman; second violins, Messrs. A. Griesbach, W. Blagrove, J. J. Calkin, Holland, Wheatley, Foster, Le Jeune, Rowell, and Weston; viola, Messrs. R. Blagrove, W. Thomas, Waud, E. Westrop, and G. F. Holland; violoncellos, Messrs. Hatton, Reed, J. Calkin, and Pettett; double-basses, Messrs. Howell, Edgar, G. R. Griffiths, and Griffiths; flutes, Messrs. Card, and H. Richardson; oboes, Messrs. A. Nicholson and Crosier; clarinets, Messrs. Boosé and T. Winterbottom; bassoons, Messrs. Larkin and Hardy; horns, Messrs. C. Harper and Standen; trumpets, Messrs. T. Harper, Hambleton, and Ward; trombones, Messrs. Keightly, Whittaker, and Winterbottom; ophicleide, Mr. Lever; drums, Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Charles M'Korkell, conductor.

The orchestra and chorus together included upwards of a hundred performers. From such materials there was ground for anticipating a treat of the highest order; nor were we disappointed. The representation of chaos, with which the *Oratorio* opens, afforded a foretaste of the strength and quality of the instruments. The chorus, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," terminating in the climax, "And there was light!" was equally effective. The solo performers were worthy of the occasion and of their task. None of them, however, we suspect, were prepared for the noble space in which their powers were to be tried. Miss Birch soon saw its capabilities, and sent her splendid voice, careering triumphantly through it. Mr. Lockey tried it more cautiously, but was speedily at home. Mrs. Enderssohn evidently ventured, puzzled and doubtfully. Her voice faltered in the recitative, "And God said, let the earth," but when she came to the air, "With verdure clad," she too was quite at her ease. The trio and chorus, "The Heavens are telling," found the audience deeply impressed, and at the conclusion of the oratorio the universal feeling was that expectation had been outdone.

Tuesday evening, as we have said, was devoted to a Miscellaneous Concert. "God save the Queen" found an echo in the hearts of those who listened to it. All the strength of the company was clustered together on this occasion. The overture to *Fidelio* led the way, and was followed by the Rev. R. Greville's glee, "Now the bright morning star," charmingly sung by Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Poole, Miss M. Williams, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Lawler. Mr. Greville, father of our townsmen, the Messrs. Greville, is said to have composed this glee under the combined influence of the "bright morning star" which it celebrates, and the classic poetry of Milton. We presume he was an early riser, and saw "day's harbinger" as he went abroad in the morning, not as he came home. The story goes that he gave the composition to a lady, and that the Glee Club awarded it the prize before Greville was aware that his fair friend had entered it for competition. Miss Birch sang "Qui la voce," and a ballad of Linley's, "I was happier ere I loved you," which last was encored. Miss M. Williams won a similar compliment in Gluck's "Che faro senza Euridice." Mr. Charles M'Korkell, who was greeted with a hearty burst of applause on his first entrance into the orchestra (a welcome which the sacred character of the morning performance had forbidden) executed a picturesque solo of Weber's with the effect of an accomplished artist. His firm touch and brilliant finger told surprisingly in a room where every note has its full value. "The Chough and Crow" concluded the first part. The second part opened with the overture to *Zampa*.

Mr. Lawler was encored in "Largo al factotum." Indeed the enthusiasm of the audience was at so exalted a pitch, that they were in a mood for encoring everything. Mr. Blagrove's violin solo was a performance in the purest style. A ballad "The lost heart," of Glover's, gained an encore for Miss Poole. The noble and dramatic march from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* concluded the concert. Among matters for commendation we may notice the adherence to the programme. The only omission was the madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," which the repeated encores rendered inevitable. We were glad too to notice that the absurd custom of replying to an encore by singing something totally different was not indulged in on this occasion. Coming out into the square we found it thronged with people, and alive with carriages of all sorts—a striking contrast to its customary sober quietude at so late an hour.

The *Messiah* of Handel was the concluding performance of

the Festival on Wednesday morning. It turned out, too, the most attractive. "Comfort ye my people" was given by Mr. Lockey with great pathos. Throughout the oratorio indeed this gentleman's performance left nothing to be desired; he threw his soul into all he did, and showed that his naturally fine voice had been cultivated with care. The rich tones of Miss M. Williams told deliciously in "He was despised." Of the choruses, it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. "For unto us a child is born" was given with wonderful effect upon the words "Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father!" Handel's own opinion of the manner in which this passage should be uttered may be gathered from what he is said to have desired as part of the means of its utterance—"the roar of cannon on Salisbury Plain." So of the "Hallelujah," the grandeur of which will long leave its echo in the memory. Another of the specialties of the morning was Mr. T. Harper's trumpet obligato—"the trumpet shall sound," a performance which we believe no other player can with prudence undertake at present. Applause during an oratorio is forbidden, but the enjoyment of the audience broke out at the close of the last chorus with an irrepressible burst.

We saw in the room a considerable number of Novello's edition of the *Oratorios*, in vocal score, and commend them to the notice of visitors on similar occasions, as excellent and very convenient hand-books.

The Festival, so far as those who conducted it were concerned, more than fulfilled its promise. We wish we could add that the public had performed their part equally well. The hall was arranged for the accommodation of 2,000 persons; but we question whether the *Messiah*, which was best attended, drew together more than half that number. Circumstances, perhaps, may account in part for this. There is no doubt that the absence of Jetty Treffs on a recent occasion, had created disappointment, almost a feeling of distrust. There were melancholy reasons, too, for the absence of several influential families in the neighbourhood. But setting these aside, the undertaking was not patronized as its projectors had a right to expect.

Two-thirds of those who undertook to support it, did not take tickets; yet it was upon the basis of such sanctions that the outlay was incurred. The result is, that the receipts fall short by £200 of the expenditure. We cannot but regret, however, such a return for the spirit, talent, and risk of the projectors. We regret it, too, for the sake of the public, because it cannot but operate as a discouragement to future undertakings, and we had looked to the possession of a hall so calculated for meetings of this kind, as likely to foster the musical taste of our town and neighbourhood. On all sides we hear the highest eulogies of the festival, and the manner in which Mr. M'Korkell has fulfilled his undertaking; but, unfortunately, he has to set against this a serious pecuniary loss.

The arrangements of the Hall, for which Mr. J. Macquire deserves credit, were excellent. There was ready access to every seat, and the various entrances to the different departments ensured an order that was particularly agreeable. We hear, too, the highest commendations of our excellent station-master, Mr. Snape, who facilitated, at the cost of much personal trouble and exertion, the wishes of the committee to the utmost of his power. Since the Festival, Mr. Higgins of the George Hotel, has received a letter from the leader of the chorus, in the name of that body, expressing their sense of the liberal treatment which they received at the various hotels at which they were located. In a word, we know of no complaint except that our Northampton public have not properly estimated an opportunity which is not likely, under the circumstances, to present itself again on the same scale of completeness for years to come.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

(From the Times.)

There was a very full audience on Tuesday afternoon, at the second meeting, and the programme, while undistinguished by any absolute novelty, was exceedingly well chosen. The double quartets are among the most remarkable of Spohr's compositions for the chamber, and although the one in E minor has obtained the largest share of popularity, that in D minor, selected by Mr. Ella for the occasion, is, in our opinion, the best. The theme of the first *allegro* was evidently suggested by the opening of one of Mozart's symphonies in D; but the whole movement is masterly, and the treatment of the two quartet parties is managed with a fine feeling for variety. The *scherzo* is spirited and fanciful, its capricious character being charmingly relieved by the graceful melody of the trio. The least striking movement is the *larghetto*, but even that is full of genuine tune, harmonised with the voluptuous richness that belongs to Spohr. The *finale* is again a masterpiece, in which two playful and well contrasted subjects are developed with a skill and abundant contrivance which show Spohr to be one of the greatest contrapuntists of his day. The execution was admirable. M. Sainton, whose reading of classical music would alone place him in the foremost rank of violinists, headed the first quartet; and M. Deloffre, a highly intelligent and practised artist, the second. The other violins were MM. Witt and Watson; the tenors, Messrs. Hill and Mellon; the violoncellos, Signor Piatti and M. Pilet. The last full piece was Beethoven's quintet in E flat, Op. 4, an early work of the master, full of freshness and beauty, very much in the manner of Mozart, though more remarkable for an exhaustless flow of melodious ideas than for depth of expression or learned combinations. It was allotted to MM. Sainton and Deloffre (violins), Messrs. Hill and Mellon (tenors), and Signor Piatti (violoncello), whose frequent practice in concert has rendered their quartet playing irreproachable.

The gem of the programme, however, was the "sonata duo" in B flat, of Mendelssohn, for pianoforte and violoncello, by Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Piatti. The two were well met, since each in his way is unrivalled on his particular instrument. The broad and unaffected style of Mr. Bennett, characterised alike by energy, correct taste, and all the requisites to faultless mechanism, gave due prominence to the pianoforte part; while the exquisite tone and phrasing of Signor Piatti in the *cantabile* passages, and the finished neatness of his execution, did nothing less for the violoncello. The result was a performance of rare excellence, which, while conspicuously displaying the talents of the players, developed the intentions of the composer with unvarnished purity. The audience were delighted, and expressed their pleasure by the warmest applause. Mr. Bennett afterwards gave some of the *lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, from the fifth and sixth books, the two first of which (in E minor and G) are rarely heard in public, and were doubly welcome through the medium of such perfect execution. The programme appeared to afford entire satisfaction to all present.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The fourth meeting took place on Wednesday night, at the New Beethoven Rooms. There was a crowded attendance. The programme was highly interesting. Three quartets from the early, middle, and latter periods—a plan which should not be departed from until the whole of the seventeen have been given—constituted the programme. They were No. 1 in F, No. 8 in E minor, and No. 12 in E flat. The performers

were Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. Ernst was in great play. The *adagio* in D minor of the first, and that in E major of the second quartet, both peculiarly suited to Ernst, were magnificently performed. There is no greater charm in the style of this great violinist than the new, but wholly legitimate readings, by means of which he so often confers an unanticipated character upon special passages, without ever violating the unity of the work or the intentions of the composer. Several such readings in both of the *adagios*, and particularly in the last, a sublime strain of melody, which bears Ernst upon its wings into the loftiest regions of poetry, were introduced with delightful effect, and let us, as it were, deeper into the secrets of Beethoven than we ever went before. The variety of expression of which these long-drawn-out slow movements are capable is almost infinite. They are worlds, in which the spirit of Ernst wanders at will, finding new treasures at every step. The posthumous quartet in E flat contains a first movement, *allegro teneramente*, in which all the heart of Beethoven seems dissolved in tenderness, the most symmetrical regularity of plan being nevertheless adhered to. This is really enthusiasm made subservient to the rules of art. The other movements are more capricious, though full of beauties, and enchainning the interest to the last. The first of the posthumous quartets, the E flat is also one of the most intricate and difficult. It was, however, magnificently executed. Ernst was never more earnest and impassioned, and never more sparkling with vivacity and animation. Cooper, who plays the first violin as well as he plays the second, was admirable; Hill was still the incomparable tenor; and Rousselot the accomplished musician and faithful exponent of Beethoven. Altogether the performance was the most striking we have heard of this quartet, and was fully appreciated by the audience, who applauded each movement with the utmost ardor.

The Rasamowsky quartet was interrupted by a slight mishap that occurred to Ernst, in the shape of a violent fit of coughing, which compelled him to retire from the room after the slow movement. He soon, however, resumed his post, and the energy with which he played the *allegretto* showed that the *contretemps* was not of serious moment.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

What will Mr. Lumley do with all his *prime donne*? Where find operas enough for them? How find room for them in his repertoire? Already, the week after Easter, three new sopranos have appeared, viz., Caroline Duprez, Alaimo, and Fiorentini—the last named charming artist may be reckoned among the novelties, having only sang a few nights at the latter end of last season—and six, seven, or eight more, are promised. Nine, ten, or eleven *prime donne*! It looks impossible, but let us name them, nevertheless—Caroline Duprez, Fiorentini, Alaimo, Sontag, Barbiere-Nini, Cruvelli, Ugalde, Stokas, Parodi, Guiliani, Albani! Such a battalion of sopranos was never before congregated together in one theatre. What can be done with them? Balfe has jocosely hinted that by tripling the parts in *Don Giovanni* a simultaneous employment might be given to the whole of Mr. Lumley's *soprano* force, which would prove a novelty and a triple source of attraction. This is Balfe's idea:—Donna Anna—Mesdames Cruvelli, Alaimo, and Parodi; Elvira—Mesdames Fiorentini, Caroline Duprez, and Guiliani; Zerlina—Mesdames Sontag, Barbiere-Nini, and Ugalde—to say nothing of the Zerlina—Albani, who will not be tripled or doubled, being unmatched. In pursuance of this plan, the other parts might be tripled also—not so advantageously, we own—with the exception of Leporello, Lablache

being great and large enough for any three personifiers of Don Juan's confidential follower. A further use might be made of this arrangement: each of the three artists might sing in a different language, and thus afford three nations, instead of one; the opportunity of enjoying what is going forward in their respective tongues—a desideratum, when London is about to become a new Babel. At present we cannot exactly make out how Mr. Lumley intends to provide for his *soprani assoluti*, of one of whom, a *debutante*, it is now our duty to speak, descending from grotesque speculation to simple criticism.

The *Lucrezia Borgia* was produced on Saturday for the debut of Mdlle. Alaimo, or Alaymo—the difference, as Lord Eldin said on another occasion, being all “in my i”—a young artist, who for the last few years has made a great sensation in Italy. Mdlle. Alaimo comes from Palermo, in Sicily, and, we believe, before Saturday night, never sang out of the Italian States. Of her immediate successes we know nothing, and nothing of her history. Some of the French journals dubbed her a countess; others went into raptures on her beauty; and others pronounced her the great genius of the age, until Cruvelli arrived and became the new idol of their mobile worshipocracy. Mdlle. Alaimo, we understand, is only twenty-one years of age, a period at which, in the history of art, no great singer has reached the culminating point. The talents of the *debutante* are indeed remarkable, on this consideration, and, in the histrionic art, almost unprecedented. That one so young should have grappled with the passion, grandeur, intensity, and various subtleties of the character of Lucrezia, as successfully as Mdlle. Alaimo on Tuesday night, is an indication of genius. The part of Lucrezia Borgia is in some respects antagonistic to the qualifications of Mdlle. Alaimo. She looks too youthful for the mother of Gennaro, and her person, which is slight and fragile, appears to want weight. Her voice, also, a high *soprano*, lacks power in the middle and lower register, on which so much effect depends. But Mdlle. Alaimo's intelligence triumphed over all obstructions, and we unhesitatingly pronounce her Lucrezia Borgia a performance of great and striking merit. In awarding this praise we are perhaps speaking under the mark. It must be borne in mind that we are writing after hearing Mdlle. Alaimo a second time in the same part, which makes all the difference. Every allowance should be made for a first appearance; and when we discover, or think we discover, the promise of any thing really great, so eager is the impetus towards superlatives, that our critical optics naturally become magnifiers, and every beauty is glorified into a transcendancy. The second time, the calm critic takes the place of the indulgent enthusiast, and eulogy is qualified by observation and toned down by truth and common sense. Praise then becomes more valuable as it is more just, and less likely to be influenced by first impressions. What we felt when we heard Mdlle. Alaimo the first night in Lucrezia Borgia was by no means lessened, however, on a second hearing and seeing. She has more than confirmed our good opinion—she has progressed in our esteem.

Mdlle. Alaimo's voice, as we have already hinted, is a high *soprano*. It possesses great power and has a bell-like quality in the upper notes. The middle tones are good, but the lower are deficient in strength. A slight tremulousness lends Mdlle. Alaimo's singing, especially in passages of pathos, a peculiar charm, which we do not remember in any other *soprano*, although something like the same effect has been produced on us by Rubini and Tamberlik. Altogether the voice of the fair *debutante* is forcible, flexible, and capable of every variety of expression, and is managed with admirable skill. Mdlle. Alaimo's school is the pure Italian school. Her method is undeniable, her style devoid of affectation.

Of Mdlle. Alaimo's histrionic powers we can speak in higher terms than of her vocal. She is evidently full of mind, and, if she does not feel what she sings and acts, certainly impresses you with the belief that she does—and this is true art. Among the numerous beauties of her Lucrezia we would select the scene with Alfonso in the first act, when, vainly demanding the life of Gennaro, Lucrezia turns upon her husband and threatens him with her vengeance; and the last scene when, poisoned by her own hand, her son expires in her arms. In the first, the measured emphasis of her deprecation, and the cold ironical taunts, were terribly earnest and real. Mdlle. Alaimo took the theme of the duet in this scene slower than we have been accustomed to hear it, and thereby made it doubly impressive. We may mention here that her conception of the character and the execution throughout were perfectly original. The scene with the dying Gennaro was inexpressibly touching, and constituted a fitting climax to one of the very best first performances we have witnessed for years.

Mdlle. Alaimo is of the middle height. She is slight in form and very graceful. Her face is remarkably expressive, her eye full of fire, and her forehead high and intellectual. That the *debutante* will prove a great acquisition to Her Majesty's Theatre cannot be doubted. We shall be glad to see her in another part, where, perhaps, her powers may be still more advantageously exhibited.

Gardoni made his first appearance in Gennaro, and was welcomed with acclamations. His voice appears to have gained in strength and volume, its original freshness and sympathetic charm being as evident as heretofore. The admirable tenor looked the part of the youthful “capitano” to perfection, and infused more energy than ever into his acting. His last scene was an excellent histrionic effort, and received the warmest plaudits after the death, which Gardoni managed very gracefully.

The Alfonso of Lablache is too well known to need any remarks here. The gigantic *basso* wore a new dress—the one made for him at Paris—and seemed to take no small delight in exhibiting it to the public. It was a rich and becoming costume. Lablache should not have omitted on both nights the “Vendetta,” which no one can sing like him. It was said he was indisposed, but, to judge from his voice, we should have felt inclined to pronounce him in excellent health and spirits. He sang magnificently on both occasions.

Mdlle. Ida Bertrand made her *reentrée* in Orsino, a part to which she gave much point and significance last season. She is an excellent artist, and sang both her songs with considerable effect. She was loudly encored in the “Brindisi.”

The chorus of nobles was strengthened by Signors F. Lablache, Scotti, Mercuriali, Lorenzo, Casanova, and others. Signor Casanova appeared for the first time in Don Apostolo Gasella. We are unable to form any estimate of his abilities.

On Saturday the opera was followed by the *Metamorphoses*, in which the ethereal and incomparable Carlotta was the cynosure of all eyes, and the loadstone of all hearts. On Tuesday it was succeeded by two *tableaux* from the new and successful ballet *L'île des Amours*, with Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris as the heroine.

Thursday night proved a night of disappointments to Mr. Lumley in more respects than one. The new opera of Alary, *Le tre Nozze*, was intended to be given in celebration of the opening of the grand Exhibition, and the highest personage in the realm had signified her intention of being present; but Madame Sontag's sudden illness precluded the possibility of the new opera being produced, and the attraction of novelty was wanting in a certain quarter. But Mr. Lumley was not en-

tirely to be baffled by Fortune on the night of the inauguration of the season. A novelty of a specific nature was provided for the visitors, in the shape of a *divertissement*, musical and choregraphic, which was merely hinted at in the bills, and intended for a surprise.

Masaniello was the opera, but in consequence of the extreme length of the entertainments, it was found necessary to omit the last act. The practice of giving the works of the great masters in a fragmentary state we always have, and always shall, set our faces against. We consider it neither just, nor politic. On the present occasion, perhaps, it may stand justified, since we know there was no intention of leaving out any of the music at the commencement of the performance. When the fourth act was concluded, from the numerous encores and unavoidable delays between the acts, it was near eleven o'clock, and a duet from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, the last scene of *Sonnambula*, and a part of the ballet, *Les Metamorphoses*, had yet to follow, without reckoning the new *divertissement*. We cannot help feeling that the "long Thursdays" is founded on a bad system, and will never work well for the establishment, especially if it necessitates the giving, in incomplete shape, the most perfect productions of the theatre.

After the fourth act of *Masaniello*, the comic duet, from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, for two basses, was so humourously sung and acted by Lablache, *pere et fils*, as to call for an enthusiastic encore.

When the curtain next rose, a very splendid picture met the eye of the spectator. The Crystal Palace, fresh from the graphic pencil of Mr. Marshall, shone radiantly in the back ground, glistening with the reflection of a thousand suns. From what point the view was taken we could not ascertain. It seemed as if we the beholders were floating aloft in a balloon and gazing downward on the dazzling scene; or that we had borrowed Primrose-hill for the nonce and placed it on the top of the Knightsbridge Barracks, to accommodate our vision and take in the glorious speculation at one broad glance. But, when the stage was filled by the whole company, operatic and choregraphic, and the costumes of all times and climes flashed upon us in rainbow colors, then indeed might we be said to have been veritably excited and lifted, as it were, out of our usual apathy. In front of the rainbow group we beheld Mesdames Fiorentini, Alaimo, Caroline Duprez, Ida Bertrand, Feller, and another *dame*—whose pardon we entreat for not recognising—with the Messrs. Lablache, F. Lablache, Coletti, Lorenzo, Pardini (dressed for the last act of *Masaniello*—a proof there was no intention to "cut" Auber short), Calsolari, Gardoni, and others. Then Balfe gave the signal with his baton, and the whole vocal corps sang the following verses of Barry Cornwall, written expressly for the occasion, to music composed by Balfe expressly for the occasion:

"All hail! Give welcome to this happy day!
War throws his sword and spear and helmet down;
And, wreathed with hawthorn, laughs the Lady May,
And Peace smiles glad beneath her olive crown.
Welcome to Britain's land!
Welcome with heart and hand!
Welcome to all!
When the merry bells ring around,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checker'd shade."

The four first lines were sung to a solemn and measured strain with responses behind by a semi-chorus with organ, which had a very happy effect. Had the audience but had an inkling of the poet's words the effect would have been still better. The national anthem was then introduced—the prin-

cipal solos taken by Fiorentini and Caroline Duprez—which was rapturously encored; and the last lines of the poem were sung to a very lively, sparkling, and, so to speak, Exhibition tune, which quite exhilarated all present. The vocal cavalry then retired, and the choregraphic infantry came forward, Balfe resigning his post to Nadaud.

The dances were of all nations, and too numerous to describe. Here were especial tarentellas, polkas, mazurkas, galops, polonaises, and a British hornpipe. This last was not at all relished by the grand tier, which considered its dignity compromised by the importation of a native article. The gallery stood up manfully for the pipe; the pit was neuter. The gods prevailed, and achieved an encore.

Amalia Ferraris, the osmium-footed, seconded by M. Charles, of vaulting ambition, danced a peculiar Sicilienne with peculiar point and *aplomb*; and Carlotta, the usurper and tyrant of hearts and hands, with M. Paul Taglioni, the poetic and agile, footed to perfection in a mixed Russo-Polo-Cossack Mazurka. Carlotta, in her ultramarine jerkin, trimmed with miniver, open at the throat, with a piqued cap of desperation on her head, ermined and feathered, looked a terrible Cossack, capable of committing a thousand murders. Oh! Carlotta! for how many murders will you not stand accountable on the night of the 1st of May, 1851, with that monstrous jacket and that dreadful cap? If you would spare unnumbered hearts, don them never again. Too killing before, by aid of their frightful ministry you become a veritable manslaughterer!

The new *divertissement* was highly successful, and will no doubt be repeated for some nights.

In the last scene from the *Sonnambula*, Caroline Duprez warbled to admiration, and produced a marked sensation. The young artist was recalled at the end, and received with acclamations.

A *tableau* from *Les Metamorphoses*, concluded one of the longest performances remembered at her Majesty's Theatre. Carlotta Grisi—but no—we cannot venture to speak more of her at present. The effects of the ultramarine jacket and piqued cap must wear away before we can attempt to criticise her performances.

On Tuesday *Le Tre Nozze* will positively be produced. Madame Sontag makes her first appearance to-night.

Cruvelli has arrived. At her last performance at the Salle Ventadour, one hundred and twenty-six bouquets were thrown on the stage, when the great Teutonian was recalled at the end of *Ernani*. So says the *France Musicale*. Who counted them? It has not yet been decided in what opera she is to come out. We hope not *Ernani*!!

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday night, and Mario, having entirely recovered from his indisposition, took his revenge, and made ample amends for the disappointment he occasioned at the first performance. He was in glorious voice and sang as finely as ever. The septuor in the *Pré au Clercs* scene left no doubt as to the entire restoration of all his powers. A more splendid display, vocal and histrionic, could not well be imagined than that between Grisi and Mario in the grand duet succeeding the "Benediction of the Poignards." The audience was excited to the highest state of enthusiasm, and applauded vociferously and continuously. Both artists were twice recalled and overwhelmed with plaudits.

The performance, nevertheless, did not pass off without a *contretemps*. Formes had been seized with the epidemic of the season, and, it was apprehended in the early part of the

day, that he would be unable to sing at night. The part of Marcel, however, is one which could not well be entrusted to inferior hands, and Formes, even if deprived of half his powers, was considered preferable to any other artist in the theatre who could undertake the character at a moment's notice. But Formes, although evidently labouring under the effects of a severe hoarseness, was not deprived of half his strength, as was abundantly exemplified in the "Piff, paff," and the entire duet in the second act with Valentine, which he sang and acted superbly. A slight falling off in the last scene alone showed that the energetic German *basso* was not entirely himself.

Notwithstanding this little drawback the *Huguenots* was given in a highly satisfactory manner. The return of Angrî in Urbain was a decided feature. The fair *contralto* was in great force and sang with all her wonted animation and vigour, and obtained a hearty encore in the "No, no, no" song, which was written expressly for Alboni, as we have said more than once before. Castellan sang the music of Marguerite with more than usual effect.

The chorus of Catholics and Huguenots in the *Pre au Clercs* scene, act the second (third of the original version), however, would have been all the better for a few extra rehearsals. Not only did the singers not go together, but they seemed to have lost half their strength, which we can only ascribe to a great part of the chorus not attempting to sing at all. The music is intricate and fragmentary, and demands the utmost nicety and clearness of execution—the stronger reason why it should have obtained sundry rehearsals previous to its being performed in public. On the other hand, an improvement must be noted in the military band on the stage, which is now perfectly in tune with the orchestra.

Roberto il Diavolo was given for the second time on Tuesday. Tamberlik was as admirable as ever in Roberto, and Formes, having entirely recovered, gave the music of Bertram with powerful effect, and acted the part with a superabundance of vigour and passionate energy. Madame Castellan, the most charming of Isabellas, was immensely applauded in both her arias, and Grisi subdued all her dramatic fire and grandeur to lend the part of Alice its native grace and truthfulness. But Grisi shines in every character; from Norma the heroic, to Norina the coquettish.

ERNST AND THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The *Morning Post*, in a luminous notice of the fourth meeting of Mr. Rousselot's admirable society, thus does justice to the artists-executants, at the head of whom stands the incomparable Ernst:—

We have already spoken of the inimitable *ensemble* produced by the artists forming "the Beethoven Society" in terms of highest eulogy. In addition to each member being a consummate master of his instrument, the habit of playing together has already produced a reciprocity of feeling, an unity of tone and style, which could scarcely be equalled, certainly not excelled by any body of executants at this moment before the metropolitan public. The directing mind of Herr Ernst, who is the presiding deity of these meetings, has doubtless done much towards the realisation of this admirable result; for the highly poetical temperament of our great German violinist, regulated and inspired by profound study of the great masters, could scarcely fail acting upon such sympathetic natures as those of Mr. Cooper (one of our ablest native violinists), Mr. Hill, (one of the best performers of chamber music in Europe), and M. Rousselot (a musician of learning and refined taste), to lead to the attainment of an executive excellence akin to perfection. Ernst was quite in the "Delphic mood," and we have rarely heard him play so finely. There was

electricity in his fingers, they ran like lightning,—the lightning of thought. His violin truly appeared, like Apollo's lyre, to be "strung with poet's sinews;" and deeply did his audience feel the eloquent, soul dissolving music they discoursed.

In speaking of Beethoven's Quartet in F, which the writer pronounces inferior to Mozart's No. 1 in the *same* key—an opinion we humbly take leave to dispute—he apostrophises Ernst's performance of the *Adagio* in the following poetical manner:—

"The 'Adagio affettuoso ed appassionata' is an exquisitely pathetic tale of unrequited love. Its tearful, yearning tones, speak to the sympathising heart of a 'sweet want' unsatisfied as yet, perhaps for aye to be so; it is the voice of hope contending with despair. We need not say how Ernst called to life the magic beauties of this movement. The first violin plays a very prominent part in it, and everybody knows how this great artist excels all his contemporaries in the expression of deeply passionate emotions.

Again, further on, in allusion to another *Adagio* in the Rasamovsky Quartet in E minor, he renders justice to Ernst's manner in executing slow movements:—

"Another, and still greater opportunity was afforded him for the display of his special excellencies, in the wonderful *Adagio* of the eighth quartet. In this, he rose with his subject, and achieved the loftiest perfection of executive art. The passionate vibration of his tone, in passages of pathos, was such as the finest human voice, inspired by the most soul-felt musical feeling, could scarcely equal, whilst the lighter, and more gentle portions of the movement, he handled with an exquisite delicacy and refined taste, worthy of all praise. He was ably supported throughout by his coadjutors.

With the writer's notions of the posthumous quartet of Beethoven we have nothing to do. We should like to know to what "people" and to what "critics" he alludes in the following phillippic:—

"The twelfth quartet belongs to those which some people set down as 'unintelligible,' simply, because they cannot understand them. Would it not be more becoming in such critics to reflect that it is just possible that Beethoven may have been more profoundly versed in music than they are? Or at least, that it is much more likely they should commit an error in judgment, than a man of Beethoven's lofty genius and powerful intellect should, after 30 years' experience, produce bad works? We have not space at present to enter fully into this great question; but must leave it, as it is, undecided. On a future occasion we shall offer some remarks on the subject.

We are curious to be enlightened on this point, and hope to be instructed on the "future occasion" threatened. For our own parts we find it difficult to believe that any "people," much less "critics," can be found so stupid, and so impudent, as to think, and, thinking, to declare their conviction to the world, that Beethoven ever wrote "bad music," even in the wildest passages of the Posthumous Quartet.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The opening of this theatre is one of those events which we always hail with pleasure; and this was more particularly the case on Thursday night, after a delay which had created apprehensions of our being deprived of our favorite sources of recreation. The "St. James's" is once more the centre of attraction for all who love French comedy, vaudeville, or farce in the original language, without any of those "improvements" (as the adapters are pleased to style them), not unfrequently introduced, by the way, by the original actors themselves. The promised re-appearance on June 2nd of the reatest tragic actress of modern times, the incomparable Rachel, would alone

give weight to Mr. Mitchell's prospectus, were not the present company, consisting of Mdles. Judith, St. Marc, and Scriwaneck, and of Messieurs Regnier, Lafont, Hyacinthe, Roger, Tetard, &c., selected with discriminating tact, with reference of the style of pieces now performed at the theatre, which principally consists of light comedy and vaudeville. These actors play together as if they all belonged to the same boards, and had done nothing else during their lives; so that both principal and subordinate parts will be adequately filled, and will present a complete and perfect whole equally satisfactory to the public and to the critic. Thus, under Mr. Mitchell's auspices, we shall have another opportunity of judging how "these things are managed by our neighbours," and at the same time of discovering the great secrets of attraction at the French theatre, both in regard to authors and actors. The fact that no other manager has stepped forward to wrest the sceptre from Mr. Mitchell's grasp during the period of hesitation and doubt, is the best proof of the abilities of that gentleman, and of the general conviction that were he deprived of success, no man could have a shadow of a hope to "arrive." We have little doubt the present year will be prosperous for the enterprising manager of the French theatre; the immense concourse of foreigners who throng to the World's Fair, will be too glad to profit by this neutral ground of recreation, and, in spite of the great attractions of the Italian operas, the English theatres, and the numerous panoramas and exhibitions scattered over the face of London, we feel convinced that the French theatre will preserve a high place in public esteem, and the present *locale* be found lamentably deficient in space to accommodate this union of nations, all equally desirous of having the master-pieces of the modern French *repertoire*, and of doing homage to the transcendent genius of the divine Rachel.

On Monday, the French plays commenced under auspices more than usually favorable, and the *salle* presented a gratifying appearance on the rising of the curtain. The stalls were well filled, the boxes crammed, and the pit unable to contain the numbers who applied for admission. The first piece was a *vaudeville*, entitled *Jobin et Nanette*, which has been performed at the Haymarket, or at least forms the groundwork of the successful farce *An Alarming Sacrifice*. In the French *vaudeville* there are but two actors, and it consequently required both zeal and talent to bring the intrigue to a satisfactory conclusion. In this, Mdle. Scriwaneck and M. Hyacinthe were quite successful. The story turns on the influence of money in love affairs. The insolence of the village Adonis, when he supposes himself rich, and his subsequent humility, under the influence of love and poverty, were well depicted by M. Hyacinthe, who acted with much humour; and the honest, open-hearted village girl, whose affection is always the same uninfluenced by riches or poverty, was well represented by Mdle. Scriwaneck. The great feature of the evening, however, was Messrs. Scribe and Legouvé's new comedy, entitled *Bataille de Dames*. This is an importation from the *Théâtre Français*, where it was produced on the 17th of March; and is still played on alternate nights with *Valerie*. Few of the pieces attributed to M. Scribe are better written than this; and although it has not pretensions of the highest order, being little more than a cabinet picture, the handling is so exquisite, the language so chaste, the colouring so harmonious, and the incidents so natural, that we care not how often the spirited author of the *Camaraderie* condescends to such charming trifles as this "Ladies' duel." The writing differs materially from the style of M. Scribe, which is usually terse and epigrammatic, appeals more to the passions than to the heart. Here, however, we recognize the pen of M. Legouvé, who seeks to

obtain the sympathy, and captivate the attention by interesting our feelings. We are of opinion that, in this work of the two *collaborateurs*, the writing is almost exclusively M. Legouvé's, but that the canvas has been furnished by M. Scribe. However this may be, we consider *Bataille de Dames* as a work of great merit, which may rank among the best pieces of the modern stage. The plot is exceedingly simple, and the incidents are neither new nor striking; but our attention is enchained throughout, and the interest never flags. The period of the plot is immediately after the restoration; rumour is rife with Bonapartist plots, and Henri de Flavigneul (M. Lafont) is concealed, under the disguise of a servant, at the house of a Royalist lady, of the name of La Comtesse d'Autreval (Mdle. Judith). Here the Countess and a niece (Mdle. St. Marc) watch over him, and endeavour to counteract the attempts of the prefect of the department, the Baron de Montrichard (M. Roger) to discover the fugitive. The baroness is on the "shady" side of thirty; the niece is eighteen; both are in love with the hero of the piece, and the hero in love with both, or rather hesitates between the two. The baroness parries all the efforts of the Prefect; the niece betrays her lover through over anxiety to save him; yet the result proves love, as usual, ungrateful, and youth triumphs over womanhood, and timid innocence over worldly prudence. The countess sacrifices her love to the happiness of the younger couple; the Prefect is discomfited; and Gustave de Grignon (M. Regnier), who, a lover of a novel description, by turns extravagantly brave and ludicrously pusillanimous, winds up the piece by appealing to the countess to make a real hero of him by uniting her destiny to his.

Such is the slight outline of this piece, which pleased us more than we can describe, especially the last two acts; the first being a little too long, and containing speeches a little too didactic for the stage, where brevity is the soul of almost everything. The countess and her niece are two kind and excellent creatures, most delicately sketched. These two parts were played with true feminine tact and delicacy by Mdles. Judith and St. Marc. The former lady, new to the London public, is a decided acquisition; the latter we greet and welcome as an old acquaintance. M. Lafont is a favourite of many years standing. Although playing the part of a valet, this accomplished comedian was still the perfect gentleman and finished artist. M. Regnier is now established in the height of the *habitués* of the St. James's; he fills the stage by himself; he is ubiquitous; the scene in which he is to be shot for another is a master-piece of acting.

L'Amour à l'Aveuglette is a charming little piece, full of smart and witty repartees. It turns on the disadvantage of choosing a lover whom you cannot see. Mdle. Scriwaneck played the part of the short-sighted widow with much archness and vivacity; and M. Fétard and M. Hyacinthe elicited frequent bursts of laughter by the humour which they threw into their parts, both being outrageous stammerers when excited, and unconscious of their respective failings. During the evening the National Anthem was sung by the popular and talented Madame Charton, assisted by a complete chorus. Madame Charton could not but sing beautifully, and her pronunciation was unexceptionable. She looked well, and called up a host of recollections of past enjoyments, which we should be but too happy to renew.

J. de C.
SADLERS WELLS.—Lord Byron's tragedy of "Werner," so seldom heard of elsewhere, has been among the most noted popularities of this theatre. Not only is the action of great interest and the catastrophe ingeniously veiled, but the tragedy has great strength and variety of character. The rough soldier, Gabor, is a master-sketch, and comes out in bold and

picturesque contrast to Werner and his son. It needs but a more healthy state of public opinion to place this tragedy among the most effective dramas of the age. The acting is unusually good. We have more than once had occasion to remark the careful re-study manifested by Mr. Phelps on his resumption of parts that have been laid aside for short intervals. This diligent revising process was again visible in his performance of Werner. He gave the *Repose of Despair* in the early scenes, with impressive effect, and imparted to the passages of passion and energy more than his wonted vigour. He was loudly and justly applauded throughout, and obeyed a vociferous call at the end. The part of Gabor has an admirable representative in Mr. G. Bennett, and that of Ulric a no less excellent impersonator in Mr. Henry Marston.—G.

MARYLEBONE.—The drama of "Our Village," has been revived here for Mr. Wild, who, as an ostler transformed into a sailor, has a part well suited to his broad boisterous humour. He was ably supported by Miss Fanny Williams, with her fair face and pretty feet. Mr. H. Chester commenced an engagement on Monday in the popular farce of "Artful Dodge," and, with Mr. Wild, keeps the audience in excellent humour. The house has been moderately well filled.

APOLLONICON, LOWTHER ARCADE.—The concerts continue to be attractive. The principal vocalists for the evening selections are Miss Messent and Miss Poole. On Thursday evening, the former lady sang Sir H. Bishop's "Tell me, my heart" and the quaint Scottish song, "Wha wauld na fight for Charlie," in both of which she was encored. Miss Poole gave two songs in her most charming style, and was also encored. Miss Rosina Collins, the fairest of violinists, obtained the like honour in a solo. In short, it was the day of the Exhibition, and the audience being in holiday humour, encored everybody. The attendance was good.

Original Correspondence.

GORLITZA.—GORLITZA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

April 21, 1851.

SIR.—I should be the last person to call in question the professional talent of your correspondent, Mr. J. Byrn, but if he would make himself better acquainted with the meaning and application, as well as the legal definition of the word "Copy-right" before he figures again in your columns, either upon this subject or as the reviewer of reviewers, his time will not be ill employed. As to "spoiling a bar" of the composition alluded to, I am inclined to think with you, that "it is not painfully *recherché*;" and all the merit it can lay claim to is the having introduced a Terpsichorean novelty, a thing that dancing-masters are obliged to seek after, or invent, as well as the contrivers of any other fashion, either in music or millinery. What can be meant by "*pirating* the compositions of others" I cannot understand, as applied to this "*Danse Livonienne*," unless in regard to the monopoly of the parties for whom the *entire and unconditional property is assumed*.

Why, therefore, Mr. Byrn should trouble himself to "send to Paris for further documents to prove such statement," I cannot divine. Does he not know that Copy-right has no "extra territorial" claim; and that every country possesses laws peculiar to itself, and applicable alone to its own subjects, in regard to this as well as every other right? Hence the treaties which have been entered into with some States, and are negotiating with others, to establish the law of *international Copy-right* with this country. Surely every one knows that France and America, and many other countries, print with impunity all the copy-right literature of this country; and it would be quite a new order of things for M. Varin, having composed, published, and been compensated for, a thing which he had no other view to emolument from than the place,

people, and occasion, for which it was written, to find that Messrs. Byrn, Hale and Son had established a British Copy-right for him, merely from the circumstance of the former "being the introducer into England" of a rapid succession of Crotchets, differing somewhat in the measure and style of dancing from the Polka, Schottische, Mazurka, &c. As well might Mr. Byrn try to obtain for M. Varin the electoral franchise by putting him in possession of property which whilst it would confer that right upon a British subject, could not invest a foreigner with it, just because neither *birth or residence* had entitled him to that privilege. Something is said about English Composers having "a poor opinion of their own brains not to attempt to compose other Gorlitzas, and thus make them as various as Polkas." Were it not for being suspected of making your columns the vehicle for the *puff oblique*, I could name one or two compositions of great excellence in this style, by English Composers, which owe nothing to M. Varin, but the suggestion as to the measure, my object being entirely to set Mr. Byrn and your readers right on the score of what constitutes copy-right.

I am Sir, yours most obediently,
ONE OF THE CRAFT.

PRIZE ANTHEMS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I perceive in your paper of this date, that a person signing himself "A Church Musician" declares, that he "saw it announced, that Mr. Surman's Exeter Hall Society had offered prizes for the composition of Anthems and Orchestral Accompaniments." He then proceeds to enquire what is become of the promise alluded to. Now this reminds one of the story of a person saying to a Quaker, This is the road to York, is it not? to which the drab coloured man replied, Friend, thou first tellest a lie, and then askest a question. What a "Church Musician" saw announced, or might have seen announced, if he read your paper of the 22nd of February last, was that the Committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society "have resolved to recommend to the Subscribers, at their next General Meeting, to give two annual prizes for the Composition of Orchestral Anthems." The Committee did not feel authorised to devote the money of the Society to such an object without consulting the wishes of the Subscribers at their General Meeting, and that General Meeting has not yet taken place.

26 April, 1851.

I am, &c.,

F. I. S.

MR. HORSLEY'S "DAVID."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you and your readers upon the advent of a most important era as regards criticism in general, and musical criticism in particular.

Your last number contained a masterly critical synopsis of Mr. Horsley's work, written in a liberal yet courageous spirit, by a highly competent individual, who had at once the hardihood and the generosity to append his name.

This, I conceive, to have been done for two reasons—firstly, because Mr. Macfarren *knew* that his own assumption of the critical office would not be impugned; and, secondly, because he *felt* that he was about to enact an unprejudiced opinion, against which no suspicion of unfairness could possibly rise in judgment.

This is also as it should be—not only as regards musical criticism, but as regards *all* criticism.

I am not, Mr. Editor, about to write a dissertation upon the present state of journalism, but merely advert to the well-known fact that it is the facilities offered by the "incognita" system which have ruined many a rising genius, and consigned to oblivion many a work which had else been the admiration of a world.

Mr. Horsley has been fortunate in having obtained a competent criticism of his meritorious work—had it not been for your number of Saturday last, the oratorio of "David," or rather the reputation of its author, might have taken its colour from the criticisms of the daily press, which "damned with faint praise."

Before concluding this, I will advert to one single circumstance only,—which appears to have been lost sight of, namely, that whilst Mr. Horsley has been somewhat unscrupulously accused of plagiarism as regards certain matters of conventionality, the only real appropriation has been that of the *subject* and its *title*!—can it be forgotten that the Chevalier Neukohm, so far back as 1830, or 1831, (in the year of the opening of the Birmingham Town Hall) composed a sacred oratorio on the same subject, and bearing the same title? If such be forgotten, it ought not so to be, for the work in question was one of undoubted merit, and if I am not wrong in my belief, was written expressly for the occasion on which it was represented, for the author of these lines was at the side of the illustrious composer, and assisted in the performance. Mr. Horsley's oratorio I believe to be *better* than that of the great German "amateur" as he has unjustly been termed. But whilst Mr. H. has committed somewhat of a blunder in choosing a subject which had been previously adopted, it does not at all lay under the imputation of plagiarism, in the common acceptance of the word.

You are at liberty to publish my name if you think proper; but unless for especial reasons, I am content to rest in my customary obscurity, and have the honor to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

PHILO-MUSICA.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In my reply of last week, regarding the birthplace of Thalberg, you have printed Genna, instead of Geneva, the town where he was born. Please to correct this mistake.

Edinburgh, 28th April, 1851.

Yours truly, D. H.

L'ENFANT PRODIGE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you inform your readers who are to be the principal performers in the opera of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, about to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera? Also, whether Sig. Ronconi has arrived yet in London?

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall,
29th April, 1851.

I am Sir,
Your obedient servant,

AN OPERA-GOER.

[The cast is not yet published, but we believe Ronconi will play Massol's part. The "Figaro of Figaros" has not yet arrived in London.—Ed. M. W.]

BRITISH MUSICIANS IN 1851.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It may seem unnecessary to add anything to the forcible remarks in your leading article of last week relative to the prospects of British Musicians this year; but as you deemed some observations on the subject of English opera which I addressed to you a short time since, worthy of insertion, you will perhaps pardon me for again trespassing on your attention.

With respect to English opera, this is undoubtedly the season, of all others, when something ought to be accomplished. It has, however, fallen into a state of apathy from which it will be difficult to rescue it. Lacking support from the public, enthusiasm has died away among its members, and little hope apparently remains for its reconstruction. The cause of this unfortunate state of apathy has already been alluded to in former articles, and I will not, therefore, pause here to reinvestigate it. What we have principally to do with now, is the fact that English opera is in such a collapsed state, that it requires some powerful stimulus to restore it to vitality.

Is there no remedy? Can we nowhere find the spell that shall rekindle alike enthusiasm and hope on the part of the British musicians, and persuade them to labour in their own cause, and on the part of the public to appreciate and support their exertions?

You urge (and this cannot be too emphatically impressed on all) that whatever is to be done, should be on a scale to command respect. If this can be effected, and English Opera be re-esta-

blished with becoming dignity, then may not British musicians hopefully turn towards one whose name has rung throughout the world? May they not hope that England is dear to her whose fame it was the first to establish? Was it not England that placed her on that high pinnacle, gazing up to which through the mist of ages succeeding generations shall still revere the name of Jenny Lind, when a mausoleum alone denotes the resting-place of the world's idol?

Jenny Lind once signed a compact to appear on the English lyrical stage. Had she done so, its fate might have been different. Will she now refuse to lend her magic influence to raise the national opera of that country whose pride it has been to spread her renown, and pay homage to her genius and goodness.

Let her follow the generous dictates of her own heart, and she will add another bead to her chaplet by aiding to rebuild the shattered fabric of English opera, and thus, whilst reaping fresh honours for herself, impose a debt of gratitude on British artists by once more affording them a temple for the glorification of their art.

Madlle. Lind will distrust the advice of those counsellors who dissuade her from such a step; and treat the opposition of those who make a market of her talents as it merits. She is bound by close ties to England, and the voice that has so nobly responded where no claim existed, will not be silent at the humble petition of our national Opera in its hour of gloom and despondency.

If Madlle. Lind would for a short time deign to grace the boards of the English lyrical stage, its establishment on a permanent basis would be as good as accomplished. Difficulties would vanish like shadows before the sun, and the long-neglected English opera, replaced in its lost position, again attain the meridian of popular favour; English composers and English artistes, pointing with pride in after ages to the home of their art, would repeat the story as a legend.—The English lyrical drama had ceased to exist, but Jenny Lind came to it, and restored it, thereby raising to herself her most glorious and enduring monument."

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.,

F. G. B.

Foreign.

HAMBURG.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert was given on Wednesday by Carl Maria Farkas, a tenor of repute in this free city, which was well attended. The programme consisted of eight pieces, whereof six were vocal and two instrumental. The concert-giver began by giving an air of Verdi with Hungarian words, well executed, but not of the choicest. Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist, followed with a *ronde* of his own, and a "waltz" of Chopin, the last of which, brilliantly fingered, pleased the audience. Fraulein M. Sulzer then exhibited her capacity in an air by A. Fesca, "Im Thale," which was heard with attention. Another Hungarian *lied*, "A Virág" (the flowers), from the lips of the concert-giver, Herr Farkas, produced less effect than a German *lied*, "Die Thrane" (tears), by G. Schmied, with which it was accoupled. The Germans, more especially the Hamburgers, offer an example to your English burghers by which they might profit; they prefer their own music to that of other nations, and are not ashamed of it, and exemplify it in practice.—Q. E. D., but which, I fear, will never be in England. Concertmeister Herrn Joanovits then came before the audience, and much delighted them by a vigorous and correct execution of Vieuxtemps' Concerto in B minor, a work of as much difficulty as merit. The novelty of the concert, not to say the feature, was the first appearance before a Hamburg public of Madame Macfarren, of whose arrival here I spoke in my last. She sang an English national air, "My lodging is on the cold ground." The style of melody and the unaffected manner in which it was sung, could not fail to touch the sympathies of the hearers; and the result was, that Madame Macfarren had to retrace her

steps on the platform, in obedience to the unanimous demand. Instead of repeating the national melody, however, she sang the first of Mendelssohn's two songs, known under the name of "Zuleika," and made a still greater impression. The success of Madame Macfarren at the concert has excited general curiosity about her approaching *debut* at the Stadt Theatre, in *Tancred*. The concert concluded with the "Regatta Veneziana" and "Tarantella," from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, arranged for the piano-forte by Liszt, played with great sprightliness by Herrn Otto Goldschmidt; and a third Hungarian melody, "A Boldogtött" (the Be-happied), the last performance of Carl Maria Farkas, the successful concert-giver.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

A miscellaneous Dress Concert took place on Monday evening, of which the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Eighth Symphony.....(in F).....*Beethoven*.
Duetto, Miss Dolby and Mr. Whitworth. "Ah! tu non sai".....(Margherita d'Anjou).....*Meyerbeer*.
Aria, Signor Calzolari....."Il mio tesoro".....*Mozart*.
Concerto, Mr. Charles Hallé.....(in D minor).....*Mendelssohn*.
Aria, Madame Fiorentini. "Piano, pianoc anto pio".....(Der Freischütz).....*Weber*.
Scena, Mr. Whitworth. "Deh! ti ferma".....(Semiramide).....*Rossini*.
Duetto, Madame Fiorentini and Signor Calzolari. "Ah! morir".....(Ernani).....*Verdi*.

PART II.

Overture.....(Fingal).....*Mendelssohn*.
Scena, Miss Dolby. "Aure, deh per pietà" (Giulio Cesare).....*Handel*.
Aria, Sig Calzolari....."Una furtiva".....(Elisir d'Amore).....*Donizetti*.
Canzona Spagnola, Madame Fiorentini.....*Yradier*.
Solo } Mr. Chas. Hallé...{ Nocturne, in D flat.....*Chopin*
Piano Forte } Study, in A minor.....*Thalberg*.
Melodie, Mr. Whitworth....."L'Ange Déchu".....*Vogel*.
A Fire-side Song, Miss Dolby.....*Wallace*.
Duetto, Madame Fiorentini and Signor Calzolari. "Tornami a dir".....(Don Pasquale).....*Donizetti*.
Overture.....(Semiramide).....*Rossini*.
Conductor, Mr. C. Hallé.—Leader, Mr. Seymour.

This was one of the most delightful concerts we have had. Except one or two superfluities in the vocal department, the programme was interesting and varied. In expressing our satisfaction at the improved style of these concerts, we are not disposed to disregard the objections of many subscribers to their frequently too great length, and were glad they had no cause for complaint on this occasion. We still hear, too—even amongst those who would pass for patrons of art as well as leaders of fashion—the introduction of a symphony or classical concerto into the programme of a dress concert condemned, as too heavy or *noisy*. With this class of objectors we certainly cannot sympathize. No miscellaneous selection can be complete or worthy of an intelligent audience, without one or more of those compositions—which, by the unanimous judgment of professed musicians, and the appreciating sense of enlightened musical understandings, have been proclaimed, and will be handed down to future ages, as masterpieces of immortal genius. To touch upon that arbitrary ruler of society—fashion—a few years ago, we might have done so with diffidence. But a wondrous change has taken place. With the rapid advance of civilization in this country, great progress has been made in the higher branches of art; and a more general knowledge and practice of music has led to the production or regeneration of a higher order of compositions, especially as regards operatic

and orchestral works. In support of these views, and to show that classical music has become fashionable, it is only necessary to refer to the *repertoire* of the Italian operas, or the concerts patronised by all who claim rank or station in London society. We would more signally instance the remarkable circumstance, that on the eventful day of the opening of the Great Exhibition of National Industry, "Fidelio" has been announced at the Italian Opera, and is hailed as an extraordinary attraction. Yet those who complain of the heaviness of one of Beethoven's glorious symphonies, could certainly not appreciate his *Fidelio*. In thus reiterating what we have but recently advanced, our main object is to point out, or rather assist, a course of management, by which these concerts would become and remain worthy of the community and the means at command. Our independent criticism may at times differ with acknowledged opinions, but we would court rather than supplant individual judgment, the free exercise of which is far preferable to its too frequent subjection to conventional sophistry.

Beethoven's 8th symphony opened the concert, and was well played, though the orchestra did not seem fully at home in the first part. The trumpets were too harsh and loud; in many points, the effect was marred by the excessive vehemence. In the horns, and at times in the reed instruments too, there was a want of precision in the first part, which, however, was less felt as the symphony progressed. The *pianissimo* of the violins in the finale was charming; and, altogether, the spirit of the music seemed better understood in this than in the other movements, though it was most difficult. The first duet was ineffective. Signor Calzolari sang "Il mio tesoro" with much expression and feeling. His style is chaste and pleasing, his intonation most correct, and he was deservedly encored. The great features of the evening were, however, Mendelssohn's concerto and the scena from *Der Freischütz*. The former, though comparatively little known, is replete with all the beauty and grandeur of Mendelssohn's genius, and we are sure was never more exquisitely played. Hallé's heart and soul were in it, and the performance throughout was one of the greatest treats we have had for a long time. There was, indeed, something more than usually striking in his conception of this splendid work, and his brilliant execution of the concluding pages was one of the finest things we have heard. The orchestral accompaniment was conducted with great care by Mr. Seymour; and we cannot give higher praise, than to say the whole performance was worthy the composition.

Madame Fiorentini made a most successful *début* in Weber's inspired and most thrilling aria, which she sang with powerful effect, yet, throughout with such ease and grace, that one almost forgot its great difficulty—a rare merit in this trying *scena*, which few prima donnas overcome without vast effort. Her voice is, perhaps, more remarkable for power and evenness of tone than sweetness; but her intonation is faultless, and she has great compass. Her whole delivery, indeed, denotes the first-rate *artiste*, and fully justifies her great reputation. She sang besides a spirited little Spanish canzonet, with such characteristic enthusiasm, that it elicited a warm and unanimous encore. Our great favourite, Miss Dolby, sang the air of Handel; it is a fine piece of musical declamation, but contrasted too much with the rest of the vocal selection. Wallace's song was exceedingly well sung by the charming English vocalist. Mr. Whitworth's best performance was Vogel's fine song; but it is capable of far more expression, and his delivery is much too heavy. However, where so much is excellent, one is made over critical; and, we are free to admit, that even these weaker points would have passed muster at many a previous concert in that room. We have still to mention Hallé's performance of Chopin's *Nocturne*, and Thalberg's *Etude*, which

be ~~very~~ ^{highly} appreciated. The overture, *Fingal, of Mendelssohn*, too, ~~was~~ ^{was} admirably well; both the music and performance impressed with each hearing.

PROVINCIAL.

DONCASTER, (April 25).—The concluding concert for the season of the Philharmonic Society took place last Tuesday evening. The entertainment was a fit conclusion to the series. The society has now terminated its second series of concerts. In the first concert we had Mr. Rogers; in the second, Mr. Ellis Roberts; in the third, Mr. Richardson; and in the last, again Mr. Rogers. The vocalists have been, in the first concert, Miss Williams and Mr. Machin; and in the last, Mrs. Alexander Newton and Mr. Bridge Frodsham. If the concerts have been of a superior quality, so, likewise, has at all times the audience been numerous. We shall now enter upon the particulars of the late concert.

The concert opened with Pleyel's *Sinfonia No. 18*, by the band. Mr. Seale led with ability. Mrs. Alexander Newton next presented herself, and was well received; she holds a high place as a concert singer in the metropolis. Her song "Oh for an Eagle's pinions," by Donizetti, was ably performed; the beautiful quality of her voice was at once appreciated, and the applause well merited. Mr. Bridge Frodsham displayed his talents in a serenade by Schubert. His voice is a high tenor of pleasing quality, if not conspicuous for power; a better has not been heard in Doncaster, in our remembrance, in any concert of the kind. The band performed the "Natalian Waltzer" by Labitzki, a tiresome thing, to which, however, they did justice. "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, was executed by Mrs. Newton in such a manner as to convince the audience of her qualities as a concert singer. She was rewarded with an *encore*. Mr. Bridge Frodsham sang "My Pretty Jane" in a successful manner, and an *encore* was the consequence. The last vocal piece of the first part, by Mrs. Newton and Mr. Frodsham, was Rossini's duet, "Amor possente nome." The two voices blended together with excellent effect. Mozart's overture to *Figaro* was next played by the band. In part second the band essayed its powers in the overture to *Clemenza di Tito*. Mrs. Alexander Newton appeared to advantage in the ballad "Robin Adair," which she herself accompanied. It was *encored*, as likewise was Mr. Bridge Frodsham's "Lass of Gowrie." Mr. Rogers' appearance was the signal for a hearty outbreak of feeling, a sign of the great respect in which he is held. He played an air by Felicien David, varied for the pianoforte by Henri Streich—"Les Rhododendres."

Mr. Rogers being *encored*, again came forward, and played a fantasia, by Thalberg, the *Masaniello*. Owing to its great length, Mr. Rogers only gave from the "Tarantella" to the end. The applause which followed was well earned. Mrs. Alexander Newton next sang Donizetti's cavatina, "O luce di quest'anima," and was recalled, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham a ballad, by Alcroft, entitled "I love her though her heart be blighted," in good style. The vocalists then sang "Meet me by moonlight alone." Mr. Frodsham then appeared to sing the celebrated "Death of Nelson," by Brahms. Another "gallop" being got through by the band, the concert was brought to a close with "God save the Queen." The concert and the season being now concluded, we must tender our best thanks to the executive committee, directors, and managers, for the honour which they have conferred upon the town, the excellent performances, and the facility they have afforded to all classes to attend them. We hope the managers will continue to support native talent. Confident they will pursue the proper course, we wish them many prosperous seasons.

LIVERPOOL.—Last night Mr. Albert Smith, so well known as one of the most pleasing contributors to our light literature, and the author of a variety of comic works, dramas, burlesques, songs, and monologues, appeared at the Philharmonic-hall, with a new entertainment, entitled "The Overland Mail." The audience were highly delighted, and laughed incessantly at the whimsicalities of their entertainer, who surprised us by his varied talents. Mr. Albert Smith is not only one of the most amusing, but one of the most industrious of men; wherever he goes, whatever he

does, he turns to good account—pleasing the public, with profit to himself. He is a modern Proteus, or admirable Crichton—novelist, wit, journalist, dramatist, artist—everything by turns; and now comes forward as a rival to Charles Mathews and John Parry, in a new entertainment, written by himself, which has everywhere drawn crowded audiences, and "put money in his purse." Mr. Albert Smith, two years since, paid a visit to the East, and the result has been an amusing volume of travels, and the entertainment of "The Overland Mail." This consists of humorous descriptions of events and mishaps incident to eastern travel, laughable and satiric descriptions of character, interspersed with piquant anecdotes, and some of the best comic songs we ever heard. Mr. Smith starts from Suez, through the desert, touches at Cairo, travels up the Nile in a Kandja, or Nile boat, calls at the Pyramids, and proceeds to Cairo. The second part of the entertainment describes Malta, Marseilles, the Avignon Railroad, diligence travelling, and the English French town of Boulogne. In Mr. Smith's eyes, the East loses much of its glory; he looked at all in a common-sense manner, which disenchanting him of his youthful dreams, and proved that some of the high-flown descriptions of modern travellers are what is characteristically denominated "booh." Mr. Smith displayed the versatility of his talents by singing his songs in capital style, imitating the peculiarities of his fellow-passengers, and playing on the cornet-a-piston, piano, and a tin violin, purchased from the engineer of a French steamer *a merveille*. The entertainment is illustrated by some panoramic views, from the pencil of Mr. William Beverley, of the Lyceum Theatre. The glowing skies, vast arid deserts, and picturesque landscapes of Egypt are depicted with vivid truthfulness. The entertainment will be repeated this and the two following evenings. We cannot imagine a more pleasant way of spending two hours than in travelling with Mr. Albert Smith by the "Overland Mail."

BOLTON.—On Monday evening last, the Soho Iron Works band gave a miscellaneous concert in the Temperance Hall, under the patronage of Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P. and Stephen Blair, Esq. M.P. This was the first given publicly by this band, who are all young men employed at the works, and have a first-rate selection of instruments, both in brass and reed. They are led by Mr. J. King, a young man of good musical taste which may in some degree account for the progress they have made. The first part was opened by the brass band with Anber's overture to *Masaniello*, which was well executed and warmly applauded. Bellini's quartet, "Lisa," sung by Miss Ryalls, Miss Burgoyne, and Mr. Ryalls (Mr. Wray presiding at the piano forte), was not very effective. Mr. Ryalls met with an *encore* in the ballad, "The maid of Kildare." The cavatina, "Sweetly o'er my senses," sung by Miss Burgoyne, was applauded, although too much for her compass. A fantasia on the pianoforte by Thalberg was given by Mons. Wehli with much brilliancy, and met with a loud *encore*. Mr. W. B. Wray gave a song characteristic of Negro life. He too met with an *encore*, upon which he amused the company with "Uncle Ned." Mr. King followed with a solo on the cornet-a-piston, in which he displayed much talent. Mr. Ryalls in "They won't let me out," was again *encored*; and after Mendelssohn's beautiful duet "I would that my love," the first part concluded with the Royal Polka quadrilles, by the reed band. The second part passed off equally well, concluding with the national anthem, sung by the principals, Mons. Wehli accompanying on the pianoforte. There has been long felt a want of musical opportunity for the middle and working classes of Bolton. Let it be hoped that this experiment may lead to a scheme for the promotion of musical taste among the people.—*Manchester Examiner*.

PORTSEA.—Herr Goffrie, violinist of the Royal Italian Opera Band, gave a concert at the Queen's Rooms, on Wednesday evening week, under the patronage of the Mayor of Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Thomas Bladen and Lady Capel, Lord Frederick and Lady Fitzclarence, Rear Admiral Prescott and Lord George Lennox. The talented violinist was assisted by Mdle. Lavinia, pupil of Emanuel Garia, and Signor Marchesi as vocalists, and Mdme. Goffrie as pianist. The concert was excellent and well-varied. Popular pieces, single and double, were the order

of the day, or rather night, and all was done, which could be done, to gratify those present. Signor Marchesi, who has a capital barytone voice, gave several pieces with decided effect, of which we may mention, "Non Più Andrai" and "Largo al Factotum," as the best. Mdle. Lavinia, with a pleasing soprano voice, was much liked. She essayed more than one style, and sang Balfe's music as well as Rossini's. Herr Goffrie played De Beriot's *Andante* and *Rondo Russe*; a fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*; and with Madame Goffrie, sundry duets for violin and piano. Herr Goffrie produced an undeniable sensation, and obtained great applause. Madame Goffrie was no less applauded in her share of the concert. There were also two quartets of Haydn's given. The performances were highly interesting.

Miscellaneous.

ERNST.—This celebrated violin-player has returned to town from a short tour in the provinces.

HERB BOEHM.—This celebrated improver of flutes, on principles of acoustics, is in London. He is employed as a commissioner from abroad, to look after certain interests at the Great Exhibition.

MISS HELEN FAWCET has been performing at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, during the past week, with great success.

MADAME BISCACIANI, the talented vocalist, has arrived in, London.

MADAME CHANTON.—The accomplished actress and vocalist of the *Opera Comique*, is in town for the season.

M. CHARLES OBERTHUR, the well-known composer for the harp, has just been appointed Harpist to Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Nassau.

HERB PAUER, a composer and pianist of distinguished talent; from Vienna, has arrived in London.

HERB RAKEMANN, a German pianist of acknowledged talent, who was in England seven years ago, has arrived in London, from New York.

THEODORE KULLAK.—This popular composer and celebrated pianist is expected from Vienna, in the month of June.

MR. E. J. TURNER'S CONCERT.—This event is announced to come off on Tuesday next, at the Hanover Square Rooms, when Mr. Turner will make his first bow in public. This gentleman is a pupil of Mr. Clement White, and report speaks favourably of his vocal talents. He will be assisted in his concert by the Misses Watson, Poole, Dolby, and Mr. Leffler, as vocalists; and by M. Camus (flute), Herr Oberthur (harp), and M. Billet (piano), as instrumentalists.

EXETER HALL.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed last night by the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. We shall render a full account in our next.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The four judges appointed to decide on the merits of the musical instruments are Sir Henry Bishop, Sir George Smart, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and Dr. Henry Wilde.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A review of the publications forwarded by Messrs. Cocks, and Mr. Siccama, and a notice of M. Barret's "Complete Method for the Oboe," are in type, and will appear next week.

GENEBREL.—We are unable to answer the question of a correspondent, who signs himself, "An Admirer of Genebrel," as to the precise date of the anticipated arrival of this obscure celebrity. Perhaps he had better apply at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, where he will find Mr. Nugent, the most intelligent and obliging of Sbeers.

Advertisements.

M. ERNST'S

GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY, JUNE 2nd. Full particulars at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

CORNOPEANS, OPHEICLEIDES, SAX TUBAS, &C.

J. J. HATTE, Musical Instrument Maker to Her Majesty's J. Army and Navy, sells Sax Tubas—E flat tenor, £2 15s.; B flat Alto, £3 3s.; B flat Bass, £6; Contra Bass, £8. Cornopeans, 30s., £2 10s., £2 10s. Courtois Model, £3 10s. and £4 4s.; Basson Model (3 Sax valves), £4 10s. and £5 5s., New Transposing, £4 4s. Ophicleides, (11 keys and tuning slide), £3 10s. Trombones, Trumpets, Horns, Drums, Cymbals, &c., new and second hand, equally cheap. Eight-keyed Cocoa Concert Flutes, with tuning slide, patent head, and German silver cup keys, from £1 1s. Clarionets, six keys 15s.; extra keys in proportion. Good Violin Bows, from 2s. HATTE's celebrated Roman and Anglo-Roman Strings. Send postage stamps and try a first at 2d.

Orders accompanied by post-office orders, made payable to JOSEPH HATTE, 76, Leadenhall Street, London.

UNDER THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

DR. BLACK'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

DR. WILLIAM BLACK, of No. 49, Moorgate Street, opposite the Bank of England, London, Physician and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, wishes to acquaint the Public that his Pills and Ointment are sovereign remedies for the undermentioned disorders. It will also be necessary to use the Ointment as well as the Pills in some cases.

The above celebrated Pills are sold in Boxes at 1s. 1d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per Box. The Anodyne Ointment is sold in Boxes at 1s. 6d., 2s., and 5s. per Box. By sending the amount either in Postage Stamps or by Post-Office Order payable to William Black, the wishes of the Patient shall be at once complied with.

Indigestion, Nervousness, Boils, Erysipelas, Lowness of Spirits, Bilious affections, Bad Legs, Apoplexy, Ring Worm, Want of Appetite, Abscesses, Swimming in the head, Piles and Fistulas, Jaundice, Pains in the Side, Inflammation, Liver Complaints, Sickness of the Stomach, Colic, Scrofula, Bowel Complaints, Lumbago, Tic-Doloureux, Spasms, Gout, Dropsy.

These excellent Pills and Ointment have cured some thousands of persons, both in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and numerous testimonials from some of the first of the Nobility and Gentry in the world, which are too numerous to publish; can be seen by calling on Dr. Black at his own Private Medical Establishment.

Kenton Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 15th December, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say, that I have been so much pleased with your excellent Pills that they have cured me of a direful malady, which I have been suffering from the last ten years, and have been under some of the first medical men in the country, none of which could do me any good, until I was persuaded by my friend, Colonel Campbell, to try your Pills; and I am happy to say that I am quite cured from my disease, and as it is not my intention to be without a box of your Pills, I will thank you to send me one of your large Boxes, for which I enclose you a small cheque on my London bankers, the Royal British Bank.

I am, Sir, yours, most respectfully, JOHN KEY, Knt.

P.S.—I shall do myself the honour of calling at your house the first time I am in London, to thank you personally; and you have full authority to make use of this testimonial.

J. K.

Stanton, near Derby, 5th March, 1851.

SIR,—Will you receive the thanks of a poor man and his wife and family for the wonderful cure that your Ointment has made on my legs. I am happy to say that I am able to go to my work again, at the Stanton Iron Works; which has saved myself and wife going into the Workhouse, and which God will bless you for. Before I heard of the many cures that your Ointment and Pills had made, I was under the Parish Surgeon for nine months, but he could afford me but little relief. I have told my fellow workmen of the wonderful cure, four boxes of your Ointment have done for me, and think it my duty to recommend to my fellow-countrymen and workmen, your invaluable poor-man's Ointment.

I am, honoured Sir, your very humble servant,
GEORGE KIRK.

To Dr. Black.

Wells Castle, Scotland, March 1st, 1851.

Captain Elliott presents his respectful compliments to Dr. Black, and wishes Dr. B. to receive his best wishes and thanks for entirely removing, with Dr. B.'s invaluable Pills and Ointment, a Cancer that Captain E. has been suffering the most excruciating pain from, for nearly ten years, until he was induced through seeing an advertisement of Dr. Black's, to apply for a box of Pills and Ointment, and after continuing with it for a few weeks, found the greatest relief and benefit, and eventually had this so-called incurable disease entirely eradicated with the Pills and Ointment of Dr. Black.

St. George's Road, Southwark, April 1851.

SIR,—I am happy to inform you that through taking a few boxes of your Pills, that it has entirely removed a nervous debility, which I had been suffering from for some time, and I hope never to be without a box of your excellent Pills.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Yours faithfully,

W. Black, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

THOMAS TRIBE, Lieut., R.N.

Rectory, Higham Ferrers, 14th April, 1851.

SIR,—I beg most respectfully to inform you that your Pills have removed some dreadful pains in my head, which I have been subject to for the last twenty years, and could not find any other medicine that would remove this complaint until I took your Pills, which I am proud to say has freed me from pain which I was subject to daily.

To Dr. Black.

I remain, dear Sir, yours with profound respect,
GEORGE DOVE, D.D.

Christ's College, Oxford, April 1st, 1851.

DR. BLACK, SIR.—Since using your Pills and Ointment, I find that my appetite of which I had hitherto a very great want of, is quite restored, and the application of your valuable Ointment has not only removed a bad Ulcer, that I have had for some few years, but where I have applied it in other parts, the skin is quite smoothed.

Your faithful servant, W. WATKINS.

DEAR SIR,—I must feel grateful for the very great benefit that your Pills have done me, for until I took your Pills, I was troubled with a swimming in the head, and lowness of spirits which I am relieved from in consequence of taking your Pills.

I am, dear Sir, yours respect uly, ANNE JOHNSTON.

Middle Temple, 10th April, 1851.

SIR,—I am pleased to say that your Pills have cured me of Asthma, which I have been suffering from for nine years.

Believe me to remain, my dear Sir, yours truly,

William Black, M.D.

J. WATSON.

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MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

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SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANA,

BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES'S

GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY, the 19th MAY. Full particulars at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**LE TRE NOZZE.****GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.**

IT is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place ON THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 8, 1851, when will be presented Alari's New Opera Buffa, in Three Acts, produced with the greatest success at the Italian Opera, Paris, entitled,

LE TRE NOZZE.

Luisa	Madame SONTAG.
Vespina	Madame GIULIANA.
La Marchesa di Forli	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Il Cavaliere di Villafranca	Signor GARDONI.
Crioca	Signor FERRANTI.

And

Il Barone Feudatario d'Acetosa

Signor LABLACHE.

With various entertainments in the Ballet department, in which

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS,

Mdles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegri, Aussandon, Pascals, Kohlenberg, Dantonio, Soto, MM. Charles, Ehrick, and Paul Tagliani will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre. Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

MR. AGUILAR

RESPECTFULLY announces that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening, May 28th, 1851. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Madlle. Graumann, Herr Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, and Herr Formes. Violin, Herr Ernst; Contrabasso, Signor Botticini; Pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar. The Orchestra, selected from the Royal Italian Opera, will be complete in every department. Leader, Mr. Willy; Conductors, Messrs. Anachuez and Schimon. Among other pieces, will be performed for the first time in England, Mr. Aguilar's Symphony in E minor.

Tickets seven shillings each, Reserved Seats, half a guinea. To be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., 301, Regent Street; Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street, corner of Hanover Street; and at the residence of Mr. Aguilar, No. 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MR. EDWARD J. TURNER has the honour to announce to his Patrons and Friends that his FIRST EVENING CONCERT will take place at the above Rooms, on TUESDAY, 6th of MAY, 1851, when he trusts the Entertainments provided will meet with general approbation. Vocalists:—Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Miss Watson, Mr. Leifer, Mr. Edward J. Turner; Pianoforte, M. Alexandre Billet; Harp, Herr Carl Oberthir, Harpist to the Grand Duke of Nassau; Bassoon, Herr G. Mayer, first Bassoon to the Grand Duke of Nassau; Flute, Monsieur Camus, first Flute at the Italiens, Paris. Conductor, M. Alexandre Billet. Tickets, Seven Shillings each; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. To be had at the Rooms; of Mr. E. J. TURNER, No. 17, Crown-row, Walworth; Wessel & Co., 229, Regent-street; Prowse, Hanway-street, and at all the principal Music Publishers.

MUSICAL UNION.

EXTRA CONCERTS—Tuesday, May 6, half-past 3:—Quartet, in G, Mozart; solo violoncello, Herr Menter (from the Court of Munich); trio, in D minor, Mendelssohn; solo violin, Herr Laub (from the Conservatoire in Prague); morceaux pour le piano, Herr Halle. Members on giving the numbers of their tickets at the door admitted at 7s. each; strangers can procure admissions, half-a-guinea each, at Cramer and Co.'s, where parties of six only can secure, for 2 guineas, a sofa with reserved places. The circle, as usual, is kept for the families of the Committee. J. ELLA.

MESSRS. DE BESNIER AND VERDAVAINNE

RESPECTFULLY announce that the SECOND of their SERIES OF THREE CONCERTS OF CLASSIC, SACRED, and MODERN MUSIC will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, on FRIDAY, MAY 9th. Madame Verdavainne will, on this occasion, play Weber's Concert Stuck and Beethoven's Favorite andante. Vocalists:—Mesdames Zimmermann and Lemaire, Messrs. de Besnier and Bottura. Instrumentalists:—Madame Verdavainne, Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Clementi, Hancock and Hausmann; Conductor—Herr Anachuez. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; may be had of M. Verdavainne, 57, George-street, Portman-square, and De Besnier, 2, Upper Spring-street, Portman-square.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

HERR MOLIQUE respectfully announces that his FIRST CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC (being the first of a Series of three) will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 7th, at the above rooms, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Madlle. Johansen (the celebrated Soprano from Denmark), Madlle. Molique; Herr Stigelli, Herr Menter (first Violoncellist at the court in Munich), Signor Piatini, Mr. Mellon, and Herr Schmidt. To commence at half-past eight o'clock. The second concert will take place May 31st, the third and last June 4th. Subscription to the Series, One Guinea; Single Ticket (to admit to any one concert) Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Regent-street, Ewer and Co., Newgate-street, and of Herr Molique, 9, Houghton-place, Amptill-square.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**THIRD NIGHT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.****GRISI, TAMBERLIK, CASTELLAN, STIGELLI, FORMES.**

ON TUESDAY next, MAY 6th, will be performed for the third time this Season, Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

The principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Louise Tagliani, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, Signor Rommi, Signor Mei, Signor Soldi, Signor Stigelli, and Signor Tamberlik.

EXTRA NIGHT.**First Night of LA DONNA DEL LAGO,**

Mario, Grisi, Angrì, Tamberlik. First appearance of Signor Bianchi. On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 8th, a Grand Extra Night will take place, when will be performed for the first time this season, Rossini's Grand Opera,

LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

Elena, Madame Grisi; Albina, Madlle. Cotti; Malcolm Graeme, Madlle. Angrì; Douglas, Signor Bianchi, (His first appearance in England); Serano, Signor Soldi; Rodrigo Dhu, Signor Tamberlik; and Giacomo V., Signor Mario. Ladies of Scotland, Chiefs, Warriors of Clan Alpine, Hunters, Royal Guards, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c., by the Chorus of 90 voices, and numerous auxiliaries. The Grand Finale of the first act, representing the gathering of the Scottish clans, will be executed by two military bands in addition to the usual orchestra.

The music of the Chief Bards on this occasion, will be sung by the following artists who have kindly volunteered their services in order to give additional effect to the ensemble. Signor Tagliafico, Mei, Soldi, Rommi, Gregorio, Ferrari, Rache, and Polonini.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT begs to announce that the SECOND MORNING PERFORMANCE will take place on FRIDAY, May 9, at 3 o'clock. Instrumentalists:—Messrs. Camillo Sivori, Saindon, Hill, and Roussetot. Vocalists:—Mesdames Rummel and Graumann. Herr Carl Wolf, tenor from the Imperial Opera of Vienna (his first appearance in London), and Herr Holzell. Subscription and single tickets at Messrs. Roussetot and Co.'s, 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

THE Patrons of, and Subscribers to, this Charity are respectfully informed that the SOCIETY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place in the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 7, when Haydn's splendid Oratorio, "The Creation," will be performed. The Public Rehearsal will take place on Monday morning, May 5. Conductor, Mr. William Sterndale Bennett.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—ON FRIDAY, May 16th, Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Novello, and Herr Formes. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON

BEGS to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to Town for the Season. Her Terms for lessons or concerts may be known on application at her residence, No. 5, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

THE MISSES SMITH, VOCALISTS,

BEG to announce that they have just arrived from Scotland, for the London season. All letters to be addressed to 6, Albert-terrace, Notting Hill.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 19.—VOL. XXVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

We have entered the field of discussion, and must maintain our ground. There is plenty of room, without trespassing on our neighbour's estate, or even sitting cross-legged upon his wall. Let us use the space allotted to us, and chalk out a plan for future proceedings.

Since the last fortnight we have been deluged with letters on the subject of English musicians in general, and English Opera in particular. (By English, let it be understood, we mean British; but we dislike the term, which has been applied to all sorts of common places.) From the crowd of suggestions they contain, however, we are unable to select one to the purpose, one that holds out the slightest possibility of accomplishment. We published a communication, in our last number, from the pen of an esteemed contributor, and we must own that we do not entertain any great notion of the scheme he has proposed. Suppose that Mdlle. Jenny Lind, with her usual generosity, consented to appear for a few nights on the English stage, and in English opera, the result would, no doubt, be the accumulation of a considerable sum of money for the treasury of the projected establishment. But *quid postea*?—what next? Where could an attraction be found, of sufficient importance and interest to replace Mdlle. Lind after her departure? We are decidedly adverse to the hot-bed ("star") system, and protest that, unless a national theatre can thrive upon its own claims to public attention, there had better be none at all. We do not by any means object to foreign singers; on the contrary, we should like them to join us—but as permanent members of the establishment, not otherwise. The more talent we can bring together for the executive department the better. The object in founding a national Opera would be, of course, to have the works of native composers brought before the public in a proper style of completeness and general excellence. But the mere weight of Mdlle. Jenny Lind's name, to say nothing of her talent, for a few representations, would produce a reaction that might prove fatal. Even Her Majesty's Theatre, where there are so many great singers, has hardly recovered from the Lind-triumphs of 47, 48, and 49. To recover from triumphs seems an odd expression, though in the present case it is pertinent enough. These triumphs were a fever, and the fever, once subsided, left the pulse of the public so faint and low, that it is only now beginning, in 1851, to regain its moderate and healthy action.

If, however, our correspondent merely intends that Mdlle. Lind should give a series of concerts for the benefit of our musicians, whereby to form the basis of a fund by aid of which

a National Opera might be founded, our objection of course will not hold. But we have another, and an uglier, to make. The funds once raised by the charity of a foreigner, the question would arise as to how they should be appropriated; to whom entrusted, and under whose direction expended. Mdlle. Jenny Lind devotes a thousand or two thousand pounds for the purpose of instituting an English Opera. Granted; but who represents the cause of the whole body of musicians? What number of gentlemen could reasonably step forward and say, "We are English Opera—give the money to us?" Or, on the other hand, presuming that half-a-dozen or a dozen professors associate, under the banner and title of "National English Opera," with what pretext can they ask Mdlle. Lind for £1000—which represents her services for two concerts? She would answer them, and with reason, that no such institution existed—that is, no institution acknowledged by the community at large. It is very easy for a handful of professors to call themselves English Opera, and, forgetting they are but individuals, confound themselves with the body-musical. Their application to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind would be little better than asking her to make them a present, which they have no more right to do than any other handful of professors. Indeed; emboldened by the success of the first handful, a second handful might readily come to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, and ask her for a second £1000, under the same pretext; since the one handful would have quite as much right to dub themselves English Opera as the other. It is unhappily but too well known that our musicians are split into factions—factions so violently opposed to each other that we utterly despair of any scheme of association ever meeting with the approval of the large majority. In any case, however, the notion of twenty or thirty gentlemen going to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, to entreat her for £1000, is preposterous and untenable; and, as we have hinted, the subsequent appropriation of the money would lead to squabbles that could only end in a general schism, or at best in a state of inaction similar to that at present indulged in by the committee of another and a very different kind of association, for whose specified object Mademoiselle Jenny Lind did absolutely provide something more than that sum, although two years have elapsed and the Mendelssohn Testimonial is as much in embryo as if Mademoiselle Jenny Lind had provided nothing at all. These and other considerations, which, if requisite, we shall advance on a future occasion, induce us to give our unqualified vote against the suggestion of our correspondent, even supposing, which we do not, that it could possibly be carried into effect.

A letter from another correspondent ("Philo-Musica,") inserted in the present number, contains four objections to the scheme of a commonwealth, all of which are, we think, unanswerable. First, no set of professionals would risk the money; second, none could be found sufficiently disinterested to overlook considerations of individual advancement, and act for the general good alone; third, a great commonwealth has been attempted, and failed; fourth, a small one has been attempted, and failed "most lamentably." Let us hasten, however, to say that we had no more idea of a commonwealth than our correspondent. Our proposition, for some twenty musicians to club together and take Drury Lane Theatre, was simply directed to the present year 1851, which, being the epoch of the Great Exhibition for all Nations, we considered to be an opportunity too good to let pass without something being tried. Out of this a plan more definite and likely might have sprung; but we never intended it to apply to a permanent establishment. The idea of petitioning parliament (which "Philo-Musica" advances) appears to us quite as "Utopian" as the Commonwealth which he derides. It is one thing to petition parliament, another thing to have the petition "laid on the table," and a third to have the petition forgotten as soon as it is read; if, indeed, it be read. Besides, need we remind our correspondent, that the National Drama has no such support from Government, and that, consequently, the National Opera has no evident plea to claim it, and certainly no chance whatever to obtain it. Moreover, the feeling of this great nation is, and has ever been, that all speculations should subsist on their own unassisted merits. True, the French have their great theatres "*subventionnés*" by the government, and we are not disposed at present to enter into a discussion as to which is the better system, theirs or ours. It is worth observing, however, that, in spite of its *subvention*, the greatest theatre in Paris, the *Theatre de la Nation* (Grand Opera) is in a declining state, and but for the operas of a single composer (Meyerbeer—a foreigner), would, in all probability, have ceased to exist ere this.

Our object in the foregoing observations is to call attention to a question of immediate import to our musicians. Now is the time, we think, or never. A reaction is unquestionably going on in the public mind, and if the change cannot benefit, it surely cannot hurt us. In a worse condition the English musicians can hardly be; it is possible they may improve it; but this depends wholly upon their own exertions. They must seize occasion "by the forelock," and though "better late than never" is a maxim not to be despised, it is quite possible to arrive "in time to be too late." Some new phenomenon may come, to occupy the public attention, and then adieu, once more, for years, to poor English Opera!

We have got to the end of our limits, and must "chalk out a plan for future proceedings" another time. Meanwhile our columns are open to those who may be inclined to communicate their notions on subject—bearing always in mind that "brevity is the soul of wit," and that in the height of the Opera season our pages are more than usually crowded.

MORNING POST *versus* LE TRE NOZZE.

From the following *resumé*, in the notice of Signor Alary's new opera, published in the *Morning Post* of yesterday, it would appear that the critic was not, like some of his *confrères*, enthusiastically moved by the genius of the composer:—

"Having been thus far fortunate, Signor Alary may possibly be indifferent to the opinions of musicians, and if so, he will be able to endure with greater fortitude the severity of the sentence we reluctantly pronounce, which is, that his work is wretchedly bad. We possess not the art of killing by inches. We abominate sneers, and prefer *expressing* our opinion, to leaving it to be guessed. In all our experience of music we never sat out an opera more utterly destitute of invention, or more densely crowded with plagiarisms upon the worst masters of the worst school. All the slang of the modern Italian *repertoire* has been pressed into the service, and if the composer occasionally forsakes his pet models, it is to present us with a maimed version of some popular dance tune. The melodies and forms are stale, the harmonies common-place or *outrés*, the instrumentation confused and noisy, and the concerted voicings clumsy and at variance with the true principles of the art. The only merit the work possesses consists in the feeling for theatrical effect, and attention to the peculiarities of certain singers, which has evidently guided Signor Alary in his labour of compilation; and to this, combined with the inimitable performances of the artists to whom it was last night entrusted, its success is entirely to be attributed.

"It is with extreme regret that we pass this heavy censure, but justice now compels us to do violence to our feelings."

This is speaking out, and no mistake. It is not a sneer, but a blow, and, to superficial observers, the "violence" would seem to be done rather to the feelings of Signor Alary than to those of the writer. We have quoted the passage as a specimen of straight-forward criticism, as an expression of opinion, blunt without bile, cruel without coarseness. We fear, however, that it has no chance of being reprinted in the "Opera Box."

IMPROVEMENTS IN PIANOS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

33, Great Pulteney-street, 7th May, 1851.

SIR,—An article in a morning paper of this day professes to give an account of improvements effected in pianos within the last 30 years. Describing the metal bracing now in universal use, but variously applied, the writer gives the dates, and attributes the merit of the invention, erroneously. You will perhaps, out of justice to native makers, kindly give room for the following statements, which we are prepared to substantiate, 1st, on evidence of living witnesses, and 2dly, of pay-books of the workmen mentioned:—

1st, Steel tension bars were applied by us to the treble of three grand pianos in 1808. Alexander Finlayson, still in our employ, finished these pianos.

2dly, Algernon Black, now dead (son alive in our employ), finished the first grand piano, with four steel tension bars, in 1818. From that time bars became general, but string plates of metal were not used until

3dly, In 1821, *vide* our pay-book, Samuel Hervé, now dead, applied a metal string plate to several of our square pianos. From that time string plates in square pianos became general. They were also partially applied to grand pianos, in conjunction with the tension bars long previously in use; but

4thly, In 1827, We finished many grand pianos with solid metal bars attached to the string plate—James McIlwham, still in our employ, being the marker-off.

It is due to Messrs Stoddart to state that they were the first to patent a perfect system of metal bracing for the grand piano. It consisted of hollow metal bars attached to a metal string plate. The inventor, Mr. Allen, is still alive, now a tuner in Mrs. Chappell's employ.

We leave to others to rectify many other inaccuracies in the article.

We remain, Sir, your obedient servants,
JOHN BROADWOOD & SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

London, May 8th, 1851.

SIR,—In reply to a letter of Messrs. Broadwood, published in the *Morning Post* of Thursday, I beg permission to send the following statement which I can substantiate.

There is no doubt but that metal bars may have been applied to pianofortes, in some instances, previous to Messrs. Thorn and Allen's patent for compensation tubes, since, otherwise, their patent would have secured to them the sole right of bracing with metal, and would have prevented Messrs. Erard and Broadwood from practising that method of bracing. But a complete system of metal, of nine solid bars, over the strings of the pianoforte has never been applied to a grand pianoforte previous to Erard's new patent action, in 1824. The model which served Messrs. Erard's men to work upon is still in the possession of Messrs. Erard, and may be seen at their warerooms in Great Marlborough-street. It was not until Erard's patent repetition pianofortes met with great success, that Messrs. Broadwood began, so late as 1827 (from their own admission), to manufacture pianos with the solid metal bars over the strings. Before they adopted this, which is the best plan of bracing, they had been, for some time, placing the bracing bars under the sounding board of the instrument, which mode of bracing was not near so effective.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
PIERRE ERARD.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The *Figlia del Reggimento* on Saturday brought back the vocal enchantress, Sontag, with her Parisian laurels fresh upon her brow. Maria was the part in which during the winter season, Madame Sontag took captive the hearts of all the habitués of the Salle Ventadour, and achieved her most signal success. But it was at Her Majesty's Theatre, last year, for the first time, that she first assayed the character of the Daughter of the Regiment, and won for herself a new renown. Let not the Parisians, therefore, plume themselves on having discovered the comic element in Madame Sontag's talent. *A priori*, it could hardly be supposed that the character of Maria would be suited to Madame Sontag's capacities and susceptibilities, considering the parts she assumed when she first came to this country, and those when she returned in 1849—Donna Anna, Zerlina, Countess Almaviva, Susanna, Rosina, Linda, Desdemona, Amina, Semiramide, &c.—which are so entirely different from the enthusiastic *Vivandiere*. Those, however, who remembered Madame Sontag's comic performances in Rosina, Susanna, Norina, &c., were in some measure prepared for her version of Maria, which altogether surpassed expectation. Having performed Maria several times last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Madame Sontag, with a perfected conception and matured execution, took the audiences of the *Bouffes* by surprise. She could not, under the circumstances,

have selected a part more favourable than Maria for her *rentrée*. No part, moreover, is more fitted to exhibit the spirit and vivacity of her acting and the admirable finish of her vocalization to advantage.

Madame Sontag was received on Saturday evening with a hurricane of applause. It was the general opinion that her voice had gained both in power and quality since last year. The duet with Sergeant Sulpizio, "*Io vidi la luce*," at all events, indicated no falling off. The purity of tone and method, the surprising facility, the delicate fanciful *broderies*, and the never-to-be-forgotten *pianissimos* in the upper register—which we might denominate "vocal harmonics"—were as striking as ever. The popular "*Ciascun lo dice*" was, of course, cheered tumultuously. The pleasing duet, "*Da quel istante*," was cleverly sung and acted, both by Madame Sontag and Gardoni, and the *ensemble* "*A confession si ardente convient*," with the oboe accompaniment, was loudly applauded. The *cantabile* in the last scene of the first act (in which Maria bids farewell to her friends), was irresistibly pathetic. The *cadenzas* at the close, tasteful and varied as they were lavishly scattered, were executed with unsurpassable neatness. A general summons at the fall of the curtain, brought on Madame Sontag, with Gardoni and F. Lablache.

The acting of Madame Sontag as the untutored "*Vivandiere*," throughout the whole of the first act, could hardly be beaten for animation, *naïveté*, and a certain air of mingled rusticity and grace, in the absence of which, the character of Maria is not realised on the stage, nor the effects intended by the author produced.

The principal feature in the second act was the song at the piano, "*Sorgeva il di del bosco*," in which Maria breaks off from her lesson to rush into the *refrain* of her favourite "*Rataplan*." As an effort of brilliant and enthusiastic vocalization, it can be compared to nothing but Madame Sontag's own "*Rode's air*"—her own because it is her own.—The *cavatina* in the last act was sung to admiration; the most brilliant and elaborate *fioriture* were executed with consummate facility, and the songster was applauded "to the skies," and again recalled at the fall of the curtain to be overwhelmed with demonstrations of satisfaction from all parts of the house. We are pleased to add that Madame Sontag was in excellent health and spirits, and was looking as young and handsome as ever. The military costume of the "*Vivandiere*," in the first act became her no less than the attire of the "*grand dame*" in the last, and in both she looked irresistible. The part of Tonio is excellently adapted to Gardoni's graceful and natural style. He acted with more than his usual energy, and sang all the music delightfully. A well-merited and unanimous encore was awarded to him in the *aria* of the first act. F. Lablache is the most spirited and humorous of sergeants. His bluff vigour and off-handed manner are perfectly characteristic of the honest, rough soldier of the 11th regiment of the grand army of Napoleon. *Bref*—Frederick Lablache is decidedly a "chip of the old block," and does not sink under the pressure of his weighty name. Madame Solari-Grimaldi played the small part of the Marchioness with effect, and gave the music artistically. The other characters were well filled by Signori Balanchi, Casanova, and Dai Fiori. Between the acts, Carlotta Grisi danced in her own inimitable manner, the *pas de pas*, the *Truandaise*, and had the honor—rare, very rare, for a *danseuse*—of obtaining marks of decided approbation from Her Majesty the Queen, who was present, evidently delighted with the incomparable Esmeralda. This, however, was natural enough. Carlotta is not a mere dancer; she is a poet, and Her Majesty, like her illustrious spouse, Prince Albert, is an excellent judge of poets. A new triumph

was achieved for the most popular of *pas* by Carlotta, who confers a novelty and grace upon every thing she does—even when she does it for the 100th time.

The ballet of *L'Ile des Amours* followed, in which Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris danced with more spirit than ever and with more applause than ever. The performance attracted the most brilliant and fashionable audience of the season. Her Majesty and *suite* occupied the Royal Box, and the box next to that of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who was also present.

In consequence of Lablache's indisposition, the new opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, was not given on Tuesday, as announced. The *Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated, and Madame Sontag was in as great force as on the Saturday. A large concourse of fashionables again attended.

After the postponement of a week, Alary's new Opera buffa, *Le Tre Nozze*, was brought out on Thursday. The success achieved by the *Tre Nozze* in Paris, the fact that Lablache had a great comic part in it, and a polka, and the performance vocal and histrionic of Madame Sontag, which was pronounced admirable, awakened curiosity and excited interest. Signor Guilo Alary during the past season, produced an oratorio, called *The Redemption*, at Paris; and some ten years previous composed an opera, entitled *Rosimonda*, which was performed in Italy with great success. Alary is therefore, not entirely unknown to fame. We know not from what source the poet has borrowed the materials of his story. The plot is slight, but not simple, as might be gathered from the argument, which our readers may remember to have read in the *Musical World*, some three or four weeks ago, in our Paris Correspondent's letter. (Of which some of our contemporaries have availed themselves with so much spirit and so little acknowledgment). It is enough to state here, that the two first acts are simple enough, and indicate some constructive power in the librettist, Angelo Berrettoni; but the scope and meaning of the last act are not so evident. The reason why Cricca should assume the lawyer's disguise before the Baron, does not appear; nor can we thoroughly appreciate the poet's notion for bringing all the principals into the garden in the dark, unless it were to give the composer an opportunity of imitating Mozart's music in the last scene of the *Nozze di Figaro*, which Signor Alary has generously declined. The piece, nevertheless, runs pleasantly on, and with Lablache as the infatuated old Baron, who endeavours to speak English, and dance the polka with Madame Sontag, is amusing and lively throughout.

Of Signor Alary's music, our Paris correspondent has already spoken at length, in the letter above alluded to, and for the present, we shall forbear from entering into any critical details.

The performance on Thursday was entirely successful. The singers acquitted themselves admirably, the *mise en scene* was beautiful and striking, the dresses rich and appropriate. In addition, Lablache had a most amusing part, which he acted with immense humour, provoking continuous roars of laughter, and Sontag was fitted to perfection in the music of the coquettish Luisa.

Signor Ferranti, who personated Cricca, made a favourable *debut*. He has a high barytone voice, which is excellently in tune, and his humour, if not unctuous, appears to be unrestrained and natural. Signor Ferranti promises to be a decided acquisition to Mr. Lumley's troupe.

There were two encores: the first being awarded to the trio—"D'avanzarsi un cenno aspetta," in the second act, an inspiration after the manner of Verdi—partly indebted for the repeat to Madame Sontag's sustained shake at the end, so deliciously in tune; and the second to the rondo finale,

written to exhibit Madame Sontag's wonderful facility, and which created a furor. Indeed, Madame Sontag's performance throughout, both histrionic and vocal, was a pendant to Lablache's—an ear-ring. Madam Giuliani, who made her first appearance this season, deserves a strong word of commendation for her performance of Vespina, which was both acted and sung with much animation. On one point, however, we should like to be informed. Vespina is a servant, and, according to our opinions, should be attired as a servant. Madame Giuliani, however, appeared to think otherwise, as she was dressed exactly like Luisa, so that it was by no means easy to distinguish one from the other. As Rosa Dartle says, "Really, though, we should like to be set right:" do waiting-maids in Naples wear silk dresses made low, with short sleeves, and trimmed with lace; and are silk stockings and white satin shoes their customary foot gear?

Gardoni, as the Chevalier, was more graceful than ever in his acting, and more animated in his singing. We should advise him, however, to omit his *aria* in the last act, which is by no means effective, although he does his best to render it so.

After each act, the principals were summoned on, and at the end of the opera a general call was made for the composer, who, after some delay, appeared, led on by Madame Sontag and Lablache, and was received with vociferous cheers.

Between the second and third act of the opera Amalia Ferraris and M. Charles danced a favourite *pas de deux*, which obtained considerable applause.

The performances concluded with a selection from the *Melamorphoses*, in which Carlotta Grisi created the customary enthusiasm.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Masaniello* was repeated. Tamberlik, who is rising higher and higher in the estimation of the public, surpassed himself, which is impossible.

On Tuesday, *Roberto il Diavolo* was given. Grisi, Tamberlik, and Formes surpassed themselves. Castellan looked handsomer and sang sweeter than ever, and Stigelli, the new tenor, rose a step higher in public esteem. There was a bad house on Saturday, but we do not envy the subscribers their absence on the occasion; since a more magnificent specimen of acting and singing than Tamberlik's *Masaniello* was probably never witnessed on the Italian boards. On Tuesday, there was a good house, and on Thursday, a great house, for *La Donna del Lago*.

In the anticipation of novelty, perhaps, a more attractive opera could not have been put up than *La Donna del Lago*, which was presented for the first time this season. Although not one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Rossini, this work offers opportunities for a strong cast, powerful ensembles, and a gorgeous *mise en scene*, all of which, it is well known, have been taken advantage of at the Royal Italian Opera. As the music is played in England, however, the opera is scarcely amenable to criticism, so many are the omissions and interpolations. From the second act a song for Uberto, and a trio for Rodrigo, Uberto, and Elena, are abandoned, while a duet and a quartet from *Bianca e Faliero*, one of the least known operas of Rossini, together with a tenor air, composed by Pacini, are substituted. From the first act a duet for Uberto and Elena is omitted, and the *cabaletta* of an air from *Zelmira*, for Rodrigo Dhu (originally composed for the famous tenor, Tacchinardi, father of Madame Persiani), interpolated in the *finale*. Enough, however, remains of genuine melody, brilliant vocal effects, and ingenious concerted music, to render *La Donna del Lago* a highly spirited and pleasing, if not a great opera.

The cast included Grisi (Elena), Angri (Malcolm), Mario (Uberto), and Tamberlik (Rodrigo Dhu), besides a new barytone, or rather *basso giusto*, Signor Bianchi, who made his first appearance in the character of Douglas. Many of the pleasantest opera recollections are associated with Grisi's Elena, a part which, while it taxes the histrionic talents of the great dramatic singer in a very slight degree, is much indebted to the charm of her voice and the attractions of her personal appearance, so peculiarly becoming to the costume. Rossini never invented a more fresh and spontaneous melody than "Oh mattutini albori," and the unaffected simplicity with which it is delivered by Grisi gives it a double claim to admiration. This, and the whole of the first scene at the lake, with Mario (whose Uberto, though, as a piece of acting, it presents no salient features, is delightful throughout, in a vocal point of view), went off with the usual spirit; and the duet "Quai tormenti," was immensely applauded. The appearance of the two great tenors, Mario and Tamberlik, on the same evening and in the same opera excited the same degree of interest as last season. Both were happily in good voice—the influenza having probably departed with the east wind—both sang their very best, and both created the utmost enthusiasm. Tamberlik sang with prodigious fire in the air, "Sorgete e in si bel giorno" (with the *cabaletta* from *Zelmira*), and took the higher notes with extraordinary force and precision. Mario, in the interpolated *cavatina* of Pacini, "Come mai calmar le pene," revelled in the *falsetto* tones with a prodigality only surpassed by the ease and grace with which they were accomplished. The same result awaited both efforts, which were respectively the culminating points of the first and second acts—an unanimous *encore* and an unanimous *recal*. Now that Alboni has taken to "grand opera" and *soprano* parts, Mademoiselle Angri rests without a rival in such characters as Malcolm Grème, the music of which gives full scope to her dashing and energetic style, and to a certain warmth of sentiment which, if occasionally carried to excess, betrays an earnestness that rarely fails to make a lively impression. Of the two airs allotted to Malcolm, which rank among the finest of Rossini's *contralto* songs, we were most pleased with the first, "Elena, oh tu ch'io chiamo," which Mademoiselle Angri delivered with great breadth of expression. In the "Ah si pera" (Act II.) the *largo* was beautifully given, but the final *bravura*, though sung with energy, was wanting in finish. In the grand duet of the second act with Elena (from *Bianca e Faliero*) both Madame Grisi and Mademoiselle Angri distinguished themselves highly, and the *largo*, "Ciel qual destin," was redemanded by the audience, although the *encore* was judiciously declined by the vocalists.

Signor Bianchi, the *debutant*, did not make a great sensation. His manner of singing was heavy, while his deportment on the stage is uneasy. He has nevertheless a good voice, literally a "*basso giusto*," and his intonation is generally correct. Douglas is not a grateful part, and his single air, "Taci, lo voglio," is one of the feeblest inspirations of Rossini. We shall be pleased to judge more favourably of Signor Bianchi, but we were not remarkably impressed with his capabilities on Thursday night.

The choral and concerted pieces (except the fine quartet from *Bianca*, "Cielo il mio labbro," which we have heard so much better) were executed as satisfactorily as ever, under the vigorous direction of Mr. Costa, and the grand *finale* of bards and warriors, the effect of which was enhanced by the spirited acting of Mademoiselle Angri and Signor Tamberlik, created the accustomed effect. We ought to notice the efficient manner in which the music of the small part of Albina was rendered by Mademoiselle Cotti. The early hour at which the

performance terminated (10 minutes to 11 o'clock) caused many persons to suggest that, when short operas like the *Donna del Lago* are given, something in the shape of a *divertissement* would be not only acceptable but desirable. With a favourite and talented *danseuse* in the theatre like Mademoiselle Louise Taglioni, this would be easy enough to accomplish. There was a very full house. Meanwhile the eternal question is, "What has become of *Fidelio*?" Surely the masterpiece is not laid aside for another season, merely because H. R. H. Prince Albert suggested that Madame Viardot should sustain the part of Leonora, vice Madame Castellan. We shall see.

HERR MOLIQUE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

(From the Times.)

Herr Molique gave the first of his annual series of chamber concerts on Wednesday night, at the New Beethoven Rooms, and provided his friends, who assembled in large numbers, with an interesting and classical programme. Although this great master has now made London his residence, which cannot but be beneficial to the artists in this country, who have such an example to study and profit by, his public appearances are much too rare. At the Philharmonic Concerts, where, by simple right of pre-eminent talent, Herr Molique should perform every year, he has not yet been heard this season (nor did he appear during the whole of last year); an additional attraction is therefore secured to his own chamber concerts, where the amateurs of the violin and the lovers of sterling music must find equal gratification. Not more a gifted than an industrious musician, Herr Molique never invites his patrons and the public without having something new for their especial entertainment. The prominent feature in Wednesday's programme was a MS. quartet, in B flat, played (for the first time) by the author, assisted by his pupil Herr Schmidt, Mr. Mellon, and Signor Piatti. As well as we could judge from a single hearing, we are inclined to rank this quartet as the most complete and admirable of the chamber compositions of Herr Molique. It does not, like many works of its class, merely shine by the superior excellence of an *adagio* or a *scherzo*, but every movement is new and striking. The *scherzo*, besides its beauty and dramatic colouring, has a novelty of form which cannot fail at once to appeal to the initiated hearer, and which, though an innovation, is vindicated by consistency of plan and unquestionable effect. Instead of making the *trio* a separate movement, Herr Molique has combined it with the *scherzo*, in the most ingenious and happy manner. The slow movement is flowing and melodious throughout, occasionally, by its simplicity, recalling the *adagios* of Haydn. The first *allegro* is a large and energetic piece of writing, and the *finale*, a sparkling *rondo*, full of those contrasts and devices which betray the master and accomplished contrapuntist. The whole composition indeed is such a specimen of musical erudition and felicity of design as, now that Mendelssohn is no more, it is probable no other composer of continental birth could have produced. It was finely executed, and received with enthusiasm. The other compositions of Herr Molique were three new "melodies," for violin and piano, and two songs, "Frülings Lied" and "Liebchens Augen," of which it is enough to say that they are worthy the reputation of their author, whose genius is as agreeably demonstrated in elegant bagatelles as in the higher school of art to which the quartet in B flat belongs.

As an executant Herr Molique maintains the same classical position he enjoys as a composer. His pretensions as a

violinist, however, are too well known to need description. He has long been recognized one of the most perfect masters of the instrument, and as a legitimate model, perhaps, no one could be followed with more advantage. Herr Molique took the first part in Spohr's quartet in A minor (Op. 74), and was assisted by the same artists as in his own work. He also played the three new "melodies" with Mdlle. Molique, his daughter, and an "adagio and fugue" of Sebastian Bach, with the same young lady, the pianoforte accompaniment added by Herr Molique himself, who has accomplished this delicate task with equal discretion and talent, emulating, both in skill and in forbearance, the accompaniment which Mendelssohn wrote for the *Chaconne* in C minor, by the great German contrapuntist. This last performance was an extraordinary manifestation of mechanical proficiency, combined with the utmost vigour and fire. Mademoiselle Molique, whose great promise as a pianist we have already noted, displayed her talents to the best advantage in the equally beautiful and difficult sonata of Beethoven (for pianoforte solus) in C sharp minor, familiarly known as the "Moonlight Sonata." Her execution of this remarkable work was distinguished by the purest feeling, and won the hearty applause of the audience. Besides the performances of Herr and Mademoiselle Molique, Mademoiselle Bertha Johannsen and Herr Stigelli sang a variety of German *lieder*, accompanied by Herr Schmidt on the pianoforte, which afforded the highest gratification to the audience. The lady is a *prima donna* from Copenhagen, and possesses a good *soprano* voice and an animated style of singing. In addition to her German songs, Mademoiselle Johannsen introduced one of the Swedish melodies which Jenny Lind made popular in England, and entered into its national character with genuine spirit and feeling. Herr Stigelli is the new tenor who has lately appeared with such success at the Royal Italian Opera. He is one of the best *lied*-singers of his country.

Not the least interesting feature of the concert was a duet for two violoncellos, concocted from the first and second "grand duos" of Bernhard Romberg, and executed by Herr Menter and Signor Piatti. This brought the great German and Italian violoncellists into forced rivalry—in such juxtaposition, indeed, that a comparison of their tone, style, and general method of execution was inevitable. The performance created an unwonted sensation, and it is enough to say that, while Herr Menter (who made his debut the day previous at Mr. Ella's Musical Union) rose in our estimation, Signor Piatti preserved his position as unquestionably the first violoncellist of his time. It was suggested that the "tones" of the two violoncellists might be likened to those of Mario and Tamberlik—Signor Piatti being, of course, the Mario—but we scarcely think this was doing full justice to Tamberlik.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE finest performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* we ever heard at Exeter-hall, took place on Friday night, the 2nd instant, under the direction of Mr. Costa, in the presence of an audience that crowded the edifice to the walls. The disposition of the principal vocal parts was unusually strong. Misses Catherine Hayes and Eliza Birch were the first and second sopranos; Misses Dolby and Williams, the contraltos; Mr. Sim Reeves, the tenor; and Herr Formes, the bass. Messrs. Novello, Walker, and Smythson assisted in the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge." In the first part, the singing of Miss Hayes was beyond reproach. No-

thing could be more truthful than her expression in the duet between the widow and Elijah, "Give me my son;" the grief so beautifully painted in the music was reflected in the tremulous tones of Miss Hayes's voice, and the appeals of the widow to the prophet in behalf of her dying son were most touching. In the second part, the fine air, "Hear ye, Israel," and the quartet, "Holy, holy," wanted only a little more energy; the rest was admirably rendered. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the two airs of Obadiah with the utmost feeling; his reading was exceedingly pure, and his execution left nothing to be desired. To some of the recitatives he gave a novel and delicate expression, which was perfectly legitimate, and evidently proceeded from a refined appreciation of the text. Herr Formes, who sang the laborious part of Elijah, seems to be making rapid progress with his English. He understands the character of the music thoroughly, and enters with real heart into the great variety of sentiments it illustrates. In the calm resignation, inspired fury, and deep despair of the Prophet, Herr Formes is equally at home, and the three airs, "Lord God of Israel," "Is not his word like a fire?" and "It is enough, O Lord!" which represent these alternate trains of mind, were sung with great fervour and intensity. The recitatives were impressively declaimed, and the emphatic passages delivered with surprising power of voice. Herr Formes, however, will permit us to demur to the alteration of the last note in the air, "For the mountains," where he makes a skip of an octave, for the purpose of showing, what no one doubted, that he has a full-toned lower F of excellent quality. There is nothing to say about Misses Dolby and Williams, but that they were as perfect, as they rarely fail to be, in the music of Mendelssohn; a word of strong encouragement, however, is due to that rising young singer, Miss Eliza Birch, who sang the *soprano* part of the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," and the quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth," in the most effective manner possible.

The choruses were executed with great fire, precision, and studied attention to *nuances*, throughout. Indeed, we never remember the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society so entirely "up to the mark." They were, perhaps, anxious to give the foreigners present some idea of what a body of English amateurs, assisted by a few professors, and headed by a competent director, could effect; and it is likely that not many left the hall, after Monday night's performances without a modification of the common prejudice in the mind, of our continental friends, that there is no music to be heard in London except at the Italian Opera. The band was as excellent as the chorus, and, while awarding such warm praise to the general execution, it would be hypercritical to qualify it with the exception that we should have liked "Thanks be to God," and one or two other choruses, a little faster; moreover, we have advanced this suggestion, more than once, already.

It being the first appearance this season of Miss Catherine Hayes, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes, a great deal of applause ensued on their appearance in the orchestra, but the admirable regulation of abstaining from such interruptions to the performance was maintained, in the face of some slight attempts to infringe upon it, throughout the oratorio. At the conclusion, the hearty approval of the audience was expressed in a loud burst of applause for Mr. Costa. There will most probably be two more performances of *Elijah*.

MUSICAL UNION.—The gathering of celebrated musical lions at the extra *matinée*, on Thursday last, was quite remarkable. The veteran, John Cramer, was present, to applaud his countryman, Menter, from Munich.

Reviews of Music.

No. 1, "INTRODUCTION AND GRAND VARIATIONS ON THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN." FOR THE FLUTE, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.—Joseph Richardson.

No. 2, FANTASIA FOR THE FLUTE, ON THE SCOTCH AIRS, "COMING THRO' THE RYE," and "JOCK O' HAZELDEAN".—R. Sidney Pratten.

No. 3, "MORCEAU DE CONCERT."—CAPRICCIO FOR THE FLUTE, WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—S. Percival. (A. SICCAMÀ.)

The name of Joseph Richardson, our great little English flautist, is a sufficient guarantee for the merits of No. 1. After an introduction of three pages, the theme, a well known one, is given in unadorned simplicity, on the higher register of the flute, with full harmony for the piano. In bars 1-2 of the bottom line, page 5, the first chord of each bar would be better C—D—F sharp, in the bass, instead of C—E—F sharp, as it is followed by the first inversion of the chord of G. The four variations (all, like the introduction, in the key of G), founded upon the theme, are brilliant and well varied in style; but to play them with effect, demands a mastery of the instrument, if not precisely equal to that possessed by Mr. Richardson himself, at least such as few professors and fewer amateurs can boast of. The piece, in short, must be regarded rather as a study to practise diligently by those who would acquire fluent execution, than as a show piece either for the drawing room or public performance; since, as a study, it can hardly fail to impart agility to the fingers, firmness to the lips, and crispness to the tongue—the three great desiderata of flute mechanism—while if attempted as media of display, before a critical audience, it is ten to one a rash essayist will pay the penalty of his temerity in a "break down," which will be his own fault and not that of Mr. Richardson.

Mr. Pratten comes forward as a legitimate rival to his unrivalled contemporary. His fantasia is, on the whole, a more elaborate and ambitious essay than that just criticised. But then, Mr. Pratten has not been satisfied with one theme as the basis of his variations. In the simple melody, "Coming thro' the Rye," he has constructed four brilliant variations, of which the first, *staccato*, seems to us at once the most difficult, and, as far as effect is concerned, the best. The fourth variation demands rapid articulation, and a long breath, both of which Mr. Pratten is well known to possess. These four variations, and the introduction to the first air, are all in C. The second air, "Jock o' Hazledean," is introduced in the key of F, but being less amenable to the capricious fantasy which regulates the manufacture of variations, Mr. Pratten has abstained from varying it, content with gracefully changing the harmony of its unconscious and unknown composer, and has concluded his piece with a fifth variation, on "Coming thro' the Rye," which is far more difficult than its four predecessors, and more effective in proportion. All those, indeed, who have heard this elaborate and spirited coda, performed in public by its accomplished composer, at M. Jullien's animated concerts, can testify to its exhilarating character. *Bref*—few pieces of this kind are better adapted to astonish, and, while astonishing, to please, the eager flautist.

Mr. Percival, coming in juxtaposition with England's two most formidable flautists, is perilously pitched, but having altogether avoided, in his "Capriccio," the variation, has not incurred the risk of a comparison which would have been hazardous with two such competitors. Mr. Percival has sheltered himself in the grove of legitimacy, where classic forms of nymph and dryad have recumbent. Plainly, Mr. Percival's "Morceau de Concert" consists of a single movement, *Allegro Maestoso*, in E flat, regularly constructed, with themes and episodes developed according to received forms. To the musician, if not to the amateur flautist, Mr. Percival's "Morceau" offers a far greater degree of interest than any piece of the pure variation school can possibly possess; and this interest will be enhanced by the many traits of excellent musicianship with which it abounds, and by certain modes of harmonizing, and certain forms of passages, which betray a leaning on the part of the composer towards the elegant and alluring style of Carl Maria Von Weber, of whom he is clearly and honourably a disciple. At the same time, the amateur flautist must not imagine that the

classical form in which Mr. Percival has moulded his Capriccio excludes those brilliant effects which are calculated to display the lighter attributes of this very popular instrument with various advantage. On the contrary the cadenzas and bravura passages interspersed through the piece are equally captivating, from their graceful *tourure*, and from their perfect adaptability to the character of the flute. On the whole, we have met with very few *morceaux* for the flute combining more happily an application of the best forms of composition with those *ad captandum* qualities more generally appreciable by the ear popular.

As the above three pieces have all been written for, and played upon, Mr. Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute, we presume we have to thank Mr. Siccama for contributions of such value to the *répertoire* of the instrument, from the pens of Professors of deserved eminence.

"LA GORLITZA "SCHOTTISCHE ORIGINALE."—E. J. WESTROP. Z. T. Purday.

We are unable to say whether this be founded, more or less strictly than other Gorlitzas—*ças*, which have been recently sent us for review, on the laws which regulate the constitution of that peculiar and important form of harmonious numbers, or whether the addition of the substantive and adjective epithets, "Schottische," and "originale," endow it with extra flavour, (authorised by the qualities they represent being apparent on Mr. Westrop's pages); but, whether that or this, or neither that nor this, or both, the present specimen of the "Gorlitz-*ça* is the best that has hitherto fallen under our hands. It is in G, with a trio in C, for the Cornet, and we scarcely know which theme is the prettier, or more sparkling. Besides being well-written, which is always the case with Mr. Westrop's bagatelles, it has the chief essentials to popularity—well-marked rhythm, lively tune, and simplicity. Anybody can play it, and many will play it, or we are greatly mistaken.

No. 1, (Op. 72), "PARTING SONG," BY MENDELSSOHN, TRANSCRIBED FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—Stephen Heller.

No. 2, "CHANT D'AMOUR," Ditto ditto.

No. 3, "CHANT DE FETE," Ditto ditto.

No. 1, (Op. 73), "CHANT DU CHASSEUR," Ditto ditto.

No. 2, "L'ADIEU DU SOLDAT," Ditto ditto.

No. 3, "CHANT DE BERCEAU," Ditto ditto.—Cocks & Co.

The music of M. Stephen Heller, one of the most accomplished of the present race of pianoforte writers, is generally so difficult to execute, that the appearance of some pieces dedicated, like the present set, to the capacity of ordinary performers, must be regarded as a boon to those, whose fingers not being injured to the achievement of impossibilities, are still disposed to eschew the merely trivial and commonplace. In whatever M. Heller composes there is invariably the evidence of acquirement, and the stamp of a graceful and original mind. Of the six pieces above enumerated, three are founded on themes from well known *lieder* of Mendelssohn, and three upon subjects of his own. That we prefer the three in which Mendelssohn has a hand is no compliment to M. Heller, and were the question put to M. Heller himself, we are much mistaken if he would not acknowledge the same preference.

No. 1, (Op. 72) is based upon the popular "Volslied" in D, one of the holdest and most natural tunes the great German master ever composed. M. Heller first gives it simply, then in full harmony, and finally, after a kind of episode in which the subject appears in the bass, with a graceful counterpoint for the right hand, in a variation of triplets distributed between the two hands, remarkable for novelty and brilliant effect. What we particularly admire in this little piece is the scrupulous fidelity with which M. Heller has preserved the original melody, and the skilful manner in which he has adapted his variations and harmonies to the tone and feeling of Mendelssohn.

No. 2, the "Chant d'Amour," (in G) has, if possible, a still more beautiful theme upon which to exercise the fancy. A lovelier, a more tender, or a more gushing effusion never came from the large heart of that musician who, with one single exception (need we name Mozart?), has apostrophised the passions

of love with more dignity, variety, and abundance of feeling than any known composer. The first two pages are set to perfection; had Mendelssohn himself first composed his beautiful song as a *lied ohne worte*, he could hardly have arranged it more becomingly, or with more genuine simplicity. The last four pages, an *allegro vivace*, in 6-8 time, though exceedingly clever and full of ingenious points of musicianship, are less to our liking, because they depart materially from the character of the original theme, which is not lively, but essentially plaintive and affectionate. Could Mendelssohn be put out of the question, M. Heller's little *morceau*, minus the two first pages (which are Mendelssohn's), might pass for what it is—a charming bagatelle—without criticism.

No. 3, "Chant de Fete" (in A)—one of those delicious spring-songs, or pastorals, with which Mendelssohn has given a musical expression to the dawn of the budding season, when birds begin to sing and brooks to throw off the embraces of the frost, being really a gay and sparkling effusion, lends itself more happily to the lively costume in which M. Heller has attired it. It "runneth, and babbleth," as Sir John Suckling might have said. Though rather more difficult than the two preceding, it is such a fascinating little gem, that no one, who once begins to practise it, is likely to abandon it for want of patience. The principal requisites, however, to play it with effect, are lightness of finger and elasticity of touch; and these, after all, are not so rare among amateur pianists who love good music.

No. 1 of Op. 73, a kind of movement *à la chasse*, is the most difficult of the six pieces, and the most entirely characteristic of M. Heller. It is full of brilliant passages and charming points of harmony, and the spirit is maintained with unabated interest until the last note. As a *morceau* for display this is the one that will probably attract the most favour. Short as it is, it is worthy the attention of any pianist, however advanced, and however refined in his tastes.

No. 2, in C major, is more romantic, as its title, *L'Adieu du Soldat*, would suggest. It is equally characteristic in its way, and is also more difficult than the majority of its fellows. The military accent and spirit have been happily caught.

No. 3, in G, is one of the simplest and prettiest of cradle songs. This tranquil and flowing melody might well accompany the "rocking" of an infant in its mother's arms; and the harmony is quite in keeping. The interruption of the theme (in the last page), by a sort of *ritornella*, has a very new and pleasing effect.

To sum up, we recommend these six little pieces of M. Heller, as better than nine-tenths of the publications with which the presses of our music publishers are teeming.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—During the present week we have had no new pieces, but there has been sufficient variety in the old *repertoire* to keep alive public curiosity, and fill the theatre every evening. Nothing could be more refined and gentlemanly than M. Lafont's acting in the delightful and witty comedy *Le Mari à la Campagne*, which has become one of the especial favourites of all lovers of the French Theatre; and in which M. Regnier keeps the house in a perpetual good humour by the vivacity of his spirits, and the astonishing rapidity of his motions. In the little comedy of *Le Roman d'une heure*, we have to record the *debut* of Madlle. Faivre, a young lady of commanding presence, and apparently well suited to the part chosen for her first appearance. The character is that of a young widow in high life, who, having been induced to lay a wager with a gentleman that he will not win her heart within four and twenty hours, is defeated by his own gallantry and generosity. Madlle. Faivre seemed at first rather embarrassed, and hesitated in the delivery of her words; but as she advanced, she acquired self-possession, and finally attained sufficient composure to display no small degree of talent and refinement, both in her acting

and general delivery. Alfred de Musset's delightful little proverb, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, was revived on Wednesday, and admirably played by M. Lafont and Madlle. Judith. We again admired the politeness, the gentlemanlike embarrassment, and courtly ardour of M. Lafont as the Count, and also had occasion to testify to the easy vivacity and brilliant tact with which Madlle. Judith invested the part of the Marquise, and repelled her pertinacious adversary. No enemy could have been more gaily resisted. The principal attraction is however still *Bataille de Dames*, which proves more attractive on every repetition, and which we are confident will become an established favourite. J. de C.—

HAYMARKET.—A new dramatic production from the brilliant and accomplished pen of Douglas Jerrold is always an object of curiosity to the public. Its announcement is read with pleasure—the performance anticipated with eagerness. Douglas Jerrold is one of the first of the living dramatists in this country—not, in our opinion, the first, as a contemporary has avouched—and has been acknowledged such ever since *Black-eyed Susan* and the *Rent Day*, his two most happy and finished works, whatever may be avowed to the contrary, delighted the play-goer of some quarter of a century ago. In his new comedy, the author has departed from the usual division into five acts, and has reduced the number to three. We see no reason why a comedy, or, indeed, a tragedy, should not be written in three acts as well as five. The French dramatists prefer the division into five acts, as it enables them to provide more set *tableaux*—a great desideratum in the machinery of the modern stage. This is also the reason why modern operas have deviated from the old two-act form to four, five, and even six acts. No such motive, certainly, conduced to Mr. Douglas Jerrold's deviation. The tenuity of his story, and the poverty of his incidents, no doubt, necessitated the three-act division. With his usual tact and judgment, the author saw that, to avoid diffuseness, he must circumscribe the dimensions of his plot, and he circumscribed them accordingly. In the new drama we have not the slightest doubt but that the alteration from five to three acts is an improvement.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold's "Original English Comedy," is entitled *Retired From Business*. Were it not that the comic part is mostly broad caricature, the new play might with propriety be called a sentimental comedy. There is a serious underplot, there are real tears, breaking hearts, a farewell for ever, transduction of character, and plenty of misery; but then the lighter business of the piece belongs so evidently to the regions of "Punch," the personages are so suggestive of H. B.'s sketches, and the drollery is so ultra-farical, as to render every attempt at reality abortive, and a violence to belief. The plot is simple enough.

The imaginary village of Pumpkinfield is the scene of the drama.—The period, 1851. Zachary Pennyweight is a retired greengrocer, who, with his wife, has taken up his residence in the imaginary village. Zachary is a good, easy man, but the wife is ambitious of being considered "gentle." She has sent her daughter, Miss Kitty, to France to be educated. The daughter is a girl of romantic turn, and comes back with her heart filled with the image of Paul, a youth, also of a romantic turn, whom she first saw at Boulogne, leaning gracefully on a cannon. The twain fall desperately in love, and are parted without knowing any thing of each other. Paul turns out to be the son of Mr. Puffins, late a Baltic merchant, who has also retired from business, and has come to the said imaginary village. Mr. Creepmouse, late army tailor, is another retired merchant; as is also Jubilee, late pawnbroker. But Creepmouse and Puffins are "Retired Wholesales," and Zachary Pennyweight and Jubilee "Retired

Retails." The "Wholesales" naturally look down upon the "Retails," and cut them. Paul and Miss Kitty now meet, and renew their vows of eternal fidelity: but the parents are averse. The Baltic merchant repudiates the pseudo vender of greens, and Kitty's father and mother look upon Paul as a trifle too young and inexperienced for their daughter. The loves of the juvenile pair constitute the most amusing part of the comedy.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam plays the romantic Paul with great humour and allowable extravagance, and Miss Annie Romer makes pretty folly of the love-stricken Miss Kitty. The pretences and squabbles of the "Wholesales" and "Retails" also furnish forth much merriment.

The serious plot involves the fortunes of Amy, the niece of Captain Gunn, late of the Green Bays, a retired officer on half-pay, and Woodburn, the nephew and heir of Creepmouse, the army tailor. Amy meets Woodburn at a boarding-school, where she had accepted the situation of governess, to spare her uncle the expense of her living. She is driven from the school by ill-treatment, and flies to her uncle for protection. The Captain vows never again to part from her. Creepmouse discovers the attachment of his nephew to Amy, and threatens to disinherit him if he marries her. He also menaces the Captain with a bond, which he holds in *terrorem* over him, unless he interferes to separate Amy from Woodburn. The end is brought about satisfactorily by the services of Lieutenant Tackle, R. N., late of H. M. Brig. Humming Bird, a regular type of the old class of good-natured, good-humoured, sympathising, hearty, and swearing sea officers, to be found in Smollett's novels and the dramas of Morton, O'Keefe, Holcroft, and others. This character, though well drawn, is out of place in a drama designed to represent the manners of 1851. Nothing could be better than Mr. James Wallack's impersonation of the honest and jovial Lieutenant, who swears and blunders, laughs and cries in the same breath, but the used-up allusions to the Union Jack and Britannia were found sadly *rococo*, and did not tell with the audience. Mr. Douglas Jerrold, however, had his antique love for the sea, and his profound knowledge of the virtues and whimsicalities of the British tar to plead in extenuation. Through the mediation of Lieutenant Tackle, who gives up his prize-money to pay off Creepmouse's bond, and by means of Creepmouse himself, who, to use the characteristic words of the author, "was found iron, but left butter," all terminates satisfactorily. Even to Miss Kitty and Paul a hope is held out that after a few years' delay their youthful hearts may be twined together in the bondlets of hymen.

The writing is replete with point and pungency. The good things are without number; the hits hard and heavy, and their effects hilarious. Of genuine wit there is but little in the comedy, but of fun and humour there is more than abundance. The applause was incessant throughout, and all the actors were called for at the end. The author subsequently made his bow from a private box in answer to a general summons.

We have alluded *en passant* to some of the actors. We have said nothing of Mr. Buckstone's Creepmouse, which was nothing short of inimitable. His make up was immense. He had not the best things in the comedy to speak, but he provoked the most laughter. Mr. Webster played Captain Gunn with excellent effect. It was a legitimate bit of acting, and was applauded accordingly. Miss Reynolds was unaffected, unusually so, in Amy, and the characters in general were well supported.

The piece was announced for repetition every evening amid universal applause.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Miss P. Horton, who has succeeded from the Haymarket, has made her appearance at this theatre in *Azazel*. Some of the songs from the original opera, arranged for the orchestra by German Reed, are introduced, and are admirably sung by Miss P. Horton, who has made a decided hit in her new character of "a Prodigal."

Mr. Ranger, who some years ago made, with much success, his *debut* at the Haymarket, as a representative of French characters, reappeared here this week as Sir Peter Teazle, and has been well received. He has a gentlemanly appearance, and a thorough knowledge of stage business.

JERSEY.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—On Tuesday evening, our Theatre presented a gay and fashionable appearance, being crammed to the ceiling to witness the performance of our *troupe* of amateurs, two of whom on the occasion were *debutantes*. The great attraction of the evening was Mr. Douglas Stewart, who undertook the arduous character of Othello. This gentleman already having made a favourable impression in *Claude Melnotte* last season, much anxiety existed among his friends to see him in one of the great Shakespearean characters, of which last night he proved himself fully capable. Mr. Stewart took the audience by surprise. The house was quite prepared for the striking points in his acting, which gained for him encouraging cheers. The stage bearing of Mr. Douglas is dignified and his action graceful. His features are formed to express the deepest emotion, and his voice is powerful and of good quality. He manages it with admirable skill. A great feature too was the absence of mannerism and of plagiarisms from other actors. The third act was most successful. His bursts of jealous rage were given with energy, unaccompanied by rant. In short, the whole reading of the part was correct. It has rarely been my lot to observe so much promise in so young an actor. Mr. F. Bisson, who made his first appearance on any stage, was the Iago. He read the part correctly and acted with ease and judgment, wholly free from all awkwardness. He gained much applause. Cassio, in the hands of Mr. H. Carter, met with an able and competent representative. This gentleman possesses a decided talent for comedy. The performance ended with the popular farce of *John Dobbs*, the principal character acted by Mr. Douglas Stewart, who thus displayed a singular versatility of talent. He was ably supported by Mr. Poole, manager of the Theatre.—T. E. B.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The advent of an unusually large number of foreign artists, attracted by the Great Exhibition, has encouraged Mr. Ella to commence a series of extra *matinées*, which will enable many to appear who would otherwise be denied the advantage of playing at the Musical Union. The first of these came off on Tuesday, in Willis's Rooms, and a large number of subscribers attended. The programme was interesting, as the means of introducing to an English audience no less than three first-rate performers—Herr Laub (violin), Herr Menter (violoncello) and Herr Pauer (pianoforte). Of Herr Laub we have already spoken, as the substitute for Signor Sivori at the Promenade Concerts of Mr. Allcroft. He introduced the same *Fantasia-Caprice* of *Vieuxtemps* which he executed previously, and a second hearing gave us no cause to modify the opinion we then advanced. As a solo performer Herr Laub has distinguished qualities, great energy, pure intonation, good *staccato*, perfect octave-playing, &c. His left hand is admirable, but his bow-arm wants variety and distinction; his mechanism is excellent, but his style is deficient in the higher attributes of expression. This was more particularly felt in the quartet of Mozart (No. 1, in G), with which the concert began. Here it cannot fail to be observed that at present Herr Laub is rather a promising than a great violinist.

His sentiment is earnest, but so often misplaced that the existence of real feeling is at times felt to be doubtful. In Mendelssohn's trio in D minor (No. 1), where the pianist may be said to lead the way, Herr Laub appeared to more advantage, and his thorough command of the instrument served him to good purpose. Herr Laub was ably supported in the quartet by M. Deloffre, Mr. Hill, and Herr Menter. Herr Menter is one of the most prodigious executants on the violoncello we have ever listened to. His tone is powerful and rich, wanting perhaps in softness, but telling and effective. His mechanism can hardly be surpassed, and we only regretted that his abilities should have been exercised on so very trivial a composition as the "*Fantasia* on a popular Russian theme," which has positively nothing whatever to recommend it. In the quartet of Mozart, and the trio of Mendelssohn, Herr Menter showed himself perfectly at home in the "classical" school. In short he is really a fine player, and we shall be pleased on a future occasion, to hear him in something more musically interesting than his own *fantasia*.

Herr Pauer is well known at Vienna, both as a pianist and composer for the pianoforte. His reputation has been well-earned. We have seldom heard a more effective reading or a more brilliant execution of Mendelssohn's difficult trio, which taxes the mechanical resources and the mental qualifications of a pianist in an equal degree. Herr Pauer was evidently quite at home in the music of his great compatriot. The passages were played with fire and admirable neatness, and the *cantabiles* delivered with pure and unaffected expression. In certain passages Herr Pauer—aided by an instrument which for richness and equality of tone we never heard surpassed—produced an effect peculiarly grateful, every note, in the softest *pianissimo*, being heard with wonderful distinctness. Herr Pauer made a highly favourable impression, which was by no means weakened, at the end of the concert, when he played *solus*, a somewhat bagatelle composition of Herr Taubert, of Berlin.

Altogether this *matinée* was exceedingly interesting, and the performances would have served very well for one of the regular meetings of the Musical Union. The instrumental music was pleasantly varied by some *lieder* by Schubert, sung by Herr Reichart, from the Imperial Opera at Vienna, in a very chaste and artistic manner. The vocal pieces and the solo of Herr Laub, were accompanied by Herr Eckart in first-rate style.

Foreign.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL.—The ninth concert of Society "Felix Meritis," obtained an additional éclat by the appearance of Made. Bertha Johannsen. This much admired vocalist displayed her charming voice and finished execution in a cavatina from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, an air from the *Nozze di Figaro*, and a bravura air by Pacini. The latter was redemanded, and Made. Johannsen gave in lieu thereof a German *Lied*, accompanied by herself on the pianoforte. This lady possesses a flexible soprano of about two octaves in extent. I have heard her sing her national Swedish songs with a fervour and taste that cannot fail to ensure her, every where, a success which her distinguished talent deserves. Herr Van Bree conducted the concert. Three overtures, by Onslow, Beethoven, and Romberg, as well as Spohr's great work, *Die Wiehe der Töne*, were well performed by the band. Herr J. W. Kleine performed a clarinet concerto by Crusell, in a masterly style. The concert gave general satisfaction.

TURIN.—The companies for the ensuing summer season at the Royal theatres are now completed, under the direction of the *impresario*, Giaccone. The National Theatre will open with Verdi's *Attila*.

FLORENCE.—Romani, the composer, has just finished his new opera, *Bacchanali*, which will shortly be produced.

NAPLES.—The companies for the summer season at the two theatres, San Carlo and Fondo, are completed. The names

are as follows:—Soprani—Luigia Bendazzi, Guiseppa Zecchini, Erminia Taglioni; Contralto—Margherita Poszi; First Tenors—Domenico Labocetta, Gaetano Biondi; First Bass—Francesco Gnone; Buffi—Lusio and Talvetti. This does not look very bright, the only known name being that of Labocetta, who came out at her Majesty's Theatre in London about three years ago; nor does the prospect of new operas by Fioravanti and Aspa help to illuminate the picture. Four new ballets are promised, however, and this is a great point with the Neapolitans.

BERLIN.—A privilege has been granted to M. Paul Taglioni, for a French and Italian Theatre in this city. The Koenigstadt will close on the 1st of July next, never to re-open as a dramatic establishment.

LILLE.—Grisar's new opera buffon, *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, has been produced here with considerable success.

MARSEILLES.—The brilliant triumphs of Madame Pleyel will form an epoch in the musical annals of this city. Her concerts were crowded, the public were *fou*, and the press in ecstasies. Now she has left us, musical affairs are rather dull, and the *reprise* of Verdi's *Jerusalem* at the theatre—with Madame Sainton as the prima donna, and M.M. Mathieu and Depassio—has not made matters more lively. The Marseillaises cannot be persuaded to admire the music of Maestro Verdi, although a copy of the *France Musicale* is supposed to circulate in the town.

LISBON.—The success of Madame Stoltz goes on constantly increasing; she has played in the *Favorite* and has excited a greater *furor* than even that caused by her Armée in *Semiramide*.

MADRID.—The representation at the opera previous to Passion Week, was a very brilliant one. The opera was *Linda di Chamouni*, in which Frezzolini and Ronconi surpassed themselves. The French tenor, Masset, also pleased very much. He sang at one of the concerts at the Palace with so much satisfaction to the Queen, that Her Majesty the next day sent him a gold chain. All musical Madrid is in mourning for Alboni, whose *obligato* departure for Paris, to resume her engagement at the Grand Opera, has greatly weakened the resources of the opera here. The absence of Formes is also severely felt, although Ronconi is a host in himself, and Madame Frezzolini greatly admired.

FRANKFORT.—Teresa Milanollo has been playing here with great success. Her last visit was in company with her sister, whose early death was a sad blow to the art. The opening of the theatre after Passion Week was inaugurated with Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, which is here considered the masterpiece of its illustrious composer. *La Juvie* has also been performed, which is here considered the best work of Halévy.

PARIS.—The death of Colet, Professor of Harmony at the Conservatoire, at the age of 43, has left a vacancy which M. Auber, the principal, has offered to M. Ambroise Thomas, the most successful of the great composer's imitators. Madame Pleyel has arrived, and there is some hope that the incomparable pianist will give a concert in the *Jardin d'Hiver*. Pischek is in Paris, *en route* for London. It is said that the band of the 9th Dragoons will go to London to play during the Great Exhibition season. The idea originated with M. Sax, upon whose admirable instruments they will doubtless exhibit their proficiency. The new opera of M. Gounod, *Sappho*, whatever may be its merits as a work of art, fails to attract the public. M. Roger's engagement at the opera has been renewed for four years, at a salary of 70,000 francs (an increase of 10,000 on last year) and three months *congé*. Auber and Scribe's new opera, *La Corbeille d'Oranges*, is in rehearsal, and will be

produced in about a fortnight. Roger will play the principal tenor part.

HAMBURG.—Herr Farkar Wolff, from Vienna, gave his concert on Wednesday, the 23rd, which occasion introduced Madame Macfarren for the first time to our public. This lady, besides accompanying the concert-giver in his several songs, sang an English national song, and upon the enthusiastic applause and call for repetition with which this was received, also let us hear the "Zuleika" of Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Madame Macfarren has with this performance fully confirmed the high expectations that were raised of her; her alto voice is one of the deepest and most powerful, and her style inspired with intelligence and enthusiastic feeling. For the availability of her musical talent on the stage, her tall and well-formed figure, and her classically-formed face, brightened by the most beautiful dark eyes, will be of the greatest advantage. Of the distinguished applause with which the audience received her performance, we have already spoken. Herr Wolff has a rare talent in rendering Hungarian songs, and developed, especially in the last of these, consisting of an *adagio* and *allegro*, the astonishing ease and flexibility of his tenor voice. This song has the advantage of possessing a marked national character. Herr Otto Goldschmidt and Herr Joannovitz supported the concert-giver, the former with his performance on the pianoforte, the latter with a concerto on the violin. The attendance was numerous.—*Hamburger Nachrichten*, Friday, April 25th.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 17.—The second concert of Mademoiselle Lind took place last night. Those who had seats began to arrive early, and by the time the concert commenced the National Theatre was thronged with even a brighter array of beauty and fashion, than had tenanted it on Monday evening. Not a seat in the body but was filled, and with one of the most orderly audiences we have seen. Some disturbance arose among the crowd collected in front of the Theatre, but the police were in greater force than on the evening of the first concert, and kept them in tolerable order. The first part of the programme consisted of the overture to *Masaniello*, a duet from *Il Barbiere* of Rossini, by Signors Salvi and Belletti, "Qui la voce," from *I. Puritani*, by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, an aria from *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*, by Pacini, and the duet on Tyrolean melodies by Mademoiselle Lind and Signor Belletti. The duet from *Il Barbiere* was excellently sung, and the applause would have been greater but for the expectation of the audience to hear Jenny. At last she came forward; a smile broke from her lips and spread over her brow with a beautiful and tranquil light as she bowed to the audience. Then the orchestra commenced and then her lips unclosed and she burst into song. Nothing could have been more exquisite than her vocalism in "Qui la voce." After this came the *Aria* of Pacini, sung by Signor Salvi with great feeling. The Duet which followed composed by Benedict, was a racy, spirit-stirring morsel, which gave us the highest opinion of his merits as a composer. It would, however, be unfair simply to judge him by his duet, as he is the author of three of the most popular English Operas of the present day. These are *La Zingara*, *The Brides of Venice*, and the *Crusaders*, the last of which we understand have become standard works in the English repertoire. However, to return to the Duet—it was sung exquisitely by both singers, and received one of the most enthusiastic tokens of approbation which the audience could possibly have given. The overture to the *Fra Diavolo* of Auber, commenced the second portion of the Concert, succeeded by an *Aria* from Verdi's *I Lombardi*, sung by Belletti; the celebrated Trio for the voice and two flutes, composed expressly for Mademoiselle

Lind in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, "Una furtiva lagrima," by Salvi, and finally by Benedict's Ballad, "Take this Lute," and the Herdsman's Song by Jenny Lind. We scarcely know how to express our admiration of the Trio from the *Camp of Silesia*. The flute parts were admirably played by Messrs. Kyle and Siede. As for Mademoiselle Lind, her share in it was perfectly beautiful. Benedict's ballad, a pleasing and genial melody, full of quiet attraction, made a pleasing contrast with the instrumental peculiarities for which the former piece was most remarkable. It was followed by the Echo song, as the Herdsman's song is generally called. We have heard various romantic stories touching the exhibition of ventriloquial powers in this song, and had indeed attended its first delivery with something nearly approaching to curiosity. We have now the satisfaction of announcing to our friends, in spite of all the rumours circulated affirmatively, that Mademoiselle Lind is no ventriloquist. The *Aria* given by Signor Belletti we did not greatly relish, although it is one of the most pleasing efforts of Verdi with which we are acquainted. "Una furtiva lagrima" was the best specimen of Salvi's singing, and in every respect more pleasing than the air of Pacini.

From what we have seen, knowing the prices seats have sold at, and the number of seats in the Theatre, we put the number of seats in the Theatre, we put the amount taken at Jenny Lind's first concert at *fifteen thousand*, and the second, (last night,) at *nineteen thousand dollars!!!* Our readers may rest assured that this is very near the mark. Mr. Barnum has decided, as may be seen by the advertisement, to give two more concerts in Cincinnati, besides the one announced for this evening. The auction takes place at ten o'clock this morning in the Theatre.

The Concerts of Jenny Lind have left the public pulse at fever heat. The whole town is alive with excitement. Jenny Lind is the only topic. *Pork and hams are no where*. Such being the state of things, we too gave way to the current, and add such items below, as happen to come in our way.

Jenny Lind is not to sing in Columbus, as was originally intended—the contract for a concert having been abandoned there by mutual consent. The cause of this was probably, the uncertainty of securing an audience sufficiently large to justify the expense. The Jenny Lind company consists of thirty-nine persons, and is made up as follows:—Jenny Lind, her companion (Mdlle Ahmansen;) her secretary, Max Hjorteborg; her accountant, her three servants, (two males and one female;) Mr. Barnum, daughter, and friend; an orchestra of fifteen persons; Benedict and servant, Salvi, Belletti, Le Grand Smith, treasurer, secretary, two ticket sellers, and five persons employed in various capacities.

Provincial.

EDINBURGH.—The concert in the Queen-street Hall, on Saturday, afforded a treat to the lovers of sweet sounds. The vocalists were two young ladies, and a gentleman (Mr. Crowe), Signor Anelli's pupils, whose efforts reflected credit on themselves, and on the system adopted by their teacher. The ballad "O, charming May," which was encored, was tastefully sung by a young lady, who possesses a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, together with self-possession and an unaffected deportment, which promises much for her future success. She was equally successful in "Be Watchful and Beware," and "O luce di quest' anima." "Il soave e bel contento," and the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, were both sung in a creditable manner by another young lady, the first being honoured with an encore, for which she substituted the "Merry Sunshine." Her voice (a *contralto*) is musical, and her management of it evinces talent. Mr. Crowe, in "Bruce's Address," was

warmly encored. Signor Anelli and Mr. Frederic Anelli gave a duet for guitar and pianoforte, which was well performed. Mr. F. Anelli, who conducted the concert, showed much facility of execution in a fantasia from *Norma*, in which he was encored. The concert concluded with the National Anthem, and the company departed highly gratified.

GLASGOW.—The last Philharmonic Concert for this season took place in the Merchants' Hall, on Tuesday Evening week. The Hall was well filled, and the audience brilliant and fashionable. Unfortunately, several of the most efficient amateurs were absent, and the sudden removal of the 21st Regiment disappointed the Society of the assistance of their band, some of whom had been practising their parts for the concert. Although the orchestra was crippled in consequence, the pieces were well performed. The selection was popular and entertaining. Miss Bassano (contralto), Mr. Lawler (basso), conducted the vocal part of the entertainment with great applause. The latter sung "The Wanderer" "My boyhood's home" and "Largo al factotum." Miss Bassano showed the flexibility of her voice in the "Ah qual giorno," and gratified the audience by the national ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," which was exquisitely sung. Mr. Julian Adams, conductor of the concert, was encored in both his solos on the pianoforte. Of the instrumental pieces, the overture to the *Siege of Corinth* was best performed, and with the selection from *Robert le Diable*, made up for the deficiency in the orchestra, though several solos could not be given with proper effect. The following vocalists have appeared at the Society's concerts this winter:—Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Mrs. E. B. Harper, the Misses Smith, Herr Muller (baritone), Mr. Gustavus L. Gcary (tenor), and Mr. Lawler (bass). The concerts have all gone off with such spirit that there is no abatement in the zeal of amateurs, or patronage of the subscribers. It is confidently hoped, that next winter they will be resumed with more spirit than ever.—(*Glasgow Paper*.)

HALIFAX.—The concert of the Philharmonics, on Tuesday last, was a gratifying evidence of the value of this society in spreading a love of instrumental music. We have rarely heard overtures better performed than those to *King Stephen*, *Yelva*, *Gustavus*, and *Fra Diavolo* on this occasion. The band also accompanied Mrs. Sunderland, under Mr. Frobisher's conduct, in the *scena* from *Der Freischutz*, "Softly sighs." Mrs. Sunderland was in excellent voice, and also gave a ballad by Alexander Lee, and a song by Rodwell, "Oh, charming May," in which she was unanimously encored. Mr. Inkersall's voice told well in his duets with Mrs. Sunderland (Bishop's "I love thee," and Barnett's "Farewell"). Mr. Frobisher's accompaniments on the piano-forte were judiciously subdued. Mr. T. Haddock's second violoncello solo (a fantasia by Schubert) was an excellent performance; but his first solo (a French air with variations) possessed little attraction. Mr. Haddock has a pure style, with a good, but somewhat thin tone. The concert commenced with the first movement in Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, which was well played and evidently enjoyed by the audience. The Halifax Philharmonic Society, which was originated within the last two years, is composed entirely of working men.

NUNEATON. The annual tea party at the National School Room took place on Thursday, the 24th ult. The decoration of the room spoke well for the taste of the ladies, to whom the Rev. R. C. Savage paid flattering compliments. The room was crowded by a respectable audience. The Rev. R. C. Savage presided, and after indicating the proceedings of the evening, introduced the Rev. W. Owen, of Bilston, who delivered a lecture on the "Law of Labor," showing that labor, by the blessing of God, produces its own reward. The lecture was interspersed with anecdotes of the lives of eminent men who have risen from the humblest ranks of society to wealth and honour, by their own industry and perseverance. The lecture was divided into sections, between which, Mr. Paget of Atherstone, gave the following pieces in an effective style, and displayed a powerful and well cultivated bass voice:—"Recit. and Air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," "For behold darkness," "Now Heaven in fullest glory," and Callcott's "Last man," all of which gave the greatest satisfaction. The Rev. Chairman proposed a vote of thanks, which was accorded with great acclamation, to the Rev. Lecturer and Mr. Paget. The evening's proceedings terminate

with the National Anthem. Mr. Fletcher, the organist, presided at the pianoforte with great ability.

SHEFFIELD.—The Misses Smith gave a series of concerts at the Music-Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings, which were characterised by excellence and variety. The programme on each occasion contained a selection of English, Italian and Scotchairs, duets, &c. The fair artistes were well supported by Mr. Augustus Braham, who bids fair to sustain the world-wide fame of his father. His voice is rich in tone, extensive in compass, and of great power and depth. In its management Mr. Braham evinces exceeding taste and judgment, and the style in which he gave "The Death of Nelson," was enthusiastically applauded. Verdi's serenade, "O, Summer Night," "My Sister dear," "Death of Abercrombie," "Bay of Biscay," "Flowers of the Forest," &c., compositions the most opposite in their character, were rendered by him with admirable skill and grace. The Misses Smith are well known. In Scotch ballads, particularly, they excel, as those who heard them, with Mr. Braham in the trios, "Wha'll be King but Charlie," "Caller Herring," and "Weel may the boatie row," must acknowledge that in this style of composition the vocalists are irreproachable. Numerous other English and Italian songs and duets were given each evening. We must not omit to mention the piano accompaniments of Miss Maria Smith.—*Sheffield Times*.

WINDSOR.—The last concert for the season of the Eton Amateur Choral Society was performed at the Town Hall, on Monday week, before a highly respectable audience. The performances, which consisted of a portion of the *Creation*, and a miscellaneous selection for the second part, afforded the utmost gratification. Miss Henderson (a singer new to Windsor), Master Hardy, Mr. Knowles, Mr. S. Smith, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Whitehouse, were the vocalists. The instrumentalists for the most part were from the Queen's private band. Miss Henderson, the *debutante*, possesses a powerful voice, and sings with taste. Among the miscellaneous pieces a Protestant Hymn, entitled, "Britain's Banner," the music by Dr. G. J. Elvey, performed at this concert for the first time, was warmly applauded, and kindled enthusiasm among the audience, being adapted to the prevailing spirit of the day. It was well rendered both by vocalists and instrumentalists. Dr. G. J. Elvey, was, as usual, the conductor, and Mr. E. Chipp, leader. Before another series of concerts commences there is reason to hope that the heavy pillars with which the Town Hall is encumbered, which act so fatally against the transmission of sound, will be removed, which will be a real boon to the society.—*Bucks Herald*.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your last but one number contained a suggestion relative to the expediency of attempting to establish an English opera upon the basis of a confraternal union; or in other words, upon the joint-stock system. It was my intention last week to have addressed you upon this subject, which I feel to be *peculiarly* interesting, inasmuch as it has engaged much of my professional time and attention of late, together with some of my best energies, and at the cost of something more than a loss of valuable time. But, Mr. Editor, I did not think fit to rush precipitately into the contest, thinking it probable that your number of this week would contain some response from an abler pen than mine.

Finding, Sir, nothing in any way bearing upon the question at issue in your print of this day, I beg the favour of a little space for the following brief remarks, together with the suggestion to which they will lead me in the concluding portion of this letter.

A combination such as that pointed out in the article before alluded to, may appear to the uninitiated exceedingly feasible and greatly desirable, inasmuch as experience has taught that under the system of private management, English opera has become a bye-word and a scorn to the enlightened foreigner, and something worse than a dead letter to the British public, who are *most anxious*

to avenge themselves for the ridicule which a perverse and selfish system has brought down, by supporting to the uttermost any change of operatic management which will afford fair play to the musical profession, and thereby fair play towards the public themselves.

But, Sir, notwithstanding the foregoing desideratum, circumstances have *proved* that no amelioration of our present disorganised state is to be hoped from the system before hinted at; the reasons are by far too many to record in this letter, but let the following suffice:—

1. A commonwealth of musicians would not succeed, because no twenty "professionals" could be found *hardy* enough to incur so heavy a *monied* responsibility as would be involved in the taking of Drury-Lane Theatre.

2. No body of musicians could be found sufficiently *disinterested* to throw aside the desire for individual advancement for the general good.

3. Because an operatic commonwealth, upon a *grand* scale, has been *attempted*, and *failed*.

4. Because such a thing has been *done* on a small scale, and failed *most lamentably*.

To give further reasons were superfluous. But although an endless variety of causes combine to render impracticable all such Utopian schemes, there does appear, to me at least, one broad, open road, upon which no professional traveller has yet ventured to start, and by which *alone* the desired goal is to be attained. What think you, Mr. Editor, of a petition to Parliament for the establishment of an English opera, somewhat upon the basis of the "Opera Nationale" of France—to be managed or directed by some one individual, who should be compelled to render an *account* of his *stewardship* in such a way as should insure the production of the best music attainable, and the engagement of the best artistes?

The space usually allotted to correspondents will not permit or my trespassing much further on your patience, or that of your readers; but should you think fit to give publicity to this letter, I will in two, or at least three, succeeding epistles, give such reasons for adopting the course now projected as will satisfy the professional world of its high utility; and also the public with its extreme importance as regards themselves. At present I will conclude by stating that I have authentic cause for believing that the course I have ventured to propose would by no means be disagreeable in very high quarters, and that so far as my belief goes, the attempt has only to be *made* to be successful.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your obedient servant,
PHILO-MUSICA.

PRIZE ANTHEMS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

May 8th, 1851.

SIR,—As the annual general meeting of the London Sacred Harmonic Society took place last Monday week, I would suggest to your correspondent "*A Church Musician*," that he should now repeat his three enquiries respecting the prizes to be given for anthems, which "*The Committee resolved to recommend to the subscribers at their next general meeting*."

In the present stage of the affair, I will only add that if the letter of F. I. S. was intended for anything more than an invasion of the very proper questions put by a "*Church Musician*," it is unfortunate the advocate of the society did not delay his reply until two days later, when he might in your same paper, have acquainted your readers with the result of the suggestions offered to the meeting.

HONESTA.

THE GORLITZA-ÇA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Cheltenham, May 7th, 1851.

SIR.—As "*One of the Craft*" charges me in the last number of *The Musical World* with not knowing the meaning of a word in my own language, I am obliged to depart, in this instance, from

my general rule of not noticing anonymous correspondents. My letter to you of the 16th April did not refer directly, or indirectly, or had it anything whatever to do with "international copyright." My argument is that a composer can sell his copyright of a tune in England whether he was sitting in Regent Street, or the *Boulevard*, when he composed it, although as we all know, too well alas, there is no international copyright. M. Varin disposed of the music of his *Gorlitza* to me, I disposed of it to Messrs. Hale and Son, and I venture to maintain it is as much theirs, by equity, as one of the pianos in their warehouse, but we all know as the law is at present, there is no touching those who daily re-print, under their own names, the compositions of others, with a bar or two altered. I never intended to insinuate there are not other original *Gorlitzas* of excellence, by English composers.

I am, Sir, your obediently,
JAMES BYRN.

Miscellaneous.

MADAME MACFARREN has arrived in London for the season, her appearance at the Stadt-Theatre in Hamburg being postponed until the autumn, in consequence of the present advanced period of the musical season in that city.

HENRY PHILLIPS delivered a lecture on the Music of Various Nations, at the Southwark Literary Institution, last evening.

LABLACHE AT THE EXHIBITION.—Some amusement was created among the visitors who were first in their seats, by watching the perplexity of new comers. The most interest was, however, felt in the wanderings of Lablache, leading a corps of *prime donne* and assistants from the regions of the Haymarket, and helpless, applying to the police for access to the transept. It was not till after half an hour's peregrination that the object of his mission was attained.

DOWTON, the celebrated comedian, died on the 19th ult., at Brighton-terrace, Brixton, in his 88th year.

DEATH OF MRS. WAYLETT.—Mrs. Alexander Lee (formerly Mrs. Waylett) died on Saturday fortnight, after a painful illness of seven years' duration, which obliged her to relinquish the profession. She was one of the sweetest and best of English ballad singers.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.—The anniversary festival of the above excellent institution, will take place at Freemason's Hall, on the 28th inst. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge will take the chair, and the music will be under the direction of Mr. Walter Macfarren.

HERR HEKKING, the talented violoncellist, who was so successful last year at the Wednesday and other concerts, has arrived in town for the season.

IGNAZ TEDESCO, the pianist and composer, is shortly expected in London.

MESSRS. VERDAVAINNE AND DE BESNIER.—The second concert of the series announced by these gentlemen, took place last night, too late for us to notice this week. Particulars will be given in our next.

VIEUXTEMPS will arrive in London on the 20th inst., and perform at the Musical Union, on the 27th. This great violinist has given three concerts in Paris with increased success.

MR. E. J. TURNER'S concert, which we announced last week, came off on Tuesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, and proved a capital entertainment. The vocalists were, besides Mr. Turner himself, the Misses Dolby, Poole, and Watson, and Mr. Leffer. The instrumentalists comprised Herr Oberthur (harp), M. Camus (flute), and M. Alexandre Billet (pianist.) M. Billet opened the ball with a solo composed by himself. The composition was neat and sparkling—the execution brilliant and finished. The eminent pianist concluded amid loud applause from all parts of the room. Miss Watson appeared next, and sang Kreipl's Lied, "*When May breezes whisper*." This young lady is a pupil of Mr. Tomlinson. She has a tolerably good soprano voice, and sings with neatness and expression. Her timidity, however, stands greatly in her way, and should be got rid of by singing more frequently in public. Miss Watson's talent should not be sacrificed to a nervous apprehension. Mr. Turner was received with warm and encouraging cheers. He was evidently

frightened, but did not lose entirely his self-possession. He sang Donizetti's charming romanza, "Una furtiva lagrima," from the *Elisir d'Amore*, with English words. Mr. Turner has a tenor voice of admirable quality, and of more than average power. It is a true *tenore robusto*, although the singer sometimes forsakes it for the *falsetto*. The middle voice is unusually good and strong, the tone being round, full, and highly agreeable. Mr. Turner possesses the very rare advantage of invariably singing in tune. Notwithstanding his evident nervousness in his first song, and the anxiety he displayed in his subsequent efforts, his intonation was always true. His voice was tried in compositions of Donizetti, Gluck, Weber, E. Loder, &c., varied enough to show of what quality it was formed, and was found equally adapted to all styles. Mr. Turner, however, must not be led to fancy he has nothing to learn. His faults are certainly on the right side, being extravagances and not deficiencies. He must amend his tendency to ultra-sentiment, by which "bathos" is obtained in place of "pathos." Energy and *abandon* will come with time, since of these we espy indications. Mr. Turner is a pupil of Mr. Clement White, who has instructed him for the last two or three years. It is highly creditable to Mr. Clement White that Mr. Turner, who knew nothing of singing when he took him in hand, should have made such decided progress in his art, in so short a period. Mr. Clement White has carefully eschewed the too frequent practice with modern professors of dragging out the voice in the upper register, and hence, no doubt, the fine quality of Mr. Turner's middle voice. The "Una furtiva lagrima," was encored with general applause, and Mr. Turner repeated it with increased effect. His next essay was in Hummel's arduous and somewhat slow song, "When night spreads her shadows around," (*Inkle and Yarico*). This was too high a flight for a novice, nevertheless, Mr. Turner's capabilities were heard to greater advantage than in Donizetti's aria. His upper tones came out stronger and clearer. Mr. Turner next sang with Miss Poole, the English version of "La ci darem," which still further set off his middle voice. He next sang Loder's "Say wilt thou roam with me," after which he gave Gluck's aria, "Che farò" and finished in the trio from *Freyshutz*, "Where, O terror," with Misses Walton and Poole. Mr. Turner achieved a decided success. With study, perseverance, and patience, we have no doubt he will become a welcome acquisition to the Concert-room. Miss Dolby and Miss Poole both sang charmingly. Miss Dolby sang the romanza, "Parmi les fleurs," from the *Huguenots*, Holmes' "Scenes of my childhood," and, with Miss Poole, Macfarren's duet, "The Wood-Nymphs." All were delightfully sung, and all loudly applauded, but Mr. Holmes' most sweet ballad provoked an encore, and we were sorry to find Miss Dolby substituting something about children going to sleep. Miss Poole's solos were Mendelssohn's, "The first violet," and Lee's, "The Spirit of Good," both of which were rendered in admirable and unaffected style, especially the first, which was sung to perfection. Mr. Leffler was more at home in "The lads of the village" than in the "Non piu Andrai." The first was a true specimen of the ballad singing of the Dibdin class. Herr Oberthur played two pieces. He is a performer of the legitimate school. His fantasia, on the "Last rose of summer," was brilliant and effective, while the second *moreau*, "Souvenir de Bologne," displayed a quiet and unaffected grace we hear seldom in harpists of modern date. Both compositions have a decided merit. M. Camus exhibited a fine tone on the flute, and brilliant execution. He obtained loud applause in the solo. M. Billet's second performance was Thalberg's "Norma Fantasia," a piece of almost insuperable difficulty, but which was mastered by the great pianist with consummate ease. A volley of cheers followed this feat. M. Billet and Mr. Tomlinson conducted. The concert was highly interesting and satisfactory, and afforded unqualified gratification to all present.

MADAME SCHWAB has announced a concert at the Princess's Rooms on Tuesday evening next, when she will be assisted by a strong array of vocal and instrumental talent. The names of Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Miss Birch, Miss Pyne, and others, make the programme look unusually strong. Madame Schwab will play a duet with Mr. Willy, and will assist in a *septuor* of Hummel's. For particulars see advertisement sheet.

VAUXHALL.—This Royal property has opened under the most favourable auspices. The Bal Masqué, given on the night of the inauguration of the Great Exhibition, was attended by a numerous company, who kept up the fun of the evening for many hours, with indefatigable industry. The regular season began last Friday week. Mr. Wardle, the enterprising lessee, has left nothing undone to attract the public, who already numerous patronize him. Mr. Benjamin Barnett superintends the whole of the arrangements, in his usual gentlemanly and business-like manner.

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HEALTH WHERE IT IS SOUGHT!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure of a disordered Liver and Stomach, when in a most hopeless state.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1880. To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to perfect health, at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent Doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, considered my case hopeless. I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a Box of your Pills, which gave relief, and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and everybody who knows me.

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DR. BOYCE'S COLLECTION of CATHEDRAL MUSIC,

under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Prince Albert. In Score, with a companion for the Organ, in three large folio volumes (upwards of 1,300 ps s.), newly edited by JOSEPH WARREN, is now ready for delivery. Price £6 6s. This elaborate work is on view at the Great Exhibition of All Nations, as a specimen of Music Engraving, Printing, and Binding (Class xvii.) It is carefully revised, and corrected from many original MSS. and from Barnard's Selected Church Music, 1641, the most valuable work of its kind. The additions comprise—Services and Anthems by Tallis Thomas Tomkins, Byrd, John Parsons, Rev. R. (Creighton), Orlando Gibbons, and Dr. Blow. There are 10 Services, 78 Full and Verse Anthems and Chants, by the following composers, viz., Tallis, Richard Farrar, Byrd, Bevan, Morley, William Mundy, Thomas Tomkins, John Parsons, Adrian Battell, Drs. Christopher Tye, Orlando Gibbons, Bull, Child, Rogers, Blow, Turner, Croft, Aldrich, and Creighton, William Lawes, Matthew Lock, Henry Purcell, Goldwin, Pelham Humphrey, Goldwin, Weldon, Michael Wise, and Jeremiah Clark, besides copious Memoirs of the Composers and a Life Portrait of Dr. Boyce.—The following is an extract from the Court Journal of April 26, 1851:—"The work has been engraved in the best possible manner, and printed on the best paper, and reflects the highest credit, not only on the editor (whose labours extended over six years on this one collection), but on the publishers, for thus placing before the public a work that must endure for all time."—London—published by Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO. 6, New Burlington-street, publishers to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

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MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. DON GIOVANNI.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

IT is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place ON THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 15, 1851, when will be presented (for the first time this season), Mozart's chef d'œuvre, entitled

DON GIOVANNI.

With the following powerful Cast:—			
Don Giovanni	Signor COLETTI.
Don Ottavio	Signor CALZOLARI.
Masetto	Signor F. LABLACHE.
Il Commendatore	Signor SCAPINI.
And			
Leporello	Signor LABLACHE.
Donna Anna	Madame FIORENTINI.
Donna Elvira	Madame GIULIANA.
And			
Zerlina	Madame SONTAG.

In the Ball Scene Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS will dance Mozart's celebrated

"MINUET" AND "ZARABANDA."

To conclude with the admired Ballet (arranged into one act), entitled

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Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre. Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY, May 16, will be repeated, Mendelssohn's *ELIJAH*. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Novello, and Herr Formes. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.

MADAME SCHWAB'S Evening Concert, Tuesday, May 13th. Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Miss M. Williams, Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, Madame F. Lablache; Herr Mengis, Mr. Whitworth, Herr Stockhausen, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Frank Bodda, Herr Reichard. Piano-forte, Madame Schwab; Violin, Mr. Willy; Flute, Signor Bricealdi; Harp, Herr Oberthür; Cornet-a-Piston, Herr Kunig. Conductor, Mr. Lavenu. Tickets, 5s. Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d., Family Tickets for Three, 10s. 6d. Tickets of Madame Schwab, 31, Milton Street, Dorset Square.

M. ERNST'S

GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY, JUNE 2nd. Full particulars at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

MUSICAL UNION.

TUESDAY, MAY 13th, half-past 3:—Quartet, in F, No. 82 Haydn; Quartet, in G, No. 2, Beethoven; Grand Trio, B flat, Beethoven; Artists—Sivori, D. Joffe, Hill, and Piatti. Piano-forte—C. Hallé. None but Honorary Members admitted free to this Meeting; one hundred invitations will be issued for the next EXTRA MATINEE, May 20th, for foreign and native Professors. J. ELLA.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

ESTABLISHED 1839, for the Relief of its Distressed Members. Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 11th, 1851, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, will be performed, for the benefit of this institution, A GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Leader—Mr. H. G. Blagrove. Conductors—Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

An Honorary Subscriber of One Guinea annually, or Ten Guineas at One Payment (which shall be considered a Life Subscription), will be entitled to Two Tickets of admission, or one for a reserved seat, to every Benefit Concert given by the Society. Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received, and Tickets delivered, by the Secretary, Mr. J. W. Holland, 13, Macclesfield Street, Soho; and at all the principal Musicians'.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES

BEGS to announce that her GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on MONDAY, the 19th MAY, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. The most distinguished vocal talent, also Herr Ernst, Signor Bottesini, and other great Instrumentalists are engaged. The Orchestra, selected from the Italian Operas and Philharmonic Concerts, will perform a new Overture by E. Silas, &c. Tickets and Stalls at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and all the principal Music Warehouse.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

SECOND ACT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

GRISI, CASTELLAN, ANGRÌ, FORMES, BIANCHI, STIGELLI, TAMBERLIK, And MARIO.

THE DIRECTORS have the honor to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT, May 13, a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given, commencing with, for the first time this season, Rossini's favorite Opera,

LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

Elena, Madame Castellan (her first appearance in that character); Albina, Madlle. Corti; Malcolm Graeme, Madlle. Angrì; Douglas, Signor Bianchi; Serano, Signor Soldi; Rodrigo Dhu, Signor Tamberlik; and Giacomo V., Signor Mario.

To conclude with the SECOND ACT of Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

embracing the duett by Signor Stigelli and Herr Formes, the duett by Herr Formes and Madame Grisi, the duett by Signor Tamberlik and Herr Formes, the grand Trio by Madame Grisi, Herr Formes, and Signor Tamberlik, and the celebrated scene of the Nuns by Madlle. Louise Taglioni, and the Corps de Ballet in the grand cloister scene.

EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 15, will be performed, for the fourth time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera.

LES HUGUENOTS.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of the principal Musicians and Librarians.

HERR CHARLES OBERTHÜR,

Harpist to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Nassau,

HAS the honor to announce that his CONCERT will take place at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 20th. Vocalists—Madlle. Bertha Johansen, Mdlle. F. Rummel, and Herr Mengis. Instrumentalists—Herr Menter, Herr Pauer, and Herr Alexandre Ranchorat. Tickets 10s. 6d., to be had at Wessel and Co.'s, 229, Regent-street; Boosey and Co., Holles-street, &c.; and of Herr Oberthür, 87, Milton-street, Dorset Square.

MR. AGUILAR

RESPECTFULLY announces that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening, May 28th, 1851. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Madlle. Graumann, Herr Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, and Herr Formes. Violin, Herr Ernst; Contrabasso, Signor Bottesini; Piano-forte, Mr. Aguilar. The Orchestra, selected from the Royal Italian Opera, will be complete in every department. Leader, Mr. Willy; Conductors, Messrs. Anschutz and Schimon. Among other pieces, will be performed for the first time in England, Mr. Aguilar's Symphony in E minor.

Tickets seven shillings each, Reserved Seats, half a guinea. To be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street; Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street, corner of Hanover Street; and at the residence of Mr. Aguilar, No. 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANA,

BEGS to apprise the Musical Profession and the Public that he will arrive in London at the beginning of May, and remain during the entire Season.

Letters and applications for engagements to be addressed to Sig. BOTTESINI, Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

MR. FREDERICK WRIGHT begs to inform the Members of the Musical Profession that he continues to manage Concerts, Musical Entertainments, and Lectures, in Brighton. Madlle. Jenny Lind, Madame Mailbray, Miss Adelaide Kemble, M. Thalberg, Herr Ernst, Mr. John Parry, Mr. Albert Smith, and the late Mr. John Wilson visited Brighton under Mr. Frederick Wright's superintendence.

N.B.—An experienced Piano-forte Tuner wanted.

Address—Mr. Frederick Wright, Royal Colonnade Music Mart, Brighton.

DIATONIC FLUTE.

BY Royal Letters Patent.—Amateurs may hear this instrument played by Mr. PRATTEN (first flute), at the Royal Italian Opera; by Mr. RICHARDSON, at Crosby Hall, on the 12th, and at the Princesses Concert Rooms, on the 28th inst.

N.B. Specimens of this flute may be seen at the Great Exhibition, Class X, No. 535. Manufactory, 135, Fleet Street. A. Siccama, Patentee.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Messrs. Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

No. 20.—VOL. XXVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

As the time approaches for the *debut* of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, the interest of the Opera-goer augments, and his expectations are raised. Are we to have another Jenny Lind—or another Grisi—or another Viardot? Sophie has been compared to any and all of these, by critics, Italian, German, and French; we have a right, therefore, to put the question, and as no one is at hand, with the desired information, we shall answer it ourselves. We are to have nothing of the sort—nor Jenny, nor Giulia, nor Pauline—nothing of the sort, but something entirely new, and that is far better than a copy of a great original. We are to have Sophie Cruvelli, and if in having Sophie Cruvelli, the most exorbitant desire for perfections, histrionic and vocal, be not satisfied, we shall cast our pen upon the waters, and prophesy no more.

Three years ago we heard Cruvelli, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in several parts, and how highly we thought of her may be gathered from a reference to our Opera notices of 1848. Sophie was then very young, beautiful, intelligent, energetic, and full of promise. She was driven away by the Lind-fever, as one who quits a city in the time of the plague. All London, all England had the fever, and Sophie herself was in danger of infection. But she fled in time, and escaped untouched. She now comes back, three years older, still very young (*not* twenty-two), for what is three years at her fresh time of life?—what but the expanding of a bud into a blossom? Three years well spent, however, can make an artist; and Sophie Cruvelli has spent them well—seriously, industriously, and well—and Sophie Cruvelli has returned, not an artist merely, but, or we are much deceived, a great artist. We do not mince words, when we have good news to tell: and we assure our readers, without hesitating, that the *debut* of Sophie Cruvelli, on Tuesday night, will be the rising of a new and bright star in the operatic heaven.

The choice of an opera, the choice of a part in that opera, already discloses a secret in the nature of a *debutante*. Sophie Cruvelli has chosen *Fidelio*. She makes her first appeal in the mighty harmonies of Beethoven. The reader will conclude that *Fidelio* has been one of her favourite parts, during her absence of three years. No such thing, she has never played it, and has never seen it played. That she should not have seen it played is perhaps an advantage; the conception will be her own. But that she should not have played it is a difficult rock in her path, which she can only level by the potent spell of genius. We have no doubt upon the matter. She

will pass the rock, and reach the goal. Sophie Cruvelli has genius, and the world will be charmed, and acknowledge it.

It is now sixteen years since the grand part of *Fidelio*, the grandest and the most arduous in the lyric drama, has found a competent representative. Malibran was the last. She played it shortly after Schroeder Devrient, and each had her partisans. For our own parts we admired either; but were more nearly moved by Malibran, who delighted, than by Schroeder, who astonished. To succeed triumphantly, Cruvelli must do both. Can she?—will she? We think she can and will; it is a great word to say, but we have said it, and have no thought of retracting. We stand our ground, and leave retreat for the timid. The qualifications demanded by the part of Leonora are manifold. First, voice—voice, high, powerful, and flexible. This is absolute and indispensable. Without voice Leonora is not, cannot be. Cruvelli has voice—a voice of three octaves in compass, from F to F, from *Arsace* to the *Queen of Night*—a voice as strong, well tutored, and as much at command, as it is equal, pure, and of fine quality. Second, a person, dignified and feminine, formed at once to inspire respect and win affection. We cannot paint in words; but had we the pencil of Sanzio, we could draw a woman as intellectually beautiful as Rachel, and as soft as his own *Fornarina*; a veil of German mysticism thrown over the whole—a thin, transparent vapour, which, in return for its envious wish to shroud the splendour of the moon, is robed by its enemy in a brightness not its own; we could draw this, and this would be Cruvelli. Fire, energy, graceful action, passion, *abandon*, and, above all, the force and stamina that ensure the full realisation of striking dramatic situations, and command the physical resources to the very last—all these are necessary. All these Cruvelli can boast, and a manner of employing them, which, in positions of the highest intensity, still show the woman in all her most winning sincerity, in the genuine simpleness of heart, in the earnest modesty of demeanor. To make *Fidelio* quite the man was the mistake of Schroeder Devrient; to make her too much woman was the lovelier error of poor Malibran. Cruvelli, if we err not, will steer between the two, and realise the superb ideal of the poet and musician. We suggest no comparisons; we do not say Cruvelli will be less or greater than her celebrated predecessors, but only guess, from what we have been able to see, that she will be most entirely the heroic and devoted wife whom Beethoven imagined and painted. That it was Beethoven who created Leonora, and not the author of the story, or the maker of the *libretto*, may be tested by an examination of Paer's work

of that name. When "the giant of the orchestra" had sat out the opera of Paer, he paid him this compliment:—"Paer, I am enchanted! What a story! what a book! *I must write music for it!*" And he wrote *Fidelio*, which was so well appreciated by the manager, the singers, and the public, that nothing could ever induce Beethoven to compose another opera.

The one dramatic work of Beethoven, however, has been very popular in this country, and would have been played as often, and in as many places as *Don Juan* or *Der Freischütz*, but for the almost insuperable difficulty of finding a woman who could sing and act *Fidelio*. That woman has been found. Cruvelli, the young and promising Cruvelli, is made to sing, to act, and look *Fidelio*. As a messenger dropped from the skies, she will, by the magic of her presence, the charm of her singing, and the ardor of her resolution, clear away the mist of prejudice that has long enveloped this masterpiece, to its bane. Cruvelli shall place *Fidelio* upon the Italian stage so sure and firmly, that, by the side of the immortal inspirations of Mozart, it shall continue, henceforth and for ever, to delight the masses and sustain the fortunes of the theatre. If she does not this we shall be much disappointed. If she does, her name will be uttered with veneration by every one who loves music, by every one who considers it an art of infinite beauty and majestic influence, and not an empty sound to tickle the ears of "the groundlings."

Sophie Cruvelli has taken Beethoven by the hand, to present him to the crowd that sways to the strains of Donizetti and Bellini. The young German maiden has resolved to interpret the mysterious measures of her sublime compatriot to the other nations. In England she will find ears willing to hear, hearts quick to feel, and hands eager to applaud. It will, indeed, be a night to remember, on which, after a silence of so many years, the faithful Leonora once more sings her sorrows and her rapture, and, to that mournful music, with anxious breast and unquiet eye, faltering steps, but deep resolve, digs the grave of her husband, to save him for herself and happiness. And this we shall owe to Sophie Cruvelli.

THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

Here is a bundle of letters on this very important and engrossing theme. We give them in the order of dates, suppressing nothing, nor annexing ought in malice.

I.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The article on the Great Exhibition, in *The Times* of Wednesday, erroneously ascribes to the late Sebastian Erard an improvement which you justly characterize as the most important one ever applied to the pianoforte. I allude to that invention by which the immense strain of the strings is taken off the wood framing, and transferred to strong parallel metallic bars.

I have now before me the specification of the patent enrolled in April, 1820, by my late father, William Stodart, of 1, Golden-square, which clearly proves that to him belonged the merit therein expressed, of "removing the strain of the strings from the wood frame, and distending them upon metallic rods, bars, tubes, or plates," &c.

Another invention, viz., that of the inverted or harmonic bridge, by means of which the bearing of the strings is upwards, instead of downwards, was also my father's original idea, and adopted by him in 1822; the subsequent application by Mr. Erard of the studs spoken of in your article, being only intended to produce the same result.

Your invariable readiness to rectify inaccuracies induces me to beg the favour of your inserting this letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
MATTHEW STODART,
(for William Stodart and Son.)

1, Golden-square, May 8.

II.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Messrs. Broadwood, published in the *Morning Post* of the 7th instant, I beg permission to send the following statement which I can substantiate.

There is no doubt but that metal bars may have been applied to pianofortes, in some instances, previous to Messrs. Thorn and Allen's patent for compensation tubes, since, otherwise, their patent would have secured to them the sole right of bracing with metal, and would have prevented Messrs. Erard and Broadwood from practising that method of bracing. But a complete system of metal, of nine solid bars, over the strings of the pianoforte had never been applied to a grand pianoforte previous to Erard's new patent action in 1824. The model which served for Messrs. Erard's men to work upon, is still in the possession of Messrs. Erard, and may be seen at their warerooms in Great Marlborough-street. It was not until Erard's patent repetition pianofortes met with great success that Messrs. Broadwood began, so late as 1827 (from their own admission), to manufacture pianos with the solid metal bars over the strings. Before they adopted this, which is the best plan of bracing, they had been, for some time, placing the bracing bars under the sounding board of the instrument, which mode of bracing was not near so effective.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
PIERRE ERARD.
London, May 8, 1851.

III.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—We thank Monsieur Erard for reminding us that we used solid iron bars under the sounding board. Solid steel tension bars were applied by us above the strings in 1808. Combined with these, the solid iron under-bars introduced at a later period, formed our earliest system of metal bracing.

The metal string plate applied by our workman, Samuel Hervé to the square pianoforte in 1821, was soon adapted in the grand; and together with the upper and under bars, completed our system of metal bracing.

Our plate was fixed. Messrs. Stodart's plate had mortices, and slide-on balls fixed to the bent side.

We have said enough to dispose the priority of application of tension bars above the strings, as claimed by Monsieur Erard, by the writer in the *Times*.

We had our own bracing; Messrs. Stodart theirs, no doubt; Messrs. Collard, and Monsieur Erard had their own system.

As to the number of bars, 4 or 9, the greatest improvement in our most powerful modern grands has been effected by the reduction of the number of bars to three, and even two. To this fact we invite the attention of all pianoforte makers.

We shall be most happy to explain our present diagonal iron bracing, metal rest plank, and suspension bar, to any curious in such matters.

We remain, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
(Signed) JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS.
33, Gt. Pulteney-street,
9th May, 1851.

IV.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In the first article of the *Times*, credit was given to Messrs. Erard alone for the application of metal tension bars above the strings.

We have shown that so early as 1808 we applied steel tension bars above the strings.

In 1820, Messrs. Stodart took out their patent. No one grudges Messrs. Erard their share of merit for the application in a different form of the metal bars, already in use.

We have now in our house a piano of our own, constructed in 1823, with steel tension bars above the strings.

It is true that we took out a patent in 1827 for a combination of solid metal bars with a fixed metal string plate. This does not disprove the fact that metal tension bars had been many years in use.

It is clear that Messrs. Broadwood, Stodart, and Erard, had made distinct applications of the same principle.

In our first letter we did not mention M. Erard's name. We certainly did claim justice for our own countrymen. We do so once more; in the confident hope that whereas in the *Times* of Saturday, exclusive mention is made of the names of two foreigners of eminence, Thalberg and Liszt, you will permit me to chronicle those of J. B. Cramer and Sterndale Bennett, who can play on our repetition grand pianos, patented in 1837.

We remain, Sir

33, Gt. Pulteney-street,
May 10th, 1851.

Your obedient servants,
JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS.

V.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In the contest which has arisen out of the able review in the *Times* of the pianoforte department of the Great Exhibition, I was earnestly desirous to abstain from interfering; I feel it, however, due to truth and to the memory of my uncle, Sebastian Erard, to whose genius and labour the musical art is so much indebted, to supply some more facts in connexion with the questions which have been raised. Mr. Stodart, in his letter which appeared in your journal of Saturday, claims for his father the merit of improvements attributed by the *Times* to the late Sebastian Erard. It will suffice to compare Messrs. Erard's pianofortes with those of Messrs. Stodart, to be convinced that the principles of their construction are totally different. In Messrs. Thorn and Allen's patent, upon which Messrs. Stodart's pianos are constructed, one end of the bracing bars or tubes only is fixed to the wood frame, the other end being attached to a moveable string plate, to allow them to expand or contract, according to the changes of temperature and of atmosphere. In Erard's pianoforte both ends of the bars are firmly fixed to the wood-frame of the instrument, with the intention of giving to that frame a sufficient strength to carry better proportioned wires, producing consequently greater strength and better quality of tone. When Erard's pianofortes first appeared, from 1821 to 1824, grand pianofortes were generally made with metal arches from the rest-plank to a rail across the centre of the instrument, called the belly-rail. Erard's improved construction consisted from the first of a general system of improved arches, then called long arches, which were prolonged from the rest-plank to the bent side or extremity of the case. Those long arches or bars, with posts to prevent them from bending, were eight or six in number, according to the size of the instrument. They formed a complete system of bracing over the strings in the bass as well as in the treble. It proved so beneficial, that it was soon imitated by all the other pianoforte makers, both British and foreign; but it does not appear that Messrs. Thorn and Allen's patent of 1819 was adopted by any pianoforte maker, except Messrs. Stodart. A second claim was made by Mr. Stodart in favour of his late father for the inverted or harmonic bridge, by means of which the bearing of the strings is upwards, instead of being downwards, as practised by him in 1822. I am not aware that this improvement was patented at that time, but what I do know is, (and Mr. Stodart may easily ascertain the fact at the Enrolment

office) that a patent was taken out by the late Sebastian Erard in 1808, where the upward bearing with the stud-bridge is drawn in full. The stud is a piece of metal wire, bent of the shape of a buckle, under which the string passes, the ends of the wire being driven into the wood. This principle was followed up and improved upon in our patent of 1821. The drilled bridge-stud is there specified with a stem tapped to screw into the rest-plank, always with the upward bearing. This drilled bridge-stud, and the construction of the rest-plank dependent on the application of upward bearing, is now practised by all the pianoforte makers in England and abroad, as may be ascertained by looking into the pianofortes of all nations exhibited in the Crystal Palace.

The above-mentioned facts may be corroborated by our patents, models, and instruments, which are open for inspection at our ware-rooms in Marlborough Street, to any one who may wish to investigate the subject.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PIERRE ERARD.

18, Great Marlborough Street, May 12.

We are much mistaken if Messrs. Kirkman and Son, of Soho Square, could not throw some light on the matter. Why does not that ancient and respectable firm say its say, and vindicate its rights, for the honour of English manufacture? Our columns are open,—they could scarcely close upon a subject of more interest. Step up, Messrs. Kirkman and Son, we shall be glad to see you, and discuss the point.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

On Monday evening Her Majesty gave a concert, to which a party of between three and four hundred, comprising the Royal Family and illustrious foreign visitors, the diplomatic corps, and a numerous circle of the principal nobility were invited. The grand saloon was fitted up for the occasion. The following was the programme:—

PARTE PRIMA.

Quartetto, "Il cor e la mia Fè,"—Madame Castellan, Mlle. Duprez, Signor Gardoni, e Herr Formes (<i>Fidelio</i>)	Beethoven.
Romanza, "Quoi Naphali,"—Madame Grisi	Meyerbeer.
Trio, "C'en est fait,"—Madame Castellan, Mlle. Duprez, e Signor Mario (<i>Le Pré aux Clercs</i>)	Herold.
Air, "O Isis und Osiris,"—Herr Formes (<i>Zauberflöte</i>)	Mozart.
Air, "Se i miei sospiri,"—Signor Mario	Stradella.
Finale 1st, "Esci omai Garzon malnato,"—Mesdames Grisi, Castellan, e Mlle. Duprez, Signori Gardoni, e Coletti, Herr Formes, e Signor Lablache (<i>Nozze di Figaro</i>)	Mozart.

PARTE SECUNDA.

Quartetto, "Notte che attristi e piacei,"—Mlle. Duprez e Madame Castellan, Signor Gardoni e Herr Formes	Costa.
Duo, "A dillo a me,"—Madame Grisi e Signor Mario (<i>Adelia</i>)	Donizetti.
Air, "Come per me sereno,"—Mlle. Duprez (<i>Sonambula</i>)	Bellini.
Trio, "Pensa e guarda," Signor Coletti, Herr Formes, e Signor Lablache (<i>Margherita d'Anjou</i>)	Meyerbeer.
Air, "Arpa gentil," Madame Castellan (<i>Il Ritorno a Pans</i>)	Rossini.
Duo, "Marinara in guardia sta,"—Signori Gardoni e Coletti	Rossini.
Cori e Soli, "Armoni in questo sponda," Mesdames Grisi, Castellan, e Mlle. Duprez, Signor Mario, Gardoni, e Coletti, Herr Formes e Signor Lablache, (<i>Invocazione all Armonia</i>)	His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Mr. Costa presided at the pianoforte.

Original Correspondence.

JENNY LIND AND ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your objections to my proposal to invite Mlle. Lind to help English Opera out of the mire are most pertinent, and I will not attempt to argue against them; nevertheless, I would venture to suggest that the disposal of the funds accumulated, as proposed, seems rather a question of detail, and I have been anxious to avoid the discussion of details, as trespassing on your space.

"*L'embarras des richesses*," is proverbial—but would it not be refreshing to see English Opera in so novel a position? Possibly, however, a satisfactory solution of the problem might be found. I am not prepared to unravel the Gordian knot at present, but I would unequivocally advocate the principle that English Opera is to be considered as an abstract question, and unassociated with individuals;—this being, I think, the best way to extinguish or soften down faction and jealousy. I know full well that the same objections to the Lind proposition will, in a measure, hold good against the possibility of carrying out this principle; but these are all questions of detail, and in considering them, I would urge that the interests of the few must be sacrificed to the many; and the object should be to obtain the largest benefit for the greater number, with as little injury as possible to the minority.

"Philo-Musica's" suggestion about petitioning Parliament for (as I understand it), a subvention, is utterly useless. Any one who is not entirely ignorant of the temper of the House of Commons respecting public expenditure, must know that such a proposition would be simply laughed at. I am at present inclined to think, with "Philo-Musica," that any attempt to carry on English Opera as a pure republic would fail; although I think with certain restrictions, and the co-operation of the capitalists, an equitable scheme might be framed, on the principle that the capitalists should guarantee certain expenses, and undertake to keep the theatre open for a certain time, and have first claim in full on the treasury—the artistes agreeing to a pro-rata division of the remainder, according to certain classifications. Your limits would not permit me to develop this rough plan, even if it were necessary to do so. I believe I may state there is every disposition amongst the most influential people connected with music, to adopt any feasible scheme, and to them, if they are inclined to act, must be left all minor arrangements.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, most obediently,

F. G. B.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In my last communication I ventured to suggest a course of proceeding, which, if not absolutely indispensable for the reuscitation of the British Lyric Drama, offers at least the probability of investing the attempt with some sort of dignity.

Were this attempt to be made, the principle involved in it would, of course, embrace all branches of the histrionic art, and the reasons which apply to one, would in like manner attach to all simultaneously—a reformation of the present system being IMPERATIVE, in order to prevent the utter decadence of the stage itself.

Previously to going into the plan suggested, it is necessary that the public should be put into possession of a few facts, which though apparent to many of the theatrical and musical profession, and to some few of those before the curtain, are yet but imperfectly understood by many behind the scenes, as well as by the mass of general spectators. In attempting thus to do, I shall confine myself to OPERATIC affairs only, as germane to the object more particularly in view, but the generality of my remarks will be found to apply elsewhere as well, with only slight modifications.

The British public, and, with it, all the world beside, have long been in the habit of supposing that English musicians CANNOT write operatic music—little credence being given to the fact that season after season operatic scores have been tendered for acceptance, in every quarter where the innocent credulity of their authors supposed that a distant chance existed for success. Such is nevertheless A FACT, and the author of these remarks could point out

at this moment one dozen, at least, of instances wherein the works so tendered have been *better* than any ever produced by Englishmen; and, one in particular, written under circumstances of extraordinary physical difficulties, which has no parallel except amidst the *chef d'œuvres* of the great Meyerbeer himself. What does the British public suppose may have been the result of such application?—something like the following:—If made to a publisher, the applicant was regarded with a smile of compassionate wonder, and recommended to return home to the care of his friends. If made to the operatic manager, the answer was, "How much will you give me to produce your opera?—£700—Eh?" This may appear an exaggeration, but it is substantially true. And now for the reasons.

Neither managers nor publishers have any higher object in view, under the present aspect of affairs, than the mere accumulation of money. The publication or the production of an opera is a matter which involves from £300 to £1,000; and, in many instances, very much more than this sum. Under such circumstances there can be no surprise in both publishers and managers evincing caution. It by no means follows that, because music is good, that the public will buy it. Good music frequently requires more puffing than bad, and as a general rule it will be found that THE ballad, or duet, or polka, which returns its publisher the greatest gain, will have dated its popularity to some circumstance quite apart from its own particular merits. The inference to be gathered is, therefore, that neither publishers nor managers will buy or produce operatic music SIMPLY because it is good. It must be backed by a popular name, or, in default of this, the whole expenses of its production guaranteed. Where, let me ask, is the unknown musician who could obtain a chance of becoming known under these circumstances?

Another reason, or rather a continuation of other reasons, operates very strongly against the success of the lyric drama—reasons which can scarcely be enumerated within small bounds—but, as briefly as possible, they are these:—Laws and bye-laws exist in theatrical communities, which fetter and destroy the vital principle of success. These laws have arisen, in time long past, from the petty jealousies and selfishness of artistes—who, in their struggle for individual fame, lost sight of general approbation; the result has been the tacit acknowledgment of an arbitrary code, whereby the stage is now as fenced round with "privileges" as the House of Commons itself. Let us take an instance, wherefrom it will be seen that the highest interests of the drama are entirely subverted to the detriment of even those who seek to benefit themselves. Instance: Messrs. A., B., and C., are all three principal tenors; Mesdames D., E., and F., are leading sopranis; Messrs. G., H., and I., are all three bassi profondi, &c.; each receiving a like amount of salary, and each receiving a like share of popularity; with these, of course, are engaged the usual number of subordinate artistes, &c. Suppose now, an opera to be submitted to the management, wherein two or more parts are required to be filled with nearly, if not quite, equal talent,—what is the result? Mr. A. refuses to play second to Mr. B., and so on throughout the entire cast. The second parts are obliged to be entrusted to incompetent individuals; and an imperfect representation is the result. To REMEDY THIS DEFECT IN FUTURE, the manager determines to accept no such works as would entail upon him a like unpleasantness. The authors of operatic libretti seldom enter into such an apparently absurd engagement as that involved above—the consequence is, that either the said manager is obliged to write his own libretti, or to dictate to another person—choosing his own COMPOSERS from feelings of private friendship, or particular in trust. This he can only do from amongst known men. And thus new composers, however good they may be, have not the slightest chance afforded them—NOR WILL HAVE—till the system shall be entirely changed.

Other reasons than these, some of them highly important, exist, through which the public is defrauded of its rights, and the profession of its reputation, but they all conduce to one result. Good operas are not produced, and those which have been produced have been inadequately represented, at the same time that good operas and good artistes are plentiful. Absurd to excess.

The public, accustomed, as it is to good operas on the Italian

stage, and good representations (although it must be acknowledged that somewhat of the bye-law nuisance exists even amongst the Italians), WILL NOT support respectable mediocrity; and who shall say it is in the wrong!

Having thus, Mr. Editor, enumerated a few of the leading reasons why English Opera is so degraded, I will in my next propose a remedy.

And am, Sir, yours, obediently,
PHILO-MUSICA.

COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—It would appear from your remark in your leader on the subject of copyright, viz., "if there be no international law, &c.," that you were not cognizant of such a law being in existence; I therefore beg to call your attention to an Act of Parliament passed on the 31st of July, 1838, called "An Act to secure to AUTHORS, in certain cases, the benefit of International Copyright, 1st and 2nd Victoria, cap. 59," which commences thus:—"Whereas it is desirable to afford protection within Her Majesty's dominions to the authors of books first published in foreign countries, and their assigns, in cases where protection shall be afforded in such foreign countries to the authors of books first published in Her Majesty's dominions," &c. Now, Sir, there needs no other explication of this law than the preamble sets out; for it tells us plainly enough the terms upon which a foreign author can have or assign his copyright in England, viz., an act of reciprocity. And it goes very far to prove that former Acts of Parliament on copyright apply only to English authors; and this fact is farther verified if we look to the reason for which the legislature interfered in the matter at all, the history of which interference is, that a petition was presented to parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, by AUTHORS, and others interested in their rights, for protection against piracy by unprincipled persons printing and publishing their works without their consent. This gave rise to the Act of the 8th of Anne, passed in 1702; after which there was no other act until 1801, passed in the reign of George the 3rd, which was an act to include Ireland in the provisions of the Copyright Law. Now, in the Act of Anne there is an express provision for the importation and sale of books in foreign languages, "printed beyond the seas;" but there is no provision made for a foreign copyright.

The next act was that of the 54th of King George the 3rd, passed in 1814, a period when England was at war with the continental powers; and therefore not likely to make laws for the protection of her enemies. This Act expressly limits the law to the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;" and consequently the right of protection to British authors alone, extending the period of such protection from fourteen to twenty-eight years, or the "natural life of the author." There having been many applications by music publishers to obtain a monopoly in the works of foreign authors, and various opinions on the subject broached by Equity Judges, from which it was impossible to obtain a clear decision until the case of Boosey v. Purday; the legislature took up the matter, and passed the "International" Law above alluded to, which, from the refusal of foreign nations to reciprocate, became a dead letter. If a foreigner could have had a copyright under the Acts of Anne and George the 3rd, why did the legislature pass an "International" Law? Finding foreign nations unwilling to reciprocate (because their interest lay decidedly in an opposite direction), our diplomatists tried the matter in the shape of a treaty for a certain number of years. A "Convention" was then entered into "between Her Majesty and the King of Prussia, for the establishment of an International Copyright," to commence on the 1st of September, 1846, for five years, renewable if both powers are agreed. This convention was followed by Hanover, Saxony, and the Thuringian States; but up to the present hour, no other State has come into it. It is, therefore, preposterous to assume a copyright in the subjects of other countries. These conventions are based upon reciprocity, and upon no other principle can a foreigner invest a British subject with a monopoly in his productions, whether literary or musical, for both are classed in the same category. And it is upon this principle alone that Mr. Z. T. Purday has been so often a defendant before the Courts of Law and Equity. Upon this principle the four Barons of the Exchequer gave their judg-

ment in the case of Boosey v. Purday, in these words:—"The object of the legislature clearly is not to encourage the importation of foreign books, and their first publication in England, as a benefit to this country, but to promote the cultivation of the intellect of its own subjects. We therefore hold that a foreigner, by sending to, and first publishing his works in Great Britain, acquires no copyright. A British subject who purchases from him cannot be in a better condition here than the foreigner." This is both good law and good sense; for if an Act of Parliament confers a particular right upon its own subjects, who pay scot and lot in the support of its community, it would be a hard case upon them to confer upon all the world equal rights and privileges, without a share of the burdens. Then, Sir, is it right to give to foreigners that which they will not reciprocate? Does not America fatten upon the publication of the produce of English brains? What an immense boon it would be to have an International Copyright! I perfectly agree with you that such ought to be the case. But I cannot see the justice of giving rights which are not reciprocated; not that I hold with robbing any man, even legally.

I am as much a cosmopolitan as any man; but, let us ask, how much does a foreign author or composer benefit by the sale of his works in England, even if he got the amount actually paid by the monopolist publishers for the assumption of a copyright? In the case of Auber's operas, the composer never got a farthing. Troupenas, the publisher, got £50. each for *Fra Diavolo* and *Les Bayaderes*; for *Masaniello* and *Gustavus* nothing; for other operas about £80. Bellini never received a penny for any of his operas. Chaulieu, for his pianoforte works, told the writer of this, that what Troupenas should have paid him £20. for, he got £5. of the English publisher and £15. of the Parisian. The like tricks were played with Czerny, Strauss, Labitzky, and others, until the affair was exploded; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, "This work is copyright," has been the only emolument the composer or arranger received! Being a producer myself, nobody would more rejoice to see producers remunerated. There is another argument against the monopoly in foreign copyright assumption, viz., all the while foreign musical productions are to be had at little more than the price of the importation of the copy. What house will employ English talent, especially when such ideas as that broached in a Court of Equity, in a late application for an injunction, by an Equity Judge, is palmed upon the community for law! "Such ought to be the law." Ergo, *Such is the law!* This *ipse dixit* of one man, utterly at variance with the deliberate judgment of the four Barons of the Exchequer, is only fomenting the spirit of monopoly in opposition to common-sense and sound principle; and inducing the largest capitalists to oppose the smaller, on the ground of being best able to stand the expense. I have made the subject of copyright in all its bearings, a ten years' study, and have been both amused and vexed with the legal blunderings of those who should be better informed in the matter. In conclusion, I would just combat an erroneous idea suggested by your observation on the "robbery on the property of M. Brandus or Herr Breitkoff," by asking you if you think M. Brandus, or Herr Breitkoff, ever purchased a MS. with a view to a disposal of part of their right to an English publisher, whether they pay the composer a larger price in consequence of such a view, and if you know of any instance of such a case? The fact is, Sir, that you are not sufficiently up to the tricks of trade to know how these things are managed.

Your insertion of this, will oblige yours, &c.

ANOTHER OF THE CRAFT.

MENDELSSOHN'S DUETS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Chesterfield, May 14th, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I should feel obliged if you could give me any information, or put me in the way of procuring a copy of Mendelssohn's Duet "O come unto these yellow sands."

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THOS. TALBIS TRIMNELL.

[Will any of our readers oblige us by giving the desired information.—ED. M. W.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Alary's Opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, was repeated on Saturday, and had sufficient attractions to allure Her Majesty, Prince Albert and suite, together with a long line of rank and fashion. A second hearing has not altered our opinion of the merits of the work. On the whole we were more pleased with the second performance, since the singers and band went better together, and the colds of Lablache and Signor Ferranti had somewhat slackened in their heat, while Madame Sontag was as irresistible and as perfect as before. Madame Giuliani, however, persisted in dressing the waiting maid like a countess, a grave error of judgment, we take it, on the part of the superintendent of the wardrobe department. The applause was still more general and decided than on the Thursday night, and Sontag excited the same *furor* in the rondo finale. A selection from *Les Metamorphoses*, followed, in which the *spirituel* dancing of Carlotta Grisi created a universal regret that the whole ballet was not given. *Gustave III.* was played on Tuesday. The influenza, the demon of the season, had laid his hand upon the soft and snowy throat of the fair Fiorentini, and deprived us of many of the beauties of Auber's music. The appeal song of Madame Ankarstrom, in the third act, one of the most exquisite things in the opera, was omitted. Calzolari sang better than we have heard him in Gustave, but why omit the fine aria in the last act? Auber should not be curtailed unless from real necessity. Madlle. Caroline Duprez sang very charmingly, and was encoired in the air from *Le Serment*. Signor Lorenzo's acting in the third and fourth acts is entitled to special mention. This gentleman is an artist of real intelligence and feeling. His voice is not of the finest quality, but it has a rough energy well suited to certain parts, and certain phases of passion.

L'Île des Amours concluded the performances, Amalia Ferraris achieving her customary success.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was given with a cast, in some respects, different from that of last year. Coletti, Sontag, Lablache, and Madame Giuliani retained their former parts—Don Giovanni, Zerlina, Leporello, and Elvira respectively. Madame Fiorentini supplied Parodi's place in Donna Anna; Calzolari was the Ottavio, *vice* Gardoni, and Scapini, a new basso belonging to Mr. Lumley's Parisian *troupe*, appeared as the Commendatore.

Mozart's incomparable work has never failed for the last quarter of a century, and upwards, to prove one of the principal attractions of the season. Despite the love of novelty and the thirst for strange excitement, in defiance of new stars, new operas, new prejudices, and changes *ad infinitum*, *Don Giovanni* still upholds its power over the musical public, and still asserts its influence, is still the beacon of glory that, fixed upon the rock of endurance, stands unscathed amid the waters of all time, to point, to dazzle, and allure. The impetuous crowds who besieged the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening is a sign of the public taste, that is well worth the consideration of the director. Some of the attraction must doubtless be attributed to the union of names brought together in the opera. Nevertheless, we insist that Mozart's name is a tower of strength, even in these days when Meyerbeer and French Opera seem to be all the rage.

The performance on Thursday night was, in general, admirable. Sontag, Fiorentini, and Lablache are entitled to unequalled praise. The music of Zerlina suits Sontag wonderfully well. The "Batti batti" and "Vedrai Carino" were never rendered with more exquisite finish and purity. The delicious coquetry and winning simplicity of the former were inimitable, while the tenderness and devotion infused into the "Vedrai

Carino" was sufficient to have touched any heart, factured of any stuff save the stuff impenetrable. No freedom was taken with Mozart. The music stood forth in unadorned simplicity, and, from the effect produced, proved satisfactorily, that it is dangerous to meddle with it. Nor did Madame Sontag have recourse to the usual and, perhaps, pardonable custom of dwelling on the last note, or the penultimate, or anti-penultimate, in the two songs. She finished as simply as she begun, without effort, or desire to add to Mozart. More general and universal encores were never awarded to any songs. Madame Sontag's graceful and exquisite singing was conspicuous in the duet with Don Giovanni, which was also encoired, although not so enthusiastically as her unassisted efforts. In her acting the great artist betokened a thorough conception of the character of Zerlina, and supported the peasant girl with irresistible *verve* and animation.

Madame Fiorentini has added largely to her fame by her admirable personation of Donna Anna, a part which rightly belongs to the highest range of tragic performances. The splendid voice and fine singing of Madame Fiorentini we never doubted, but, we must confess, we were hardly prepared for the sudden bursts of passion and the dramatic fire we witnessed on Thursday night. Madame Fiorentini might be said to have taken the house by storm in the grand aria, "Or che sei l'honore," which, both as regards the recitative and air, was magnificently sung. The clear, ringing tones of the upper voice, and their power too, we have only heard equalled in one singer. If Madame Fiorentini would always sing with such *abandon* and energy, she would have few rivals on the stage. A more beautiful soprano voice, one more round, more fresh, more sympathetic, and more touching we never heard, and the method of using the voice is excellent. But why did Madame Fiorentini omit the "Non mi dir," a song which would have suited her so well? These are things we cannot make out.

Madame Giuliani is a musician, a *disideratum* in singing Mozart's music. Madame Giuliani is, besides, a good artist, and possesses a good voice. Hence Madame Giuliani's Elvira was decidedly a creditable performance. The difficult aria, "Mi tradi," was given with considerable facility and expression. In all the concerted music, being a musician, Madame Giuliani was perfectly at home—all the better for the performance.

Coletti is not exactly fitted by nature and art for Don Giovanni. What Signor Coletti could do, with nature and art strongly opposed to him, he did. He sang the music forcibly and with an able and sonorous voice. His acting in the ball scene was manly and energetic, his fine voice telling with much effect in the chorus.

Lablache's Leporello, as every body knows, is a masterpiece of comic acting and singing. To praise Lablache in Leporello would be to devote our pens to truisms, a practice from which we are decidedly averse. Wherefore, we shall leave Lablache "alone in his glory,"—a glory which years have not tarnished, and which rivalry has not touched. Lablache and Leporello are synonymous—at least they are alliterative—and may we continue to call them so for a thousand years.

We were much pleased with Signor Calzolari in Ottavio, and would have been more pleased had he adhered closely to Mozart's text. The "Il mio tesoro," was on the whole capitally sung, but the alterations did not delight us, and we are certain did not add anything to the effect. Had Signor Calzolari sang "Il mio tesoro" as it is written, we fancy he would not have escaped the encore usually awarded to it. *Verbum Sap.*

We must pronounce a strong word of praise to F. Lablache,

who played Masetto and sang the music of the part excellently. He looked the character to the life.

Bravo, Balfe! you have restored the last scene in all its purity and integrity, which, by the way, you should never have suffered to be meddled with. But we give you praise, nevertheless, for acknowledging your fault in time. For having given the music well, we also thank thee. The band was in force, the conductor was determined, the new Commendatore was efficient, and Coletti and Lablache were stronger than ever. In short, Mozart triumphed, and the last scene of *Don Giovanni* was heard for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre as it ought to have been heard. Bravo, Balfe! Go on and prosper.

In the ball scene, Carlotta Grisi and Amalia Ferraris danced the minuet and saraband to perfection. Carlotta in her new dress, crimson and gold jacket and flowing skirt of white satin and gold flowers, looked more charming than ever. The fair Amalia looked, likewise, exceedingly interesting in her becoming costume of white satin and blue. The dancing of the twain excited the loudest applause.

The performances concluded with the new divertissement *Les Cosmopolites*.

Fidelio is announced for Tuesday. Sophie Cruvelli makes her first appearance in Leonora, and Sims Reeves comes out in Florestan. The debut of the Cruvelli is awaited with the utmost curiosity, and has already excited the greatest interest.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, for the first time this season, with Grisi and Mario as Lucrezia and Gennaro; Signor Salvatori appearing as Alfonso. The performance attracted an overflowing audience. Seldom have we heard Grisi in such fine voice, or in such great force. Her Lucrezia throughout was really prodigious, and raised more than the customary enthusiasm. She sang both movements of the opening aria better than we have heard her for years, the upper passages being taken with unusual clearness and certainty. In the exciting duet in the second act (we continue to style the so called "prologue," Act the first, despite the critical prohibitions), when Lucrezia informs Gennaro that he has taken poison, Grisi electrified the house with a single note—a feat of vocalisation but rarely accomplished save by this gifted singer, whose voice, in moments of passion, has a force that is irresistible in its power. Mario, although occasionally affording indications that he had not entirely shaken off his recent influenza, sang superbly, and acted with more power and intensity than ever. The last scene above all was a transcendent display, and raised the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The manner in which the death was effected, was worthy the best efforts of a Kean or a Macready.

Signor Salvatori more than confirmed the impression he made on his debut, as an actor of high pretensions. His conception of the character of Alfonso, and his judgment in delineating it, were both admirable. Signor Salvatori has a fine face and a manly person, and is altogether an actor of rare intelligence. As a singer we cannot now criticise Signor Salvatori. The quality and power of the voice have almost entirely disappeared. There may be a chance, however, that the influenza continues to affect his singing; if so, we shall be delighted to hear Signor Salvatori again, and withdraw what we have said above. The fact, however, of no apology having been offered on Saturday night by the management is significant.

On Tuesday, the *Donna del Lago* was repeated, with Castellani, *vice* Grisi, in Elena. That Castellani is equal to Grisi

in the part we are not going to insist, but we shall do battle for the charming Castellani in this, or any other character, and uphold by word or pen that she possesses the most fascinating qualities, both as actress and singer; and that she always exhibits the skill of a musician added to her fascinating qualities. Madame Castellani sang the music of Elena delightfully, and was applauded with corresponding warmth. The brilliant final rondo was executed with great agility and ease, and created an unmistakeable impression. Madame Castellani looked most charming in the becoming Scotch dress.

Of Mario's Uberto and Tamberlik's Rhoderick Dhu, it is needless to say more, than that they were both supported with as much energy and power as on the first night of the opera being performed, and that the grand air in the first finale by Tamberlik, and the interpolated cavatina in the second act by Mario, both excited the utmost enthusiasm, as before. Signor Bianchi improves on acquaintance. His singing on Tuesday night impressed us more favourably than at first. He gave the air, "Taci lo voglio," with a good deal of spirit. Her Majesty and a large suite occupied the two Royal boxes.

On Thursday the *Huguenots* was presented, and attracted an overflowing house. Things are decidedly looking up.

MENDELSSOHN AT LIMERICK.

(Abridged from a Limerick Paper.)

The second private concert, for the season, of this society, was given on Friday evening, at the Philosophical Rooms, with a success which surpassed expectation. The society was established in 1846, its objects the cultivation of vocal music. Limerick was at a low ebb in regard to knowledge of classic music. Whether to attribute this want to a fear of grappling with difficulties, or unwillingness to commence what might end in failure, is beside our purpose to enquire; but we cannot too warmly congratulate our fellow citizens on the change which has taken place. We can no longer be taunted with the reproach "you have no talent for music in Limerick." The world knows that Limerick is remarkable for the beauty of its women, and the platform of the Philosophical Rooms proved that on Friday evening, musical talent was there also. No less than sixty of our fellow citizens, amateurs of both sexes, contributed their vocal powers to the promotion of a harmony which, of all others, is most calculated to soften and subdue the discords which in other respects beset our path in this unhappy country. But we do not limit the talent to sixty performers. That is not a tenth of the talent yet to be brought out in this city; but we feel assured that perseverance will draw it forth in time. The selections for this concert were from the immortal Mendelssohn, and, following the solemn season of Lent, how appropriately—how beautifully were they chosen? The programme, commencing with "Praise Jehovah" and ending with "Heaven and the earth display," was calculated to produce in the mind a solemn reverence for the Almighty.

The programme consisted of selections from *Elijah*, *Athalie*, *Hymn of Praise*, and "Lauda Sion," a class of music hitherto unknown amongst us; and in justice to the members we must say, the ideas of the great composer were carried out in each work. The soprano solo "Lord at all times" beautifully sung, caused a general thrill of delight; but the prevalent feeling that "encores" in sacred music were inadmissible, prevented us enjoying this treat a second time. The duet "O Pastor Israel" was charmingly rendered, and the lovely and melodious, "I waited for the Lord" was sung with an amount of feeling which touched the heart of every one present. "Hear my prayer," a gem of the first water, was sung with

the utmost delicacy, and the choruses in general reflected credit on the members. "He watching over Israel," in *Elijah*, was a fine specimen of what chorus singing ought to be—the voices at one moment dying away to the softest echo, and again swelling forth like the deep rich tones of an organ. "Rejoice greatly" was one of the great features of the concert, and much as the singing of Miss Vickers was admired on former occasions, she astonished us in this fine song from the *Messiah*. We have great reason to be proud of having so talented a vocalist among us. Spohr's solo, with chorus, "Thou earth, waft sweet incense o'er thy plains," was received with a burst of applause and a call for an *encore*, which on this occasion was acceded to. The music of *Athalie* is electric, and certain to arrest the attention of any audience. The duet "Ever blessed child," and the trio "Hearts feel that love thee," were beautifully executed, and the chorus in both evinced a cultivation and care to be surpassed by few amateur societies. The final chorus was an appropriate finish to one of the most pleasing and heart-stirring concerts we ever attended.

Exclusive of those on the platform, 400 persons were present, and amongst the members Earl and Countess Dunraven, Sir Vere de Vere, Bart. and Lady de Vere, the Very Rev. the Dean of Limerick, &c. The Mayor and the High Sheriff of the County were also in attendance. The Lord Bishop of Limerick, one of the patrons, was necessarily absent in Dublin.

We should be wanting in respect to ourselves, if we omitted to express our thanks to the conductor, Mr. Vickers and the committee, for the treat they afforded in the means of enjoying the former; for his untiring perseverance in establishing a society which promises to be second to none in Ireland, and which the citizens ought all to feel a personal interest in upholding; and to the latter, for the arrangements entered into for the accommodation of so large a number. The decorations of the platform, &c., tastefully arranged by the female members of the society, were much admired, and the business of the evening was conducted with a zeal which must ensure the future success of the society. The following undertook the duties of stewards, and were unceasing in their attentions to the company:—The High Sheriff, Sir Vere de Vere, Bart., Lt. Col. Doyle, Henry Watson, James Spaight, Edward Browning, James Sexton, Capt. William Maunsell, and Lieut. Johns, 63d Regt.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The third regular meeting took place on Tuesday afternoon at Willis's-rooms, and was attended by a full and fashionable audience. The executants in the quartets were, Signor Sivori, M. Deloffre, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti. Haydn's No. 82 in F, and Beethoven's No. 2 in G, were performed with a delicacy and finish that brought out all their varied beauties with effect. The graceful and finished style of Signor Sivori, combining expression and force without the slightest tinge of exaggeration, were as happily demonstrated in the masterly effort of Haydn as in the less ambitious work of Beethoven, the first and simplest of his quartets, although marked No. 2 in the printed edition. Both went to perfection. We think, however, it was an oversight to have given two long works so similar in character on the same day. The early quartets of Beethoven bear a very close resemblance to those of Mozart and Haydn, although they are certainly inferior in design and elaborate treatment to the best examples of those masters. It is wiser, therefore, when a quartet of Mozart or Haydn is given, to accompany it with one of the later compositions of Beethoven, and to separate the two by a work of Mendelssohn, Spohr, or one of the more recent composers.

The grand feature of the concert was the *trio* in B flat of Beethoven (Op. 97) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which

was superbly played by M. Charles Hallé, Signor Sivori, and Signor Piatti. M. Hallé may be said to have won his reputation as a pianist by his execution of the compositions of Beethoven, and never was reputation more honourably obtained. This gentleman is a great pianist in the fullest signification of the term; his mechanism for correctness and finish borders on the marvellous; a wrong note is never heard by an accident, nor a carelessly executed passage; while the charm of a large and energetic style, combined with an attention to details which realizes every point intended by the composer to the utmost, gives a double value to his purely mechanical accomplishments. The *trio* was applauded with great enthusiasm, and the sparkling and original *Presto Scherzando*, in F sharp minor, of Mendelssohn (solus), which M. Hallé repeated by desire, was not less favourably received. The precept which Mr. Ella places among the mottoes of his synopsis, however—"Il più grand omaggio alla musica sta nel silenzio"—was more than once infringed, by certain "members" or visitors leaving the room during the performance of the *trio*, to the evident discomfort of the large majority of attentive listeners.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

(From the Times.)

Signor Camillo Sivori made his second appearance on Friday night, at the second miscellaneous concert, which took place in the Hanover-square Rooms. The quartets were No. 3, in D, Op. 18 (Beethoven), No. 4, in E minor, Op. 44 (Mendelssohn), and No. 10, in E flat, Op. 74 (Beethoven). The two quartets of Beethoven (both led by M. Sainton) were composed at an interval of twenty-one years (1792 and 1813), and the opposition of manner they present offers an interesting theme for contemplation to the studious amateur. That of Mendelssohn, written in 1845 (led by Signor Sivori), is one of the most matured and masterly works of the composer. The difference of styles in the two great musicians was not more striking than the contrast of feeling and execution in the French and Italian violinists. The broad expression and firm *staccato* of M. Sainton, and the vigour of his bow-arm (powerfully demonstrated in the "*arpeggio*" of the No. 10 of Beethoven), were greatly admired, while the elegance, warmth, and finish of Signor Sivori called forth repeated tokens of satisfaction. The quartet of Mendelssohn derived additional importance from the fact of its being played for the first time by Signor Sivori, who by this performance has raised his reputation still higher as a classical violinist. His execution of the *andante* in G was graceful and flowing as the movement itself—which is a stream of melody that never ceases until the last note is uttered. In the sparkling and fantastic *scherzo* his bowing was delightfully crisp, and the *piano* passages were exquisitely subdued. The *allegro* and *finale* were full of fire. The tenor and violoncello parts could not have been more efficiently rendered than by Mr. Hill and M. Rousselot. The applause was unanimous at the end of every movement, and the *scherzo*, re-demanded by the whole room, was repeated with increased effect.

As a novelty it is now to be had for the asking, and our streets are crowded with singers and players, of name and fame, who sigh for nothing better than an opportunity to be heard, M. Rousselot has availed himself of the influx of talent to vary his concerts by vocal performances. A great and charming novelty was a duet in G, from Mendelssohn's comic opera, *Die Heimkehr* ("Son and Stranger,") which having recently escaped from the hands of the slow and apathetic quorum at Leipsic, is at length published in London. It is a graceful trifle, distinguished alike by genuine melody and strong dramatic sentiment, and was very cleverly sung by Demoiselles Rummel and Graumann. A vocal quartet by the same composer, in the same key, was also given by these ladies, in conjunction with Herren Hoelzel and Carl Wolf. The latter gentleman, a Hungarian, one of the many strangers attracted to London by the Great Exhibition, is a curiosity in his way. His voice is a high tenor, almost a counter-tenor in some of its tones, somewhat guttural, but exceedingly sweet in quality. His execution is remarkable. He sings florid passages with extraordinary rapidity, and shakes with the readiness and volubility of a "*prima donna asso-*

lata." His talents were agreeably exemplified in a pleasing *lied*, the composition of Herr Hoelzel, called "Das Glockenlied," and in a national air of his own country, full of quaint vivacity, and bearing a strong resemblance in character to some of the popular Spanish melodies. Herr Wolf made a very favourable impression, and was much applauded. He was ably accompanied on the Piano by Herr Hoelzel. But the prominent feature of the vocal selection was a comic trio, by Mozart, called "Das Bandel," ("The Riband"), little known, and the origin of which is connected with a lively anecdote in the artistic life of the gifted musician of Salzburg. Mozart, anxious to engage a *prima donna* for the principal part in one of his operas, was obstinately opposed by his sister-in-law, who, a popular singer herself, was as jealous as the most jealous of her irritable race. An Italian lady, young, handsome, and talented, was introduced to Mozart as a suitable person. He was delighted with her voice and manners, and after paying her many compliments, snatched a riband from her. The jealous sister-in-law, happening to come in just as her Italian rival departed, insisted upon Mozart's giving her the riband, which he as resolutely declined. High words ensued, and when the quarrel was at its worst in came Schikaneder, the manager, who soon set matters to rights, and persuaded Mozart to compose a trio on the subject of the dispute. The trio, which is alternately in spoken dialogue and music, is a masterpiece of comic humour, and was imitatively performed by Mademoiselle Rummel (the jealous *prima donna*), Herr Wolf (the composer), and Herr Hoelzel, (the manager). The audience were enchanted, and loudly insisted upon a repetition. Altogether the concert yesterday was one of the most attractive M. Rousselot has provided for his patrons.

At the fourth evening performance in the New Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday, the quartets were No. 2, in G (Op. 18), No. 9, in C (Op. 59), and No. 15, in C sharp minor (Op. 131). The executants were Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. We must confess, attractive as the miscellaneous performances have proved, we greatly prefer the regular meetings, which are confined to three quartets selected from the early, middle, and latter period of the great composer's artistic career, and consequently more entirely in consonance with the design of the founder of the Beethoven Quartet Society, who had the instruction of the audience, no less than their amusement, in view. Moreover, three long quartets are quite enough at a sitting for the most insatiable musical appetite. After hearing Ernst play three quartets in such different styles as those introduced at the present meeting, we cannot avoid the conviction of his pre-eminence as a performer of the highest order of chamber-music. He seems made by nature to appreciate and explain this particular branch of composition. While Ernst plays, though impressed with his admirable powers of execution, we rarely think of the artist, but are absorbed in the ideas of the composer. The longest and most elaborate quartet is never tedious in his hands, so marvellous is his command of what may strictly be termed the *chiaroscuro* of expression. Of all the posthumous quartets, that in C sharp minor is the most fragmentary, the most opposed to accepted forms, the most eccentric, and yet, perhaps, the most beautiful. Ernst, by the constant variety of his sentiment and tone, takes the audience with him through this labyrinth of harmonies and movements, and so abiding is the charm that attaches to his playing, it is not until the climax is attained that the conviction we have been listening to a work in which all conventional plan is disregarded presents itself. The slow and measured fugue with which the quartet begins, never before went so steadily, or developed itself with such clearness and consistency, since we remember to have heard it performed in public. In the C major, the finest of the "Rasamowsky" set, Ernst was equally to be admired for his passion in the *andante*, and his fire in the grand fugued *finale*; and in the graceful and melodious G major, the simplicity of his expression was perfect—exquisitely in keeping with the unpretending character of the music. Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot, worthy associates of Ernst, were all that could possibly be wished in their respective departments. Perhaps no violoncellist has more completely caught the character of the *andante* in A minor, with its quaint *pizzicato* passages, than M. Rousselot; and certainly no tenor player ever led off the fugue *finale* with the preci-

sion, neatness, and vigour of Mr. Hill. It is scarcely a compliment to Mr. Cooper, one of the best of first-violinists, to say that, as second, he is faultless.

The rooms were filled with connoisseurs, and the performance gave the utmost gratification to all present. At the next morning meeting in Hanover-square (on the 22nd) the subscribers are promised a great treat in a copious selection from the MS. comic opera of Mendelssohn, *Die Heimkehr* ("Son and Stranger"), with other real attractions.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Since our last, Scribe's comedy of *La Camaraderie* has been repeated, not played so well as last year, when Mdle. Denain and Mdle. Nathalie, MM. Regnier and Samson, took the leading parts, yet still well worth seeing, if only for the sake of M. Regnier's acting. Nothing can be more perfect than his impersonation of Bernardet, the life and soul of the *clique* whose machinations form the subject of the comedy. His every gesture shows a mind continually on the stretch, an activity not to be subdued, a resolution undaunted in facing every variety of difficulty, an invention never at a loss under any circumstances. His "make-up" of the character, with the bald head, white cravat, and plain frock coat, is in excellent keeping, and tends to complete his finished picture of the man of intrigue. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present at the performance of *La Camaraderie* on Friday week last.

On the Monday following was produced, for the first time in this country, another of Scribe's comedies, entitled *Une Chaine*. This was first produced in Paris about nine years ago, and almost immediately after brought out at the Adelphi, we do not exactly remember under what title. It was but moderately successful on the English stage; nor were we astonished, since the subject is one which commands no sympathy in English society. However, at the St. James's theatre we are in a totally different atmosphere, and can allow things to pass which would shock our prejudices if they were done in a blunt or crude manner, and we pardon equivocal morality under favour of the language. *Une Chaine*, however, is not absolutely an immoral piece. The author's object, and it required some courage to strike thus boldly at a state of things not at all uncommon in French society, is to show the fatal consequences which inevitably, sooner or later, result from *liaisons* which society cannot countenance, and which morality condemns in every country, however exceptional may be the circumstances. The story is simple, and can be told in a few words. Emmeric d'Albret, a young composer, has arrived in Paris; he is poor, but having met with Louise (Mdle. Judith), who is the wife of St. Geran (M. Lafont), she has assisted him in his difficulties, and by degrees a passion has sprung up between them. Meanwhile M. St. Geran, an admiral, is reported to have died, and, relying on this rumour, Louise and Emmeric abandon themselves to their guilty passion. Now, Emmeric has a cousin alive (Mdle. St. Marc), daughter of Clérambeau, a merchant, with whom he falls in love. The Admiral, not being dead, makes his appearance, and, having been a friend of the father, warmly espouses the son's interest, and induces Clérambeau to give his daughter to Emmeric. This he consents to do, on condition that Emmeric will pledge his word he has no serious passion to interfere with his daughter's future happiness, the young people being mutually attached to each other. Emmeric makes the pledge, having resolved to abandon his mistress. Here the real action of the piece commences. The young man wavers, and begins to feel the difficulties of his position. He is too generous to throw off

his mistress without giving her some explanation, and too cowardly to accept the consequences of his previous folly, by devoting his life to her, Emmeric thus balancing between love and honour. As usual, the poor woman ends in being the willing, generous victim. She discovers how things stand, and herself unites the lovers, by setting at liberty a wretch who was unworthy her affection. The play is neatly written, the dialogue smart and witty, the characters well contrasted and sustained, and the intrigue skilfully prepared and carefully developed, with excellent situations and good dramatic effects. The author has undertaken a most difficult task, considering the state of society in France, but has contrived to enforce his moral pretty well. We may, however, be allowed to regret that St. Geran, "the soul of honour," although he has himself failed in his youth, and his wife's frailty (which may be attributed to his abandoning her in the hey-day of their marriage) cuts such a sorry figure in the last act, where he becomes the catpaw, to bring about the *dénouement*. The wife, on the contrary, has all our sympathies, in spite of her frailty. We cannot take into account the nonsense about the reported death of her husband, since, if the rumour were true, she might have married her lover, and if not, she would have been the gainer by delay. The idea is a poor makeshift. The part of Aline is *naïve* and pretty; womanly and confiding, she is attached to Emmeric, and never doubts him for a moment. The two women are admirably contrasted. The father, Clerambeau, is also well opposed to the Admiral. His only concern is in his daughter and his fortune, and the manner in which he is made to sacrifice the latter to the former shows a profound knowledge of human nature on the part of M. Scribe. The hero of the piece is no hero at all; his position is bad from the commencement; he has neither our pity nor our sympathy; on the contrary we have a contempt for him throughout, and in witnessing his struggles to elude responsibilities, the consequences of his own conduct, feel that we should prefer to him a franker villain, a more downright rogue. M. Scribe has taken much pains with his part, and, by inflicting on his hero the scourge of an ill conscience, and the contempt of the woman whom he has abandoned, has consulted the best interests of morality. There is another character, not really essential to the play, but so mixed up in it from beginning to end, that the piece would scarcely exist without him. We mean Ballandard (M. Regnier), who is the life and soul of the intrigue; the everybody's scapegoat, and bears the penalty of whatever is said and done. Ballandard is accused of writing letters, receiving amatory epistles from high-born ladies, fighting duels, seduction, &c.; in short all the world make a convenience of him. The acting was in every particular good. Mdle. St. Marc played the part of the artless young girl with charming simplicity, and Mdle. Judith impersonated the jealous mistress with great dignity. The latter is a semi-tragic part, and a little more fire and energy would not have been out of place: on the whole, however, it was carefully assumed by Mdle. Judith. M. Lafont's part is one of his best assumptions. We know of no piece in which he appears to greater advantage. He is dignified, earnest, gentlemanly, and entirely free from exaggeration. M. Regnier almost surpassed himself. His character is thoroughly adapted to display his peculiar qualifications. His perplexity in the midst of his numerous difficulties kept the house in convulsions of laughter. M. Francisque was not at all up to the mark as the lover. The house was crowded in every part.

On Wednesday, previous to *Une Chaine*, a new work by M. Barbier, *Les premieres Coquetteries*, originally played at the Variétés, was produced for the first time. The plot turns on a projected marriage between a dissipated nephew, used to the

excitements of Parisian life, and a young lady, his cousin, who has just finished her education in a convent. The young lady fails to captivate the youth at first, but through the interference and advice of her waiting maid, who advises the use of a little coquetry, the young gentleman is eventually secured. Mdle. St. Marc was very pleasing as the young lady, and Mdle. Bilhant made a smart and lively *soubrette*.—J. de C.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Brough, the junior of the "Brothers," has produced during the week a very laughable extravaganza at this theatre, with the time-serving title of "*Apartments; Visitors to the Exhibition may be Accommodated*." The idea is happy as well as time-serving, and has furnished the author with many curiosities of supposition, and has been carried out with abundance of point and effect. The received notion that lodging-house keepers were about to make large fortunes during the season of the Exhibition, and that every house would make the most of its conveniences, no doubt suggested the thought to Junior Brother Brough. During the absence of her husband from town, the landlady of a lodging-house has let her "*Apartments*" to all sorts of applicants. A Highlander, a Yankee, a Red Indian, and a Frenchman, are all located in rooms for one. The manner in which the landlady provides space for the overplus occupiers is sufficiently funny, and something of the kind may be seen in Punch's Almanack for 1851. When the whole house is turned topsy-turvy by the quartet of lodgers, the husband returns and becomes frantic at beholding his peaceful domicile converted into a model bedlam. Eventually he clears the house by a false alarm of fire, and bolts out the quartet. The smartness of the dialogue, no less than the whimsicality of the situations, conduced to the decided success of the merry and off-hand piece of Mr. Brough, the Younger. The acting was admirable. Keeley was the husband, Mrs. Wigan the wife, and Mrs. Keeley the maid of all work, the Atlas of the establishment, who carried a world of pains, endurances, and responsibilities on her shoulders.

OLYMPIC.—The version of *Une Bataille de Dames* which has been brought out at this house is very well done, the plot of the original being closely followed, and the dialogue written with more smartness than is usual with mere translations, and seasoned with a few of those verbal jokes which are deemed acceptable to English audiences. Mrs. Stirling, who plays the Countess, shows all that tact and neatness which approximate her, perhaps, more than any other actress, to the French school. The deeper emotions are not overwrought; the gaiety is easy and spontaneous. Flavigneul's assumed character of a footman is acted with some humour by Mr. W. Farren, junior, but he does not think enough of the officer, who wears the livery, and the part lacks the romantic elevation which is given to it by M. Lafont. Mr. H. Farren, in depicting the prefect of police, takes a ground different to that adopted on the French stage, making bluntness, not ironical courtesy, the characteristic of the official, but he works out his own notion effectively. The sustained comicality of M. Regnier's De Grignon is not to be found in Mr. Leigh Murray's personation from his tendency to be too much in earnest with the heroic side, but the ludicrous indications of terror are pleasantly brought out and elicit laughter. On the second night a damp was thrown over the performance by the absence of Miss L. Howard, who was prevented from acting by illness, and whose part (Léonie) was read by Miss Adams. The piece was, we understand, produced in a great hurry, so as to be played during the "run" of the original at the St. James's Theatre. On the whole it is forcibly executed, though the time of its production subjects it to a comparison more than usually severe.

ADELPHI.—The drama of *Flowers of the Forest*—one of the best pieces of the kind that has issued from the prolific pen of Mr. Buckstone—has been revived here. Made, Celeste, Miss Woolgar, and Miss Ellen Chaplin have parts well suited to them. Made, Celeste as the Italian Gipsy gives with tact and discrimination the impulsive warmth of the affections peculiar to the children of the south. Miss Woolgar in the Gipsy boy—the main link in the action—had abundant room for the delineation of the passions in humble and rustic life, in which she excels, and she seized the occasion with even more than her usual felicity, her sketch being one of the most spirited and graphic that we have yet seen from her. She was exceedingly well supported by Miss Ellen Chaplin, who looked the very epitome of a Gipsy belle, and played with simplicity and feeling.

Miscellaneous.

REUNION DES ARTS.—The first meeting of the patrons and subscribers of this Society took place on Monday evening, at the Music Rooms in Queen Anne-street, and was patronised by a numerous assemblage of fashionables and *litterati*. The features of this society are somewhat similar to that which brought upon Mr. Silk Buckingham the bitter irony of our cotemporary, Mr. *Punch*; but its management is far better, and it contains elements which, if properly brought out and adapted to the spirit of the times, may become the source of a prosperous career. In the drawing-room, music and singing held pre-eminent sway, and Mdle. Lavinia and Miss Rummell, birdlike, filled the "carpet atmosphere" with melodious strains, while Miss Day performed most excellently on the pianoforte. Mr. De Muncie astonished his hearers by a violoncello *fantasia*; and Messrs. Schmidt and F. Chatterton, on the flute and harp, were of material assistance to the entertainment, which might have been expected. Herr Goffrie—to whose indefatigable exertions, we believe, the society owes its existence, played upon the violin in first-rate style. In the rooms upon the ground-floor, were exhibited some fine specimens of painting and drawing by Sir F. Landseer, Bartholemew, Hayter, Kempf, Haag, Zweecher, A. Taylor, and others. We can safely say that these meetings are entertaining, instructive, and interesting, and the amount of subscription just enough to place them within the reach of all respectable persons desirous of information, of mixing in good and learned society, and of wiling away a few hours with pleasure and profit.—H. L.

LONDON SACRED HARMONISTS.—The performances of this society on Wednesday, the 7th inst., must be regarded as an experiment. The selection differed materially in character from any yet given by either society, a large portion of the concert consisting of psalmody, chanting, and "services." With due thanks to the directors for the attempt, we do not think they have availed themselves so judiciously as they might have done of the resources at their command. The selection should have been made with a view to meet the party coloured tastes of the visitors of the hall—popular as well as classical—religious as well as musical—foreign as well as native. The concert had been better if this discriminating process had been more carefully attended to. The chorale and fugue of Bach, with which it opened, was perhaps the best thing in it. If chanting is to be introduced into the concert room (a process by which it may be doubted whether anything will be gained), why not have given the Gregorian chants, which are not only by far the finest things of the kind that have come down to us, but, by being taken in unison, are capable of having great variety given them in the accompaniment. The Psalms were better selected: St. Anne's Tune (Dr. Croft) and the Old 100th were judiciously chosen, and highly effective in the performance. The 120th by W. L. Phillips, is smooth and melodious. It would be better in future either to support the *sol*i voices by the organ or to give those verses to a semi-chorus; the effect of the four single voices being weak and inefficient against the full power of the organ and choir in the choral verses. Dr. Elvey's "Te Deum," being written in all the so-called severe simplicity and rigour

enjoined by the Church, had better be confined to the places for which it was written. His verse anthem, "I beheld," contains many salient points, the concluding chorus, in particular, showing vigour of treatment. The song from Handel's *Theodora*,—"Lord to thee each Night and Day," was given by Miss Dolby, in her very best style; she was followed by Miss Birch, in a no less charming delivery of the song, "Holy, holy Lord!" Mr. Washbourne Morgan contributed a "Christmas Anthem." The choice of the words which were those of Handel's famous recitative "There were Shepherds" was unlucky, and provoked awkward comparisons—then the theme of the final chorus is so close an imitation of the subject of the quartett of the Messiah "Lift up your Heads," as to be received with a buzz of recognition in the room. Mr. Hopkins's Evening Service, is unquestionably a clever work, evincing both vigour and variety. The graceful little song of Méhul, nicely sung by Mr. Young, was encored. The concert was so long that nearly one part of the second act was cut out. Among the omissions were a quintett of Dr. Crotch—a song of Handel's, "If guiltless blood," and Purcell's anthem, "Oh! give thanks." The hall was quite full.

THEODORE HAUMAN.—This celebrated violinist has arrived in town for the season.

GRAND EXHIBITION.—A testimonial, presented some time ago to Mr. Lumley, is among the recent contributions. This beautiful work of art represents figures of Melpomene, Thalia, Terpsichore, and Euterpe, artistically disposed, and has been modelled and designed by Mr. Brown.

MODEL OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Among the many interesting contributions lately presented to the Exhibition, may be mentioned a miniature model of the interior of Her Majesty's Theatre, sent last week, and placed in the nave. This beautiful work is a fac-simile of the original, both as to conformation and embellishments. The proportions are reduced to a scale of three-quarters of an inch to the foot. The decorations and general arrangements which were devised at Her Majesty's Theatre, by J. Johnson, Esq., F.S.A., have been closely copied; while the panels, medallions, figures, &c., have been painted by Mr. J. R. Powell, Pimlico, a student of the Royal Academy, the painter and designer of the originals. Mr. Deighton, of Great College Street, Westminster, is the maker of the model. The material is strong mill-board. The decorations are painted in encaustic, a medium, for brilliancy and effect, superior to all others. This little work is one of rare merit, and will no doubt attract universal attention. To such as have not seen the original, the model will prove an object highly interesting, and will convey a very accurate notion of the structure and magnificence of the opera. For the patrons of Mr. Lumley's establishment, it will possess the novel charm of exhibiting the theatre as seen from the stage, under which aspect Her Majesty's Theatre certainly presents its most dazzling appearance.

MESSRS. C. DE BESNIER AND VERDAVAINNE's second concert of "classic, sacred and modern, vocal and instrumental music," was given in the new Beethoven Rooms, on Friday evening, the 9th inst. The first part commenced with Beethoven's *Andante Religioso*, from the 12th quartett, which was played with great expression by Messrs. H. Blagrove (first violin), Clementi (second violin), R. Blagrove (viola), and Hausman (violoncello).—A quartett, from a "Stabat Mater" by C. De Besnier, was pleasingly sung by Mesdames Zimmerman, and Lemaire, Messrs. De Besnier and Bottura; as were also the "Cujus animam," "Quis est homo," "Pro peccatis," and "Quando corpus," from the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini. Madame Verdavainne performed Weber's Concert Stuck, for the piano, with accompaniments for two violins, viola, and violoncello (instead of full orchestra), with brilliancy and taste. Haydn's quartett, No 82, (the allegro and adagio), was played in a very effective manner by Messrs. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Hausman, and greatly applauded. Beethoven's favourite *Andante* in F., for piano, was also given by Madame Verdavainne in such a style as to gain her much applause, and a *Motet* of C. De Besnier, sung by Madame Lemaire with true sentiment; the violoncello *obligato* accompaniment by M. Hausman, was greatly admired. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," by all the artistes.

THE LATE MR. DOWTON, THE COMEDIAN.—This inimitable actor has at length "shuffled off this mortal coil." The following brief memoir of his theatrical career may not be uninteresting to our readers:—Mr. Dowton, who undoubtedly in some characters was without a rival, was born at Exeter in 1763; consequently he was in his 88th year. At the age of 16 he was articled to an architect, but having performed Carlos in the *Revenge* at a private theatre with good success, he was induced to relinquish building substantial castles to erect certain ones in the air, and joined a strolling company at Ashburton. He was subsequently engaged by Mr. Hughes, manager of the Plymouth Theatre. "D. G.," the critic of Cumberland's edition of plays, states that Dowton, after having made the ubiquitous grand tour, returned to Exeter and performed *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, and the usual round of first rate tragic characters, for, like some of our capital comedians, his original addresses were paid to Melpomene. It is but just to state that in these representations he evinced much good sense and feeling, and if he rose not to pre-eminence he descended not to mediocrity. Sheva, in Cumberland's comedy of the *Jew*, had long been a favourite part of Bannister's—Elliston had also marked it for his own—Mr. Dowton stepped into the field, and without taking the laurel from either, honourably shared it with both. His first appearance at Drury-lane was on the 10th of October, 1796, in this difficult character. He was hailed as a genuine actor, and crowned with applause. In 1805, he was engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, and on the 15th of August in that year he revived for his benefit the warm weather tragedy of the *Tailors*, which produced that memorable *fracas* between the "dunga" and the "flints," and ended in the committal of three dozen and odd, and one rebellious carver and gilder, to the watch-house. The principal rôles in the burlesque were sustained by Dowton, Mathews, Liston, and Mrs. Gibbs, as Francisco, Abrahamides, Zachariades, and Tittilinda. The great success of *Tom Thumb*, in which Mr. Dowton played King Arthur very humourously, stimulated him to this attempt. His two principal Shakespearian characters were Sir John Falstaff and Dogberry. As Dr. Cantwell in the *Hypocrite* he was inimitable. His other best parts were Sir Anthony Absolute and Major Sturgeon. With the proceeds of his farewell benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre a few years since an annuity was purchased, on which he lived to a "fine green old age," happy in the bosom of his family and a large circle of professional and private friends.

BALLAD MUSIC OF IRELAND.—Mr. Frank Martin, R.A.M. has been giving his "Irish Evenings," composed of anecdote and song, at Northampton, with success.

MISS EMILY NEWCOMBE.—This talented young artist will pass the summer months at Guernsey, where she proposes giving lessons during the sojourn of Mr. Newcombe, who has taken the theatre, and opens with a capital company. The want of a competent musician has long been wanting here.

MR. J. T. COOPER, organist of St. Paul's Church, Islington, performed the following pieces at the Crystal Palace, on the opening day, Thursday, May 1st.—*Coronation Anthem*, Handel—Fugue, G minor, J. S. Bach—March, in *David*, C. E. Horsley—"Comfort ye," "Every Valley," "For unto us," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Hallelujah" Chorus, Handel—Overture, *William Tell*, Rossini—"Il mio tesoro," "Non mi dir," Mozart—Song, "To my Brother," Prince Albert—"Quadrille of All Nations," Labitzky.

MR. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—Our columns have been so occupied with matters of immediate importance, that we have been unable to find space for a notice of the last concert, at St. Martin's Hall, of this popular and classical pianist, which took place about a fortnight ago. We are pleased to be able to say, however, that the series of six concerts has been eminently successful, so much so indeed that it is M. Billet's intention to continue them. Among the features of the last concert, were Sterndale Bennett's sonata in F minor, and a caprice in C major of Haydn, neither of which was ever before introduced in public. The last, which is very little known, was unanimously encored, and the same compliment was paid to M. Billet in a study of Mendelssohn in F minor. The same composer's movement, *con moto* in A, from the *Temperaments* (of which M. Billet introduced the entire first book),

and Stephen Heller's beautiful caprice in F minor, "*Le Deserteur*," were also encored with enthusiasm, and well merited the encore. M. Billet also played Handel's "*Suite de Pieces*" in F minor, and a selection of studies by Mudie, Macfarren, Chopin, and Moscheles, in D minor, A flat, C minor, and D flat. That of Mudie, from a very little known work, *Notes from the Diary of a Musician*, is an original and masterly composition, and exceedingly difficult. The concert was crowded to suffocation. We are glad to find sterling merit and a sincere love of the best music rewarded. M. Billet might appropriately style himself "The People's Pianist," or "Alexander of St. Martin's," although his next concert, as we are told, will, in all likelihood, take place in Hanover-square-rooms.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The annual concert for this charity took place last week at the Hanover-square Rooms. The *Messiah* was performed. Formes and Miss Pyne were the chief singers.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY came off at St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday. Full service was performed, and about 1000 persons attended.

FIORENTINO.—The celebrated *feuilletonist* and *esprit fort* of the *Constitutionnel*, has arrived in London for the season, and will doubtless give us some brilliant descriptions of the Exhibition.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Her Majesty honoured this theatre with her presence on Thursday evening, to witness the new piece of Mr. Brough.

VAUXHALL.—The enterprising lessee has determined on giving a *Bal Masqué* on Wednesday next, the Derby Day. The experiment was tried last year by Mr. Wardell, and proved very successful.

LECTURE HALL, GREENWICH.—A concert of a superior character was given here on Wednesday morning. It was the last of the new series of the Classical Subscription Concerts, and was by far the best of the set. The committee is entitled to much commendation for their endeavours to introduce among their subscribers a taste for the best kind of music; and we must do the good folk of Greenwich the justice to acknowledge that they have been impressed with a feeling thereof, and are already on the high road to pure appreciation. The concert on Wednesday was really a model concert—not utterly classic, but preponderating thereto—not loading the table with all the viands of huge size and equal tension—good cooking, of a verity, which would not send up a dinner of beefs and muttons, and nothing else. Season your classics with light matter, so shall your classics be enjoyed and appreciated. Such is the motto of the Committee of the Classical Subscription Concerts. The very opening was significant. Mozart's trio in E flat—violin, viola, and violoncello—was played marvellous well by Sainton, Webb, and Hancock, and was thoroughly appreciated. The second part commenced with an equal significance—Beethoven's grand Septuor, for violin, viola, violoncello, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and contra-basso, by Sainton, Webb, Hancock, Grist, Jarrett, Hobbs, and Russell. We have not room to specify all the items of the entertainment, vocal and instrumental. Principal among the singers shone the charming Anna Thillon, who created a powerful, but not an unexpected, sensation among the visitors. Her first essay was a happy one—it was Edward Loder's charming song, "Come buy my summer flowers," and never was charming song more charmingly rendered, and never did charming song elicit a more decided and general encore, alike due to charming song and charming singer. Madame Thillon's next accomplishment was the *aria d'introito* of Lucia, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the brilliant *fortitude* of which she mastered with incomparable ease. Being encored, she supplied a French canzonette of Auber, which she delivered with the concentrated grace of the whole *Opera Comique*. Mr. Augustus Braham next comes under our cognizance. He has a magnificent voice, and with good tuition and time would become a great singer. If he disdain these adventitious aids, he will assuredly founder on the road to success. M. Alexandre Billet is a grand pianist, with a touch of thunder, and a pace like Prime Minister, who, we prophesy, will win the Derby next Wednesday. The *Norma fantasia* was a vigorous and dashing feat, eclipsing all we had heard on the piano since Leopold de Meyer shook the chimneys of the Hospital with his

Lucrezia Borgia wonders. M. Billet and Edward Loder performed a pianoforte duo of Herz with immense effect. The other pieces were variously effective. Miss Bassano sang, as did eke Mrs. Weiss, excellently and encoresdly, and Mr. Hancock played a duet for piano and violoncello with M. Billet—an admirable specimen, and doubly, nay quadruply relished, that the composition was by Mendelssohn. Edward Loder accompanied the songs at the piano with great ability.—(From a Correspondent.)

MDLLE. ANICHINI.—The annual vocal and instrumental concert with which this charming and accomplished singer is wont to delight her patrons, will take place this year at the magnificent mansion of Lady Vassall Webster, Granard Lodge, Roehampton, on Friday morning next. Mdle. Anichini, besides her own talent, will be aided by the entire force of Mr. Lumley's brilliant company. The concert, under distinguished patronage, will be, as usual, a feast of flowers and music, beauty and sunshine.

HECTOR BERLIOZ has arrived in London.

MRS. MOWATT is in America.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was performed, for the second time this season, last night. The hall was crammed to suffocation. Every ticket was disposed of yesterday before two o'clock. This looks as if a third performance was imperatively called for.

MDLLE. JETTY TREFFZ.—This universal favourite, and most charming and popular of *lied* singers, the delight of the multitude and the apple of Jullien's eye, has left London for Vienna, but, in all probability, will return before the expiration of the season.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—Madame Schwab's Annual Evening Concert took place in the above locality on Tuesday, and was well attended by the pupils and friends of the talented *beneficiaire*. Madame Schwab was assisted by the following artists: vocalists, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Miss Pyne, Mdle. Bertha Johansen, Herr Reichard, Herr Mengis, Herr Stockhausen, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Frank Bodda; instrumentalists, Mr. Willby (violin), Signor Briccialdi (flute), Herr Oberthur (harp), and Herr Koenig (cornet). The concert in general was highly agreeable. In one respect, it possessed a feature of more than usual interest. Miss Catherine Hayes, who only appeared once previously in public this season, since her coming to London, added a peculiar *clat* to the entertainment. The "Irish Swan" was the great attraction of the evening, and created a profound sensation in her one song, which was Donizetti's aria, "Benigno il cielo." More expressive singing it would be next to impossible to hear, and more finished vocalization it is not our fortune to listen to often. Indeed the aria was exquisitely sung, and did not produce a *furor*, simply because the majority of the audience was composed of the gentle sex, and the room is not very large. Among the many things noticeable in the concert, was a German *lied*, with the euphonious title of "Du mit den schwarzen Augen," a composition of much merit, sung with expression and force by Herr Mengis, the music by F. Praeger. Madame Schwab exhibited her neat and finished execution in a Grand Rondeau Brillante, by Hammel, and in a fantasia for pianoforte and violin, with Mr. Willby; in both of which she was loudly applauded. The fair pianist had every reason to be satisfied with the results of her concert.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE VOICE.—From the first moment that a child attempts to emit sounds with the voice, he should be forewarned against the errors of a bad method, and everything should concur to make the best possible use of the original capacities of the organ. The care which the preservation of the voice requires ought to commence from the moment of its first emission. Now, it is to be remarked that, besides the art of singing, there is a preliminary part of music, called solmization, which is designed to form skilful readers, by the execution of certain progressive exercises upon all the difficulties of time and intonation. The studies of these exercises is made ordinarily in childhood, under the direction of masters who, for the most part, are strangers to the art of singing. No care is taken, either in the composition or the selection of these exercises, in reference to the extent of voices; so that it almost always happens that children are made to sing out of the limits which nature has assigned to them.

The efforts which they are obliged to make to reach the high sounds which they are made to sing, very soon destroy the foundation of the voice, and strain the fibres of the throat. When this is once done, there is no remedy. All the art in the world cannot give such children smoothness of voice, for they have lost it for ever. Add to this, that the precautions necessary to take in the beginning, to deliver the sound with the respiration, not to respire too frequently, and not to weary the chest by retaining the breath too long,—all this, I say, is completely unknown to the majority of the masters of solfeggio. After two or three years' practice, they succeed in forming good readers of music; but they have, in the mean time, destroyed or injured the voices of their pupils; and in this state they deliver them to the professors of the vocal art, all whose skill, can never restore to these poor young people that which they have irretrievably lost.—*Extracted from —, by Aurelian.*

THE ANCIENT TRUMPET.—The Buccina, or Trumpet, is ascribed to the Egyptian Osiris, who made use of it in grand sacrifices. The Hebrews derived it from the Egyptians, most probably during their long captivity, as the first mention of it in the Holy Scriptures is at the descent of the Lord upon Mount Sinai, and the second where he says to Moses, "Make thee two trumpets of silver, of a whole piece shalt thou make them, that thou mayest use them for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camp." Previous to this period, the trumpets of the Israelites appear to have been made of the horn of the ram, or some other animal, and were called buccina; their form resembled the modern hunting-horn; but after that time they were made of metal, and assumed a shape somewhat similar to the modern instrument. Mr. Bruce says: "The Abyssinian soldiers make use of an ancient trumpet which is called Meleket; it is made of a cane that has less than half-an-inch aperture, and about five feet four inches in length. To this long stalk is fixed at the end a round piece of the neck of a gourd, which has just the form of the round end of our own trumpet, and is on the outside ornamented with small white shells; it is all covered over with parchment, and is a very neat instrument. This trumpet sounds only one note, E, in a loud, hoarse, and terrible tone. It is played slow when on a march, or before an enemy appears in sight; but afterwards it is repeated very quick, and with great violence, and has the effect upon the Abyssinian soldiers of transporting them absolutely to fury and madness, and of making them so regardless of life as to throw themselves in the middle of the enemy, which they do with great gallantry."—*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

Mr. W. Morse, son of the late organist of St. Peter's, Marlborough, has been elected to the situation vacant by his father's death.

ADOLPH SAX is in London.

Provincial.

HALIFAX.—The Halifax Philharmonic Society gave the first of a series of three subscription concerts on Tuesday, the 29th ult., to a fashionable audience. The band played the first part of Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, and the overtures to *Gustave* and *Fra Diavolo* (Auber), *King Stephen* (Beethoven), and *Yelva* (Reissiger), in a spirited manner. Mr. Haddock, from Liverpool, displayed considerable execution in two solos on the violoncello. The ease with which he overcame several very difficult *cadenzas*, won him the applause of all the amateurs present. Mrs. Sutherland sustained her well known reputation in the *scena*, "Softly sighs," from *Der Freyschutz*, and was encoresd in Rodwell's ballad "Oh charming May!" Mr. Inkersall, a tenor from Sheffield, sang in a very tasteful manner "In this old chair," and the "White Squall." Mr. Frobisher, founder of the society, and to whom much of its present efficiency is due, conducted and accompanied with his usual ability and judgment.

CORK.—The concert given by Mr. Distin and Sons, on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., in the theatre, was numerously and

fashionably attended. The performance fully supported the character and impression produced by their former appearance. The concert was agreeably diversified with ballads, madrigals, and glees, sung with great taste by Miss Moriatt O'Connor, and the Brothers Distin. Mr. Distin, sen. took his farewell benefit on the following evening, under the immediate patronage of the officers of the 40th, who allowed their band, together with the band of the 90th regiment, to perform; there were in all 70 performers.

MANCHESTER.—On Saturday the members of the Mechanics, Institution Choral Society gave a miscellaneous concert to the members of the institution. The attendance was numerous, and the pieces, upon the whole, were given with effect. Webb's glee, "Thy voice O harmony," was a little unsteady, but was compensated by Morley's madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying," and "The dear old chimney corner," both of which were loudly applauded. "Sigh no more, ladies," was encored; "Here in cool grot" received the same compliment—the pianos and fortes being well observed. "Spring's delights," and other pieces were given with taste. We may especially express our satisfaction with the "Hunstan's chorus," from *Der Freischutz*, which was also en-chored. The motet, arranged by Shore, commencing, "Holiest, breathe an evening blessing," and ending with "Clad in light and deathless bloom," was, perhaps, the most effective of all, the occasion which had called it forth—the death of the late Mr. Day, president of the institution—adding to the solemnity of the subject.—Mr. Rumney, one of the directors, proposed a vote of thanks to the Choral Society for their gratuitous services. He said that an addition of members was required by the society, and he hoped the proceedings of that evening would be the means of increasing a department of the institution which afforded such pleasure and instruction weekly to its members—enabling them, as upon this occasion, to entertain them and their families free of cost.—Mr. Harry Rawson seconded Mr. Rumney's motion, and expressed his hope that, though it would be necessary for those wishing to join the society to possess considerable proficiency in music, to meet on equal terms with the members whose performances this evening had been so creditable and so well received, there would be many ready to join them. The thanks of the meeting (he observed) were especially due to the ladies of the society, who, out of regard to their fellow-members, had come forward to spend an hour with them, having overcome the false scruples which too often confine their sex to private circles.—(*Manchester Examiner* 14th May.)

DUBLIN.—The Distin family appeared on Monday and Tuesday evenings, in a spacious salon of the Music-hall, which has been newly decorated under the direction of Mr. Mackintosh. The interest taken by the public in the Distin concerts was evidenced in the overflowing houses and the appreciation of the performances in enthusiastic plaudits. The vocal performances were worthy the applause conceded them. We may mention as prominently successful the harmonized quartet of the Irish melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," by Miss M. O'Connor, and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, and a new quartet "The Red Rose," by the same performers. The concert on Tuesday was for the benefit of Mr. Distin Sen. and the closing performance.

TOTTENHAM.—A concert was given at the Lecture Hall on Wednesday evening. The programme was in every respect admirable, and is worth printing as a manifestation of the feeling for classic music exhibited in places removed from the influences of the Metropolis. Thus it runs:—Part I. Symphony in D. (No. 4) Mozart. Recitative and Aria.—"Quando miro" Miss Dolby, Mozart. Trio in B Flat, Op. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Messrs. Walter Macfarren, Dando, and Lawford, Beethoven. Song.—"Nobil Donna." (Les Huguenots.) Miss Dolby, Meyerbeer. Andante Movement, from Symphony No. 3 (by Desire) Haydn. Part II.—Symphony in C Major (No. 1.) Beethoven. A Fireside Song—Miss Dolby, W. V. Wallace. Duet for Violin and Pianoforte, Messrs. Dando and W. Macfarren, De Beriot and Osborne. Scotch Song—"Bonnie Dundee," Miss Dolby. Overture—Masaniello, Auber. Mr. Dando lead and Mr. Walter C. Macfarren presided at the piano.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M. B.—The copies required can be procured of Messrs. Wessel & Co., 229, Regent-street. The price now is 4d. unstamped.

C. D. (Belfast).—Decidedly Formes.

J. H. D. E. (Worcester).—Thanks. We can make no use, however, of the communication.

A. P. (Glasgow).—We are much obliged for the sonnets, but are unable to find space for them.

AN ORGANIST.—We are in treaty with a celebrated authority in these matters, but, meanwhile, shall be glad of the information kindly offered by our correspondent. The subject is assuredly one of general interest.

S. P. (Liverpool).—We are much gratified that our correspondent is satisfied with our appreciation of his work.

A CONSTANT READER &c.—The notice of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, was unavoidably postponed till the present number.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The report of the last Concert is in type, with our Reviews and Foreign News, and will appear next Number.

Advertisements.

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CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY, May 23, will be performed Handel's Oratorio, MESSIAH. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

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GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST NIGHT OF LA FAVORITA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 22nd, will be performed, for the first time these three years, Donizetti's Grand Opera,

LA FAVORITA.

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Commence at Eight o'clock.

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HERR CHARLES OBERTHÜR,

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HAS the honor to announce that his CONCERT will take place at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 20th. Vocalists—Madlle. Bertha Johansen, Mdlle. F. Rummel, and Herr Mengis. Instrumentalists—Herr Menter, Herr Pauer, and Herr Alexandre Rancharave. Tickets 10s. 6d., to be had at Wessel and Co.'s, 229, Regent-street; Boosey and Co., Holles-street, &c.; and of Herr Oberthur, 87, Milton-street, Dorset-square.

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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

CRUVELLI.

THE papers are unanimous in praise of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli. We cannot find room for all their criticisms on *Fidelio* and the new representative of its heroine (who has, in one performance, placed herself side by side with Malibran); but we extract what relates exclusively to the latter, from the elaborate notices of the four principal journals, as a strong corroboration of our prophecy of last week, and of the opinion of our reporter in the present number. We could not decently take into our own hands the fulfilment of our own prediction, and have, therefore, left the task to a *collaborateur*, in whose judgment we have entire faith, and whose initials will at once be recognised. D. R. has written enthusiastically, but not too much so. Had he written coldly, after the performance of Tuesday night—had he not been deeply impressed with the genius of Mdlle. Cruvelli—we should have been disappointed; but his report would, nevertheless, have appeared in our columns. If Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli is not destined to become one of the greatest dramatic singers whom the art has known we are altogether out in our reckoning, and shall cease to have any further confidence in our own powers of appreciation. But we have no fear of the result. True genius cannot be mistaken; it cannot be confounded with mediocrity; it finds the heart at once, and satisfies the intellect afterwards. That Mdlle. Cruvelli is a genius we had not the smallest doubt after the first scene of *Fidelio*. She is an actress of the highest order, and, besides being an admirable and accomplished singer, is gifted with one of the most beautiful voices we have ever listened to. Though, if all our contemporaries had declared a contrary opinion, we should not have been shaken in our own, we are pleased to find them coinciding with us, and reprint their articles with the fuller satisfaction.

(From the Daily News.)

"Mademoiselle Cruvelli excited an enthusiasm exceeding anything we have witnessed since the *debut* of Jenny Lind.

"The heroine of last night was at this theatre (as our musical readers will remember) three years ago. Young as she then was—only 19—she showed powers of a high order, and made a very great impression on the public. But the Lind mania was at its height that season, and, after she appeared, no one had ears or eyes for any body else. Since that time she has been unremitting in the pursuit of her art, and has appeared with constantly increasing reputation at the principal theatres in Italy and Germany. She has now returned to us, at the age of two-and twenty, in the full maturity of her gifts and attainments; and her appearance last night has set the seal upon her name, and stamped her an artist of the very highest class.

Mdlle. Cruvelli never played or saw the part of *Leonora* per-

formed, we believe, and therefore was neither guided nor fettered by traditions. But she reminded us much of Madame Schroeder Devrient, the greatest representative of the character, doubtless because she entered deeply into its spirit, and took truth, nature, and simplicity for her guide. She looked the handsome youth who captivates the jailor's daughter, better than any of her predecessors in the part, and her quiet air of melancholy resignation was very touching. In the most impassioned scenes her acting was powerful without exaggeration, and it was impossible to contemplate her transports of rapturous joy at the close without a strong sympathetic emotion. Of her singing it is impossible to speak too highly. Every quality of a great artist—voice, taste, execution, style, expression—are combined to charm and move her hearers. Her performance of the great *scena*, containing the beautiful invocation to Hope, threw the audience into a tumult of enthusiasm."

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

"We have a lively recollection of the crowds which used to besiege Drury-lane Theatre when Malibran appeared as *Fidelio*. The impression left by her performance was one of the few which are marked by the stamp of unmistakeable genius. We are greatly deceived, if, without the disadvantage of interference with the music, Mdlle. Cruvelli will not be found to have left a similar impression, last night, upon the minds of those who witnessed her impassioned performance, and who, twenty years hence, may have to advert to it.

* * * * *

The "event" of the night was the appearance of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, who sustained the arduous character of *Leonora*. This young lady, who has for some years been pursuing her musical studies with an earnestness which it is impossible to praise too highly, has been accredited to us by the Parisian audiences with an unusual fervour of recommendation. She has created a *furor* in the French capital, and we believe that no ordinary attempts were made to detach her from Mr. Lumley's establishment, and to retain her where she had suddenly achieved so brilliant a success. But it is really matter of congratulation to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre that all such endeavours failed, and that last night she made her appearance in the sombre garb of the prison servant. Tall, finely formed, and with most expressive features, Mdlle. Cruvelli is admirably adapted for the lyrical stage. Her voice is of extensive compass, wonderfully fine, clear, and resonant, and perfectly under her control. It is a voice which can be relied upon to execute the conceptions of its owner, and, consequently, there is no hurry on that owner's part to exhibit its riches. She can afford to reserve her powers from full display until the proper moment for putting them forth, only indicating from time to time what a treasury is under her charge. And when the moment arrives for giving full scope to her powers, and when the tide of song bursts forth in all its richness of melody, what a display it is! We have rarely witnessed such a marvel of power as was manifested by Mdlle. Cruvelli last night. The exigencies of the part require that the earlier scene shall be exceedingly quiet—undertoned so to speak—the action being that of watchfulness and secrecy. Mdlle. Cruvelli kept herself under the most perfect restraint, and it was not until the lovely canon quartett, "*Il cor, e la mia fe*," that she allowed the expression of feeling to prevail. But as her passionate notes then gushed upon the ear, the audience almost involuntarily burst into a shout of approbation. In the *terzetto*, "*Corragio, orsu*,"

the sensation *Mdlle. Cruvelli* made was extraordinary; but her triumph was in the recitative and air (in the first act) "A qual furor." Her terrible emphasis upon the words "di vendetta," at which she seemed to rush as if grappling with a hateful idea—her exquisite delivery of the concluding portion of the recitative, "Ah, già rinasce," will not be forgotten by those who had, or may have, the good fortune to hear them. The air itself she sang with a delicacy, an elevation, and a brilliancy which enchanted her hearers. The redemand, *malgré* the arduous task, was vociferous, and *Mdlle. Cruvelli* repeated the last passage with unabated power.

In the second act, where she is conducted into the dungeon, and is set to dig a grave for the husband, who, squalid and weak from want and misery, lies near her, *Mdlle. Cruvelli's* acting was of the finest description. She hovered about and around the unrecognising *Florestan*, intensely anxious, but as intensely self-restraining. But when the moment arrived for her dashing between him and the intended murderer, her performance was literally superb. Confronting *Pizarro* with a dauntless brow, and pouring forth with lightning-like vividness her reproach and defiance, the ruffianly noble appeared to succumb to her womanly energy, and the weapon seemed but a secondary terror for him. Nothing could be finer; and her subsequent ardent outpouring of affection for *Florestan*, her clinging to him in his dungeon, and his long gaze of love were all admirably conceived. Her superb execution of the *finale* was a vocal triumph which will be long remembered in Her Majesty's Theatre. We can felicitate the management upon having achieved at once the most legitimate and the most extraordinary success with the *débütante* of last night, and we regard the honours she has won in a very difficult and by no means a "showy" part, as an augury of a series of successes with which a fresh tone will be given to this unmanageable season.

(From The Morning Herald.)

"*Mdlle. Cruvelli*, who comes to London under more auspicious circumstances than before, seeing that there is no Jenny Lind prejudice to compete with, was handsomely and warmly received. Her performance of the unhappy heroine evinced singular ability, which was the more apparent, seeing that there are few artists who are competent to undertake it, owing to physical deficiency on the one hand, and limited histrionic powers on the other. The extensive range of voice possessed by *Mdlle. Cruvelli* is a great point in her favour; and she sang the music from first to last without let or hindrance, and at the same time with a feeling and *abandon* that disclosed the right sort of impulse—the right sort of interest in a work as remote from the common place which constitutes the staple of the modern Italian opera, as any two things can possibly be. But *Cruvelli*, when last here, was remarkable for her intelligence and strong dramatic passion, and it was again gratifying to find these qualities so well developed as they were last night. Her acting, throughout, was highly effective, and in the second act, where there is so much opportunity for the display of ability, and in which she had the remembrance of several illustrious predecessors to contend with, she created no little sensation. Her delivery of the words 'Io son sua sposa' was a signal for a round of applause, drawn forth by the impassioned earnestness of her manner, and the vivid colouring she imparted in this trying melo-dramatic collision. Her singing was at all times excellent, for it was vitalised by the best musicianship, a quality indispensable in music of this lofty and difficult class; and we therefore cannot but welcome an artist of such unquestionable accomplishment as an event of importance to the musical interests of the metropolis. She gave the aria, 'O tu la cui dolce possanza' (*Komm Hoffnung*) admirably; in fact, we never heard the delicious recitative given better or with more refined taste; while her sonorous contralto notes fell on the ear with round and voluptuous beauty. She was loudly encored, called for at the end of each act, and her success in one of the most arduous parts which either actress or singer dare grapple with, was affirmed by the universal verdict of the house."

(From the Morning Post.)

"After this came the magnificent scene of *Fidelio*, in which *Mdlle. Cruvelli* fairly took the sympathies of the audience. It was, on the whole, one of the grandest displays of executive genius we ever witnessed. Tremendous energy, soul-stirring pathos, masterly discrimination, extraordinary physical power, and finished mechanism, all were united to make up this vast sum of excellence. The air itself is a perfect miracle of genius and learning, and, executed by *Cruvelli*, produced an effect we shall never forget. During the fine introductory bars which so truthfully illustrate the situation, she rushed wildly from her hiding-place, where she has overheard the duet betwixt *Pizarro* and *Rocco*, and raising her arms with the inspired *furor*, breathed execration upon the future assassin of her husband; horror and defiance quivering on her lips, and gleaming in her eyes, as she stood with her gaze transfixed to the door at which *Pizarro* had just entered. She presented a truly sublime and terrible picture of desperate courage, animated by lofty purpose, struggling to subdue the natural impulses of womanly fear.

An effect was realised which could not but have satisfied Beethoven himself. *Mdlle. Cruvelli's* performance of this heavenly inspiration will be a "joy for ever" to all who were fortunate enough to hear it. Every note she sang was instinct with the spirit of the whole. In the responsive or imitative passages which frequently occur in this movement, she managed to catch the tone of the last instrument, blending her voice admirably with the various concerting parts, though never for an instant sacrificing the expression of the words. In her delivery of the beautiful figure divided between the voice, horns, and bassoons, on the words "*Amor mi guidava*," she was especially successful.

The last movement, in which *Fidelio* expresses faith in Providence, and her determination to save her husband's life, afforded *Mdlle. Cruvelli* a grand opportunity for the display of her lofty genius. It was a magnificent performance from first to last, and drew down thunders of applause, and an unmerciful *encore*. By this time the audience felt that one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage was before them, and the *débütante's* triumphant success was already a *fait accompli*. *Mdlle. Cruvelli* was called for twice, and the subsequent buzz of voices throughout the vast *salle* proved that an unusual sensation had been created amongst the subscribers. *Mdlle. Cruvelli's* singing and acting in the great prison scene reached the loftiest degree of excellence.

(From the Times.)

Last night Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio* was produced, for the first time, at a London Italian Opera, and *Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli* made her first appearance since 1848, when she will be recollected as a singer of much promise. The double event proved a great attraction. Her Majesty and suite attended, and the house was filled by a brilliant and overflowing audience. Both the opera of Beethoven and *Mademoiselle Cruvelli*, the representative of the heroine, now a singer and actress of the highest attainments, were triumphantly successful.

Fidelio was a failure at Vienna in 1805, but it was never a failure in England—to the credit of our "unmusical" public be it recorded—and less than ever a failure last night. The chief part in the success must be awarded to *Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli*. Three years ago *Mademoiselle Cruvelli*, in certain operas of *Donizetti* and *Verdi*, made a highly favourable impression, and was considered a dramatic vocalist of unusual promise for her years (she was then scarcely twenty). But the "Lind fever," as it has been called, left no chance for any one else than the popular Jenny to be appreciated, and *Mademoiselle Cruvelli* suffered with the rest. The interval between then and the present time has been spent by the young artist in various parts of Germany and Italy, where she followed her professional career with a success always

increasing, until, last month, Mr. Lumley had the good fortune to secure her for the Italian Theatre in Paris, where she brought his season to a close with some performances of almost unexampled brilliancy. The French journals praised her to the skies; but, as the French journals are not invariably the safest authorities to rely upon in such matters, we confess we distrusted them, and believed no more than half of what they said about the genius and accomplishments of "*La jeune et belle Cruvelli*." For once, however, we did our contemporaries *d'outré manche* injustice; and we are too glad to pay them honourable amends, by giving in our adhesion to their verdict. Mademoiselle Cruvelli has made such good use of her time that we doubt much if a "*Lind fever*" or any other fever, could now shut the eyes of the public to her merits as an actress and a singer. The mere fact of making her *débüt* in such a work as *Fidelio*—a work so opposed to all that bears the name of Italian opera—and in the part of Leonora, without comparison the most laborious, trying, and difficult in the entire range of the lyric drama, already entitles Mademoiselle Cruvelli to admiration for her courage, and praise for her good taste; but the fact that she did full justice to the character, in every respect, vocal and histrionic, and that since Malibran there has been no representative of Beethoven's "heroic wife" who can support the slightest comparison with her, is still more important, since it places her at once in the first rank of dramatic singers. It is said that Mademoiselle Cruvelli never played *Fidelio* before, and never saw the opera performed, an assertion which the exhibition of last night makes very difficult to believe. From her first entry on the scene she showed an entire appreciation of the dramatic exigencies of the part, and her earnest manner continually courted attention. We need not describe the personal appearance of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, which is known to be vastly in her favour, but it is not out of place to say that her voice, which already, in 1848, was powerful and of extensive compass, has now acquired the flexibility and equal tone which it then in a great degree wanted. Her higher notes are remarkably clear and brilliant; what may be the highest in her register we cannot pretend to say, but in the duet of the second act with Florestan we heard her take the D in alt. with the greatest ease, force, and truth of intonation. The latter quality, indeed, seems inherent in Mademoiselle Cruvelli, as was proved by her singing in the difficult *aria* in E, with the three horns and bassoon (exceedingly well played by the gentlemen in the orchestra), her intonation of which was as correct as her expression was beautiful, and her *softe voce* singing perfect. The quick movement of this air was unanimously encored, and at once placed Mademoiselle Cruvelli on the pedestal from which she never once descended throughout the evening. The charm of her voice is not lost even in the most impetuous declamation, as was amply shown in the quartet and duet of the second act; her middle tones are rich and mellow, and several fine points served to bring out, with striking effect, the strength and quality of her lower register. A voice so good throughout is rare indeed. We have only space to mention one or two great points in the acting of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, which we have already declared to be excellent throughout. The famous gravedigging scene was rendered much in the same way as by Malibran, 16 years ago—with the same exhibition of restless anxiety, faltering tones, and intense solicitude, the same earnestness and grace of gesture, and the same overpowering passion when the great moment of declaring herself and saving her husband arrives. When she exclaimed the famous passage, "*Todte erst sein Weib!*" (spoiled in the Italian version, "*Io son sua sposa*," which, while it fails to translate the meaning, necessitates the addition of another note for the superfluous syllable in the word "*spo-sa*," and robs the high B flat of half its effect), her stature seemed heightened, and the strength and dignity of a man to clothe her slender form. Her suddenly drawing out the pistol, and presenting it at the breast of Pizarro, was equally striking, and as she followed, with tottering steps, the cowardly assassin, her right arm stretched out to fire, if necessary, her left reposing on the shoulder of the husband she was protecting, the applause of the audience was enthusiastic, and the curtain fell upon one of the most deserved and genuine successes we remember for many years. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was recalled at the end of every

act, and twice after the second. The Italian stage has thus gained another great dramatic singer in the person of a foreigner (Mademoiselle Cruvelli is a German, and her real name is Cruwell)—and, if we be not mistaken, a genius. Time will show."

Our purpose is sufficiently served by the above, without further extracts. It was natural that we should wish to show our readers the general impression produced on the critics, and through their medium on the public, by an artist whose advent we announced in our last with such unmeasured confidence, and whose triumph we predicted. That the result has not disappointed our own expectations, while it has far exceeded the anticipations of others, is a matter upon which, without arrogance, we may take leave to congratulate ourselves.

THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

The question is not yet settled. The great houses of Stodart and Collard have put in their claims to some consideration. We shall wait till the letter writing is exhausted, and then compare notes and offer a few observations of our own.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—After your kind insertion of my letter proving my father's right to priority in the metal bracing of pianofortes, it may seem ungracious to seek to trespass on your columns again; but the general tenor of Mr. Erard's reply so neutralizes the effect of his abandonment of the question of priority, that I cannot help begging permission to say that my father's patent provides for all, and more than all, the improvements contemplated by Mr. Erard's metal bracing; and that there is also no conceivable tension of string that it would not counteract. My father's bracing entirely removes the strain from the wood frame by being detached from it at one end. Mr. Erard's does so but partially, owing to its being attached to it at both ends.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
1, Golden Square,
May 14th.

MATT. STODDART,
For W. Stoddart and Son.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As we find in your columns of to-day that the subject of the pianofortes at the Exhibition is again brought under notice, we, in common with others, feel it a duty to remonstrate against the manner in which the merits of English pianoforte-makers have been overlooked. We therefore beg the favour you have already accorded to two other firms, namely, the permission to say a few words as to our own share in the improvement of this instrument.

Had the reviewer in a morning paper given a more comprehensive view of the present state of the art in England, and noticed less exclusively the various improvements made in it from time to time, we should have had no right to complain of any preference he might have expressed in favour of any particular firm; but what we do complain of is, the almost entire omission of the improvements of the English makers; and, as regards ourselves in particular, we think it an extremely hard return for upwards of 50 years' indefatigable exertions in the cause, that we should only be mentioned in connexion with one of the most insignificant parts of the manufacture, that of external decoration.

We beg to enumerate the following as a few of the improvements which have originated with our house:—

1. The present method of stringing, by which the old defective system of the loop or eye was entirely superseded. This was patented by us in 1827, and is now (the patent having expired) almost universally adopted, and its importance acknowledged, wherever the manufacture of pianofortes is carried on.
2. We are the originators of the grand square pianoforte, a

form of instrument which has done as much to advance the reputation of the English manufacture as any of the improvements of modern times. Antecedent to this change the square pianoforte was almost useless, except for the purposes of the school room; but it has ever since become a valuable and important instrument, where space is an object, it has been invariably accepted as the best substitute for the grand.

3. The first application of the repeating action to the vertical or upright form of pianoforte (erroneously claimed by your reviewer for Messrs. Erard) is due to us; and we have good reason to believe that the attention we have devoted to this class of instrument, particularly in its smaller varieties, has contributed essentially to procure for the vertical pianoforte the high place it at present holds in public estimation.

4. We originated and patented an action for the grand pianoforte, the peculiarities of which it is unnecessary here to detail, beyond remarking that, for extreme simplicity of mechanism, for unerring certainty of touch, for quality of tone, and for general durability, these instruments are placed by the public favour, as well as by professional opinion—the usual tests of excellence,—in so high a rank as to render it unseemly in us further to allude to the subject.

These are some of our contributions to English pianoforte making, which are surely of sufficient importance to deserve special notice; not to mention many other modifications in form, framing, mechanism, touch, &c., for which our house is well known. We claim, however, with peculiar emphasis, the credit of such a constant and unremitting attention to, and gradual improvement in, the details of the manufacture, as has enabled us to insure the production of instruments second in quality, and, we believe, in reputation, to none that can be brought forward either in this country or elsewhere.

Permit us to observe, in allusion to your remark, that certain pianists of great reputation prefer Messrs. Erard's instruments, that others of equally high renown use and approve those of other makers, ours not excepted; but we are free to confess that it is, and ever has been, our aim to produce an instrument fitted rather for the requirements of chamber music, and for the refinements of the drawing-room, than for public purposes.

We remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

Cheapside, May 14.

COLLARD & COLLARD.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Kirkman and Son obstinately guard silence.

Since writing the above another letter has reached us, which, as the question is one of such general interest, we insert, without pretending to fathom its meaning. The line of our intelligence, indeed, is not long enough to reach the bottom of it.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—The question whether the late Sebastian Erard did, or did not, originate all improvements in the Grand Pianoforte, has been so completely set at rest by the assertions and reassertions of the *Times*, that I will not again enter upon it; but permit me to call your attention to the fact, that of *one* invention at all events, Mr. *Pierre Erard* is unquestionably the author. I allude, sir, to the "METALLIC CONCERT NAME PLATE." The maker's name, hitherto known to the performer only (concealed as it was under the cylinder), or at most, suspected by a discriminating public, is by this contrivance made manifest to every individual present, at any concert where Erard's instruments are played, so much so, that he who runs may read.

Now, sir, I do think that the credit of an invention so admirably calculated to further the progress of music should be awarded unhesitatingly where it is so justly due. In fairness to the eminent firm above named, I trust Mr. Editor, that you will give publicity to this communication, the accuracy of which is vouched for by your constant reader, himself

London, May 17th, 1851.

A PIANOFORTE MAKER.

In addition to the above we have this moment received a letter on the subject of the pianoforte controversy from a well-known English composer, which we shall insert next week.

CARLOTTA GRISI AND LODER.

It is not the marriage of the greatest of dancers and one of the most charming of composers that we are going to record. We merely intend to ask a question. A marriage was expected—a marriage between Loder's music and Carlotta's feet; M. St. Georges was to be the priest, and the *libretto* of a new *ballet* from his pen the service. We know something of Carlotta's feet, since we see them twinkle every night at Her Majesty's Theatre, like dancing stars that get in your eyes in dreams, and will not quit for any straining. But we know nothing of M. St. Georges' *ballet*, nor of Loder's music, of which not long ago all the *habitués* of the Opera, and all the lovers of music and beautiful dancing, were eternally talking, full of expectations. What has become of either we cannot say. But we can say, and we must say,—if Mr. Lumley has abandoned the idea of a new *ballet* by St. Georges, and Loder, and Carlotta, he has thrown away a chance of raising the *ballet*, which he has already elevated so high, higher than it was ever raised before. A *ballet*, with music by Loder! The very sound makes the mouth water. Carlotta moving and dancing, and looking all that is most divine, to Loder's melody, and Loder's harmony, and Loder's orchestration! The very thought of it has haunted us, and haunts, and will haunt us. The vision *shall be realised*.

BEETHOVEN AND FIDELIO.

As the single opera of Beethoven, the greatest composer for the orchestra whom the art has known, and as the dramatic work which approaches next to the *Don Juan* of Mozart, surpassing it in unity of purpose, if inferior in prodigality of invention, *Fidelio* must ever be regarded with interest. The history of this opera, and the vexations it caused the composer are well known. An anecdote exists in reference to its origin which is thoroughly characteristic of Beethoven. The *libretto* was originally in French, and Paer, a composer of much popularity in his time, set it to music. Beethoven heard it performed in Germany, and was delighted beyond measure with the story. Meeting Paer after the performance, he is stated to have said,—“My dear Paer, I am enchanted with your opera, it is most interesting; I must write music for it!” Whether this anecdote be true or not, the *libretto* of Paer's *Leonore* is the *libretto* of Beethoven's *Fidelio*; and, while the music of the one is already forgotten, that of the other is accepted by the world as an imperishable masterpiece. *Fidelio* was composed between the years 1804 and 1805, and first brought out under the name of *Leonore*, at the Theatre An der Wien, at Vienna, in the autumn of 1805. The *libretto*, in three acts, was translated into German by Joseph Sonnleithner. The French had just entered Vienna, and the audience was chiefly composed of the military. Such music as that of *Fidelio* was not likely to be over warmly appreciated even by an audience of French

civilians; it was therefore not surprising that the soldiers found it dull, understood nothing about it, and that it was, in consequence, a failure. The part of Leonora was composed for, and first played by a famous singer named Madame Milder, and Herr Roeckl, a tenor and a friend of Beethoven's, was Florestan. Of the other actors no record is at hand, except of Marconi, a *contralto*; but what she had to do with the cast is not known. The apathy with which *Fidelio* was received was not entirely attributable to the French military. Beethoven had many enemies, and had offended the singers because he refused to alter any of the vocal parts, with which they found fault on account of their difficulty; and on the other hand, dissatisfied with the *libretto*, he withdrew the opera in a pet, after the third representation. His shallow biographer, Herr Schindler, complains that he gave "full scope to his genius," and did not pay sufficient attention to the advice he had received from Salieri in constructing his vocal parts. The idea of Beethoven deriving advantage from the counsels of Salieri—composer of *Tarare*, and the jealous enemy of (Mozart two distinctions equally honourable)—is rather amusing; nevertheless, posterity, we think, has reason to rejoice that Beethoven gave "full scope to his genius," and paid no more regard to Salieri than some years later, if report err not, to Herr Schindler himself. Nevertheless, when peace was restored, Breuning a real friend of Beethoven, compressed and materially altered the *libretto*, and *Leonora* was reproduced under the altered title of *Fidelio* (Beethoven's own suggestion—perhaps with a view to avoid being confounded with Paer), and again played for three nights, with much greater success than before. But the enemies of the great musician were still busy and malevolent, and by their intrigues persuaded the manager to restore the original title of *Leonora*, in place of Beethoven's own name of *Fidelio*, and ultimately to withdraw the opera altogether. This ill treatment, combined with the straitened circumstances, which he had counted upon *Fidelio* for ameliorating, so offended and afflicted the composer, that no possible temptation could ever induce him to write a second opera, or to behave with common civility to singers and managers afterwards,—which was forcibly illustrated many years later when the mass in D minor, and his ninth symphony, with chorus, in the same key, were produced at a concert, in which the celebrated Madame Sontag assisted. Times have now changed, however; the illustrious musician has departed this life nearly a quarter of a century (he died on the 26th of March, 1827, in his 57th year), and his works have long since been the delight of his countrymen, no less than of other nations. His only opera, under his chosen and darling title of *Fidelio*, which no one would now be so sacrilegious as to impugn, is one of the stock pieces of the stage; it has been performed everywhere and everywhere received with enthusiasm, and will continue to be performed as long as the art of music exists.

Fidelio has frequently been played in England, in the form and under the title of which Beethoven approved. He has revised it considerably, and compressed it into two acts. He wrote no less than four overtures, finding it difficult to satisfy himself and those with whom he had to deal. Three of these were performed by the Philharmonic Society of London, in 1815, but with such small success, that the music of Beethoven was regarded as a dead weight in the market—since which, it is scarcely necessary to add, that society has mainly existed through the attraction of his nine symphonies. The

correspondence between the great genius and his professed friends and agents in England says very little for the enthusiasm of the latter, and still less for their discrimination. To have been to Vienna and visited Beethoven, in his house, as one goes to see some strange animal, was a fine thing to talk about; but to spend some time and pains, and perhaps some money, for the purpose of making Beethoven's works known at home, was quite another matter. Such pretended worshippers of genius are too numerous in England, as elsewhere; touch their pockets, entrench upon their time, when the object of their fondly imagined idolatry is absent, and enthusiasm vanishes into smoke. It was not merely from great men, like Goethe and Cherubini, that Beethoven encountered indifference and coldness, but from others, whose only claim to consideration was their personal acquaintance with himself, and who will now be handed down to posterity, in company with Schindler and Ries, as men who knew, but did not understand him. The care with which Beethoven revised his works showed the difficulty with which his taste and judgment were satisfied. The first and last editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, and other plays of Shakspeare, if collated, would scarcely present so many changes, interpolations, and omissions, as the first and last versions of *Fidelio*. In England the two act opera alone has been performed. It was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre 1832, by the German company, Schroder Devrient as *prima donna*, with brilliant success (a lucky augury, one might say, for last night); three years afterwards, at Covent Garden Theatre, with Malibran as the heroine (1835—the year before the death of that distinguished artist); again, with a second German company, at the St. James's, *Fidelio* by Madame Fischer Schwarzbeck; and in 1841, 1842, and 1849, with other German troupes, the miserable *fiasco* of the last attempt being only compensated by the introduction of Herr Formes to the English public. The story of the *libretto* is so well known that it is scarcely requisite to allude to it; but a brief sketch may help us in our endeavour to explain the intentions of the composer.

The scene of the entire opera is a fortress near Seville—one of those old castles where a state prisoner might be immured in a dungeon for life, without even the chance of escaping, as Monte Christo escaped from the Chateau d'If. Don Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, is in this unhappy predicament, and the governor of the prison, Don Pizarro, being, for reasons unexplained, his implacable enemy, has spread the report of his death, and meanwhile ordered him to be confined in the lowest cell of the fortress, where, by gradual starvation, Don Pizarro hopes to extinguish the life of his prisoner without resorting to violent means. Don Florestan, however, is happy in the possession of a devoted, attached, and high-spirited wife—Leonora—who, incredulous about the report of his death, disguises herself as a servant, and assuming the name of Fidelio, contrives to get engaged by Rocco, the principal gaoler of the fortress. The docile manners of Fidelio soon render her a favourite, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, though pledged to Jacquino, a porter, becomes enamoured of the supposed youth. This, of course, favours the designs of Leonora, and the latter soon persuades Rocco to allow her to accompany him to the dungeons of the prisoners, on the occasions of his periodical visits. Meanwhile news arrives to Don Pizarro, that Don Ferdinand de Zelva, Minister of the Interior, is on his way to inspect the prison, suspicions having been raised that Don Florestan is still living, which determines the minister to inquire into the

truth. Surprised in his villany, and fearful of the consequences, Don Pizarro resolves to murder Don Florestan, and discloses his plans to Rocco. Rocco, refusing to undertake the deed himself, agrees nevertheless to prepare the grave within an hour, while Don Pizarro himself is to strike the blow. The conversation is overheard by Leonora, who, suspecting the intended victim may be her husband, prevails upon Rocco to allow her to assist him in the task of preparing the grave. Rocco consents, and Leonora soon knows her husband by his voice, although his emaciated form would almost have defied recognition. The grave is dug, all is ready, and Don Pizarro arrives; but, at the moment when he is about to accomplish the fatal act, Leonora, forgetting her disguise, rushes precipitately between the assassin and his prey, proclaims herself at once the shield of Florestan and his wife. This situation is, perhaps, without exception, the finest in the lyric drama, and the manner in which Beethoven has treated it would alone have made his work immortal. Astonished at discovering so formidable an opponent, in the person of a supposed servant-boy, Don Pizarro is, for an instant, abashed; but, collecting his energies, he is about to sacrifice both man and wife to his fury, when a flourish of distant trumpets (behind the scenes) announces the arrival of the Minister. Don Pizarro is of course discomfited and disgraced, while Fidelio (the "faithful Leonora") is made happy by the pardon and re-possession of her husband. As a heroine, we confess, we prefer Fidelio to Penelope, and there can be but one regret that Shakespeare did not know and dramatize the story, which may be presumed to be much older than is generally stated. The consolation, however, is that had Shakespeare treated it he would have left nothing more to express, and Beethoven must have selected another subject, or, perhaps, would never have written an opera at all, his admiration for the story of *Fidelio* having alone put such a notion into his head. Mozart would then have been the gainer, and his *Don Juan* have remained without a rival.

Of the music it is more difficult to speak. To say that an opera is not inferior to *Don Juan* is to say so much that to prove it becomes a question in which assertion must necessarily take a serious part. No one, however, denies that Beethoven equalled Mozart in his symphonies and quartets, and excelled him in some respects, while remaining behind him in his sacred music; why then, should not Beethoven have equalled Mozart in his dramatic composition? One thing is certain, that never did subject more thoroughly take possession of poet, painter, or musician, than *Fidelio* of Beethoven. It was the time of his passion for the celebrated "Julia,"—celebrated only because she was loved by Beethoven. It was the period when his rapidly approaching deafness threw the shadow of that despair before him which darkened his after life. He was completely filled with the story of *Fidelio*, and was never, even when his malady increased the natural irritability of his temperament, more irritable, more absent, more solitary than while engaged in composing the music. He wrote the whole of it at Hetzen-dorf, a "laughing" hamlet in the neighbourhood of Vienna, in the bosom of a thick umbrageous wood, contiguous to the park of Schonbrunn;—"seated," as the lively Schindler relates (whose wretched "life" of the great musician is only valuable on the strength of a number of anecdotes of the same familiar description), "between the stems of an oak, which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground." In the very same place Beethoven had already composed the *Mount of Olives*. For

many years it was his favourite summer residence. There is an earnestness about the whole opera of *Fidelio*, which, from first to last, betrays a spirit deeply absorbed in a particular train of thought. We have often dreamed that in *Fidelio* Beethoven had pictured to himself a Julia, devoted solely to himself, and painted her in the bright hues of his glowing imagination; that Florestan's sickness and imprisonment were but the ideals of his own physical malady, and his own separation from the busy strife of worldly joys and worldly passions; and that, despairing to meet a being so constant and so self-sacrificing, he created one, forgetting that he was mortal, and that the creature of his fancy belonged to another and a more enduring world!

As a mere artistic work *Fidelio* is incomparable. Every personage sings his own peculiar music; every incident is described with consummate art; every passion is exhibited with an intensity that only music can accomplish, and a truth that belongs to the highest combination of philosophy and poetry. That *Fidelio* moves the crowd has been a hundred times proved. That it has the entire admiration of artists needs not our assurance. It therefore possesses both the qualities most desirable in art, and here again comes into rivalry with that inconvenient *Don Juan*, which will not allow us to entitle anything else unrivalled. But how much more simple, pure, and elevating is the subject of *Fidelio*! It is human, and contains one character that does honour to humanity—which is more than can be said of *Don Juan*. Fidelio is the heroine of heroines, the lover of lovers, the wife of wives, the woman of women, and Beethoven has described her, has done her justice, has individualized her, has made her immortal—which would seem to establish the paradox that art is higher than virtue, a paradox nevertheless, and only not a paradox when the sincerity of the musician, the certainty that his heart was in his work, and that while writing the music of *Fidelio* he identified himself with the character, are taken into consideration.

In speaking of the music of *Fidelio* we may pass over the four overtures, two of which the *Leonora* in C, and the *Fidelio* in E, are familiar to every amateur, while the two others were condemned by the composer himself. We merely express our opinion that the former—preferred by Beethoven, though (or, perhaps, because) condemned by Schindler—should always be accorded the place of honour, as not only the grandest piece of music, but by far the best fitted to be the prelude to such a work. The opening scene of the opera begins with a duet in A, for Marcellina and Jacquino, and an air in C minor for Marcellina. The first represents a lively altercation between the lovers, whose happiness is disturbed by the fascinating influence of Fidelio upon the young lady; the latter a vague inspiration of Marcellina about some unknown and impossible felicity. One is playful, the other romantic; both are admirably true. The unpretending commencement of *Fidelio* often reminds us of Godwin's romance of *Caleb Williams*, which from so commonplace an announcement, ends with so absorbing a *dénouement*; not, however, that we would think of comparing the two works in any other respect, or of placing the rude ease of the first chapters of the English novel to the interesting and highly finished music with which the German opera sets out. The quartet in G, for the same couple, with the addition of Leonora and Rocco, where Marcellina congratulates herself on the love of the false Fidelio, poor Jacquino is disconsolate, Rocco has visions of a happy old

age, and Leonora looks upon all of them as implements for her purpose, is again unstudied and simple, although the musician's hand is evident in the canon, and in the varied accompaniments that mark each successive appearance of the theme, while the vocal harmony is beautiful. This quartet is one of the pieces wherever the opera is played. Rocco's air, in B flat, an apostrophe to the united charms of love and money (the last first, in Rocco's esteem), is as reckless and full of candour as the words themselves. The episode, in the subdominant key is sparkling and effective. The *terzetto* in F, for Marcelina, Leonora, and Rocco, is a piece of more elaborate and ambitious texture. The interest of the plot is beginning to unravel itself, and with true dramatic genius, Beethoven makes his music rise with the fortunes of his heroine. But this *terzetto*, the march in the B flat which follows, announcing the arrival of Pizarro, and the fine air with chorus, in D minor, in which the wicked governor unfolds his hatred and his malignant intentions towards the unhappy Florestan, are too well known in our concert-rooms to need description. At this point both the drama and the music have seemingly reached the highest point of interest; but, with singular art and prodigious inventions, Beethoven makes it go on increasing. The duet in A, in which Pizarro confides his designs about the murder of Florestan to Rocco, as a piece of musical dialogue is equal to anything ever written, while its dramatic interest is absorbing to the last degree. The point in the words "Und er verstummt"—expressed by the three notes, F natural, D, A—has often been cited as a consummate master-stroke, unfolding, with a single touch, the cowardly spirit and black heart of Pizarro. During the whole duet the fear and horror of the gazer are painted with vivid intensity. Many regard this duet as the triumph of Beethoven's genius.

The *scena* in E, where Leonora ponders on her situation, protests her abiding love for her husband, and resolves to save him, brings out the character of the heroine in a still stronger and more beautiful light. This is equally a well known *morceau*, and will be at once recognised by its *obligato* accompaniment for three horns and bassoon, which renders it so difficult of execution both to singer and orchestra. What is there to say about the chorus in B flat, where through the intervention of Leonora, the prisoners are allowed for a short time to issue from their dungeons, breathe the air, and see the light of heaven? What that has not been said a thousand times? What but that, for pathos and expression, it is matchless? The single burst on the chord of D flat, in the first phrase of the subject, is a stroke of genius that must touch every heart sensible to the divinest effects of harmony. It reaches the crowd without the crowd knowing why, and little does it matter to them or to Beethoven what the chord may be called in the technical dictionary of sound. The two solos, for tenor and bass are both exquisitely touching, and the whole chorus is a masterly dramatic picture,—the expression of a momentary joy too sweet to last, half stifled at intervals by sad recollections of the past and sadder apprehensions for the future. This chorus forms the opening of the *finale* to the first act. The remainder consists of a duet for Leonora and Rocco, which, going through a variety of keys, ultimately conducts to an *andante* in E flat, remarkable, among other things, for the fine employment of the wind instruments, especially the clarinets, in the orchestra. The action of this duet comprises the narration of Florestan's history to Leonora, and Rocco's ultimate

consent to allow her to share his task in digging the grave for the victim of Pizarro's vengeance. The rest of the *finale* includes a series of fragments, following each other with the utmost consistency of plan, and concluding with a splendid chorus in B flat, the action described being the return of Pizarro, who surprises the prisoners in the enjoyment of their unwonted freedom, rebukes Rocco for disobeying his orders, and commands them back once more to darkness and despair, which gradually dies away as the prisoners retire to their dungeons, when the curtain falls.

The second act commences with an instrumental prelude in F minor, descriptive of the misery of Florestan, which leads to the fine *adagio* in A flat, when the hapless victim of state revenge, bound by a chain to the walls of his cell, recounts his sufferings and innocence, until a vision seems to appear to his distracted mind, in the shape of his beloved Leonora. Nothing can be more striking than the expression of enthusiasm in the movement which follows the *adagio* and terminates the air in F, the major of the key of the prelude, by which the whole becomes one connected piece. If any part of *Fidelio* can be said to surpass all the rest, it is the scene which follows. The action comprises the preparation of Florestan's intended grave by Leonora and Rocco, the appearance of Pizarro, his approach with intent to murder Florestan, Leonora's intervention and subsequent avowal of her sex and relation to the prisoner, the sudden arrival of the Minister of the Interior, the discomfiture of Pizarro, and the joy of the devoted pair, thus restored to each other and happiness. The whole of this is described in four magnificent pieces: a duet for Leonora and Rocco in A minor; a trio in A major for the same, with Florestan; a quartet in D for the same, with Pizarro; and a duet for Leonora and Florestan, in G;—the first, gloomy and oppressive; the second, a stream of flowing melody; third, agitated, stirring, and dramatic; the fourth, unbounded in its passionate expression. The part played by the orchestra in these pieces is tremendous; nothing can surpass it in depth and variety of colouring. The introduction in the quartet, of the distant trumpets, in B flat, on an interrupted cadence, when the furious progress of the music appears to have attained its utmost possible climax, is a master-stroke of genius, for which the art can shew but few parallels. The same effect is introduced in the overture in C, called *Leonora*, for which reason alone (without taking into consideration that it was the composer's favourite), that instrumental piece should always precede the performance of the opera. We have now nothing left to describe in this rapid survey but the grand choral and concerted *finale* in C major, which, happily, is too well known to render detailed analysis requisite. The *dénouement* of the story is arrived at, and Beethoven makes his characters assemble and give utterance to a veritable hymn of gladness and thanksgiving, in which all but the guilty Pizarro take part. Never was the united effect of full chorus and semi-chorus (represented by six of the principals) more superbly employed. As the *finale* proceeds the voices and instruments seem gradually to accumulate power, and the end is attained with a burst of harmony, solemn, grand, and overpowering,—a triumphant climax to a noble work of art and inspiration.

FORMES.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

"We have reserved for a last paragraph the welcome progress made by Herr Formes. Many parts of his *Bertram*

were magnificently sung on Thursday; his voice being riper and rounder and his articulation more refined than they were. Some tendency to attitudinize still remains; but this we begin to think may also disappear,—since marked amendment in one point may naturally be accepted as prophecy of improvement in others. It is especially our duty to say this; having been among the few who criticised Herr Formes strictly in the days when he did not sing well."

[We understand that Herr Formes is cast for the bass part in *Sappho*.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DEBUT OF SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

Our prophecy has come to pass. Our expectations have been verified, our anticipations more than fulfilled. Sophie Cruvelli has been tried in the balance and found equal. She has been tested in the ordeal of the loftiest and severest music and has come forth, not only unscathed but triumphant. We are not going to be critical—we would fain be poetical, had we the gift of the gods. Nor are we in the mood for arithmetic and calculation. We cannot be cooled down to details. What care we for that criticism which deals in "parcels and metaphors?" We feel ourselves elevated above it. We have stood within the temple, and bowed before a new divinity. The influence of genius is upon us. The *fncsi* *uo* Cruvelli's voice still rings in our ears. The beauty and grace of Cruvelli's face and form still live in our eyes. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in a new and a lovely image, has found a resting place in our heart. Under such impressions can we write as we are wont to write?—can we criticise with calm indifference? It must not be expected.

Another Malibran has descended to us, as it were, from the clouds, and in Malibran's greatest character, has won for herself a name. Three years ago, Sophie Cruvelli, then scarcely nineteen, made her first appearance on the operatic horizon, and was winning her way with rapid strides to the zenith of public estimation, when she found herself suddenly all but extinguished in the radiance of the fiery comet of 1848—Jenny Lind. But Sophie's light was not to be entirely quenched even by this brightness. The spirit within her told her with prophetic tongue to bide her time. Sophie stole away quietly, almost unperceived, from the glare created by the approximation of the fiery comet, and instead of giving way to despair, or resenting the apathy of the public, lifted her proud head erect, and said to herself, "Mine shall be a great revenge! I will shine yet with a lustre equal to that of this all-absorbing planet. My course may not be so erratic, but my light shall at least be as intense, my direction as straight. Art and determination shall guide me on the way, and hope support me through difficulties. This shall be my revenge." Thus spoke Sophie Cruvelli, or rather her good Genius, which would not let her rest until the prophecy was fulfilled, and the vow accomplished. The prophecy has been fulfilled. Sophie Cruvelli has taken her revenge. We were not entirely unprepared for the result of Tuesday night.

For the last twelve seasons, or, it may be, fourteen, we had at various times heard of Cruvelli, and read of her successes on the continent. In Genoa, especially, the accounts that reached us, public and private, were of a kind not to be disregarded. Had we not known the stuff of which Cruvelli was made, the splendid voice she possessed, the energy she exhibited when she appeared in London, all indicating the latent fire of genius, we might have paused before giving credence to the reports of friends, enthusiasts, and journalists. As it was we put

some faith in what we heard. More lately, when she appeared in Paris and turned the heads of all the *habitués* of the *Salle Ventadour*, when the critics of the press to a man, including Jules Janin, Hector Berlioz, Fiorentino, Theophile Gautier, Adolphe Adam, and others, wrote glowingly about her, although on many occasions we had found reason to differ *toto cælo* from the fiat of Parisian criticism, we fancied there must be truth in the general proclamation of Cruvelli's greatness. Not entirely grounding our opinions upon report, but wishing to judge for ourselves, we went to hear Cruvelli at rehearsal, and after hearing her entertained no further doubt.

Our readers will not have forgotten the prophecy of last week, nor will they feel uninterested in reading the history of its entire fulfilment now.

Leonora, the mightiest creation of Beethoven, is considered without exception, the most arduous and difficult part in the whole range of the lyric drama. Was it wise, then, in Cruvelli to risk her reputation by making her *debut*—her real *debut*—before the most critical and most exacting audience of Europe, in such a character? Did she consider as nothing the fact that she had never played Leonora, never seen it played? Did she weigh well the policy of being first heard in the profound inspirations of the German composer, in preference to making her initiative essay in the brilliant strains of some favourite Italian? Did she ponder well on which would prove most acceptable to the subscribers and public?

Sophie Cruvelli, no doubt, sifted every side of the question and drew her inference accordingly. Genius is bold, or else she would never have had the courage to undertake a character which had proved a stumbling block to every artist since Malibran. Genius is self-dependent, and without genius Cruvelli would never have attempted so arduous a task, and sustained it to the end without a single moment of doubt. Genius is full of faith and hope, and without genius Cruvelli could not have anticipated success in such a labor.

We repeat, we are not going into particulars; to count the stars, and separate the petals of the rose, belongs to astronomers and botanists. We do not feel the critical *affatus*. To pick out, one by one, the beauties of Cruvelli's *Fidelio* belongs to the *cumini sectores*. We are poets, not analysts; but language fails us and inspiration is speechless. The curious in details may learn from another part of this journal the statistics of Cruvelli's first appearance. What to us are a voice of unparalleled beauty and power, intonation never at fault, method style which might serve as models, flexibility, and compass, phrasing, and other qualifications—when we see genius transcending all, when we feel lifted up by enthusiasm, absorbed by passion, permeated by emotion. Can we applaud when the quick beating of the heart chokes us? Can we clap our hands when our eyes are suffused with tears? It is necessary, however, that our readers should have some idea of what Cruvelli is. It may be expressed in a line—she is the successor of MALIBRAN.

We have not written this upon impulse, although impulse suggested it the instant she appeared on the stage. We have considered it well, weighed it well, and come to a rational conclusion. Cruvelli lacks not one of those qualities which rendered Malibran the greatest dramatic singer of her age. Voice, power, art, energy, impulse, *abandon*, intensity, feeling, are all in the German maiden; face and personal appearance are equally in her favour; ease and grace are visible in every movement. One thing alone we would particularize in Sophie Cruvelli—and here again the comparison with Malibran forces itself upon us. Every thing she does is redolent of youth. The honey fresh voice, the grace of action, the simplicity of gesture, the natural bursts of enthusiasm, each look, each

word, possess an almost infantine beauty beyond the power of words to convey. This peculiarity proceeds from genius being paramount to art, and has been pointed out in two artists only, Mademoiselle Mars and Malibran. We have discovered it in two others—Rachel and Cruvelli.

Of Sophie Cruvelli's performance of Leonora in *Fidelio*, we shall be enabled to render a more specific account next week. At present, we can only trust ourselves to generalities. That Cruvelli has made one of the most decided hits ever remembered at her Majesty's Theatre is certain, and that her name is already enrolled among the greatest singers of all time is equally true. When Sheridan made his famous speech against Warren Hastings, Pitt moved an adjournment of the debate, giving as a reason, that it was impossible for the house to consider the question calmly after the effect produced by the orator. So, in like spirit, we move the adjournment of our critical discussion, since it would be next to impossible to render a dispassionate account of the first performance of *Fidelio*, after the effect produced on us by SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

D. R.

Thursday night was "long" and "extra." The performances included the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, the whole of the *Barbiere*, a selection from the ballet of *Esmeralda*, and ditto from *Les Cosmopolites*. The theatre was crowded in every part, and numbers were sent away from the doors who came to seek for places. The two acts of *Masaniello* went admirably, and Pardini and Massol, both of whom sang splendidly, created the usual *furor*, and elicited the usual encore. The choruses all went well; and, indeed, we perceived no indication of a falling off in the general performance—a fault too often to be remarked when selections from operas are given, and singers appear to have lost all zeal.

The charming Monti was as irresistible as ever, and never acted with more exquisite grace and finish.

The *Barbiere* offered some new points that call for special notice. Signor Ferranti, who made so favourable a first appearance in Alary's opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, was the Figaro, and achieved a decided success. His qualifications for a *buffo* singer are not to be denied. He has a well toned, flexible, and powerful *barytoné* voice, and high, too—an indispensable requisite in the music of Figaro—while his humour is hearty and natural. His appearance is also in his favour. His countenance is expressive and his figure good. Altogether Signor Ferranti is perhaps the best Figaro who has been at Her Majesty's Theatre since the days of Tamburini. The "Largo al factotum," rendered with great spirit and animation, was loudly applauded. The *prestissimo* at the end was given admirably, not a note nor a word being lost. The two duets also—that with the Count, "All' idea di quel metallo," and that with Rosina, "Dunque io son"—were both well acted and sung. Indeed throughout the opera Signor Ferranti proved himself an artist and an actor, and Mr. Lumley has to congratulate himself on the acquisition of a good *buffo* singer—Lablache is of course beyond the pale of comparison—the want of his company during the last few years.

Signor Casanova played Basilio for the first time at this theatre, and sang the music better than we anticipated. Still he has not weight of voice sufficient for the music, and especially for the "Calunnia," which would have suited Coletti better. Basilio is an important part (as the great Ronconi proved once upon a time), and might have been assigned to Coletti without derogating from the position of that esteemed artist.

Madame Sontag was as delightful as ever in Rosina, and

sang the music with an indiscrible charm and prodigious effect. Being written for a *mezzo soprano*, the music of Rosina is occasionally too low for Madame Sontag, and the necessitated alterations interfere in some respects with the composer's intention; but these are slight drawbacks, except with the sticklers for Rossini—a difficult race to please—and Rosina is certainly one of the accomplished artist's most finished performances. Rode's "Air and variations" excited more enthusiasm than ever, and was encored in a perfect hurricane of applause.

We prefer Signor Calzolari's Almaviva to any part in which he has yet appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. The great flexibility of his voice, and the pure quality of the upper register, admirably befit him for the music. The opening cavatina, "Ecco ridente," was rendered with sweetness and expression, and the florid passages in the *cabaletta* mastered with singular ease. The whole of the duet with Figaro, also, displayed to advantage the capabilities of his voice in florid singing. We were infinitely pleased with Signor Calzolari in the trio, "Ah! qual colpo," in the last scene, and indeed in the whole of the opera he entirely satisfied us. If there was anything on which we might animadvert it was perhaps the drunken scene, into which a little more fun might have been infused without weakening the vocal effects. Nevertheless, Signor Calzolari's acting throughout was genial and animated, and his performance frequently and loudly applauded.

Lablache's Bartolo is prodigious. It is one of the masterpieces of comic acting and *buffo* singing. But why does the great basso omit his air in the first act, one of the finest things in the opera? We shall quarrel with Lablache if he treats Rossini's score with this indifference. He had no excuse on Thursday night, as he was in glorious voice and immense condition.

Take it altogether, the performance of the *Barbiere* was one of the best we have seen at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years.

Between the acts of the *Barbiere*, a selection from *Esmeralda* introduced Carlotta Gisi, who danced the favourite *Truandaise* with M. Charles to admiration, and was applauded tumultuously. In the selection from *Les Cosmopolites*, which closed the performances with great brilliancy, the Quadrille Française, supported by the Mesdemoiselles Esper, Aussandon, Julien, Allegrini, Kohlenberg, Soldansky, Rosa, and Lamoureux; the *Sicilienne*, by Mlle. Amalia Ferraris; and the Mazurka, by Carlotta Gisi and Paul Taglioni, were all received with great favour. We must chide M. Taglioni, however, for having cut out the *Anglaise* after the first performance of this *divertissement*. It was not only one of the prettiest and most characteristic *pas* in the whole, but one of the most decidedly successful, and was danced with the utmost *verve*, spirit, and cleverness by our clever countrywoman, Mlle. James, who is not to be put aside in favour of others, her inferiors, simply because she is of English birth. Mlle. James is one of the very best of Mr. Lumley's principal *coryphées*, and the *Anglaise* should be restored forthwith. Carlotta's dancing in the Mazurka created an unusual sensation. The incomparable *danseuse* was never more incomparable.

Owing to the excellent regulations, the performances concluded at an unusually early hour for a long Thursday, the delays between the acts being of little or no account.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Der Freyschutz* was given for the first time this season with Tamberlik as Giulio (Max, or Rudolph), the part played last year by Signor Maralti. It was the first

appearance of the great tenor in the character. The substitution was an immense improvement, and, although the music is too low in general for Tamberlik, we never heard it so magnificently and effectively sung. The *cantabile* in the grand scena, "Thro' the forests, thro' the meadows" transposed a note higher), was encored, a compliment rarely, if ever, paid to a singer. The passionate energy infused into it completely carried away the audience. In the fine trio in the second act, Signor Tamberlik also sang admirably, although a more intimate acquaintance with the music would have tended to heighten the effect. After a few repetitions, when Signor Tamberlik will have become more familiar with the score, we have little doubt that Giulio will be one of his finest performances. It is no small merit in this admirable tenor that he has now proved himself fully equal to the three great schools of dramatic music—the Italian, French, and German.

Formes was again the Caspar, and, though labouring under severe indisposition, his acting was as dramatic and impressive as ever. His death-scene was a masterpiece of melo-dramatic effect.

Madame Castellan was the Agatha, as she was last year, and proved herself more efficient than ever in the music. She displayed an unusual amount of energy and feeling in the great scena of the second act, and avoided the interpolations of last year, which made her singing all the more delightful.

Mdlle Bertrandi made her second appearance in Annette, the music of which seems still better suited to her than that of the Page in the *Huguenots*. She sang neatly and agreeably, and in the legend of the second act, created a most favourable impression. Mdlle Bertrandi is an excellent musician, and has a charming light mezzo-soprano voice. A little more confidence would have made her singing unexceptionable. She has proved a most valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye.

Signor Tagliafico was an efficient substitute for Massol in Chiliano, and Signor Rommi filled out the small part of Kuno with his usual ability.

The overture was superbly played by the band, and encored with immense applause. The laughing chorus might have been improved, and the chorus of spirits behind the scenes in the incarnation was also open to criticism.

Her Majesty and *Suite* arrived at the end of the first act, and remained until the termination of the opera.

On Tuesday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was announced, but, as we suppose, in consequence of Signor Salvatori's influenza, was withdrawn, and the *Donna del Lago* given instead. This performance calls for no particular remarks.

Fidelio was substituted in the bills for the *Favorita*, which had been announced for Thursday, but, in consequence of Formes' indisposition, this also was withdrawn for the present, and *Manassella* given in its place. Tagliafico, that most generally, and generously useful barytone, filled Formes' place in Pietro. This performance calls for no particular remark.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The departure of M. Regnier and Mdlle. Judith has produced an entire change in the style of the performance. We have now bid adieu to comedy, and entered upon the domain of broad farce. One of the principal attractions of the French

Plays is, that however successful a piece may be, we never have it more than three or four times, the limited circle who frequent this theatre being a bar to a long "run;" so that the agreeable consequence is, a rapid succession of new actors and new pieces. This keeps up an excitement which is never allowed to flag, from the beginning to the end of the season. After the repetition of "*Le Chevalier du Gue*," in which M. Lafont played with his accustomed humour and *aplomb*, a new piece entitled "*Romeo et Marielle*" was produced, in which M. Levassor made his reappearance for the first time this year before a London public. He was warmly greeted on his appearance, and, before he had uttered a syllable, the laughter of the public proved that, as an established favourite, he need but point his joke, and all would be sure to relish it (*de confiance*). It is true that no actor on the stage understands a joke better than Levassor. He treats it as a gourmand some favourite dish; dwells on the very part which is safe to ensure the greatest effect, enables you fully to appreciate his meaning, and by the *apropos* of his acting and pantomime carries you clean off your legs, and convulses you with laughter whether you will or not, not unfrequently in spite of your better judgment. The fact is, that you had better leave your judgment at home; you will be all the better pleased. After all, we delight in a good hearty laugh, and, thanks to M. Levassor, can now enjoy that luxury to our heart's content. The new piece is of *Palais Royal* manufacture, or rather *Montassier*, as it is now called. Three men, Messrs. Dumanoir, Sirandis, and Moreau, have clubbed their wits together to write an extravaganza for two actors, of whom M. Levassor is one, and Mdlle. Scriwaneck the other. These two parts make four; each of the actors appears in a double disguise. Romeo is a young lawyer's clerk in love with Marielle, a grisette, who, to avoid the annoyance of being hunted to death by her admirers, has assumed the disguise of her own aunt. But Romeo is not so easily put off his scent. He resolves to try what he can do with the assumed aunt, and disguises himself as an old man—assumes the name of Grenouillet—palms himself off upon the supposed aunt as an old flame, and is thunderstruck at the success of his machinations, and the extraordinary stories which he invents to ferret out some of the old woman's former adventures, which he employs as a lever to induce her to consent to his marriage with her niece. The sudden transitions from old age to youth on both sides—the occasional oblivion of their disguise, gave place to a succession of humorous scenes, which kept the house in excellent humour from beginning to end. Nothing could be more perfect than Levassor's assumption of the old man's part; his make up was admirable, as usual; while his singing was warmly applauded, and most deservedly so. We were also delighted to see Mdlle. Scriwaneck in her own element. Her assumption of the old woman's part was well managed, and sustained throughout with considerable tact. Her acting, as the niece, was also highly pleasing; her singing was also much superior to what is usually heard on the stage of the *Vaudeville*. The performances concluded with another new piece, entitled *Embrassons vous Folleville*, which we shall make no attempt to analyse, being thoroughly convinced that we should be unable to convey any idea of the story. All we can do is to advise every one to go and see it, and enjoy a hearty laugh. M. Amant plays the part of an old marquis of hasty temper, with much humour; M. Derval that of a young viscount, of hasty temper, with considerable spirit; Mdlle. Scriwaneck the part of a young lady, also of

hasty temper, with charming vivacity; and M. Lacouriere the part of a chevalier, endowed with a more pacific disposition, and a decided lack of humour. One scene, in which the three hasty people set to breaking all the china within reach, was excellent, and kept the house in convulsions.

On Wednesday, three pieces, entirely new to London, were produced, all from the *repertoire* of the *Montansier*. The first is a pretty trifle, entitled *Une femme qui a une jambe de bois*, in which a young gentleman offers to submit to the amputation of a leg, by way of putting himself on the same footing as his mistress, whom he supposes to be minus a leg. The next novelty is by M. Mélesielle, and is called *Si jeunesse savait*. The Duc de Richelieu, now old, engages in an adventure to secure the hand of a certain marchioness for a blockhead of a nephew. At an interview in the garden the nephew kneels at the feet of his mistress, while the old beau pronounces a declaration of love, and when a rival appears with a drawn sword, disarms him and retreats, leaving his nephew all the honour of the victory. M. Levassor was wonderfully comic as the silly, simpering nephew, and the old duke was ably impersonated by M. Derval. The third piece is called *Madame Bertrand et Mademoiselle Raton*. It is a farce of the broadest style, and was recently produced in Paris. As may be gathered from the title of the piece, Madame Bertrand makes a cat paw of Madlle. Raton, to effect a certain object she has in view, which is to keep up a correspondence with a lover who dwells in a house opposite, who writes her flaming epistles, and shaves three times a day to have a pretence for seeing her from his window. Madame Bertrand is a bad hand at orthography, and steals a letter from one of her workwomen, Madlle. Raton, which is despatched to her innamorata, who immediately make his appearance. Unfortunately Tetard is the quondam lover of Madlle. Raton. A quarrel ensues—an explanation takes place, the shocking revelation of the lady's inability to spell is made, and the poor mistress is deserted for her more clever assistant. The part of the poet was played to perfection by M. Levassor. His drinking song was heartily and deservedly applauded. Madlle. Scriwaneck also displayed a burst of female vindictiveness, which partook of genuine comedy.

J. de C.

ADDELPHI.—The drama of *Green Bushes* has been played here during the week to crowded houses. Criticism would be superfluous on a piece so long established in public favour; but those who can love heroism in russet as well as ermine should go and see Madlle. Celeste and Miss Woolgar in *Green Bushes*. The former lady has more than usual scope for her abilities in Miami, the fair rover of the Indian mountains and forests; nor does the stage at present possess a truer thing of the kind than Miss Wolgar's rustic pathos and humour as the poor Irish peasant-girl. Miss Ellen Chaplin, the fair coadjutor of these twin-stars, is fast rising in popular esteem.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—"The Messiah" was given on Monday evening, the singers being Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, and the Mesdms. Felton and Henderson, Messrs. Cooper and Phillips. The event of the evening was Miss Catherine Hayes in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which, in spite of the regulations of the society, very nearly obtained an encore. Miss Dolby was as effective as ever. Miss Felton's singing appears to possess some incipient excellencies, but we cannot speak with confidence of her until she has obtained more of that commodity herself.

Miss Henderson, who looks as fresh as "the early May," sung "Come unto Him" with taste and expression.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The two or three reasons, communicated in my last, why English opera has failed of success hitherto, are, of course, by no means the only ones which exert a baneful influence; others are well nigh as prominent, and "their name is legion." Your pages are, however, not the area wherein to exhibit them even were space less valuable than it is. Very many of them will suggest themselves to an observing mind, but some few are of a nature which can only be removed by a *special legal enactment*, such only as may be obtained through the remedy I would propose, namely, A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT, praying for—in the first place—

A CHARTER—not of INCORPORATION, but of LAWS—such as may hereafter be detailed, provided only the "notion" be entertained by the profession generally. This charter should have for its object the establishment of a national opera, based upon a code of laws, *specially enacted*, whereby the cultivation of the lyric drama should be made subservient to the advancement of ART, and the culture of ARTISTS, affording to all the musicians of this kingdom an equal chance of being heard, if worthy, both as composers and as vocalists. Also, for establishing a legitimate *grade* for the profession generally, and affording a guarantee against *want* to all who shall establish a claim through certain terms of service or association.

And, in the second place, a subsidy of £2,000. per annum, for the purpose of guaranteeing the following salaries to the following officers, who shall conjointly act as a committee of management—

General Director.....	£400 per ann.
Musical Director.....	350 "
Stage Manager	300 "
Leader of the Band	250 "
Chorus Master.....	250 "
Treasurer	250 "
Secretary	200 "
	2,000

The appointment of these officers, as also the means of obtaining a grant of land for the erection of a theatre, are subjects for future consideration. Let it suffice, that this difficulty has been well considered, and can be overcome without asking of Parliament more than is likely to be granted. My object in this letter being simply to suggest to my brothers of "the craft" a means of rescuing themselves from unmerited obscurity, and convincing them that the attainment of this means is not so absolutely ridiculous as your correspondent F. G. B. seems to think.

My reasons for believing that Parliament would listen to a well digested scheme are twofold—those which I *privately* entertain through having partly agitated the question; and those which I *publicly* could advance through having given the subject a consideration, based, not merely on my *hopes*, but on the result of *enquiry*. The following is one, and a sufficiently intelligible one to satisfy most people of the probability of success—namely, all educated persons, and the AUTHORITIES OF THE LAND in particular, know that music is a science which elevates and refines the human mind, that its encouragement as an art is to be commended, and that its partial development within these few years past has been attended by good *political* consequences. They know that the OPERA is the least reprehensible form the drama has ever assumed. They have some reason to feel *aphaned* of the want of sympathy with us hitherto; and would so clearly perceive the advantages which might be reaped from the abolition of existing abuses, and the substitution of feasible improvements, (such as the contemplated petition would embody), that even Mr. Joseph Hume would

scarcely venture to oppose the grant of so small a sum as would be found adequately necessary for the purpose prayed.

I will now, Sir, conclude my letter, and the subject, by stating the means which it would be desirable to employ for the attainment of this object. Firstly, a petition to be got up—setting forth, as briefly as possible, the nature of its prayer; and, secondly, the said petition should be signed as numerous as possible.

To attain the first, I would, myself, draw up an abstract of the plan which should be submitted to any six competent individuals, who might feel sufficient interest in the matter, to give it their attention. It could, after being well considered, be submitted to legal revision, and afterwards printed in sufficiently brief form to be sent for ONE PENNY by post.

To attain the second—I would crave your assistance, and ask that a copy of the said petition be given to every subscriber to *The Musical World*, with a request that each individual might append his or her own name, and obtain as many as possible of those of his or her acquaintance. A copy might also be posted to every important town in the United Kingdom for the same purpose. In order to effect this, an expense of some five or six pounds only need be incurred, and I hereby state, that should any of your subscribers take up the matter I will cheerfully contribute my mite, and give whatever time or labor may be required for the completion of the object in view.

I have now, Sir, trespassed long enough on your time and patience. Should my suggestion be taken up by only half a dozen courageous and not-to-be-daunted individuals, success may be looked upon as *most probable*. Many there are who may smile at its apparent absurdity, but let them think more deeply on the subject, and its ridiculousness will vanish. At all events many do think, with me, that the trial is worth the risk—even of being laughed at—and now is the place for one concluding observation. It is *not* by the assistance of those "eminent" gentlemen whose names stand forth *most* prominently in the musical profession that my object is likely to be obtained; not that all amongst them would be so ungenerous as to withhold their signatures; but because it is from those who *hope* to attain fame, rather than from those who *have attained it*, that assistance may most naturally be looked for. The petition must, therefore, be *numerously* signed to be of any value. Any communication addressed to the Editor of *The Musical World* in answer to this, will be thankfully responded to. Should none be made, the subject must be considered as "negatived," and will, therefore, be no further pursued by,

Sir, your obedient servant,

PHILO-MUSICA.

Miscellaneous.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES' GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—The Hanover-square Rooms were filled to overflowing on Monday morning by an elegant and fashionable company. Miss Catherine Hayes had prepared a programme of unusual excellence, and the executants reckoned among them Ernst, Bottesini (the great contra-bassist—his first appearance for two years), and others of note. Miss Hayes was in splendid voice, and sang with immense effect; in fact, we were never more surprised than at the improvements we found in Miss Hayes. Her voice has gained greatly in power, and there is more decision in her tones. The peculiar sweetness and plaintiveness, so remarkable before, are as conspicuous, and her intonation as faultless, as ever. The cavatina from the *Prophète*, "Ah, mon fils!" and the "Casta diva," from *Norma*, in their different styles, were both rendered to perfection. The low notes of Miss Hayes in Meyerbeer's song were exceedingly fine, and created a deep sensation. In the brilliant school of vocalization Miss Catherine Hayes has few rivals; hence her scena from *Norma* was a great feat. She also sang with great effect a duet from *Linda*, with Herr Reichart, the tenor, which barely escaped an encore. Miss Catherine Hayes created an unusual impression: her voice and singing were the themes of universal admiration, and her immense improvement was generally allowed. The prodigious enthusiasm Miss Catherine Hayes

created in Ireland can no longer be matter of surprise. Herr Reichart will certainly prove a valuable acquisition to the concert-room. We have already spoken of his talent on the occasion of his *début* at the last Philharmonic concert, and hope we shall frequently hear him in Schubert's "Lieder." A vocalist from Vienna, Mlle. Anna Zerr, we have likewise to congratulate on a most successful *début*. This lady has a soprano voice of great compass, and of clear and agreeable quality. Her execution of an air from *La Clemenza di Tito*, as well as some bravura variations written for her by the *Leider* composer, Heinrich Proch, stamped her as an artist of pretensions. Herr Jules Stockhausen affords, at all times, pleasure by his unaffected manner of rendering the German *Leider*. On the present occasion he sang Mendelssohn's *Lied*, "On song's bright pinions," and Schubert's *Lied*, "I heard a streamlet gushing." Miss Bassano's charming contralto was heard with considerable effect in Handel's, "Lascia ch'io in pianga;" and again, in a quartett by Biletta. Herr Mengis obtained also his share of applause. His voice has gained in softness. Mr. Augustus Braham, a son of the veteran, who made his *début* in London, created a highly favourable impression in the cavatina, "Tutto sciolto," from *Sonnambula*, and a Scotch ballad, both beautifully sung. His voice is a pure tenor of power and undeniable sweetness, which a little practice will bring to perfection. Mr. Augustus Braham was loudly applauded. Ernst was as great as ever, and as perfect as ever, enchanting everybody by the inimitable performance of his *Otello* fantasia, and his popular and never-tiring *Carnaval de Venise*. Signor Bottesini, whose return from the Havana has been long anticipated, received a hearty greeting on his appearance. Whoever heard him perform on his huge instrument can never forget the wonders of his achievements. Bottesini is the king of contra-bassists. The bass in his hands seems often to assume the character of the violoncello. Signor Bottesini created a perfect storm of applause, and certainly such an extraordinary performance was never heard before. Madme. Parish Alvars' Harp fantasia afforded general gratification. Miss Catherine Hayes had a very efficient orchestra to accompany the vocal pieces, and to perform the overtures to *Oberon* and *Zampa*. Some curiosity was created by the announcement of a M.S. overture by M. Silas. Although no work of genius, having been written some five or six years ago, when M. Silas was a mere boy, it gives indication of much talent, and the orchestration is exceedingly clever. Miss Catherine Hayes's concert proved one of the most interesting and attractive of the season. Mr. Lavenu conducted carefully, and Mr. Willis lead the band with his usual ability.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performances of *Elijah* of the 2nd and 17th, and likewise the *Messiah* last evening, have attracted the most numerous audiences of the season. Many hundreds of applicants for tickets were disappointed on each of these occasions.

With the view to prevent the numerous visitors from the country being unable to witness the performances of the Society, the Committee have issued a notice recommending such parties, to apply previously by letter to the Society's Office, remitting a Post Office Order for the requisite Tickets, which will then be forwarded by Post.

THE "DISTIN FAMILY," have returned to town for the season.

MR. RICARDO LINTER (the Pianist,) performed several new *morceaux*, at Mrs Pinney's *Soirée Musicale*, on Wednesday evening, Nearly 200 of the nobility and gentry were present.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.—This eminent composer and critic has arrived in London, probably with the object of writing a series of letters on the Great Exhibition in the *Journal des Debats*. M. Berlioz's attention will be naturally occupied with the department of musical instruments. M. Hector Berlioz has been appointed one of the jury in the appointment of prizes.

M. ADOLPHE SAX.—The famous inventor of the splendid family of wind instruments which bear his name, and which are familiarly styled "Sax-horns," although they are "Sax-everythings," has quitted London, but will return in a few days, to put his instruments in order in the Crystal Palace, where he will be a most extensive exhibitor.

M. HERMANN, the well known violinist, is in London.

HERR OBERTHUR'S EVENING CONCERT.—On Tuesday, the 20th, a crowded and fashionable audience gave a gratifying evidence of the favour that Herr Oberthur enjoys as a composer and executant on his instrument, the harp. The Duchess of Nassau has lately conferred upon him the title of Harpist to Her Royal Highness, an honor in which the success of an opera of his composition, lately performed at the theatre of Frankfort and Wiesbaden, had their due share of influence. Herr Oberthur played the following solos of his own composition:—"La belle Emeline" (impromptu), "La Cascade" (*Etude caracteristique*), "Soldier's delight" (*Morceau caracteristique*), "Souvenir de Boulogne" (*Nocturne*), and a Fantasia on Flotow's *Martha*, introducing "The last rose of summer," which is not Flotow's. In these pieces, all composed by himself, Herr Oberthur proved himself a master of his instrument, and was greatly applauded. Herr Pauer, the pianist from Vienna, who appeared with such success at the Musical Union, played Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso* in masterly style; graceful in the *cantabile*, and vigorous in *bravura* passages, Herr Pauer produces a real and decidedly legitimate effect. His standing in the Austrian capital, as a first-rate pianist, has been fully maintained by his performances in London. The young violinist, Alexandre Rancheraye, has made evident progress since we heard him last. His execution of Prume's "*Melancholie*" and Ernst's *Carnaval de Venise*, obtained him much and well merited applause from the audience. He uses the bow with the left hand. The other instrumentalist was Herr Menter, from Munich, whose admirable performances on the violoncello we have already had occasion to notice. In a fantasia on Schubert's Serenade ("Cooling Zephyrs"), and Rossini's *Tarantella*, he produced the greatest effect. The vocal department was filled by Mdlle. Rummell, Herr Menghis, and Mdlle. Bertha Johansen. The two former sang a duet, by Nicolai, very effectively. In Henrion's romance, "La Manola," Mdlle. Rummell displayed great *naivete*, and in Oberthur's *MS. Canzonette*, "L'aspettazione," a neat and facile execution; she was applauded as she deserved. Herr Menghis was heard to the best advantage in Oberthur's "See the mariner returning," a song well calculated for his voice and manner of singing. Last, not least, Mdlle. Johansen in a Gondolier song, by Schmezer, and in Kucklen's *Volklied*, "Friendly is thine air, Rosalie," took the audience quite by surprise, and received a unanimous "encore." Her energy and manner are quite charming, and we see nothing to prevent Mdlle. Johansen from becoming a general favourite with the public. The concert gave general satisfaction.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The second extra matinée presented an interesting assemblage of aristocracy of birth and talent. The programme included Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, played to perfection; the *scherzo* was encored rapturously and each movement of this *chef d'œuvre* applauded with enthusiasm. The execution, so faultless and equal scarcely demands individual praise. Sivori, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti, realizing all that the most fastidious critic could desire. Beethoven's Trio in C minor, by Golinelli, an Italian pianist and professor from Bologna, accompanied by Sivori and Piatti, was an able performance. In a solo *fantasia*, Signor Golinelli did not raise himself in our estimation. The brilliant execution of the first movement of Mayseder's quintet in E flat, by Sivori and Piatti, &c., elicited a roaring accompaniment of *bravos* from the auditors. Signor Bottesini in a well written solo, excellently accompanied by Herr Eckert, terminated this matinée with the same success that attended his performance on the day previous, at the concert of Miss Catherine Hayes. In phrasing *Cantabile*, and complicated passages in *alt.*, delivered with all the delicacy and finish of the most refined violoncellist, Signor Bottesini is the most marvellous performer on his instrument we ever heard. The audience was excited to a pitch of enthusiasm by his performance, that fully justified all the encomiums of foreign journalists. The instrumental part of the entertainment was agreeably varied by songs of Schubert and Taubert (of Berlin), sung by Mdlle. Johansen from Denmark, a lady, who, possessing a pure *soprano* voice, sings with spirit and good taste.

ON THE DICHORD AND OBELISKS OF EGYPT.—There are no memorials of human art and industry, at present existing of equal antiquity with the obelisks that have been brought from Egypt;

two of them in particular are thought to be of the greatest antiquity; these the Emperor Augustus caused to be brought to Rome from Egypt, and they are supposed to be erected at Heliopolis, by Sesostris, near four hundred years before the Trojan War. On the largest of these is represented a musical instrument, with two strings and a long neck to it, and shaped like a guitar; by means of its long neck, though possessing only two strings, it was capable of producing a great number of notes—for instance, if these two strings were tuned fourths to each other, they would furnish that series of sounds called by the ancients Heptachord, which consisted of a conjunct Tetrachord, as B, C, D, E.—E, F, G, A; and if tuned in fifths, an octave, or two disjunct Tetrachords, would be produced; an advantage which none of the Grecian instruments seem to have been possessed of for ages after this column was erected. This instrument is not only a proof that music was cultivated by the Egyptians in the most remote antiquity, but that they had discovered the means of extending their scale, and multiplying the sounds of a few strings, by the most simple and commodious expedients. Proclus tells us, "that the Egyptians recorded all singular events and new inventions upon columns, or stone pillars." Now, if this be true, as the *gulgia* or great obelisk, is said to have been first erected at Heliopolis, in the time of Sesostris, it will, in some measure, fix the period when this dichord, or two-stringed instrument, was invented. Sir Isaac Newton supposes the elder Bacchus, Osiris, Sesac, and Sesostris, to be one and the same person; the Bishop of Gloucester, on the contrary, denies their identity, especially that of Osiris and Sesostris, whom he makes totally different persons, and to have flourished at very different periods. To Osiris he gives the character of legislator, inventor of arts, and civilizer of a rude and barbarous people; and to Sesostris that of a conqueror, who carried those arts and that civilization into remote countries; and Osiris, whom Sir Isaac Newton places but 956 years before Christ, the Bishop makes cotemporary with Moses, and 700 years higher than Sesac or Sesostris, the cotemporaries of Solomon and Jeroboam. The first opinion is the most probable. There were two Herms; one Trismegistus (*i. e.* thrice illustrious), already mentioned; the other, as appears from a passage in Cedrenus, was no other than the patriarch Joseph. Admitting the identity of Noah with Osiris, the tradition that music was invented by Hermes or Mercury, may well be accounted for. As already observed, Noah was doubtless versed in all the antediluvian arts and sciences, and would of course communicate a knowledge of them to his family and dependants.—(*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*)

M. SELIGMANN, the violoncellist, has arrived from Paris.

JENNY LIND FELTED.—At Jenny Lind's concert at Pittsburgh, on the 20th ult., 9000 dollars were received. Some mischievous boys threw stones in at the windows of Jenny Lind's carriage, and afterwards into her dressing room. Her feelings were so deeply wounded by this indecent insult that she refused to sing the next night, and left for Baltimore.

MR. AGUILAR.—This gentleman's concert, which takes place on Wednesday evening next, merits attention from the fact, not only that he has engaged some of our best English and German singers, but that he will have an orchestra (too great a rarity at benefit concerts) composed of the *élite* of the Philharmonic and Opera bands. Mr. Aguilar purposes introducing a symphony in E minor, besides some descriptive vocal pieces of his own composition. The symphony, we understand, has been frequently performed in Germany with much success.

Madame Fiorentini and Signor Calzolari were the vocalists at the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place at their Hall, on Tuesday evening week. Madame Fiorentini possesses rare natural advantages for succeeding in the profession she has chosen, for she is young, handsome, and of a good figure. Her voice is a soprano, of great sweetness, purity, and extensive compass. She sings with taste and truthful intonation, and overcomes difficulties with ease. She was encored in a Spanish song and two duets with Calzolari, scarcely sufficient to enable her to develop her powers. Signor Calzolari is a very tasteful singer: he cannot fail to please. His style is correct. Herr Lidel displayed much talent in a fantasia on the violoncello, and Mrs. Beale was deservedly applauded for her pianoforte performance in Hummel's

Septuor. The choir sung a madrigal of Wilbye's, the "Ratapan" chorus from the *Huguenots*, and Weber's "Lutzow's Wild Hunt." The two first were coldly received, but the latter, which was sung with spirit and precision, met with a well-merited encore.

On Tuesday evening week the Festival Choral Society gave their fifty-first public performance at the Music Hall, before a numerous audience, when Handel's oratorio, *Joshua*, was performed. The principal vocalists were Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Whitnall, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. Miss Whitnall made her debut at this society, and gave general satisfaction. The chorus singers deserve honourable mention for their exertions, and were rewarded with encores to the following choruses, viz., "May all the Host," "Hail, mighty Joshua," and "See, the Conquering Hero comes." Mr. John Richardson presided at the organ, Mr. C. Herrman led, and Mr. G. Holden acted as conductor. The oratorio of *Isaiah*, by Jackson, of Masham, is to be put into immediate rehearsal for the society's next public performance.—*Liverpool Mail*.

MDLLE. ANICHINI.—In stating that the concert of this charming vocalist was to take place yesterday, we made an error of a week. It is for next Friday, the 30th, that Mdle. Anichini convoked her friends and admirers to Granard Lodge, Roehampton.

MADAME PUZZI.—The annual concert of this accomplished professor of the vocal art, is announced to take place on Monday afternoon, in the great music-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. The attractions are multiple and various, Sontag, Cruvelli, Fiorentini, Duprez, and all the stars of Mr. Lumley's company, Sig. Puzzi himself upon the horn, Sivori upon the fiddle, Piatti on the fiddlecello, &c., &c., &c.—not to speak of an *Inno delle Nazioni*, composed by Balfe, to be sung by nine *prime donne*, each of whom is to represent the country in which she was not born. Balfe has stolen this idea from our triple cast of *Don Giovanni*.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Work's Performances will include the talents of

Mesdames SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, FIORENTINI, GIULIANI, IDA BERTRAND, and SOPHIE CRUVELLI;

Madlle. MONTI;
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Signori LABLACHE, MASSOL, CAZANOVA, SCAPINI, LORENZO, FERRANTI, and COLETTI;

Miles. CARLOTTA GRISI, AMALIA FERRARI, AUSAISON, PASCALES, Mles. Ross, Erper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Kolenberg, Aussandon, Pascals, Dantoine, Soto;

M. Charles, Ehrick, Gosselin, and Paul Tagliani.

Tuesday, May 27—IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, and LES METAMORPHOSES.
Wednesday, May 28—FIDELIO, Two Acts of MASANIELLO, and LES COSMOPOLITES.

Thursday, May 29—IL DON GIOVANNI, and L'ILE DES AMOURS.
Friday, May 30—LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO; DIVERTISSEMENT; Scene from I DUE FOSCARI; Selection from L'ELISIR D'AMORE; and a favourite BALLET.

M. THALBERG.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will be given at the GREAT CONCERT ROOM, at Her MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on MONDAY MORNING, JULY 16th, at which this eminent Pianist will perform.

MR. W. H. HOLMES'S NEW OPERA.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NEXT, MAY, 28, at 2. Performers—Mrs. Sims Reeves, Misses Dolby, Messent, Ransford, Eyles, Land; Messrs. Land and Frank Bodda. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. Lucas. Solo, Mr. J. Balser Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen). Overture, Macfarren. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had of W. H. Holmer, 36, Beaumont-street, Marylebone, and at all Music Warehouses.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES

AND

MDLLE. JENNY LIND.

THE ONLY English Ballads sung by the above distinguished vocalists are, "Take this lute," by Benedetto; "Oh, summer morn" by Meyerbeer; and the "Lonely Rose," by Balfe, sung by Mdle. Lind; "Those happy days are gone," by Lavani; "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace; "O sing to me," by Osborne; and "My last thoughts of thee," by Maynard, sung by Miss Hayes.

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MUSICAL UNION.

FOURTH MATINEE, TUESDAY, MAY 27, Willis's Rooms. Quartet, Onslow; Pianoforte Quartet, No. 2 Mendelssohn; Quartet No. 7, in F, Beethoven; Fantasia, Violoncello, Solo. Executants—Sainton, Delbore, Hill, Herr Menter, violoncellist (from the Court of Munich), and Herr Pauer, pianist, (from Vienna). Strangers' tickets to be had at Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street, 10s. 6d. No artist admitted without a ticket, owing to the increased number of members. J. ELLA, Director.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

SIGNOR CAMILLO SIVORI and MR. SAINTON, will play conjointly with Messrs. Hill and Rousselot at the fifth evening performance on Wednesday, May 28th, to commence at a quarter past eight o'clock, at No. 27, Queen Anne-street. Quartet—Beethoven, first period, No. 5 in D, No. 4 in C minor, third period, No. 7. Grand Quintet in C, No. 2. Beethoven. Tickets at Messrs. Rousselot & Co., 66, Conduit-st., Regent-st.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and his SONS perform on the Sax Horns this Evening, Saturday, May 24th, at Liverpool. Vocalist—Miss Moriatt O'Connor. Pianist—Mr. R. A. Brown. Messrs. Distin return to London on Monday, the 26th. All letters to be addressed to H. Distin, Sax Horn Manufactory, 31, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square.

MR. L. VERDAVINNE

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that in consequence of M. de Bernier retiring, the THIRD and LAST CONCERT of Modern Music will take place under his sole management, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne-street, JUNE 6th. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, may be had of Mons. Verdavainne, 57, George-street, Portman-square.

NEW MUSIC.

THE WORLD IS A FAIRY KING, Ballad written by Eliza Cook, comp. and by Joseph Philip Knight; composer of Beautiful Venice, Gather ye Rosebuds, Ocean Dreams, Song of Early Days, Come away, Catinna, The Happy day, The Old and New Year, Her check was Pale. London: Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

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RICHARDS	Danish Air.
ROEHEL	Clotilde.
BRESSEN	L'Arabesque.
KUHE	Styriennes.
OURY	Les Pleurs du Printemps.
OURY	Un Souvenir.
MORI	Romanes sans Paroles.
MORI	Pensees Pendant l'Absence.

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MR. CRIVELLI

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SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

FIDELIO.

A critical analysis of *Fidelio* is being written by Mr. G. A. Macdoreen, and will be inserted next week, or the week following.

JULES JANIN.

JULES JANIN has quitted London, after much too brief a sojourn with his friends in England. He has, as we anticipated, been feted and coveted everywhere. He has written *feuilletons* about the Great Exhibition, which all the world has read, and which all the world has pronounced masterpieces of eloquence. He came welcomed and he has gone regretted.

Jules Janin looked at the Crystal Palace in a philosophical point of view. On the day of his arrival he walked round the building, and then went home and wrote his first *feuilleton*. It was about his voyage from Paris to London, *via* Calais and Dover. And what a voyage it was! Through the magnifying glasses of his poetical vision he saw and recounted things that no traveller ever saw and recounted before. The journey from the French to the English capital, *via* the French and the English ports, became a thing unknown to Murray. Bradshaw might be consulted in vain for the particulars. Jules Janin, the brilliant Frenchman, alone knew them, alone saw them. Reading his *feuilleton* made us sigh for a *Janin's Hand-Book for Travellers*, instead of a Murray's. As a great painter, Janin saw objects in nature invisible to Murray. And what he saw he tells his readers, with a *bonhomie* that is delightful.

The second *feuilleton* was about the Crystal Palace, which, as we said, Jules Janin looked at in a philosophical point of view. He was present at the Inauguration by her Majesty the Queen Victoria of England, and there he witnessed a great fact, solemnized by a great people, with great decorum. Jules Janin was, above all, delighted with the order in which everything was conducted. Here were no "reds;" here was a loyal nation, a Queen beloved, and a Prince admired. Janin thought of France, and sighed for four years back. The Crystal Palace led him into a train of reflections which had nothing to do with the Crystal Palace. But we thanked the Crystal Palace for having set Janin to think, and thinking he wrote, upon a theme which none can handle like himself—none with the same sincerity, the same devotion, the same sentiment.

The third *feuilleton* discoursed of sundry matters beside the Exhibition of All Nations, which, nevertheless, came in for its share in a column. The jumbling together of art and mechanics offended the great critic, who rated the classification in un-

measured terms. We cannot blame him. On the contrary, we agree with him. His fine eye perceived defects which had escaped the *miopie* of English journalism; and he castigated with a sharp *stylus* what he considered an offence against taste. Jules Janin admired Hampton Court, and knew all about its history, without consulting anybody. He had read his own library in the Luxembourg, and remembered it by date. When he arrived at Hampton Court all the objects were familiar to him—the palace, the pictures, and the park. He recognised them as old familiar friends, and wrote a panegyric on them *à propos* of the Great Exhibition of All Nations.

A month's stay in London was not much for a first visit. But it was enough for Jules Janin, who will be replete with London for the next fifty-two *feuilletons*. Out of a few facts he can construct a splendid essay, an essay glowing with the burning coals of enthusiasm, and sparkling with the upward sparks of wit. There never was before such a writer in his way, and there never can be another. He stands alone, *sui generis*. Thackeray, who is all of one colour—a deep green—is nothing to him. Janin is many-coloured, like the rainbow; his colours appear, and are not like the *cameleon's*; he tricks the judgment, as shotted silk the eye. His *feuilletons* resemble the *aurora borealis*, which begins in a speck of light, grows into a blaze, illuminating the sky, and gradually fades into a cloud. The speck is his theme, the blaze his development, the cloud his moral. He is the most charming of *feuilletonists*, and a keen hand at dominoes. May he live for ever!

Jules Janin left London on Thursday morning, at seven o'clock. The sooner he leaves Paris to come back again the better.

CRUVELLI.

The second and third appearances of Mr. Lumley's new *prima donna* have more than confirmed all that was advanced on the occasion of her *debut*. The "great press" continue to be unanimous in their panegyrics, to which the confidence derived from the experience of further performances has added warmth and enthusiasm. The *Morning Chronicle* declares its impressions in the following brief and emphatic manner:—

"Mlle. Cruvelli played with all that romantic grace and picturesque tenderness which distinguishes her embodiment of the Character of *Fidelio*. Her finely intellectual and contemplative features light up under the inspiration of Beethoven's music into an expression which the spectator will not easily forget. The poses and attitudes were models of graceful picturesqueness—none the worse, considering the subject, for being a little Germanesque withal; and her singing was full of fire, energy, and

expression—the difficulties of the music melting into air before the attack of her immensely extended register and brilliant and well trained flexibility of execution."

The *Morning Herald*, always careful and seldom wrong in its conclusions, branches out into a long and elaborate critique, embracing most of the prominent features of Cruvelli's performance, and showing a subtle appreciation of them all, and more than ordinary discrimination in their classification:—

"That Cruvelli is destined to become a favourite of character and importance there can be no doubt. Her Leonora is remarkable for excellence of no ordinary kind; and excellence in such a part betokens an intelligence and ability commanding both respect and admiration. We have little to add to the eulogy which we bestowed on the former occasion of her personation of the heroic woman who perils her life to save that of her husband. The prison scene, in which the great incident takes place, is one of the most exciting, as it is one of the most touching climaxes in the whole range of the lyrical drama, and Cruvelli embodies it with a force and intensity to which words are scarcely sufficient to do justice. The best proof of its merit is in the impression which it makes upon the spectator. The moment in which the heroine, who is listening with racking anxiety to the ominous words of the cruel and revengeful Pizarro, perceives the meditated consummation of his wickedness, and with a voice choked with agony and passion declares her right to brave authority itself, is of the most terrible and absorbing interest; and while the librettist has wrought up a situation, in itself of the extreme pathos, to a point beyond which dramatic intensity could not go, the musician has clothed it with language quite equal to the necessity, not merely mechanically descriptive, but imbued to the uttermost note with the divine and glowing fire of inspiration. Cruvelli communicates to this great scene all the force and elevation of which it is susceptible, and her sudden cry as she throws herself into the arms of her husband, and with dilated frame, as if inspired with superhuman strength, shields him from danger, is thrillingly, painfully effective. This is the rivetting point of the opera, and it is here that Cruvelli makes her chief display; but her acting in the earlier scenes as the humble servitor of Rocco, is fraught with distinct and characteristic touches. Her rapid and searching scrutiny of the prisoners as they steal feebly into the courtyard and offer up poems to Heaven for the momentary blessing of air and light; her look of bitterness and disappointment when she sees not the face she yearns for; her eager solicitude to accompany the gaoler into the vaults; and her fear and trembling when she digs the grave, are delineated throughout with the most natural and affecting expression, to the delicate and feminine truth of which no one can be insensible. The vocalism of Cruvelli on Saturday night was as upon the former occasion, remarkable for its breadth and dignity of style. Her delivery of the impassioned invocation to Hope was a noble instance of execution in its large and poetical sense; and few that we have heard attempt this fine aria have avoided exaggeration and other undue expenditures of effort so well as this young lady, whose judgment evidently is in no wise inferior to her art. Her personation of this most interesting of operatic heroines is altogether as charming as it is effective; and, writing now under the influence of more deliberate convictions, we see no reason to retract a syllable of the panegyric which we ventured to express in our notice of her first performance of Tuesday last."

The *Morning Post* writes in a still more glowing style, and is fairly carried away into the regions of high metaphor—lifted off its feet by the poetical *afflatus*, which defies weight, and scorns the ground.

"The *aura popularis* seems now to have fairly set in for Madlle. Sofie Cruvelli. Her performance of Fidelio, on Saturday evening, was again instinct with lofty tragic genius, and profound musical feeling. Every phase in the character of the devoted wife, her intense emotions, ever fluctuating betwixt hope and fear, until the

wished for goal is reached, her every thought, nay, the most delicate shades of thought reflected from passing events, during the terrible struggle to save her husband's life, were faithfully and vividly portrayed. With Madlle. Cruvelli, Fidelio is governed throughout by one purpose, to which everything is rendered subservient. Determination to discover and liberate her husband is the mainspring not only of all her actions, and the theme of all her soliloquies, but even when others likely to influence her design in any way are acting or speaking, we read in the anxious gaze, the breathless anxiety, the head bent to catch the slightest word, a continuation of the same train of thought, and an ever living ardour in the pursuit of the one cherished object. In such positions as these, where our gifted artist follows nature, with so delicate an appreciation of its most subtle truths, it is not easy for a character occupying the back-ground of the stage picture to maintain (although by gesture only) a constant commentary upon the words of others without becoming obtrusive, and attracting an undue share of attention. Yet Cruvelli does this throughout the first scene, especially during the duet betwixt Rocco and Pizarro, in which Fidelio overhears the plan to assassinate her husband, with a perfection akin to that realised by Rachel in the last scene of *Ees Horaces*, where Camille listens to the recital of her brother's victory over her lover; and the result, like that of the chorus in a Greek drama, is to heighten rather than lessen the effect. These may be considered minor points, but, as necessary parts of a great conception, they are as important, and afford as much evidence of the master mind, as the *artiste's* delivery of the grandest speeches or *scenas*. The marvellous canon quartet, "Il core e la mia fe," which follows the first entrance of Fidelio, was again enthusiastically encored; and the same compliment was extended to the divine scena, "O tu la cui dolce possanza," sung by Cruvelli with exquisite sweetness and soul-stirring energy. The great scene in the second act was again a triumph of the highest order. From the shuddering expression given to the words "How cold it is in this subterranean vault," spoken on entering Florestan's dungeon, to the joyous and energetic duet, in which the re-united pair give vent to their rapturous feelings, all was inimitable. Each transition of feeling was faithfully conveyed, and the suspicion, growing by degrees into certainty, that the wretched prisoner is Florestan, was depicted with heart-searching truth. The internal struggle was perfectly expressed. The heroic Fidelio was evidently tortured by the terrible conflicts of hope and fear raging within her bosom, but the dread of committing herself, and sacrificing her beloved was seen to subdue and hold in check her womanly impulses. She continued to dig with apparent calmness; but ever and anon whilst throwing up spadefuls of earth from the future grave of the unhappy victim, her furtive glances towards the spot where he was chained, the sickening horror of her gestures, as each fresh lump of earth fell with a dull, heavy, death-announcing sound upon the prison floor, told sufficiently to the audience the heart-crushing sufferings of Fidelio. The *crescendo* of feeling up to the grand climax where, the truth suddenly rushing upon her, she gasps the words "Oh God! It is he!" and falls senseless, was graduated with consummate skill. Equally sublime was her utterance of the words, "Tyrant! I will protect him!" when, like a heaven-sent spirit of retribution Fidelio rushes between her husband and his murderous assailant; and the subsequent line, "An avenging God has guided me here—I am his wife!" At this thrilling point the excitement of the audience found full vent, and tumultuous applause greeted the fair artist—applause which was shortly after to be renewed with still greater force at the supreme moment when Pizarro, hastening with desperation to accomplish his bloody purpose, is held in check by a pistol steadily levelled at him by Fidelio, who thus effectually preserves her husband's life. Here, both as actress and singer, Madlle. Cruvelli appeared to the utmost advantage; and her animated execution of the succeeding duet, in which she was ably seconded by Mr. Reeves, brought the second act to a grand conclusion. Madlle. Cruvelli was again immensely applauded throughout the evening, and called on to receive the congratulations of the audience at the end of each act."

The *Times*, more sedate, but not less anxious to do justice

to the rare beauties of Cruvelli's impersonation of Leonora, has so intermingled its criticism of the *prima donna* with its view of the tendency and merits of the general performance, that we are compelled to make a more lengthy extract from the article than could appropriately find a place in the present *resumé*. We have therefore transferred it to another page. Meanwhile we affix an extract from the brief notice which appeared in the same journal, on the third performance of *Fidelio*.

The *pièce de résistance*, the grand attraction of the evening, in short, was Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio*, in which Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli made her third appearance. The performance of the new *prima donna* last night set all doubts at rest about the position she is entitled to occupy. It was an unquestionable exhibition of genius from first to last. In the recitative and air, "A qual furor ti conduma," her singing was inimitable. The *adagio* (the address to Hope) was delivered with a fervour to which the energetic action and the wonderfully expressive countenance of Mademoiselle Cruvelli gave double intensity. It was the religious exultation of a saint. Rachel's utterance of the sublime "Je crois," in *Polyeucte*, was not more striking and impressive. The *allegro*, overwhelming in its force and animation, stirred up the whole audience to enthusiasm, and this fine display of vocal and dramatic power was rewarded by a storm of plaudits which showed how entirely it was felt and appreciated. Without going into further particulars, we may add, that in the rest of the opera Mademoiselle Cruvelli reached the same high standard. After the experience of three several performances, to which we have paid the most unremitting and severe attention, we rise thoroughly assured that Beethoven's Leonora has never been more entirely understood, or more perfectly embodied, than by Mademoiselle Cruvelli: we except neither Schröder Devrient nor Malibran. With this conviction we entertain no apprehension whatever for the result of her next attempt, which we understand is to be Norma. She who can realize the aspirations of Beethoven has nothing to fear from the more graceful and familiar, but far less lofty and ideal sentiment of Bellini. The opera was still better played and still better liked by the public than before. Mademoiselle Cruvelli and her associates had to come before the curtain after every act, and Beethoven's *Fidelio* may now be regarded as a permanent fixture in the *repertoire* of the Italian Opera."

We have not room for the articles of the *Morning Advertiser* and *Athenæum*, and must therefore leave them to the imagination of the reader.

CRUVELLI AND FIDELIO.

(From the Times.)

The second performance of *Fidelio*, on Saturday night, confirmed the success of the opera, and of Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli, the new representative of the character of Leonora. A house crammed to the ceiling attested the attraction of Beethoven's *chef d'œuvre*, and the impression produced on the first night by the new *prima donna*, while the strict attention paid by the audience from first to last—a compliment alike to composer and performer—was an undeniable proof that such music and such singing can never fail to find appreciators in an age like the present, when the art is so generally cultivated, and in a metropolis such as London, which, by its numerous institutions for the encouragement and execution of the best kind of music, has lately begun to take the lead among the cities of Europe. If, a few years ago, any one had proposed Beethoven's *Fidelio* for representation at Her Majesty's Theatre, he would have been set down as an enthusiast or a madman; the attempt having been made, however, and the result brilliantly

successful, is a guarantee of the vast strides that music has been making in the right direction. Much of this may be traced to Mendelssohn and the Sacred Harmonic Society, to Mr. Costa, and the Philharmonic—to Meyerbeer, Auber, and the Royal Italian Opera—to M. Jullien, who has forced the masses to listen attentively to symphonies as well as polkas—to the Musical Union, the Beethoven Quartet, and other societies—and much to the increasing spread of music as a popular medium of recreation, and to the progressing influence of the highest models, which may be referred to a variety of causes, independent of the above, but unnecessary to specify here. The triumph of a work like *Fidelio* at an Italian Opera is a matter for congratulation, a sign of the times which may be accepted as a prognostication of further and continuous advance. Henceforth the idea of reducing dramatic music to the insignificant proportions of a *cavatina* with roudades, a buffo air without roudades, and a quantity of *remplissage*, which may be listened to or unheard with the same indifference, is put out of the pale of likelihood. Italian composers must learn to write music, and good music, or throw aside their pens.

"To achieve even tolerable success in a part like Leonora demands gifts, physical and mental, of no common kind. It taxes the utmost resources of the singer and actress, without an instant's intermission. Beethoven, as we have hinted, had no sympathy with singers, and paid little attention to the capacities of voices; hence the enormous difficulties presented in his vocal writing—difficulties, moreover, which, when overcome, are not seldom *caviare* to the multitude, and leave the industrious and deserving artist without a just reward in the immediate acknowledgment and applause of the audience. But Beethoven must be regarded as an exception, not a rule. His genius, essentially dramatic, towered above conventionalities; and the ambitious singer, who aspires to the approbation of judges, would rather be raised up to Beethoven, by entering into the spirit of his works, than win the *ad captandum* admiration of the crowd, by pulling him down to an ordinary level. It is one thing to sing an Italian *aria*, another to execute one of the pieces in *Fidelio*; one thing to give the music of Beethoven in its integrity, another to alter it in such a manner as to bring it within the province of mediocrity. Mademoiselle Cruvelli well understands this, which in some measure accounts for her success in the most arduous part of the lyric drama. The few alterations she makes rather tend to increase than diminish the difficulties of the original. She has entered upon her task with faith and enthusiasm. Had she merely shown a common talent, nothing could have saved her. People would have derided her arrogance, rather than have sympathised with her fall; but, conscious of her own powers, she dared the ordeal, and has come out of it triumphantly. She has had the courage to appear before that public which, three years ago, was slow to perceive her merits, in a part depending solely upon truth for effect, offering scarcely a single opportunity for the display of mere vocal brilliancy, scarcely a point where facile execution, irrespective of dramatic propriety, would be likely to ensure the plaudits so flattering to the ears of an artist. To understand and enjoy *Fidelio* thoroughly, the attention must never wander; nothing must be unheeded, nothing indifferently heard, or much that is interesting and important loses its weight and significance. To enter fully into the excellence of Mademoiselle Cruvelli's Leonora, it must be closely watched throughout. Leonora is almost always on the stage, and, when not on the stage, always in the confidence of the audience, who listen with her to the wicked machinations of Pizarro, sympathise with her in the wretched condition of Florestan. Not a scene, a dialogue, an air, scarcely a speech or recitative, which

does not in some degree advance the progress of the action and approach a step towards the dramatic climax. The labour of sustaining such a part with anything like efficiency may easily be comprehended. How much greater to realise completely, as Mademoiselle Cruvelli has done, the whole meaning and intentions of the author and composer! Her first scene, before she has obtained the confidence of Rocco, before she has overheard the revelations of Pizarro, would alone show her to be an actress. The eagerness with which she listens to the gaoler, in the hopes of obtaining every interesting particular in reference to the prisoner whom she suspects to be her husband, is intense and beautiful. Her exhibition of horror, and subsequent burst of resolution when the treachery of Pizarro has been disclosed, is exceedingly fine, and her acting during the whole of the grave scene consummate. We have remarked few touches of natural instinct more exquisitely embodied than when, hearing the unconscious Florestan speak of "Leonora," she checks her almost irresistible desire to rush into the arms of her husband and reveal herself. We need scarcely call attention to the great points of the declaration to Pizarro and the drawing forth the pistol; these are self-evident; nor is it necessary to point to the ardour, the overwhelming affection with which she regards Florestan throughout the subsequent duet (one of the most absorbing pieces in the opera). But when her task is accomplished and her husband saved, a more delicate exhibition of histrionic truth, one which might possibly escape all but the most attentive observer, is the seeming prostration, mental and bodily, which has seized upon Leonora, rendering her, amid the fulness of her happiness, almost an apathetic spectator of what passes around her. A point like this could only have suggested itself to rare intelligence; and this, with others which we cannot stop to mention, show Mademoiselle Cruvelli to be an actress of the highest sensibility and refinement. About her singing we have little to add to what was said in our first notice. It is always appropriate, correct, and effective. Mademoiselle Cruvelli has the power of expressing joy and despair, hope and anxiety, hatred and love, fear and resolution, with equal felicity. She has voice and execution sufficient to master with ease all the trying difficulties of the most trying and difficult of parts. The very few changes she makes—of which we cannot approve, since we have yet to be convinced that to alter Beethoven is to improve him—may easily be rejected with advantage. Mademoiselle Cruvelli's abilities are such that they are wholly unnecessary. She evinces throughout the opera too complete a forgetfulness of herself in her author to make it possible for us to believe she would wittingly interfere with his ideas for the sake of shining at his expense. Not the least beauty in Mademoiselle Cruvelli's Leonora is, that in the scenes where resolution soars the highest, as in those where fear and uncertainty perplex, the modesty of womanhood is never overstepped, while a sentiment of youth in the tones of the voice, in every look, movement, and gesture, imparts a peculiar and abiding charm to the whole impersonation. It is long, indeed, since we have felt more entirely satisfied with a dramatic and vocal performance from first to last. What may be the present capacity of Mademoiselle Cruvelli in operas of a different class from *Fidelio* we cannot pretend to determine; but if she succeeds in pleasing the exclusive adherents of the Italian school as fully as she has already done, the more strictly musical worshippers of Beethoven, the high position to which she must be entitled as a dramatic singer will be placed beyond a doubt."

MADAME HERMINE RUDERSDORFF, the vocalist, has arrived from Berlin.

PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

The following letter was promised in our last. We insert it without comment:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Without presuming to offer any opinion on the purely mechanical points in dispute between the Messrs. Erard and the English manufacturers of pianofortes, or upon those which relate to patents and the dates which prove priority of invention, will you allow me, as a musician of some experience, and one whose attention for the last twenty years has been particularly directed to the pianoforte, to make a few remarks in reference to a point of view which, materially affecting the importance of the question and the interests of the disputants, has been entirely overlooked.

Far be it from me to arraign the *Times* on a ground where, by the acknowledgment of the whole world, it stands unrivalled—I allude to its means of acquiring information on all subjects—still less would I think of doubting its impartiality, which is equally placed beyond the possibility of dispute.

My only object in addressing you is this:—from the general tone which the discussion has assumed in the *Times* and the other morning papers, although comparisons have been avoided, it is more than probable that the majority of readers may arrive at a conclusion with reference to the respective merits of the instruments manufactured by the great French and English houses greatly prejudicial to the latter, and especially to Messrs. Broadwood.

Now this, allow me, Sir, respectfully to urge, is a matter not merely for taste, but for knowledge to decide; and not so much mechanical and historical as musical knowledge. I think I am not saying too much when I assert that, for quality of tone and durability,—certainly the two most valuable requisites in the manufacture of pianofortes,—the instruments of Messrs. Broadwood are unequalled by those of any maker in Europe; and in this opinion I may safely assert I am only uttering the sentiments of the majority of musicians. By musicians I do not mean exclusively pianoforte players, but those whose particular walk in the study of the art renders it essential that they should be thoroughly acquainted with the nature and peculiarities of every musical instrument, and whose authority must necessarily be of greater weight than that of the executant, mechanic, manufacturer, or even scientific acoustician. The preference shown by M. M. Thalberg and Liszt for the pianos of Erard, in their public performances, is derived materially from the peculiar character of their music, which, in many particulars, differs altogether from that of the "classical masters," as they are termed. The works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., and, among pianoforte writers exclusively,—Dussek, Wolff, Steibelt, Pinto, J. B. Cramer, Clementi, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, &c., depending less on mere brilliancy and dry feats of manual dexterity, which, you will own, Sir, can scarcely be placed among the higher qualities of artistic expression, are better suited to instruments which promote facility by the singing quality of their tone, in giving force to the beautiful *cantabile* phrases, the rich and impressive harmonies, and the endless variety of colouring that distinguish the compositions of the great masters, from the *fantasia* and variation school of writers, in whom but too often want of invention and baldness of design are ill concealed by quantities of notes, endless forms of arpeggios, and other figures of *bravura* passage, by which some inoffensive tune (rarely their own property) is tortured into such odd shapes as to be scarcely recognizable to the ear. It is worthy of remark that Chopin, the chief of the "Romantic School," and the only one who founded his fantasias on themes of his own invention, invariably, when in England, played upon the pianos of Broadwood, and in Paris on those of Pleyel, who has been denominated, not unappropriately, the French Broadwood. It would, however, be a waste of your valuable space, and a needless application of "*tu quoque*" to prolong this letter by a list of the names of those eminent pianists who have (in many cases exclusively) performed on the pianofortes of our great English manufacturers, without,

as their undiminished fame has demonstrated, in any way "risking their reputations." I may, however, state, as directly supporting my position, that the performance of Beethoven's trio in B flat, by M. Charles Hallé, which was so justly eulogized by all the London press in their reports of a performance at the Musical Union, some time since, was upon a pianoforte of Messrs. Broadwood; that, last year M. Stephen Heller, whom all the English press, echoing the opinion of the continental critics, pronounced one of the most finished pianists of the day, during his visit to England last season, invariably played upon the instruments of Broadwood; and that Madame Pleyel, pronounced by Liezt himself to be "the greatest pianist in Europe," after playing throughout the entire season upon the pianos of Erard, made, as may be proved by a reference to your own columns, the greatest sensation she ever produced in London at her last appearance in the Hanover-square Rooms upon one of the pianofortes of Broadwood.

Knowing your impartiality and love of justice, and feeling assured that nothing would give you greater pleasure than according credit where credit is due, and having experienced in your generous encouragement of the efforts of our own composers and performers (in whose ranks I may presume to place myself as an humble member, though not one of the least grateful for the services you have rendered us by your powerful support) that you take no one-sided view of the important question of the progress of art in England as in the other countries of Europe, I have addressed you fearlessly on the subject which cannot fail to be of the utmost interest to all connected, either by taste or avocation, with music and its influence.

Should you consider these observations worthy the honour of a place in your columns I shall feel most flattered, but in any case I am sure you will appreciate the motives which induced me to submit them to your consideration, and, under the circumstances, excuse this intrusion on your time and attention.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant and constant reader,
EDWARD J. LODER.

Manchester Street, May 14.

We have received so many letters on the subject that we are compelled to decline their insertion, unless the names of the writers be appended.

BOOSEY v. JEFFERYS.

(IMPORTANT DECISION.)

Before Lord Campbell and the Judges of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, in errors from the Court of Exchequer.—"A Foreigner resident abroad may assign Copyright to a British Subject for first Publication."

Lord Campbell now delivered the judgment of the court. This was an action for pirating and using a musical composition entitled a *cavatina* from the opera of *La Sonnambula*, of Bellini. The declaration, which was in the common form, alleged that this composition was first published in England within twenty-eight years; that the plaintiff was the proprietor of the copyright therein, and that the said copyright was subsisting at the time when the grievance set forth in the declaration was committed. To that declaration the defendant pleaded, first, that the plaintiff was not the proprietor of the copyright in the declaration mentioned, and secondly, that at the time of the committing of the said supposed grievance, copyright did not subsist in the said composition. At the trial before Lord Cranworth, then Mr. Baron Rolfe, evidence was adduced to show that the opera *La Sonnambula* was composed by Bellini, an alien, at Milan, in February, 1831; that Bellini then resided, and had ever since resided at Milan; that he was by the law of Milan entitled to the copyright in the opera, and to assign that right to any one he pleased; that on the 19th of February, 1831, by an instrument in writing, framed in accordance with the law of Milan, he assigned the copyright in the work to Giovanni

Ricordi, also an alien, and resident at Milan; and that Ricordi thereupon became vested with the said copyright; that on the 9th of June, 1831, Ricordi, in England, duly made, signed, and sealed, and attested by two witnesses, an indenture between him and the plaintiff, whereby, for a valuable consideration, he assigned to the plaintiff, a native born subject of Great Britain, the right to publish the opera in Great Britain and Ireland; that the plaintiff published it on the 10th of June, 1831, in London, that there had been no prior publication of the opera either within the British dominions or in any other country; that he made the usual entry at Stationers' Hall, and deposited copies of the publication at the British Museum, and other places as required by law; and that on the 13th of May, 1844, he caused a further entry thereof to be made at Stationers' Hall, under the 5 and 6 Vic., c. 45. The learned judge, in conformity with the opinion of the Court of Exchequer, in the case of "Boosey v. Purday," ruled that the evidence was not sufficient on the issues joined, and his lordship directed the jury to find on both issues for the defendant. To that ruling a bill of exception was tendered, on which the present writ of error was brought. After listening to the very learned argument, and looking into the authorities on the subject the court were all of opinion that the evidence was sufficient to entitle the plaintiff to a verdict on both issues; that the direction of the learned judge was erroneous, and that there must be a *venire de novo*. The first question discussed was, whether an author possessed a copyright in his works at common law. That was not essential to the determination of the present case, but, supposing that it were, the court were strongly inclined to concur in the declaration of Lord Mansfield and other judges, in favour of the common law right of authors. But the court rested their judgment on the statutes with respect to literary property, which, in their opinion, and according to the evidence adduced at the trial, entitled the plaintiff to maintain this action. The Court of Exchequer, in the case of "Boosey v. Purday," (4 Exchequer Reports, 145), overruled the prior decision of that court on the equity side, the opinion unanimously expressed by the Court of Common Pleas, and the subsequent opinion of the Court of Queen's Bench, all directly expressive of the opinion that the right in such an action must depend on the statute law of this country, that the laws of foreign nations have no extra territorial power, and the proper construction of the statutes of Anne and George III, that a foreign author residing abroad was not an author within their meaning, and could not have a copyright in his works, which acts were intended for the encouragement of British talent, by giving to British authors a monopoly in their literary works, dating from the period of their first publication here. The learned judges of that court therefore held that by first publishing his works in Great Britain, a foreigner acquired no copyright here. If these premises were sound, the inference to be drawn from them was incontrovertible, that a British subject who purchases such a right from a foreigner cannot be in any better condition here than the foreigner would have been himself. But with great deference for an opinion so expressed, the court saw no sufficient reason for thinking that it was the intention of the legislature to exclude foreigners from the benefits of the statutes. The British parliament has no power to legislate for aliens beyond the British territory, but within the limits of that territory, it has the power, and the court conceived that the general words must be presumed to do so. The monopoly which the statutes conferred is to be enjoyed here, and the conditions for the enjoyment of it are to be presumed here. What was there to rebut the presumption that aliens are entitled? The statute 8 Anne, c. 19, is for the encouragement of learning, by vesting the right in printed books in the authors thereof. Assuming that the legislature intended this necessarily for the encouragement of learning in Great Britain, might it not be for the encouragement of learning that foreigners should be induced to send their works here to be first published? If Rapin and De Lolme had written their valuable works on our constitution on the continent, without visiting this country, instead of first publishing them as they had done in England, was it to be contended that they would thereby have been debarred from assigning their property in these works to an Englishman? It would ill become

them, sitting on that bench, to express any opinion upon the policy of introducing agricultural produce or manufactures from foreign countries; but looking at the statute book, he might without any impropriety observe that it had been the uniform policy of parliament to facilitate the introduction of learning and literature from other countries. Although printing had been introduced and carried on by Caxton in the reign of Edward IV., in the statute 1 Richard III., c. 9, to restrain Italians and other foreigners from carrying on trade here and to protect our woollen manufactures, a proviso was made by the 12th section, that that act should not extend to prevent any merchant or trader, of whatever nation he might be, from bringing into this country any books, written or printed. The real question was, whether a foreigner, by sending his work to a publisher here, could acquire a copyright in it. Upon that question depended his right to assign to another. It was admitted that if a foreigner composed his work here he might acquire a copyright in it; and the learned counsel for the defendant would not deny that if a foreigner while living here for a temporary purpose wrote a poem, he might publish it and acquire a copyright in it here. If he had composed it in his own country, and brought it over in his memory and produced it here for the first time, or if he had written out a book in manuscript, would it have made any difference as to his rights? Could his personal appearance within our realm be essential to his right as an author, if he did that by an agent which it was not disputed he might do in his own proper person. The right which he had in England was the right of acquiring a monopoly for a certain number of years for the sale of his work. That right was incorporeal, and in the nature of personal property which he carried with him wherever he went, and all that was to be done to negotiate it he might do by another. Where, then, was the necessity of crossing from Paris to Dover before giving instructions for the publication of his work, and entering it at Stationers' Hall? The law of England afforded protection, and would give the foreigner redress for any wrong which might be inflicted on him here. In the sixth year of Henry VIII. the Court of Common Pleas held that an alien residing in France might maintain an action of debt here, but not in the case of real property, for an alien could hold no land. In another case, it was held that an alien, although he had never been in this country, might maintain an action for an injury to his reputation contained in a libel; and that great judge, the late Chief-Justice Tindal, remarked that it would create in foreigners an unfavourable opinion of our laws if we held that aliens could not maintain an action of this description. And Mr. Justice Maule also pointed to the fact of our courts going further, in allowing actions to be brought by foreigners for running down ships on the high seas. If Mr. Gibbon, after writing the concluding volume of his work at Lausanne, had published it there, could it be doubted, that while domiciled there, he could, having caused his work to be published in London, acquire the same right as an English author? For such a purpose, what difference could it make whether the author were an alien or a natural born subject. In the present case he presumed it would be admitted that if Bellini had never come to London, the defence would have been done away with if he had been naturalised by act of parliament. For these reasons the court thought that if an alien residing in his own country were to compose a literary work there, without publishing his work, but should cause it to be published in this country, he would be an author for the encouragement of learning, and might maintain an action against any one who should pirate his work. He wished to be understood always to speak of the rights of foreigners who first published their works in England. If a literary work is once published, an author can only claim a copyright by the law of the country in which it is first published. That was the doctrine of our courts, and the legislature might be considered as having adopted and sanctioned it by the enactment of the two recent international copyright acts. The learned counsel for the defendant contended that though an alien residing abroad might publish here, he could not transfer the right to another, but if by the law of a foreign country in which he resides the right may be assigned to a publisher with a right of again assigning, the assignee of the author, or his assignee, becomes the owner of the property. It consisted

in the right of retaining a monopoly for the sale of a work in the country in which it was first published. Whatever right the author of this work had of publishing in England was transferred by him to Ricordi, and by Ricordi to the plaintiff. His lordship having referred in detail to the authorities cited in the course of the argument, observed that he was perhaps justified in saying that these cases were rather in favour of the doctrine now supported by this court. In the Exchequer, a case decided by Vice-Chancellor Shadwell was relied on, in which his Honour had observed that the court would not protect the copyright of a foreigner. But the point in that case had nothing bearing on the present question, it being for an infringement of a design for seals and labels; and in a subsequent case—"Bentley v. Simons" (as we understood)—his Honour adopted the view now taken by the court. One other point only remained. It was contended on behalf of the defendant that there was not in the evidence any valid assignment to Ricordi, there being no allegation that it was attested by two witnesses. Looking at the assignment in the bill of exceptions, it might be presumed that there was such an assignment executed as was sufficient. At all events, the court thought the title sufficient, upon the statement that Bellini assigned to Ricordi according to the law of Milan. This was not like a conveyance of real property in England, or an assignment of personality in England, which might be attested in a particular form. When the assignment was made, it had no reference to England, and it was merely sufficient to clothe Ricordi with all the rights of property in the opera of *La Sonnambula*. The assignment by Ricordi to the plaintiff was made according to all the forms of English law. Upon the whole, the court thought the learned judge ought to have directed the jury that if they believed the evidence, they should find a verdict on both issues for the plaintiff. There must, therefore, be a *venire de novo*.

MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.

This entertainment, which took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the presence of a crowded and brilliant audience, merits being placed upon record, not merely on account of its very attractive programme, which included some of the most eminent vocalists and instrumentalists now in London, but because there was a grand orchestra, and because the concert-giver had shown the industry and talent to write a symphony for the occasion. A musician who composes a symphony is *primâ facie* to be respected, since to compose a symphony demands not only a continuous flow of ideas, but a knowledge of form, an acquaintance with the great models, experience of the orchestra, and in short the highest musical attainments. Mr. Aguilar is not the only Englishman who has shown himself equal to this great labour; but we are always glad to be able to add another name of a compatriot to the small and honourable list. Mr. Aguilar's symphony is a work of decided merit, ambitious in design and worked out with artistic skill. The first movement (in E minor) is an *allegro* of great length and elaboration. The general style is passionate, and there is much of the richness of Spohr in the orchestral combinations and effects. The principal themes are most happily contrasted, and the entire movement has a largeness of manner which is sustained with great ability. The slow movement (in E major) does not please us so much; it reminds us occasionally of the *andante* in one of Macfarren's symphonies, and the subjects have scarcely enough interest to bear out the length of the whole; it contains, however, some charming points of instrumentation. The *scherzo* (in E minor), in spite of several reminiscences of Beethoven's ninth symphony (the "Choral"), is a striking, clever, and spirited movement. The contrast of its theme with that of the *trio* is felicitous, and the manner in which the short and piquant theme of the first part is

spread out and elaborated betrays not only a ready invention but great familiarity with what may be termed the *mechanism* of composition. The *finale* (in E minor) is a lengthy and complicated movement, rather too much spun out, excessively modulated, and of a sombre character throughout. Some portions of it are monotonous in consequence of these defects; but there are many parts of the movement so spirited, and the instrumentation for the most part, so learned and well contrived, that it cannot be listened to without a considerable degree of interest; and this, indeed, may be said of the whole symphony, which is certainly a valuable addition to the repertory of English orchestra music. The band which Mr. Aguilar had gathered together, under the able direction of Mr. Anschuetz and the leadership of Mr. Willy, was admirable, and did ample justice to the important work committed to their charge. The audience appreciated, enjoyed, and applauded the symphony throughout with equal heartiness and discrimination.

There were also two vocal compositions by Mr. Aguilar, "Edith," sung by Miss Birch, and "Come let us wander," sung by Miss Dolby, which, as it our intention to submit to the examination of our reviewer, we need only mention here as having been extremely successful. The first is a kind of tragic scene, the other a light and elegant ballad. Both received entire justice at the hands of the fair singers, and may be regarded as favourable specimens of Mr. Aguilar's vocal writing.

Mr. Aguilar also came forward as a pianist, and exhibited pretensions of a high order. His choice of Mendelssohn's first concerto in G minor, indicated judgment and ambition in equal degrees. The mere possession of mechanical ability is not enough for the effective interpretation of a composition so full of fire and genius, but Mr. Aguilar, although he exhibits great readiness and fluency of execution, is not a pianist of the dry, mechanical school. He can play many notes in a short space of time, and dashes off the *traits de bravoure* with the ease and *nonchalance* of a regular piano-forte lion. But he does more than this; he lends expression where expression is demanded, and uses it without extravagance or affectation. He plays with spirit as well as with elegance, and his reading of the Concerto was worthy of the music and the loud applause he obtained. Later in the evening Mr. Aguilar played, in conjunction with the gifted Ernst, some of the beautiful *Pensées Fugitives*, which the great violinist composed in fellowship with his admirable friend and compatriot, Stephen Heller, and which have been appropriately styled by the English publisher, Mr. Wessel, *Gages d'Amitié*. The three selected were those entitled "Lied," "Adieu" and "Priere pendant l'Orage." The performance of these charming bagatelles was all that could be desired. How finely Ernst plays them we need not say, and it is no small compliment to Mr. Aguilar to add that his fingers and his mind seemed to have caught the spirit of Heller, and that he showed himself worthy of playing such good music in such good company.

We must be brief with the remainder of the concert. One great feature was Ernst's performance of his own fantasia, *Airs Hongrois*. Another was the marvellous execution on the double-bass by Signor Bottesini in a solo of his composition. Both elicited the enthusiasm of the audience. Herr Formes was put down in the programme to sing twice, but his presence being unexpectedly demanded at Buckingham Palace, he was only enabled to come forward once, much to the disappointment of the audience, who applauded his Schubert's "Wanderer"—which he sung very finely—with vehemence. Amends, however, was made for the disappointment by Signor Bottesini obligingly consenting to

play a second time, and his *Carnaval de Venise*, as prodigious in its way as that of Ernst himself, elicited thunders of applause.

We cannot enter into particulars about the vocal music, nor is it necessary, since, with the exception of Mr. Aguilar's two songs before mentioned, it consisted of well-known popular pieces, by well-known and popular singers, Mdlle. Graumann, Misses Birch, Dolby, and Messent, Herr Stigelli, and Signor Marchesi. We must, however, just mention as worthy of all eulogy, Mdlle. Graumann's execution of Mendelssohn's lovely *lied*, "On song's bright pinions," and Meyerbeer's fresh and charming "Fishermaden," a well assorted, because a well contrasted, pair of melodies. That very rising singer, Signor Marchesi, must also be commended for his choice of the beautiful air, "Nasce al bosco," from Handel's *Actius*, and for the highly finished manner in which he sang it; nor can we let off the excellent and promising new tenor of the Royal Italian Opera, Herr Stigelli, without a word of recognition for his really chaste manner of rendering the charming tenor song, "Dies bildness," from *Zauberflöte*, and a spirited *lied* of his own, "Ob sie weke kemmen wird;" nor industrious Miss Messent for her "Se Crudele," nor all the singers for the concerted pieces; nor the band, with Mr. Willy and Mr. Anschuetz, for their spirited performance of the overture to *Euryanthe*, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March;" nor M. Adolphe Schinon for his musician-like accompanying on the piano; nor the audience for appreciating everything so well, and applauding everything with such good-will; nor, finally, Mr. Aguilar, for having given such an excellent concert to deserve both appreciation and applause.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

If, after her *debut*, any doubt existed as to the lofty position Cruvelli was entitled to occupy on the lyric stage, it was entirely set at rest by her second performance of *Leonora* on Saturday, when *Fidelio* was repeated. Scepticism was silenced for ever, and Sophie Cruvelli, by universal election, was raised to the throne left vacant by the death of Malibran. The performance of the great artist, from first to last, was a masterpiece of singing and acting, and produced a profound effect. The theatre was crowded in every part, and Sophie was received throughout with immense enthusiasm. The mighty Beethoven, interpreted with such power and intensity, afforded a deep and intoxicating delight to all who could understand and appreciate genius and art in holiest communion.

We must now hasten to make the *amende* to the artists engaged in the performance of *Fidelio* for having omitted all mention of them last week, especially when there was so much that called for strong praise, individually and collectively. Mr. Sims Reeves has added largely to his great reputation by his fine and energetic performance of Florestan. Indeed, in point of energy and dramatic feeling he could hardly have been surpassed, while his singing betokens skill as a musician, and sympathy with the classic inspirations of Beethoven. Mr. Sims Reeves has returned to Her Majesty's Theatre with an increase of fame won from his successes at the *Italiens* in Paris. His voice is as powerful and firm as ever, as was fully evidenced on Tuesday week at the first performance of *Fidelio*. The great English tenor met with a hearty reception, and after his grand scena in the prison, which he culminated and sang with intense vigour and pathos, was tumultuously applauded.

Madame Giuliani sang the music of Marcellina with that ease and gracefulness which are characteristic of her style.

Her acting, too, was careful and artistic. In short, a better Marcellina could hardly have been desired.

The part of Pizarro is an arduous, and by no means a grateful one. Signor Coletti studied hard to render it effective, and he was successful, although occasionally he found the score foreign to his musical sensibilities. His powerful voice and manly style, however, told well in the concerted music.

Signor Balanchi—not Bianchi—has a good bass voice, not powerful, nor particularly telling, but good, nevertheless, and he sings like a musician, no more than was to be expected, seeing that he is a pupil of Duprez. He is very young, and has much to learn yet. A more experienced singer should have been found for Rocco, upon whose shoulders much of the weight of the opera is thrown. We must, however, do Signor Balanchi the justice to say that his singing in the trio in the first act, and throughout the prison scene, indicated much tact and skill. It is no small merit in an artist to obtain any, the smallest praise, in the difficult and elaborate music of Beethoven.

Signor Mercuriali deserves credit both for his singing and acting in Fritz. He pleased very much in the duo with Marcellina, and in the quartet *a canone*.

The chorus were well up to the mark, and had evidently come to their task with heart and soul. They were strengthened in the grand "chorus of prisoners" by Gardoni, Calzolari, Pardini, Poulter, F. Lablache, Casanova, Massol, and Scapini. The prisoners' chorus produced a great effect, and was encored. We were sorry not to perceive the principals in the finale to the second act, when their services would be found more available than even in the prisoners' chorus. More of this anon.

Balfe done wonders with his band, and never achieved a more decided triumph than by his direction of *Fidelio*. It proved that he understood the great master, and felt the great master; and knowing and feeling the great master, he was enabled to give vitality and meaning to his inspirations. We object, however, to the introduction of the ophicleide into the music in the grave scene, and rate Balfe, and soundly too, for so unnecessary an innovation. In such music the ophicleide is positively offensive, besides being a sacrilege. With deference, Beethoven knew what he was about; and had he thought it requisite to create an uproar in order to illustrate the agonies of a heart torn by conflicting emotions, he would have found more legitimate noise than could be produced by that bugbear of the orchestra, yeleft, ophicleide. Besides, Beethoven did not forget that Florestan was sleeping, and had no desire to rouse him from his slumbers until the duet was finished. Balfe, be wise and refund. Spare our tympanums and respect our nerves. If you wish to make a great noise in the world, do not attempt it through *another's* ophicleide. Take a friendly advice, and remember Beethoven is beginning to be understood.

On Tuesday the *Barbiere* was repeated. Madame Sontag awakened the old enthusiasm, and Signor Ferranti confirmed the impressions made by his Figaro on the preceding Thursday.

Wednesday was remarkable as being the first night of a series of *Soirées Extraordinaires*, or, more properly, extra nights, in which Mr. Lumley purposes affording the numerous visitors to London at the present moment an opportunity of enjoying every possible variety of opera and ballet entertainment. But for these entertainments we are at a loss to know how Mr. Lumley could employ his enormous company. Nine or ten prima donnas are not easy to manage, especially when a great success has been achieved and necessitates a run.

The third performance of *Fidelio* was given, and Cruvelli absolutely transcended her two previous efforts. As she gains

confidence in her part she grows grander and grander, until she approaches the sublime, if she has not reached it already. Most of the principal artists from the Royal Italian Opera were present, and expressed their delight in loud applause. M. Costa was most enthusiastic of all in his demonstrations for *la belle Cruvelli*.

Don Giovanni was given for the second time on Thursday; and the *Figlia del Reggimento*, with extracts from the *Due Foscari* and the *Elisir d'Amore*, together with a variety of entertainments in the ballet department, made up the second *Soirée Extraordinaire* last evening.

The ballets during the week have been confined to the *L'Isle d'Amour*, *Les Cosmopolites*, *Les Metamorphoses*, of which we have nothing new to record, excepting that Carlotta Grisi appeared, and she is ever new as she is ever delightful.

To-night Cruvelli appears in *Norma*. Shall we have to record another prodigious success; or shall the star, which shone with so holy a light in the highest heaven of music, grow pale when it appears in a lower and a less pure atmosphere? We have no doubt as to the result.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances since our last have been, on Saturday, *Masaniello*, and the last act of *Roberto*; on Tuesday, *Fidelio*, the first time of performance; and on Thursday the *Huguenots*. Of the second only are we called upon to speak.

Fidelio had been announced so frequently in the Covent Garden bills, and withdrawn without explanation, that the subscribers and public had entirely lost all hope of seeing it performed at the Royal Italian Opera this year. There is little doubt but that the director was stimulated to bring out Beethoven's great work by the success it achieved at Her Majesty's Theatre. For the delays we cannot account. Various rumours were abroad as to the cause, the most rational of which was that an illustrious personage signified his wish that *Fidelio* should be cast with Mario and Madame Viardot, instead of Tamberlik and Castellan, and that it was consequently withdrawn from the bills until Madame Viardot came to London. Be this as it may, *Fidelio* was brought out on Tuesday with Castellan as Leonora and Tamberlik as Florestan, entitled Ferdinando in the Royal Italian Opera bills.

In the whole range of the lyric drama there is no character which demands so large an amount of talents and capacities in the artist, as Leonora. On this account only is *Fidelio* so seldom performed, few *prime donne* having the compass of voice to sing the music, however admirably their abilities may befit them for the impersonation of the part in other respects. The readers of the *Musical World* need not to be reminded of the profound admiration we entertain for Grisi's genius, nor the respect in which we hold the talents of Madame Viardot; yet neither Grisi nor Viardot, we are certain, could support the part with much effect. The music of Leonora is beyond the compass of Grisi's voice, and Madame Viardot is hardly fitted by nature or art for the character. We introduce these illustrious exceptions to show that we intend nothing harsh to the fair artist, or derogating from her graceful talents and accomplishments, when we say Madame Castellan is entirely unsuited to Leonora, both as regards mental and physical powers. Indeed, we consider it nothing less than an act of cruelty towards Madame Castellan to make her essay her talents in a part for which nature never intended her. Madame Castellan is an accomplished singer, an excellent musician, and, in certain characters, a most animated actress; but much more than this is required for Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and that much more Madame Castellan does not happen to possess. It is not a greater re-

proach to Madame Castellan that she cannot sustain Leonora or Norma, than it is to Grisi that she cannot play Linda or Maria. Every good artist has his speciality, and Madame Castellan's speciality does not lie in the grand tragic school. We do not find fault with the singer for being unequal to what was expected from her, but with the manager for taxing her powers beyond her strength. When Madame Castellan sustains a part like Marguerite or Isabella, she will always command our unreserved approbation. Of her Leonora, out of respect for her superior talents and amiability, we must hold ourselves silent.

Tamberlik's Florestano was perfect both in singing and acting. The admirable tenor was more striking than ever in Beethoven's music. In the *cantabile* of the scena in the prison he was encored with rapturous applause. Tamberlik's singing of this magnificent and intensely passionate song was the finest we ever heard. Rubini could not have surpassed it in pathos and expression.

Formes, as might have been expected, was very fine in Rocco. The music of the part, being written for a deep bass voice, suited him admirably. His acting was no less powerful than his singing. He came out with immense force in the grand duet with Pizarro, while every look and action in this most varying and trying scene betrayed the subtlest insight into the character. The whole performance of Rocco was worthy Formes's great reputation.

Tagliafico is always good, and when he gets a part that suits him well, Tagliafico is more than good. On the present occasion, having obtained a part that suited him well, Tagliafico was good. He showed a just estimate of Pizarro's character throughout, and gave all the music with power and discrimination.

Mdlle. Bertrandi pleased us much in Marcellina. Her appreciation of the music was excellent, and her singing was tasteful and correct. She did not betray the want of confidence we noticed in her first performance, and her intonation, in consequence, was irreproachable.

We have not a fault to find with the band. They played the two overtures—the same as those played at her Majesty's Theatre—splendidly and were encored in both. We were, however, somewhat surprised at finding Mr. Costa occasionally indicating the times at variance with the composer's intention. The Prisoner's Chorus was taken so fast that it lost all effect, and escaped even the semblance of an encore. This was unusual. We must do the chorus justice—it was none of their fault. They sang the grand finale admirably and with great power.

The dresses and *mise en scène* did not entirely satisfy us. We were sorry to find Madame Castellan being compelled to borrow Pierotto's dress from the wardrobe. The costume of a Swiss peasant is not identical with that of a Spanish boy, nor, if they were, was Madame Castellan's dress at all in character. Tagliafico, also, would have appeared more like what it was intended he should, had he donned the Spanish mantle and tunic, instead of using the old habiliment, worn in Riccardo in the *Puritani*, which did not sit well upon a Cavalier of Seville.

The scenery was well put upon the stage excepting the last scene, which was a decided mistake. The stage direction is, "a square before the castle," instead of which there was presented a strongly illuminated hall, with golden pillars, arabesques, and paintings in quaint device,—a scene, unless we very much mistake, which afforded a frame for Alboni's portly person in the last act of *Cenerentola*, when she warbled, with throat mellifluous, the "Non piu mesta." The scene was entirely out of keeping. Had Mr. Harris been present, this mistake could hardly have occurred.

We see by the bills that Tamburini is engaged. We are right well pleased at this. We shall now have the *Don Giovanni* and *Mosé in Egitto*.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From the Daily Express.)

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society was given on Friday evening, in the Concert Room, in Great Brunswick-street, which was well filled by a brilliant and crowded audience. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.

- Sinfonia—No. 7—Beethoven.
- Hungarian Song—Holzel. Herr Holzel.
- Duet Concertante—Pianoforte and Violoncello. Mrs. Joseph Robinson and Herr Ellsner.
- Grand Aria—"Judith." Madame Durand.
- Romanza—"Lieb aus der Kindheit"—Flotow. Herr Reichardt.
- Fantasia—Harp—"La danse de Fee"—P. Alvers. Madame Parish Alvers.
- German Song—"Straussli"—Holzel. Mdlle. Anna Zerr.
- Sestetto—"Che mi frena"—Donizetti. (*Lucia di Lammermoor*.) Mdlle. Anna Zerr, Madame Durand, M. Litter, Herr Reichardt, Herr Holzel, Mons. Jogand.

PART II.

- Overture—*Melusina*—Mendelssohn. (First time in Ireland.)
- Variations—Proch. Mdlle. Anna Zerr.
- Fantasia—Pianoforte—on Themes from *L'Elisir d'Amore*.—Thalberg. Mrs. Joseph Robinson.
- Duet—"Qui del Padre"—Donizetti. (*Lucia di Lammermoor*.) M. Littee and M. Jogand.
- Fantasia—Harp—On National Airs—P. Alvers. Madame P. Alvers.
- Terzetto—"Dos Bandel"—Mozart. Mdlle. Anna Zerr, Herr Reichardt, and Herr Holzel.
- Overture—*Neron*—Reissiger.

It will thus be seen that the entertainment was of a varied kind, as well in the selections as in the performers. In this respect, praise is due to the conductors for the energy and taste they displayed in providing for the amusement of the subscribers—setting an example which might well be followed by other Philharmonic Societies. Beethoven's symphony was rendered in a style creditable to band and conductor; although in some parts, more especially in the *allegretto* in A minor, the full meaning of the composer was scarcely developed. Herr Holzel's "Hungarian Song" served to display the power of a voice in some respects resembling that of Pischek. Herr Holzel's style is nervous and forcible, without exaggeration. Encored in the "Hungarian Song," Herr Holzel substituted another, which was well received by the audience. The talents of Mrs. Joseph Robinson as a pianist were displayed in a duet (for pianoforte and violoncello) with Herr Ellsner. Madame Durand is one of the French company now performing at the Theatre Royal, and her execution of the grand aria from *Judith* was marked by much feeling. Herr Reichardt has a very sweet tenor voice, and impassioned style. His *romanza* commanded an *encore*, and he substituted another air. Mrs. Parish Alvers gave some of her husband's compositions for the harp with great executive ability. The vocal "lion" of the evening was a Mdlle. Anna Zerr, a German *prima donna* (from Vienna and other capitals), whose reputation had preceded her to Dublin. This lady has a powerful voice, somewhat metallic in tone, but reminding us much of the voice of Heinefetter in her best days. Like that lady, too, although gifted by nature with feminine charms, she is slightly masculine in manner and deportment. Her first vocal effort (Holzel's "Straussli") displayed an extraordinary command of the mechanism of the voice, and at the same time much artistic taste in the management of light and shade. She received a very flattering *encore*, but, although she came forward twice to make her acknowledgments, she seemed indisposed to repeat the song, so much so,

that when at last called forward again, by the repeated demand of the audience, she fairly turned her back upon them, and walked away. The kindness of the audience in thus welcoming a stranger was scarcely justified by the quality of her performance; and, as she showed no disposition to respond to a call dictated by good feeling, the audience were certainly quite right in taking her at her word and showed less anxiety as to her subsequent performances.

Mr. Levey, the old favourite of our Dublin musical public, gave a benefit concert on Monday evening at the Rotunda. The attendance evinced the esteem in which Mr. Levey is held—the rooms were nearly full. The *Aria Buffa*, "Il Bè cio" of Torrente, was given with effect by Herr Mengis; as was also a solo on the grand pianoforte (*Fantasia on Irish airs*), by Professor Glover. The first part concluded with a duet from Wallace's *Maritana*, "of Fairy Wand," in which Miss Rainforth and Herr Mengis elicited much applause. Rosini's *Terzetto* "Ti parli l'amore," by Miss Rainforth, Mr. Geary, and Herr Mengis, opened the second part. It was followed by a fantasia on the violin by Mr. Levey, accompanied by his son on the pianoforte. In this, as well as in a duet with Herr Ellsner, on airs from *William Tell*, Mr. Levey was loudly applauded. "Sulla Tomba," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, was effectively sung by Miss Rainforth and Mr. Geary. "The Happy Switzer," by Herr Mengis, drew down a hearty *encore*. We must not omit to notice a ballad of Linley's, which was given by Miss Clarke with steadiness. Between the first and second parts of the concert the band of the 57th regiment played selections from the favourite operas.

Foreign.

VENICE.—The local journals speak in terms of the highest encomiums of the *debut*, at the San Benedetto, of a young barytone, Francesco Burdini, in the part of Ezio, in Verdi's *Attila*. His voice is described as of uncommonly fine quality, and his method as unexceptionable. Of all the barytone parts written by Verdi, that of Ezio is perhaps the highest in its range, yet this young artiste is described as playing the part night after night without evincing the slightest fatigue, and more than justifying the enthusiasm which his first performance excited. Other accounts describe M. Burdini's qualifications for the higher branches of Opera as unusual.

GRISI'S RUSSIAN DIAMONDS.—We are told after the curtain had fallen on Saturday, at the Royal Italian Opera, some excitement was occasioned by two or three servants coming forward and looking anxiously about the stage near the footlights. It soon transpired that Grisi, who had worn all her magnificent diamonds in representing the Borgian Queen, had had the misfortune, during the excitement of the closing scene, to lose several valuable stones from her tiara. An active sympathy pervaded the house until the audience were satisfied that the missing jewels had been recovered. —*Morning Herald*.

NEW YORK.—The following highly coloured and fantastic notice of Jenny Lind's first concert since her return to New York, from what Mr. Barnum terms "the most successful musical tour on record," is abridged from the *New York Tribune* of the 9th inst. :—

Ixion bidden to the banquet of the gods went, as we went with thousands more to Castle Garden, on Wednesday evening, sure that there could nowhere be a higher satisfaction in that kind. The supreme Soprano of the time,—a Tenor, now unsurpassed, although in his decline, except by Mario,—and a Barytone who divides with Ronconi the suffrage of the musical world, sang together. No opera could at this moment

have been mounted upon any stage in the world with so sure and deserving elements of success as this concert. It was pleasant to repair to a feast of art, sure that it would surpass all genuine expectation, because the stroke of genius is always incalculable. There was some crowd around the garden gate; but the arrangements of the concert were so well made, that the vast audience of 7,500 persons were seated by means of the ushers, with the utmost rapidity and ease. At 8 o'clock the promenaders entered and filled all the space really available for seeing and hearing. The hall then looked the worthy arena of so great a triumph. A faint fancy of a crowded Coliseum could not but flit across the mind, with the consciousness of a triumph so much truer, and that, the triumph of a woman.

The moment the promenaders were still, M. Benedict advanced to the front and was most cordially received. He looks in perfect health, indeed he seems to smile anything else to scorn. The orchestra, with Burke at the head, then gave Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, in the most spirited manner. There was a freshness and vigour in this performance that gave the key to the whole concert, which did not flag for an instant during the evening. That done Signor Salvi and Belletti sang the *Voglio dire* from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Belletti looks the same as when he left us, and sings with the same fulness, richness, and ease. Signor Salvi we heard for the first time, and with the most unqualified pleasure. His voice is somewhat worn and past its prime, and with a slight occasional tendency to break, but the genuine artist reveals himself in the care with which he manages it to the best effect.

Jenny Lind then bounded forward and bent with that characteristic salutation in which the head is scarcely bowed and the eye does not lose for a moment its command of the audience. In that recognition of applause, which was universal, and cordial, and repeated, last evening, although without any tumultuous demonstration, there is nothing cringing or deprecating, but it is as noble and self-respectful as the genius which inspires it. It is a stately spectacle, that of thousands of men and women from all parts of the land, who have never met before and shall never meet again, uniting in friendly homage to a stranger and a woman, whose greatness compels it; and only statelier and more splendid is her reception of it. She was dressed in a magnificent silk brocade, and wore jewelled bracelets upon her arm. Upon her bosom she had roses, and a deep damask rose in her hair. Jenny Lind looked somewhat wearied, but she has never sung more wonderfully well than on Wednesday evening. The gushing gladness of satisfied love in the *Come per me sereno*, from the *Sonnambula*, leaped livingly from her lips—its satisfaction shadowed only by the languid sadness of joy in the introductory *Care Compagne*. The audience was electrified by this, and she acknowledged the applause, but without repeating the song. Mr. Burke's rich and rare violin solo was hardly heard as it should have been, because of the dying murmurs of delight at the singing, and because his tone is so delicate and soft—having entirely elided the *fiddle* from his instrument—that the huge hall enamoured consumed the whole.

Signor Salvi then sang the "*Spirito gentil*," whose exquisite echo lingered through all the summer in every listener's memory. It is just the kind of music adapted to this artist's organ and skill. He is essentially an Italian singer of Italian music, and incomparably the best tenor we have ever heard in America. We cannot follow the concert in detail. The characteristic Tyrolean duet of Jenny Lind and Belletti—the grotesque overture of Auber, whose genuine melodiousness is victorious over the dislike of his fantastic freaks—the sparkling trio from the Barber—the Gipsy's song from Meyerbeer's

Camp of Silesia, which drew down the most electrical encore of the evening—and the Bird-song, for ever fresh and fragrant, cannot be more noticed. But in the "Last Rose of Summer," Jenny Lind gave another proof of the truly great artist. None but such would have dared—singing a domestic ballad to oreigners in their own tongue, and to foreigners so full of extravagant expectation as, doubtless, the mass of the audience was—to have delivered it so simply. We confess never to have heard this song so perfectly sung. She gave it with a force of feeling and directness, a total absence of sentimentality and a profound tenderness, so remarkable, that the final line, "this bleak world alone," was filled, as a poet said, with the divine despair. One only ornament she allowed herself, a long, lingering, simple trill upon the "world"—whose dying fall was like that of audibly thrilling rose leaves trembling to the ground.

At the close of the concert Mr. Barnum was called for, and coming forward, he said that he was glad to be once more among the first American friends of Jenny Lind, and that, after the most successful musical tour upon record, she had returned,—as during her first engagement, he had promised she would return,—to sing in cheap two dollar concerts, in order that all might hear her; and he trusted that the entertainment of the evening was good earnest of his intention to fulfil that promise. Jenny Lind's next concert, this afternoon will comprise many of her sacred songs.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—We have to record a further series of new pieces from the Montansier, all of which have been successful. As the comic part of the season is now drawing to a close, Mr. Mitchell seems resolved to serve his patrons in one week with as much as would constitute a feast for a month at most theatres. On Monday last M. Ravel's first appearance was announced, and we repaired to the theatre eager to welcome one of the best comedians of our time. Ravel is not merely a caricaturist, many of his parts developing a fineness of conception which marks the true comedian. Unfortunately we were disappointed; M. Ravel had not arrived, and the manager was obliged to erase his name from the programme at a moment's notice. We were, however, compensated, by the announcement of M. Levasser in two new parts. The first is a pleasing, but not a very clever trifle, in one act, entitled *Deux vieux Papillons*. The story is very simple, and turns on the efforts made by an old *beau* to break off a projected union between his god-daughter and a young man whom he considers to be unworthy of her. The young lady having also conceived a prior attachment for the old gentleman's son, a captain just returned from the African army, the old *beau* challenges the young man to single combat. But the latter refuses, on the plea of the disparity of ages. The old man then assumes the disguise of his own son to effect his object, which is to get up a duel with his god-daughter's lover, and carry off the lady for his son. In the meanwhile the captain arrives, and manages the courting part of the business for himself, while the old man does the nighting department, disarming and wounding the disappointed lover. Things are wound up in the customary manner. The piece is evidently written for M. Levasser, who fills the parts of the younger and older man with remarkable talent. The elasticity of youth which he develops is the more effective after the exhibition of stiffness incident to advanced age. Every look, every gesture added to the effect of the assumed character. The voice was

nicely modulated to tally with the rest, and the raskish, dandified costume, the grey spare wig, the bold and open forehead, were in excellent keeping. The other old butterfly ("*papillon*") was played with much humour by M. St. Amant, who excited considerable laughter in the disguise of an Arab prisoner. The small character allotted to Madame Scriwaneck was charmingly filled by that lady.

Deux vieux Papillons was followed by a burlesque called *Titi à la Représentation de Robert le Diable*. This scene is a capital vehicle for the display of M. Levasser's comic powers, both as an actor and singer, and is the best thing of the sort which we have witnessed for some time past. The peculiarities both of the poem and music are displayed with marvellous humour, and many a truth, to make both author and composer wince, is broadly conveyed. The part of Bertram was one of the most felicitous of Titi's recollections, and the duet between Robert and Isabella was amusing and grotesque in the extreme, whilst the trio between Alice, Robert, and Bertram convulsed the house with laughter. On Wednesday Mdlle. Scriwaneck took her benefit, the principal feature of which was her assumption of Déjazet's part in the piece entitled *La Fille de Dominique*. We have a strong recollection of Mdlle. Déjazet, and it is no small compliment to say that Mdlle. Scriwaneck went through the part most creditably. The three transformations were well sustained, and frequent bursts of applause rewarded the tact and intelligence displayed by the actress.

On Thursday M. Lafont took his benefit, and played with that refined and gentlemanly feeling which always distinguishes his acting. M. Lafont is an especial favourite with the aristocratic frequenters of the St. James's, and when he returns to London he is sure of meeting with a hearty welcome.

The short season of comedy and *vaudeville* is now terminated. Its success has been undoubted. We must now prepare to greet the incomparable tragedian, Mademoiselle Rachel, who will appear on Monday, June 2nd, in her great part of Phèdre. She will play four times a week during her stay in London, which, we understand, is to be limited to one month.

J. DE C.

HAYMARKET.—With that laudable desire to provide novelty and variety for his patrons, for which he has been so long recognised as one of the most popular of managers, Mr. Benjamin Webster has essayed the establishment of an operatic company at his little Theatre in the Haymarket. For this purpose he has brought together a tolerably good vocal force, a by no means indifferent chorus, and an efficient body of instrumentalists, in number twenty-eight. The operatic performances are to alternate with the dramatic, and are fixed for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the off-opera nights. The vocal *corps* include the names of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Harriet Cawse, Mr. Donald King, Mr. Corrie, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Caulfield, and Mr. James Bland. Mr. Mellon, the violinist and leader of the *ballet* at the Royal Italian Opera, is engaged as conductor.

So far so good. We have no doubt excellent use might be made of the above materials, but we question if Mr. Webster has commenced the right way. Auber's *Crown Diam* *ds* requires not only the utmost neatness and finish in the singing and perfection in the *ensemble*, but the highest animation and piquancy in the acting. Unfortunately, although the individual talent of Mr. Webster's new operatic company is not to be despised, extreme neatness and finish in the singing was not obtained on Monday night, while the *ensemble* was far from satisfactory. Miss Louisa Pyne is a most charming singer, and seldom sang more charmingly than on Monday, and Mr. Weiss has a fine, bold bass voice, and turned it to

good account; but the tenor, Mr. Donald King, was out of his line in the music of the *Opera Comique*, and Mr. Corrie's comic singing is not striking. The *verve* and *finesse* of French comedy do not appear to be consonant to the feelings of our English vocalists; and we therefore deem it at best but questionable policy, especially at the present moment, to have their talents misapplied, or more properly, not made use of to the best advantage. The strangers who now crowd the streets of London would no doubt be attracted by an English operatic performance, but when they go to the Haymarket Theatre, expecting to hear English singers in English music—a novelty to them—they must feel sadly disappointed at having presented to them *The Crown Diamonds* of Auber, a work which they had heard times without number performed to perfection at the *Opera Comique* of Paris. Is this fair, we would ask, to the English artists? Would not their talents have been rendered more conspicuous in music which they knew how to appreciate, and in parts into the spirit of which they could more deeply enter? We do not say that the performance of the *Crown Diamonds* at the Haymarket was thoroughly indifferent, but we insist it was not what it might have been. Furthermore, we are inclined to think that an English opera would prove infinitely more attractive than a draught from the repertoire of the *Opera Comique*. The great success achieved by Miss Louisa Pyne in *King Charles the Second* might have warranted Mr. Webster in producing that opera—no bad specimen, by the way, of English lyric music, to be submitted to the visitors at the Grand Exhibition—or, if *King Charles the Second* could not have been given, there was Loder's *Giselle*; or, the *Night Dancers*, in which Miss Louisa Pyne's talents might be exhibited to perfection, not to mention many other works in which our English vocalists would stand a chance of winning fair reputations from the strangers.

We shall pause here, trusting that Mr. Webster will see his way more clearly and act accordingly, and not permit his vocal company to be drawn into disadvantageous comparisons. We shall now state a few particulars relative to the performance on Monday night.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang the music of Caterina very charmingly. She was in good voice, and the brilliancy of her execution was abundantly exemplified in every scene. Miss Louisa Pyne looked very pretty, and was occasionally animated in her acting; but we looked in vain for the piquancy and *esprit* which are the characteristics of the youthful queen. She was greatly applauded throughout the performance, and merited all the applause she obtained.

Mr. Donald King has a tolerable tenor voice; but his singing is not remarkable for expression or delicacy. Mr. Weiss was commendable as Rebollado, and gave the music with *gusto*. A little more *finesse* would have made it excellent. Mr. Corrie took pains with the part of Campo Mayor, but did not seem to apprehend the spirit of the character.

The most interesting feature of the performance was the first appearance of Miss Harriet Cawse, or, as she is termed in the bills, Mrs. Harriet Cawse, since her retirement from the stage some sixteen years ago. Many of our readers will doubtless remember this lady as a very clever *seconda donna* at Drury Lane, under Captain Polhill's and Mr. Bunn's management. Miss Harriet Cawse was a very popular singer, and was considered an actress of no mean pretensions in her day. Her voice was a *mezzo soprano* of fine quality, and her vocal attainments not inconsiderable. She appeared on Monday night to be in full possession of her original capabilities, and sang the music, more especially the inimitable barcarole duet,

with skill and taste. Mrs. Harriet Cawse will prove an acquisition to our present English operatic corps.

Mr. Webster's new orchestra reckons, we think, eight-and-twenty performers. It is by no means a contemptible force, and might be made a good working one. Mr. Mellon, the conductor, however, must pay more attention to the training of his band. At present they do not amalgamate, and their playing is somewhat loose and independent. On Mr. Mellon himself we cannot confer much praise for his conducting the sparkling music of Auber. Most of the times were taken liberties with, and the *nuances*, so necessary to be attended to, seldom or never observed. The chorus was not ineffective, but they were generally too timid, and did not "come out strong," as the saying is. The opera was well received, and has been performed three times within the week.

ADELPHI.—An operetta, entitled *Good Night, Signor Pantaloon*, was produced here on Thursday. The piece and the music (the latter by M. Grisar) are of French origin. The story is slight, but pleasantly conceived and well told. It consists of the adventures of a youth (Lelio, Miss Woolgar), who, concealed in a basket, pays a forbidden visit to his ladye love at the house of an apothecary (Mr. Paul Bedford). The basket is thrown into the canal, but not until the lover has made his escape from it, and hidden himself in a closet. He afterwards swallows, by mistake, a sleeping draught, and, being taken for dead by the poor apothecary, he is deposited under a sofa, upon which piece of furniture his father, Signor Pantaloon, being on a visit to the apothecary, is about to take up his night's rest, when, to the surprise and satisfaction of all parties, the youth starts from his hiding place. The music is, some of it, very pretty, and is chiefly remarkable for its German character. It did not give much promise at first, but a song of Miss Woolgar's, and some concerted music, showed considerable strength of design and treatment. The writer's fault is a disposition to develop his ideas further than he can pursue them with vigour and success. This was the case with the overture, and it occurred more than once in the course of the piece. We shall recur to the subject next week. Ample justice was done to the music, both on the stage and in the orchestra, which, under the direction of Mr. Mellon, has become the most efficient of the minor theatres. Miss Woolgar, as the boyish lover, was as full of scapegrace vivacity as could possibly be wished, and Mr. Bedford's broad grotesque humour kept the audience, as usual, in continual merriment. The burlesque of *Taming a Tartar*, revived for Mdlle. Celeste's benefit, is, as the reader may know, a burlesque of the well-known farce of *The Devil to Pay*. The fun of the double transformation is kept up with due spirit by Mdlle. Celeste, as the wife of the basket-maker (cobbler in the original), and Miss Woolgar as the termagant lady, and the agency of the fairy powers, giving occasion for some excellent music and dancing. The piece is likely to become a very successful revival.

Reviews of Music.

"MANDOLINES ESPAGNOLES"—No. 1, LE CARNIVAL—No. 2, LA SERENADE—No. 3, LA DANSE. Adrien Talex. Jullien and Co.

These pieces are evidently written for the sole convenience of learners of moderate taste and moderate capacity, and as such they are not amenable to severe criticism. They are well written and lie easily for the hand, and, though neither the themes nor the passages present any striking novelty, they are suited to the purpose, and if correctly taught, will enable the learner, without any great tax either upon his mind or his fingers, to shine in the social,

friendly circle with satisfaction to his parents and credit to his master. M. Adrien Talex's pieces have this distinction, that they look showy but are very easy to play; and this distinction, that there is very little modulation in them; and this distinction, that the benefit derived from their study is to strengthen and equalize the fingers, since there are a great many scales and arpeggio passages, the practice of which tends to this result.

Of the three pieces under the name of "Mandolines Espagnoles," we decidedly prefer the "Serenade," which has a pretty and plaintive, if not very new, theme in A minor, with an episode of some elegance in B flat, and a brilliant coda in A major. The "Carnival," in C major, is bustling and showy, but its general tone is less graceful. It will probably, however, produce a greater effect on the *Oloio Polloi*, if cleverly executed. "La Danse" is pretty; but somewhat common throughout. It is the easiest of the three, and will in all likelihood sell the best.

"FIRST NOCTURNE."—"SECOND NOCTURNE."—OP. 31.—MUSIDORA.—Polka. ADRIEN TALEXY. Jullien and Co.

The "Nocturnes" have the merit of being simple and unpretending. The title of "Nocturne," judging from the numerous examples that have been given to the world, since John Field of St. Petersburg first set the popularity of this species of solo a-going, always leads us to expect something outrageously difficult, through an insinuating outside, a crowd of *trails de bravoure*, and impossible applications of the *tempo rubato*, under the innocent and attractive signatures, *piacevole*, *moderato con sentimento*, *tempo a piacere*, &c.—a sort of Will-o-the-wisps that tempt to a quagmire or a snake's hollow. We have therefore to tender our thanks to M. Talex for having held out no such snares. His Nocturnes are both easy, and both *andantino*; the first, in F major, is designated *amoroso*, and this affected epithet is the only charge we have to lay against it, since from first to last it is quite as graceful as it is easy to execute. The vein amorous, however, is not in M. Adrien Talex, nor of him. Let him in the next edition put his pen across the word *amoroso*, and insert in its place, *indifferente*. The second Nocturne, in D flat, begins with a nice *cantabile* for the dexter hand, to which those young players possessed of a good tone will do well to impart tone. This *cantabile* afterwards appears at the heels of page 2 as an inner subject to a passage of notes reiterated *a la Herz* with very pleasing effect, and the whole concludes with a coda of arpeggios distributed with considerable speed, which makes a climax of positive *apropos*. We recommend this nocturne.

The "Musidora Polka" in B flat, requires no recommendation from us, being well known as one of the most popular and one of the most deservedly popular, because one of the "most best" (*Hamlet*) of the polkas, which have courted and won public applause at the world-renowned concerts of M. Jullien.

On the whole we must pronounce the music of M. Talex as more useful than original, more pretty than profound.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. FRANK BODDA'S MATINEE MUSICALE, was given at the Queen Anne Street Rooms, on Friday, 23d inst. The programme displayed a very judicious distribution of pieces of classical and bravura character, and combined the names of Miss Ransford, Madlle. Graumann, Miss Messent, Miss Birch, and Madame Macfarren, Signor S. Tamburini, Mr. Land, Signor Coleagno, and the concert giver, as vocalists, and Miss Kate Loder and Herr Hausmann, as instrumentalists; Signors Pilotti and Biletta officiating as conductors. A striking feature in the performance was the number of vocal quartets of Knyvett, Festa, Mendelssohn, &c. which were for the most part admirably rendered. Of these we must particularize Signor Biletta's choir, and highly characteristic composition of the "Poveretti," sung with much effect by Miss Ransford, Madame Macfarren, Mr. Land, and Signor S. Tamburini. Mr. Frank Bodda sang with Madame Macfarren the duet from *The Sleeper Awakened*, "Ah, fatal are those charms," to the highly dramatic character, of which both singers did great justice. He sung also a *lied* of Lachner, with violoncello accompaniment executed by Herr Hausmann, and the animated barcarole of Ricci,

"Sulla Poppa," in which last he was warmly encored. We have only space to mention of all the other vocal pieces Madame Macfarren's highly impassioned delivery of the exquisitely beautiful song "Zuleika," of Mendelssohn, and the preghiera from the *Mose*, in which all the artists present assisted. Herr Hausmann played a violoncello fantasia, and Miss Kate Loder a pianoforte version of the most popular "Carnaval de Venise," with their accustomed excellence. The rooms were crowded by a most elegant audience, and the concert went off with unqualified success.

MADAME UGALDE.—The celebrated *prima donna* of the *Opera Comique* at Paris will arrive in London to-morrow, to fulfil her engagement at her Majesty's Theatre. We have not ascertained in what opera Madame Ugdale will appear.

MISS LIZZY STUART, AND MR. GEORGE TEDDER, have announced an evening concert at Sussex Hall, for June 3, when they will be assisted by several artists of note, among whom we may mention Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Poole, the Misses Cole, and the miraculous contrabassist, Signor Bottesini. Mr. George Tedder is an excellent tenor singer, and popular withal, and his co-partner, Miss Lizzy Stuart, is a graceful and unpretending artist. Both, therefore, are entitled to the support of the public.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The success attendant on the two performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* already given, has induced the announcement of an additional performance on Friday next, the 6th instant. Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes will sustain the principal vocal parts.

MR. BOOSE'S Quadrille Band has had the honour of performing at each of her Majesty's State Balls this season.

Mrs. MOWATT, the American authoress and actress, has been performing at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, during the week. Mrs. Mowatt shortly returns to America.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PROFESSOR—PLYMOUTH—If our correspondent does not object to insert his name we shall be happy to publish his letter.

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MISS LIZZY STUART AND MR. GEORGE TEDDER beg to announce their Grand Evening Concert, on Tuesday, June 3rd, 1851. Vocalists:—Mr. Alexander Newton, Miss Lowe, Miss Lizzy Stuart, Miss Cole, Miss C. Cole, Miss S. Lewis, and Miss Poole; Mr. George Tedder, M. Henri Drayton, Herr Mengis, and Mr. Whitworth. Instrumentalists:—Signor Bottesini (his first appearance in the City). This celebrated and unrivalled artiste will perform on the *contrabasso*, Piano.—Miss Julia Woolf and Miss Eliza Ward; concertina, Master John Ward harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; conductors, Mr. Maurice Davies and Mr. Lavenue. Tickets, reserved seats 3s, body of the Hall, 2s, and gallery, 1s. To be had at the Hall, and of Cramer and Beale, Regent Street, the principal music sellers in the City, of Miss Lizzy Stuart, 5, Stamford Villas, Beauvoir Square, Kingland, and also of Mr. George Tedder, 4, Stamford Villas, De Beauvoir Square, Kingland. Concert to commence at eight precisely.

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BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.
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THE RIBBON for soprano, tenor, and bass, just published as sung at the Beethoven Quartet Society with the greatest success (see the *Times* notice of the concert on the 10th inst) at Messrs. Rousselot & Co. 68, Conduit Street, Regent Street, where may be obtained also prospectuses for their new cheap system for tuning the pianoforte, at 12s. per annum, once a month, &c.

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Begs to announce that his

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

Will take place on

MONDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1851.

Principal Vocal Performers.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.**MADLE. ANA ZERR.**

(Prima Donna of the Opera, Vienna.)

MADLE. GRAUMANN.**MISS BROWNE.****HERR REICHART.**

(De Vienne, Premier Tenor del' Opera Imperiale.)

MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM.**HERR MENGIS.****M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN.****VIOLIN.**

Herr **ERNST** will perform Beethoven's Concerto, Papageno Rondo, and Caprice II Pirata.

PIANOFORTE.

M. SILAS will perform the Andante and Allegro Vivace, from his Concerto in C Minor.

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Signor **PIATTI** and Signor **BOTTESINI** will perform a duet.

The Orchestra will be selected from the Italian Operas and Philharmonic Concerts. Conductors, **MR. LAVENU** and **MR. ECKERT**. Leader, **MR. WILLY**.

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Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, PARDINI, POULTIER, and SIMS REEVES;
Signori LABLACHE, MASSOL, F. LABLACHE, CASANOVA, SCAPINI,
LORENZO, FERRANTI, and COLETTI;
Miles. CARLOTTA GRISI, AMALIA FERRARIS,
Miles. Ross, Espar, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Kolenberg, Aussandon, Pascales,
Dantonie, Soto;
MM. Charles, Ehrick, Gosselin, and Paul Taglioli.

Tuesday, June 3, 1851—*LE TRE NOZZE*, and *L'ILE DES AMOURS*.
Wednesday, June 4th—*FIDELIO*, and Second, Third, and Fifth Acts of *GUSTAVUS III.* Including the Grand Divertissement and Ball Scene.
Thursday, June 5th—*DON PASQUALE*, a Divertissement, the Last Act of *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOON*, and *LES COSMOPOLITES*.
Friday, June 6th—*GRAND SOIREE EXTRAORDINAIRE*, the particulars of which will be duly announced.

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UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON

(Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.)

Has the honour to inform her Patrons and Friends, that her Annual Grand

MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 20th, 1851,

Commencing at Half-past One o'clock precisely,

On which occasion, by an arrangement effected with the Directors, (in addition to several eminent Performers,) she is enabled to engage

ALL THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTES,
AND ALSO THE

MAGNIFICENT BAND AND CHORUS

(Conducted by MR. COSTA)

OF THAT UNRIVALLED ESTABLISHMENT.

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QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MISS MESSENT AND MR. HERBERTE

BEG to announce that they will give a Grand Evening Concert at the above Rooms, on Friday the 6th of June, 1851, to commence at 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Mdle. Bertha Johannsen, Mdle. Graumann, Miss Poole, Mdle. Lavinia, Miss Browne, Miss Mesent; Herr Fischel, Mr. Frank Bodda, Signor Marchesi, Mr. Herberte. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mdle. Coulon and Madame Goffrie; Violin, Herr Goffrie; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Concertina, Signor Giulio Rigondi. Conductors—M. Frelon, Signor Billella, Mr. Robert Green. Tickets, 7s. 6d., Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Miss Mesent, 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, Mr. Herberte, 43, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, and at the principal Music Warehouses.

MESSRS. H. & R. BLAGROVE'S

FIRST QUARTETT and SOLO CONCERT will take place on Thursday morning next, June 5th, at the Concert Rooms, 71, Mortimer Street, at 3 o'clock. Performers—Miss Ramsford, Madame Verdavanne; Messrs. H. Blagrove, Dando, Watson, Clementi, E. Blagrove, Rice, Hausmann, Guest, and J. L. Hutton.

Subscription Tickets for the Series, £1; Reserved Ditto, £1 10s. To be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, and Messrs. Blagrove, 71, Mortimer Street. Single Tickets, 4s.; Reserved ditto, 6s.; and Family Tickets to admit three to one Concert, 10s.; Reserved ditto, 14s.; to be had at all the principal Music shops.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, June 6, the third performance of Mendelssohn's *ELIJAH*. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF LA FAVORITA.

GRISI, TAMBERLIK, TAGLIAFICO, MARIO.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 3rd, will be performed for the first time these three years, Donizetti's Opera,

LA FAVORITA,

With a splendid Mise en Scene, new Scenery, Costumes, &c.

Leonora,	Madame GRISI.
Inez,	Mdlle. COTTI.
Baldassare,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
(His first appearance in that character).	
Don Gasparo,	Signor SOLDI.
Alfonso XI.,	Signor TAMBERLIK.
(His first appearance in that character).	
Ferdinando,	Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

SIGNOR TAMBURINI.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 5th, a Grand Extra Night will take place, on which occasion Signor Tamburini will make his first appearance this season.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SIGNOR TAMBURINI.

THE DIRECTORS have great gratification in announcing that they have succeeded in effecting an engagement with Signor Tamburini, who, having been induced for the present to abandon his intention of visiting Italy, will, during the remainder of the season, sustain his most celebrated parts in the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera.

Signor Tamburini will make his first appearance on Thursday next, June 5th.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

HAS the honour to announce that he will give two morning performances of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Music, at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Monday, June 23, and Wednesday, July 9th. Miss Catherine Hayes, Herr Ernst, Signor Piatti, and Signor Bottesini. Pianofortes Mr. Cipriani Potter, Mr. W. H. Holmes, and Mr. Brinley Richards. Subscription tickets one guinea, single tickets eight shillings; to be had of all music sellers.

HERR MOLIQUE'S

THIRD and last Concert of Chamber Music will take place on Wednesday evening, June 4th, at the New Beethoven Rooms, 37, Queen Anne Street, to commence at half-past eight o'clock. Vocalists, Mdle. Bertha Johannsen, and Herr Stockhausen. Instrumentalists, Mdle. Molique, Signor Bricealdi, Signor Piatti, Mr. Mellon, Herr Witt, Herr Molique, and Herr Schmidt. Triple ticket one guinea, single ticket half a guinea, to be had at Messrs. Cramer & Co. Regent Street; Ewer & Co., Newgate Street; and of Herr Molique, 9, Houghton Place, Amthill Square.

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M. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce a SERIES of THREE MORNING CONCERTS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE and VOCAL MUSIC, on MONDAYS, June the 2nd, 16th, and 30th, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mme. Anna Thillon, Herr Stigelli, Herr Julius Stockhausen. Tickets, for a Single Concert, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Subscription Ticket for the Series to the Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had of Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street, and at the principal Musiciansellers.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST CONCERT.
MONDAY, JUNE 2nd.

PART FIRST.

- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. SONATA in A major, Op. 101 | Beethoven |
| 2. AIR, "De la prise de Jericho," (the "Fall of Jericho,") Mme. THILLON | Mozart. |
| 3. TROCKENE BLUMEN, ("Ye flowers all, that to me she gave") Herr STIGELLI | Schubert. |
| 4. POLACCA in E major (P'harité) | Weber. |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 5. RONDO CAPRICIOSO in E minor, Op. 14 | Mendelssohn. |
| 6. ROMANCES FRANCAISES, Mme. THILLON. | |
| 7. OB SIE WOHL KOMMEN WIRD! ("If she will come to pray upon my grave"), Herr STIGELLI | Stigelli. |
| 8. SELECTION OF STUDIES— | |
| A minor | Steibelt. |
| C major | Moschies. |
| F minor, Op. 25 | Chopin. |
| E major (Pezzo di bravura) | Potter. |
| E minor (Toccata) | Kalkbrenner. |

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 23—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

CRUVELLI.

The reputation of the new *prima donna* at Mr. Lumley's establishment is now settled beyond controversy. Sophie Cruvelli has shown herself to be a dramatic singer of extraordinary genius, an actress scarcely inferior, if inferior to any. She has appeared in two characters, essentially different in every respect—*Fidelio* and *Norma*. *Fidelio* is the grandest part in German opera, *Norma* the grandest in Italian opera. Had Cruvelli only played one of them, the partisans of the opposite school might reasonably conclude that she was unequal to the other. But she has played both, and succeeded in both. She has but one thing now to do, to constitute her in the estimation of the public, an artist without a superior. Having triumphed in *Fidelio* and in *Norma*, failure in any thing else is unlikely. She must yet, however, achieve another step, to stamp her talent as universal. We have a lively remembrance of her *Rosina*, three years ago. Cruvelli must play *Rosina*, must sing "Una voce," and declare herself, what we firmly believe her, as great a comic as a tragic singer. We have every confidence in the result. Our first prophecy was fulfilled, why not the next?

We have said so much about Cruvelli's *Fidelio* that we have nothing left to remark. Her *Norma*, however, has opened a new field for speculation. It is not a more admirable and interesting than an original impersonation, bearing no resemblance whatever to the *Norma* of Pasta, Malibran, or Grisi. It is Cruvelli's *Norma*, and to make anything absolutely new out of *Norma* denotes, *a priori*, a high intelligence and a splendid talent. Cruvelli has recreated it. *Norma*, in her hands, is all but one of Shakspeare's women—not more sublime than human, not less passionate than grand. We have no comparisons to suggest; comparisons are unnecessary and obtrusive. We conclude with the simple assertion that, as a display of dramatic and vocal qualities of the loftiest order, the *Norma* of Cruvelli has not been surpassed in our time. It has possibly its faults, its weaknesses; but these only bring out its transcendent beauties in more splendid colours.

Our readers will, perhaps, understand why we have referred so often, and at such length, to the *début* of Cruvelli. There are many admirable singers whose position can be endangered by no new comer. But the apparition of real genius in the person of one so young and accomplished is a theme for hope and gratulation. Times have changed. The Italian star shines no longer alone in the heavens. New things are wanted—new operas as well as new singers. Who is to write

them? Auber will not budge from Paris; Rossini remains lazily at Bologna; Meyerbeer is intractable; Mendelssohn is no more. There is no one in Italy, no one in Germany. The managers, then, must perforce look to England; and which of our composers would not be delighted to compose an opera for Sophie Cruvelli?

FIDELIO.

The reproduction of this masterpiece, in a somewhat new form and under circumstances of the greatest interest with which the rivalry of the two colossal establishments, that, under the name of "Italian Opera Houses," find at least half their support in the performance of French and German compositions, by German, French, Italian, and even English artists, can invest it, justifies a reconsideration of the only dramatic work of Beethoven, and an examination of its unbroken chain of beauties, which, since the first performance of the opera in this country, have kindled the purest delights, and stimulated the proudest aspirations of those musicians who, however sneered at by critics incapable of appreciating what merit they may possess, have striven artistically and not ineffectually to form an English school of dramatic music.

An article in a recent number of the *Musical World* entered at such length into the history of *Fidelio* as to leave nothing to be said upon this part of the subject.

Of the present performances of the opera at the Italian theatres it is not the province nor the purpose of this paper to speak. But of the novelty of form under which the masterpiece of dramatic music is now placed before the public, there are two things to be adduced. Firstly, the effect of the music suffers immensely from the translation of the text. This is equally the case, more or less, with all the operas that are the most attractive in the repertory of both the theatres devoted to Italian performances in this metropolis; but we feel that the injury done to *Fidelio* rises in importance with the superiority of the original to all other works that are brought forward under the same disadvantageous circumstances. In proportion to the difference in the degrees of merit of *La Fille du Regiment* and *Fidelio*, and to the difference in the art-standard by which these, and the variously styled operas of Auber, Rossini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Weber are to be estimated, is the extent of the injury done to their musical expression and general effect, by performing them with other words than those to which the composers set them. This objection would fall to the ground, or at least be considerably weakened, were they translated into English, since the advantage of having the general sense rendered intelligible to an English audience would, in some sort, counterbalance the disadvantage of having the particular expression occasionally distorted, and the sound of the whole modified or entirely changed. The objection would be also, in a certain degree, untenable, were the performance

entrusted exclusively to Italian singers, on the pretext of the difficulty experienced in singing in a foreign language—although this difficulty should not be greater for them than it is actually for the German, French, and English vocalists, who take the most important characters in the opera, to sing in Italian. Secondly, the interpolation of recitatives, however well they may be composed, is strangely out of place, and no argument can sanction their introduction. The question is not whether Mr. Balfe or Mr. Costa be competent to make additions to a work of Beethoven. We will take it for granted that the interpolations are the best that could possibly be written; they are not the less obtrusive. *Fidelio* is written expressly with a view to the dialogues being spoken, not sung. They are so short and concise, as to expedite and relieve the several pieces, without dividing them so as to qualify the musical character of the work, or even break the connection between them. The music is made so to grow out of the dialogues as to suggest the evident idea that Beethoven took into consideration the speaking as an essential feature in the general design of his work, and we cannot but feel this on hearing a complete performance. In those most impassioned situations which afford scope for the highest musical expression, Beethoven has written recitatives—namely, before the grand *aria* of Leonore in the first act, and before the grand *aria* of Florestan in the second; also in a piece of plain declamation which has nothing to express, but to speak which would interrupt the continuity of an extended musical design. Beethoven has also written recitative in the solo of the Minister in the last *finale*. The introduction of other recitatives materially impairs the effect of these. In three places in the opera it is of absolute and paramount importance that the words should be spoken, not sung; the composer's intention being entirely frustrated by the alteration, and the wonderful dramatic effect of the original ruined. These are, first, the accompanied dialogue that precedes the duet in A minor in the prison scene, in which, as Beethoven wrote the accompaniment, and directed that the words should be spoken, there cannot be the slightest doubt of his intention: second, in the grand quartet, when, after the action has been interrupted by the sounding of the trumpet, Jacquino comes breathless to announce the arrival of the Minister, the effect of which, spoken, is beyond all description thrilling, but sung, no less indescribably tame; and third, the two lines spoken by Florestan and Leonore, between the quartet and the duet in G, which separate them in a manner so obviously intentional, that we have the right to speak of it as in the highest degree masterly. The tumultuous character of the former is divided from the rapturous feeling of the latter piece, by these two lines, which, being sung or—which is as bad—omitted, these two movements, so remote from each other in sentiment, but so closely related in key and so like in *tempo*, become joined together as one piece of music, and the effect of monotony takes the place of the most powerful possible contrast. One more argument, or rather another stubborn fact, against the propriety of these interpolations, is all but all-powerful; namely, that they greatly lengthen the opera, and, by giving undue proportion to the unimportant parts, materially impair the effect of the whole, and weaken the music of Beethoven. As nothing can possibly be said to justify the introduction of the ophicleide, long drum, and cymbals, into the elaborately complete score of Beethoven, we shall leave that matter to those whom it may concern, to settle accounts with their own conscience, and make the best of it. We proceed to consider *Fidelio* as it is, not as it is represented.

We have no hesitation in calling *Fidelio* the most perfect opera with which we are acquainted, and this we say with the immortal *Don Giovanni*, and a very familiar knowledge

of its unexceptionable beauties, staring us in the face. This assertion requires explanation. *Don Giovanni* is a collection of pieces, all of the highest beauty, and all complete in themselves. That these several pieces are not designed with any especial regard to general relationship, individual contrast, or the completeness, the entirety of the whole, is proved—first by the evidence of the general effect; second, by the habitual omission of one or many of the pieces, without any injury to the consistency of the whole; and lastly, by the fact of Mozart having written a large number of pieces for occasional introduction, which constitute the appendix of the old printed scores, and which he would not have written had he been satisfied that the perfection of the original was such as to be destroyed by anything added or anything taken away. *Fidelio*, on the contrary, is written with an obvious design to form a complete whole; and this design is materially injured, if not wholly destroyed, by any omission or interpolation. Not only does the earnestness of the music increase, from first to last, with the increasing earnestness of the dramatic action; not only do the various pieces powerfully relieve each other, by contrast of form or of colouring, or by a continuation of the same feeling with a modified expression; not only do the elaborations of the musician, so richly crowded into the early pieces of the opera, yield entirely before the sway of the composer's imagination, as the more impassioned portions of the story are unfolded by the loftier emotions of the characters developed; each and all of these, and yet other points of design which our readers will easily recognise in the course of our analysis, indicate the intention of the composer to make a complete whole—not a collection of distinct pieces—and will, we believe, justify our assertion that Beethoven has succeeded, to a greater extent than any other composer whose operas have been given in England, in holding our attention from the first note to the last, by a chain of ever-growing power, and in producing a perfect lyric drama.

There are two points in which, to a superficial observer, the *Fidelio* may appear inferior to the great operatic masterpieces of Mozart—first, the comparative rarity of rhythmical *tune*; second, the less decidedly individual character of the several personages of the drama. To the first of these it may be well answered; that, though there may be rarity of *tunes*, there is no scarcity of melody of the most intellectual, refined, and impassioned character; and that the *tunes*, beyond expression beautiful, as they are, of "La ci darem," and "Vedrai carino," would be as wholly out of place in the exciting situations of *Fidelio*, as they would be in Donna Anna's cry of despair over the dead body of her father, or the awful entry of the Ghost in the supper scene of *Don Giovanni*. The concentrated interest of *Fidelio* to our feeling, and the unexceptionable fitness of every phrase to its situation, more than atone for the absence of sparkling lightness of character in the music. For the second point there is also a justification, which admits of deeper metaphysical discussion than we are able or disposed to undertake, but which may open a fruitful field for future speculation. It is only in the indifferent matters of life that powerful varieties of character manifest themselves; in situations of the highest passion all men employ the same expression. On this ground we feel it to be entirely true to dramatic propriety, that, after the unimpassioned pieces of the early scenes, in which the personality of Rokko, Marcelline, and Jacquino is distinctly portrayed, Beethoven should have confined himself to the expression of the words, in which he has been almost unprecedently successful, without attempting to individualise the characters of the different persons.

ERNST'S CONCERT.

THE Hanover Square Rooms were filled to overflowing on Monday night; the great violinist, in addition to his own services, having engaged the invaluable assistance of Miss Catherine Hayes, Signora Piatti and Bottesini, Mr. Augustus Braham, and others of lesser note. An excellent band was also provided, and the programme presented a highly attractive front. Much interest was attached to the fact that Ernst had written two new cadences for Beethoven's violin concerto, which he was announced to play, and all the connoisseurs and amateurs of the violin at present in London, flocked to the concert in consequence. The performance opened with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, played by the band in a most spirited and effective manner. Miss Browne manufactured the two exquisite airs from *Otello*, "Assisa a un pie d'un salice," and "Deh! calma, O ciel," into a sort of scena, without producing much effect. This young lady, who is not devoid of talent, should chasten her tendency to exaggeration. She should also be warned that a voice forced in the upper register loses its quality and power below. Mlle. Ana Zer sang the air of the Queen of Night, from the *Zauberflöte*, with such power and extent of voice as to elicit an encore. The singing of this lady is more extraordinary than agreeable. The great event of the evening was Beethoven's concerto. Ernst was never in finer force, in more magical play; he seemed to rise with his subject, and to be inspired by it. Ernst is the most impulsive of violinists, and hence his performances do not always indicate his utmost resources. On the present occasion he flung his whole mind and determination into his playing. He was listened to with breathless attention. Beethoven's concerto is a work full of inspiration, and is extremely complicated—elaborate, in parts. To the solo player it offers but few points for display; hence the reason for Ernst writing the cadences. But to write cadences for Beethoven's music and not to sacrifice Beethoven was a task of no easy accomplishment, and hazardous withal. Ernst, however, who is a thorough musician at heart, and entertains the profoundest sympathies for Beethoven's inspirations, had no difficulty to succeed. He wrote the cadences *con amore*, and, while considering the practicability of introducing every possible difficulty into his playing, never lost sight of the character and style of his author. The concerto itself was played magnificently. Ernst's power and breadth of tone were more conspicuous than ever, and his phrasing and expression as inimitable. The first cadence is of great length, but had it been twice as long it would have been doubly interesting, so wrapped were the audience in its dazzling effect. Henceforth let no one prate of wonders. Ernst, in his new cadences has mastered impossibilities. Some of the effects are creations, no one ever heard them before. Paganini might have had a vision of them on his death-bed, but posterity will owe them to Ernst. Shall we attempt to describe them? Shall we catch the rainbow, or transfix the wailing of an Eolian harp? As soon could we do one as the other, therefore we shall not essay either. Enough to say it is Ernst's most astonishing feat, and having said so, our readers may have some idea of the prodigious difficulties mastered with infinite ease by the prodigious violinist. Ernst's two other performances were the *Rondo Papageno*, and the *Pirata fantasia*. Of these—both composed by the great violinist himself—we have spoken so frequently that there is no need to enlarge upon their beauties as compositions, or the brilliancy of effect produced in the playing. Ernst retired after the

concerto with the most tremendous applause, and was recalled by the entire audience. He was also immensely applauded in the *rondo* and *fantasia*.

Catherine Hayes may be emphatically styled the Queen of the Concert Room. The fair and accomplished artist must accept the term, part in compliment, part in reproach, seeing that she has not, since she achieved her triumphant success in Ireland and Rome, given us an opportunity of descanting on her great and acknowledged talents on the stage. It is our loss, and that of the public in general, that Catherine Hayes has not lent her powerful aid to one of the Italian Opera Houses. But we must be satisfied with what we get in the concert room, the more especially as the time is fast approaching when the "Irish Swan" sails for America, and will leave so many behind her to regret her departure. That Catherine Hayes will take Yankeeland by storm we have no doubt, and, with fair play for the Irish prima donna, we prognosticate as resounding and legitimate a success for her as was ever earned by singer. Catherine Hayes has claims to the favor and countenance of the Americans, to which few others have any pretensions. She is Irish, and that is enough to make her obtain a very *caed mille falha* of a welcome. May her successes be interminable, and may the bright star of Erin shed a light and a glory from north to south throughout the Great Western Continent. Above all, may she not be lost in the prairies, or devoured in the effulgence of one of Barnum's Comets, but return to us light in heart, weighed down by dollars, with her voice beautiful, and ripened by the Columbian gales. Whoever heard Catherine Hayes sing on Monday evening would have set down the last wish as entirely useless, since her voice seemed to stand in no need of improvement. She sang admirably, nay, magnificently; and produced an immense sensation. The "Ah! mon fils" (given by particular desire, in consequence of the impression created at her own concert), was rendered with irresistible effect, and set off the extensive compass of her voice and her dramatic energy to the greatest advantage. The clearness and brilliancy of the upper notes contrasted strongly with the power and depth of the contralto voice. Catherine Hayes invariably sings in tune. Of how many singers can this be affirmed? Her second song was the famous "Ah! non giunge," in which she essayed a totally different style of vocalization. Few essays in the brilliant school of singing could surpass this display. The feats of *floriture* were dazzling, and the long shake towards the end, spun out to the finest vocal thread, was quite magical. Loud and general applause followed both of Catherine Hayes's efforts, and she was recalled with enthusiasm after each.

Mr. Augustus Braham sang "Deeper and Deeper Still," and exhibited his magnificent voice to the greatest advantage.

Mlle. Graumann introduced a very pleasing and attractive ballad by F. Mori, which she sang tastefully and with expression. Madame Marra gave two *lieder* by an unknown composer, and displayed a charming soprano voice, and considerable musical feeling. Herr Reichart was favourably received in a Romance by Pacini, and M. Stockhausen sang two *lieder* by Mendelssohn and Schubert.

A duetto for violoncello and contra basso, by the two lion performers, Piatti and Bottesini, created a *furor*. It was as though—to depart from our *lion* metaphor—a rhinoceros contended with an elephant, and neither could obtain the mastery. Such an instrumental trial of strength was perhaps

never before witnessed, Had Paganini come to life, and fiddle in hand encountered Ernst, the struggle for priority could scarcely have excited more interest, or created more applause. Each artist was on his metal, and surpassed himself. Italian art was never made more manifest, or rendered more triumphant than on this occasion. To describe the performance is impossible; to describe the effect on the audience is equally impossible. Not dealing in impossibilities we shall attempt neither, but consign both to the imagination of our readers.

M. Silas played the *andante* and *finale* from his concerto in C minor, and was ably assisted by the band. The two movements are excellent specimens of the young and talented composer's style.

In addition to the overture to *Der Freyschutz*, the band performed a MS. overture by Mr. Lavenu—a clever and spirited work—and the march from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mr. Lavenu and Mr. Eckert conducted: Mr. Willy led.

HOELZEL.

Herr Hoelzel, one of the popular song composers of Germany, who is also favourably known as a concert-singer, laves to-morrow for Vienna. He has been in London some weeks, attracted, like so many of his compatriots, by the Great Exhibition of all Nations. Wherever Herr Hoelzel has sung he has been well received, and his compositions have been much admired. Three of them are before us, two to English and one to German words—"Quick, we have but a second," a drinking song; "My heart is far at sea," a ballad; and "Im Kahne," a *lied*. They are to be admired, not merely for their lively and fluent melody, but for the manner, at once simple and effective, in which the pianoforte accompaniments are written. Our favourite of the three is the drinking song, which is remarkable for spirit and geniality; but all of them merit the attention of our public vocalists, who too often throw away their ability on much inferior music.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—If we have not heralded the arrival of Mdlle. Rachel as we did some few years back, it is not that we appreciate the great *tragédienne* less; the contrary is the fact, for the more we see her, the more do we find subject for praise; the more we study her acting, the more astonished are we at the perfection revealed. But we have of late years got so accustomed to her yearly visit that we take it as a matter of course, and in consequence treat her as people do their best friends, without ceremony and with a hearty welcome. On Monday last, Mdlle. Rachel made her first appearance this season, in the character of Phédre. We know of no part in which the great actress appears to better advantage, as well from the interest of the piece itself, which contains more action than is usually found in French tragedy, as from the varied nature of the part, requiring a complete command of the most tender as well as of the most violent emotions, and demanding in the actress a continuous exertion to sustain the character. We have at various times dwelt on the piece, now as well known in this country as any of those of Shakspeare (would that he could find such an interpreter!) we shall therefore in the present instance con-

fine ourselves exclusively to Mdlle. Rachel's interpretation of her part, recording such new effects as more mature study has developed in her acting. Phédre appears in the second scene overwhelmed with sorrow and despair, and yielding to the prayer of Oenone confides to her, her love for Hippolyte. Mdlle. Rachel threw a powerful interest into this long description of her struggles between love and remorse. She seemed as one who is exhausted by a gigantic effort in which the nerves have been completely shattered, and who feels predestined to some horrible fate; her whole frame thrilled with emotion when in the narrative of her sufferings any allusion was made to the object of her guilty passion. Terrified at the greatness of her iniquity, and yet appears powerless to avert her destiny. There was a world of unutterable woe in the trembling, hollow accents with which she uttered her last resolve, "*Soleil, je te viens voir pour la dernière fois*," which was given in a tone of anguish which created a strong feeling of compassion for this victim of the hatred of Venus, we had almost said of sympathy, which is still further heightened when she describes the tortures she has undergone, and her fruitless efforts to conquer her incestuous love. A fine burst of passion followed the mention by Oenone of the name of Hippolyte, and the triumph was so much the more meritorious in the actress, that the passage itself is mere clap-trap. The declaration of her love, in the second act, was distinguished by the most exquisite and most delicate nuances of tenderness and feeling. It is in such efforts that Mdlle. Rachel seems to us to have made marked progress, by a more complete elaboration of the details of the character. Undoubtedly her violent passages were delivered with no diminution of pathos or energy; but in those delicate touches which mark the more subtle working of the inward soul—in those scenes where the poet has scarcely dared to cope with his subject, in which, indeed, language is unable to express the sensations or delineate the outpourings and yearnings of the heart—in scenes like this declaration of her passion, in which she dares not boldly speak out, for the tongue refuses to divulge the feelings which wander on the lips, and yet are ever uppermost in the mind—we marked the improved genius of Mdlle. Rachel, and found that she had invested her impersonation with a more touching, a more tender, a more womanly character. Mdlle. Rachel not only utters the words written by Racine, but also conveys his hidden meaning—she fills up the portrait which he could only sketch out, and makes of it a most finished, a perfect ensemble. It is not in her words alone that we find the declaration of her burning passion, her love is best depicted in her eyes, in her attitude, in her gestures. She is by turns eloquent and tender, submissive and haughty; she pleads for her son's life, but—and here we mark the admirable tact of the actress—her words fell coldly from her lips; her appeal was passionless; she clearly conveyed that this was a mere pretence, and that the real object of her discourse was to raise a reciprocal feeling in the breast of Hippolyte. How admirably she expressed the first dawns of her affection; how delicately she explained her assumed hatred; and as she warmed with her subject, her love seemed to ooze out from every pore—from her flashing eye—from her suppliant hands—from her quivering limbs—as she bent forward to catch the faintest shadow of hope; and more than all, how bitter her despair and anguish when repulsed! How thrilling were her accents when she exclaimed—"Ah! cruel, tu m'as trop entendu." This scene was wound up to the highest pitch of horror when she snatched the sword from the scabbard and rushed forth to kill herself. This scene, we say again, was a master-piece of conception; it was elaborated with consummate tact and a powerful appreciation of character, joined to a

perfect sentiment of the situation. It was remarkable by a minute attention to details which contributed to form a most complete whole. The same remarks apply also to the third act, when she learned the arrival of Theseus. The horror at this accumulation of crime was painted with startling truthfulness nor was her jealousy on being apprised of the love of Hippolyte for Aricie less fearfully portrayed. Mdlle. Rachel's delivery of the soliloquy with her immortal ancestors, in the fourth act, was sublime. No words can give the faintest idea of her reading of what is perhaps one of the finest conceptions in the French language. The passage commences with "*Ou me cacher.*" We shall never forget the terror depicted on her countenance, when she fancies herself in presence of her ancestor, Minos, awaiting his sentence; nor the prostration of all animation when she appears before Theseus and confesses her crime, after having taken the deadly poison. Loud and continuous applause was bestowed on Mademoiselle Rachel, and when the curtain fell, a simultaneous burst of enthusiasm recalled the great actress before the audience. On Wednesday, *Bajazet* was performed, Madlle. Rachel taking the part of Roxane. This selection was judicious inasmuch as this part gives an opportunity for a display of one of Madlle. Rachel's great characteristics,—her cutting irony, which was admirably developed in the scene of reproach and recrimination which follows her discovery of the infidelity of Bajazet. The tender scenes were equally well portrayed; but the triumph of the actress was undoubtedly her *sortez*, which she uttered with intense violence and ungovernable fury. The suspicious character of Roxane, her penetration in detecting the hostile designs of her adversaries, her contempt of the consequences of her actions, were exhibited by the actress with wonderful tact, and presented an unrivalled triumph in histrionic art. Not a seat was unoccupied in the house; and the audience composed of the *élite* of European society, however much at variance on other questions, were on these occasions united in heart and soul in applauding this child of genius, this impersonation of the tragic muse.

J. de C—.

PRINCESS'S.—Dumas's play, "*Madlle. de belle Isle*" has already become, through the influence of Rachel and the French Theatre, pretty well known to the dramatic circles of London. The piece, a translation of which under the title of "*The Duke's Wager*," was produced here on Wednesday, is written with even more than the usual ingenuity of construction peculiar to French dramas of the kind. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not have seen the French play, we give a brief abstract of the story, which turns on the jealousy manifested by a young officer, Laon St. Mars (Mr. C. Kean) towards Lestelle, his betrothed wife (Mrs. C. Kean). The profligate, although not altogether heartless, Duke of Richelieu (Mr. A. Wigan) has laid a wager that he will obtain a midnight interview with the young lady in her own apartment. This interview, the Marchioness de St. Prie (Mrs. Winstanley), a discarded mistress of the Duke, is resolved to prevent. Lestelle has a father confined in the Bastille. The Marchioness, by means of the signet ring of the Duke of Bourbon, the prime minister, obtains for Lestelle, the privilege of visiting her father in the Bastille, on the very night that the Duke's wager is to be decided. Having thus secured the absence of her protégé, she contrives, by means of a darkened room, to pass herself on the Duke for Lestelle. Richelieu fancies he has triumphed, and a boastful letter that he writes on the occasion, falling into the hands of Laon, his suspicions are strongly excited against Lestelle, who, being unable to exculpate herself, by reason of a promise not to divulge her visit to the Bastille, lest it should place the Marchioness in danger, is thrown into an agony of perplexity and confusion,

which is redoubled when a ring is produced by the Duke, which he has obtained in the dark from the Marchioness's hand, and which Lestelle had exchanged with her for the Minister's signet, which was to obtain admission to her father. Laon now leaves her and challenges the Duke, but as they are prevented from fighting by the interposition of the authorities, they determine to decide their quarrel with the dice-box, the loser in three throws engaging to destroy himself within six hours. The chance is against Laon, who employs the brief interval of life left him, in an interview with Lestelle. Meantime, the Duke of Bourbon being suddenly removed from the ministry, she is now enabled to exculpate herself by disclosing her secret, and Laon, freed from his suspicions, is released from his vow of self-destruction, by the profligate, though good natured, Richelieu.

Through the first three acts, the story progresses with unwavering interest and continuity. The last two acts, compared with what precedes them, hang fire a little. The duel by the dice box, with its cold-blooded ferocity and indifference, is unnatural and distasteful to an English audience, because it is inimical to English feelings. M. Dumas's language is more remarkable for point and elegance in the lighter portions than for vigour and concentration in the more serious scenes. Some of Richelieu's *bon mots* are both pertinent and fanciful. His exclamation on descending from the lady's window, by means of a vine, may serve as an example—"Venus took me up and Bacchus has brought me down." With regard to the impassioned scenes, it must be allowed that English ears, trained in the unrivalled beauty and strength of their native dramatic poetry, may possibly be a little spoiled in this respect. Mrs. C. Kean's conception of Lestelle differs from that of Rachel; but if the former lady's performance of Wednesday lacked something of the dignity and elevation of her incomparable rival, it made abundant amends in its simplicity and homeliness. Rachel's tragedy is heroic—Mrs. Kean's is domestic—the searing and blight of the household affections.

Mr. A. Wigan's Richelieu is pointed and easy, but he should contrive to infuse into his manner a little more of the polished elegance of the courtier. The *mise en scene* is beyond praise. A scene of the Marchioness's saloon, lighted up, combines taste and magnificence in as large a proportion as we ever remember to have seen on the stage. The play was listened to with profound attention by a house crowded from floor to roof, and was received at the fall of the curtain with marks of the most decided success. After the performers had been called forward, and Mr. Slous, the translator, acknowledged from his box a similar compliment.

HAYMARKET.—"The Crown Diamonds" has been repeated here four times during the week. Miss Louisa Pyne looks and sings as charmingly as ever. Although we think more finished and experienced contraltos might have been found than Miss Harriet Cawse, it would be unjust to deny to this lady considerable ability, histrionic as well as vocal. The orchestra is improving, the defects we hinted at last week are now disappearing under the experienced conductorship of Mr. Mellon. The house has been exceedingly well attended.

ADELPHI.—The history of the comic operetta produced at this theatre under the title of *Good Night, Signor Pantalón*, is somewhat singular. The English of *Twice Killed*, from the pen of Mr. Oxenford, brought out at the Olympic about sixteen years ago, and since acted at various theatres, including the Royal one in Windsor Castle, with Mr. and Mrs. Keeley as the chief characters, seems recently to have attracted the attention of the French dramatist, M. Lockroy. Omitting some of the minor incidents, transferring the scene from

modern England to the Venice of the last century, and naming the *dramatis personæ* after the traditional characters of old Italian comedy, he has made of the farce the *libretto* of a comic opera, to which M. A. Grisar composed the music, and which, produced at the Parisian *Opera Comique* last February, has continued to be performed without intermission till the present day. This opera is now re-translated into English, and has been brought out, with all the music, at the Adelphi.

The performance of a comic opera, with regular concerted pieces, is no very easy task for a non-operatic company, and it is surprising how well it was done by the Adelphi artists. The Fanny Pepper of the old farce elevated into a Columbine, dressed in delicate attire and daintily powdered, was excellently represented by Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, whose song was the most effective solo in the piece. The demonstrations of terror, on finding herself an accomplice in the double murder, were very nicely managed, and brought out into strong relief the solid terror of Mr. Paul Bedford, who played the "Doctor," the Euclid Facile of the English farce. Miss Woolgar as Reckless, *alias* Lelio, was the smartest of audacious lovers, sparkling with the fascinations of a white suit trimmed with silver, and facing all difficulties with the most nimble audacity. The other ladies were well represented by Miss Collins and Miss Laura Honey, while Signor Pantaloni, the gentleman, who is disturbed while sleeping on the sofa, and who in the new version of the tale is made the father of the sleeper beneath, is played with grotesque drollery by Mr. Honey. The music is light and pleasing, and evinces that talent for illustrating dramatic situation peculiar to French composers. It was well sung, all the actors preserving the humour of the characters and their vicissitudes. The dresses were in elegant style, carrying the audience back to those quaint days of swords, powder, and high-heeled shoes, to which Mr. Thackeray is now so powerfully calling the attention of the metropolis.

The operetta, which may be improved by a curtailment of the earlier portion, was received with favour by a crowded audience.

DRURY LANE THEATRE re-opens on Monday, with a new play entitled "Ingomar the Barbarian," the principal part will be sustained by Mr. Anderson. "Azael, the Prodigal," in which Mr. Anderson will resume his original character, will be the half-price attraction for the Whitsuntide holiday makers.

VAUXHALL.—A grand bal masque was given on Thursday, (Ascot cup day), which was highly attractive. The fine weather has proved very beneficial to the Royal property, the visitors have, during the week, been very numerous.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

NORMA—SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

After the triumphant success achieved by Sophie Cruvelli in *Fidelio* it was natural to be expected that an unusual amount of interest would attach to her appearance in a second part; nor was the interest in the least abated when *Norma* was announced for her second performance. In fact, we have seldom known so much real curiosity excited about any event connected with operatic matters, even though there was no great difference of opinion as to the anticipated result. Some, certainly with a show of reason, argued that as Leonora and Norma were two totally distinct characters, as Beethoven's music was very different from Bellini's, and the talent required for the impersonations of so opposite a nature, it was

possible that Sophie Cruvelli might be found wanting in *Norma*, from the fact of her being so transcendent in Leonora. Schroeder-Devrient, it was remembered, was admirable in *Fidelio* only, all her other assumptions being inferior. None of the celebrated Italian artists had ever attempted *Fidelio*, excepting Malibran (who was no Italian), who triumphed over all styles and all schools; and as Malibrans were not to be found every day, the chances were against Cruvelli, that her *Norma* would prove a great success. We are pleased to say that all speculation on the subject was soon completely set at rest. Before the first act of *Norma* was over, Sophie Cruvelli demonstrated that she was as profound a mistress of the grand as of the romantic school of acting, as perfect an interpreter of the brilliant as of the classic school of music.

We are not now writing under the influence of unusual excitement. We are not entering upon our habitual task, after having risen from the performance with our hearts and eyes filled with the singer. We have not hurried away from the intoxications of the stage, with our senses dazzled and our brains reeling. We are not writing one, two, or three hours after we had seen and heard *Norma*. Days have passed over, a week has flown by since that event. We need not, therefore, improvise an apostrophe, but descending from Pegasus, take our seat upon the tripod.

The recollection of Cruvelli's *Norma* induces us to consider our own fitness for the critical office. Are we qualified to animadvert upon such a performance in all its details, its subtleties, and its profundities? What do we possess that should enable us to set our judgment side by side with so much lofty genius, with such consummate art, such power, vitality, and observation? Would not the critic do well if he pondered awhile before harsarding an opinion on such an artist—would he not do better if he hesitated long before he gave a dissentient voice? Unhappily we critics are not men imbued with modesty. We never contemplate how much, or how little, we know of the art about which we write, or how much it is necessary to know. It is enough, if we have general ideas; these are sufficient for the public. Is there one critic in a thousand capable of sounding in all its depths, grasping in all its grandeur, the *Lear* of Macready, the *Phédre* of Rachel, the *Norma* of Cruvelli? Do not the critics, for the most part, draw their conclusions from the general effect produced, from certain received conventionalities, supposed indispensable, from parts rather than the whole? Do they not take a superficial view, looking only at the surface? After all what more can be expected from writers, who, generally speaking, are by no means thoroughly versed in the art they profess to criticise, who bring neither love, enthusiasm, nor observation to their labours?

Had there being any difference of opinion about Cruvelli in the articles of the press, it might have been imagined that we were setting ourselves up as advocates of the new *Norma*. No such thing. Every paper was loud in her praise, and in some instances the writers were fired with real enthusiasm. What we object to, and what called for the remarks contained in the above paragraph, was the air of patronage and condescension with which, even in their most fervid eulogies, some of Messieurs, the critics, extended the hand to the singer. Now to us this is far more preposterous than downright censure. But such is always the case, when incapacity undertakes to point the road to genius. The public after all are the true critics, and the journalists, in the end, must bow to them, and subscribe to their fiat.

And what must be the fiat of the public?—what the opinion

of all truly capable of judging of the singer's talents—musicians, and professors of song, and composers for the voice, and actors of choice—lovers of Macready and Rachel?—that Cruvelli, without a single exception, is the greatest Norma which the stage has produced. Many, we have no doubt, will be startled at this assertion; but they will live to be convinced, and will echo what has been just pronounced. We were no false prophets when we predicted the future of Alboni. We were not much mistaken when we foretold Tamberlik's greatness. It is not often we are oracular. We do not pronounce opinions, *ex-cathedra*, until we are tolerably assured of their soundness. We now assert, unhesitatingly, that Sophie Cruvelli will be acknowledged before long the great singer of the age.

Although we are diffident of entering into an analysis of Cruvelli's Norma, we can speak of the effect it produced upon ourselves and others. As far as concerned ourselves, we were never more profoundly moved by any performance. What impressed us most we cannot say. The grandeur and sublimity of the acting was so interfused with the incomparable and rapturous singing that we could not—cannot even now, when our enthusiasm has cooled—select either acting or singing for individual praise. Both together constituted a perfect and complete whole, such as, we feel assured, we never witnessed before.

The principal beauty of Cruvelli's Norma, as it appears to us, is the classic grandeur and power with which it is sustained throughout. It is impossible to believe that in the sublime transfiguration of the Druid Priestess we behold the same artist who supported the tender and devoted wife, shrinking from universal observation, and made heroic only by holy love. It is impossible to imagine that underneath the towering dignity, the loftiness of deportment, the severity of look, as shown in the delineation of Norma, we have before us the gentle, feminine, real and simple Leonora, who goes on errands and runs to open prison doors. How opposite in their natures are the two parts of Norma and Leonora! Not less far asunder in everything which constitutes character than in dress. And this is the reason why no artist, previous to Cruvelli, ever attempted the two assumptions with any degree of success, except Malibran; and with that great singer the performances were equal. So it is with Cruvelli. You cannot say which is best—Leonora, or Norma! Both are imbued with the divinest inspiration; both are pregnant with the profoundest insight into the human heart; both are instinct with life and truth.

When Cruvelli comes on in the first scene of *Norma*, your eyes are instantaneously filled with a great presence. The tall and singularly graceful form, the intellectual and beautiful countenance, the proud head and inspired look, the ease and dignity of the motions, and the reposeful attitudes, recalling the finest sculptures of Greece, constitute a picture positively sublime. Sophie Cruvelli wins your heart with a look. Before she utters a word she has taken you captive in her thralls. You are her slave for ever; but she will not drag you at her chariot wheels. She will keep her serfs for ever captivated by her genius, but she will not use them unkindly. Sophie is as good as she is great; consequently she must be one of the best girls in the world.

There is nothing in Cruvelli's Norma we admire more than the affecting manner in which she clings to her children. Here the great heart of the mother shows itself with irresistible effect. Cruvelli, in this respect, as in every other, proves herself an original thinker. In all other Normas we always considered that the children were treated with strange indifference. Cruvelli has struck a new chord in the character of Norma. She has made the mother's love a principal element in the

impersonation. That she is right there can be no doubt. Peruse the book, and behold the effect.

To mention the beauties we discovered in Cruvelli's Norma, would be to fill the pages of the *Musical World* with praises on the singer and actress, which we shall not attempt, and do not desire. All we would do, as conscientious critics and strenuous supporters of the great in all art, is to impress upon our readers the necessity of going to see and hear Cruvelli, and if they do not find her all we have described, provided they go unprejudiced and with free judgments, let them evermore set us down as unsafe guardians of the trust reposed in our opinions by the public. We have some credit—we are proud to own it—and would stake its existence on the truths we have above advanced.

So far for ourselves. The effect produced on the public by Sophie Cruvelli in her first performance of Norma may be briefly discussed. Immediately before her entrance the house was hushed into breathless silence. As soon as she appeared she was saluted by a tremendous burst of applause. Even in her obeisance to the public she did not lose sight of the character she was assuming. Her slight act of deference had in it infinite haughtiness and dignity. The act and the mode of doing it brought to our recollection Macready in his first entrance in *Coriolanus*, when, although the audience cheered him for several minutes, he never turned round, and only acknowledged their applause by an imperceptible bending of the head. Indeed, on several occasions, both in *Fidelio* and *Norma*, Cruvelli reminded us forcibly of Macready, in her abstraction, and in her intense appreciation of character. A slight tremulousness, which, however, did not interfere with her intonation in the smallest degree, might have been observed in the opening invocation; this soon gave way, and complete confidence was established. The invocation was powerfully and grandly delivered, and with an entire new reading. We shall refer more circumstantially to this and other particulars next week, when we shall enter more fully into details of the performances. The first great hit of the night was produced in the cabaletta to the "Casta Diva." Cruvelli had worked the effect up to a climax with the most consummate art, and never was consummate art responded to with more enthusiasm, and never was enthusiasm more legitimately won. As a mere effort of vocalization the "Casta Diva" was astonishing, but the mind which shone through all made it irresistible. We never heard such a sensation produced in Bellini's scena, even by Jenny Lind, who sang it so splendidly. After this brilliant display, Cruvelli's performance may be termed a grand chain of triumphs which increased in intensity to the fall of the curtain in the second act. The pieces which obtained the most applause were "O non tremare," enthusiastically encored, but not repeated, owing to some mistake; the whole of the following scene; the long duet with Adalgisa in the second act, and the last scene. In all of these Cruvelli elicited immense applause, and a general recall after each. At the end of the operas she was summoned three separate times before the curtain.

We would fain enter more deeply into the merits of a performance which has filled us with intense delight and surprise. We shall, however, forbear until next week, when we promise our readers a more lengthy analysis. We saw Sophie Cruvelli last night a second time in Norma. Again were we impressed with its entire originality, its profound and manifold beauties, its classic grandeur, its subtlety, its intensity, its individuality. Again were we enraptured with the tones of the divine voice, so powerful, so sympathetic. Again did we feel ourselves elevated above all criticism by passion and energy,

almost superhuman, by truthfulness which has never been surpassed, by ideality, which only belongs to the loftiest genius. If Cruvelli had only spoken the words instead of singing them, her performance might have been placed side by side with the grandest impersonations of Rachel.

Having noticed the principal events of the week, we hasten to record the other performances, which possessed great, if not equal interest. On Tuesday the *Tre Nozze* was repeated and proved highly attractive. Sontag was as irresistible as ever; Lablache as unguent and titanic, and the other artists in their best vein. The opera was received throughout with great favor, and Sontag recalled manifold times.

On Wednesday the third *Soirée Extraordinaire* was given. *Fidelio* and Sophie Cruvelli attracted a dense and fashionable audience. The performance created immense interest from beginning to end. Cruvelli was recalled after each act, and three times after the grand duet in the prison scene. Sims Reeves, also, came in for his due share of applause. Coletti improves in Pizarro. The *ensemble* was good, but why have the principals absconded from the "Prisoners Chorus?" Three acts of *Gustave* followed, in which Madame Fiorentini was incapacitated from appearing by indisposition. This was a decided drawback to the evening's entertainment; many of the visitors, no doubt, being desirous to hear the fair and accomplished artiste. Mdlle. Caroline Duprez was in excellent voice and sang the page's music with charming effect. Carlotta Grisi in the *pas de folles*, created the usual enthusiasm.

On Thursday, *Don Pasquale* was given for the first time this season. Norina is one of Sontag's most delightful impersonations, and the music suits her voice and style to perfection. The accomplished artist was never in finer force and never warbled with more irresistible effect. All through the opera her singing was inimitable, and the *finale*, a brilliant and dazzling display of vocalization, excited the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. To speak of Lablache's vocal and histrionic thunders and wonders in the Don is unnecessary: they are stereotyped in the public mind, and cannot pass into oblivion. Signor Ferranti made an excellent Doctor Malatesta, and Calzolari displayed unusual spirit in Ernesto. He was enthusiastically encoored in the *Come e gentil*, which he sang most charmingly.

The last act of the *Lucia* was also given for Mdlle Caroline Duprez and Sims Reeves, in which both artists were loudly applauded.

Norma was repeated last night, with two acts of *Masaniello*.

The ballet performances of the week present nothing new. Carlotta Grisi, upon whose exquisite talent every adjective in the vocabulary of praise has been lavished in the vain hope of describing that which is indescribable in language—Carlotta Grisi, the most incomparable dancer the world has seen—Carlotta Grisi, the poetess, whose feet are wings that bear her to the highest sphere of ideal beauty—Carlotta Grisi, who, in short, is Carlotta Grisi, to be more than which is impossible, to be less than which would be not to be herself—is about to leave us; she takes her benefit, and makes her last appearance this season on Wednesday. The ballet will be, as the heaven without the moon, illumined by the faint light of small and distant stars; or as the earth at mid-day, when the sun is three parts of him eclipsed; or as the light of heaven to the eye—quenched; or as the future to him that doubteth he has a soul; or as the universe to Demogorgon which sensed not; or as the bed of a late sea parched up by a sun-quake.

Auber's *Enfant Prodigue* is announced for Thursday. Madame Ugalde the celebrated *prima donna* of the Opera

Comique, has been engaged to strengthen the cast, which includes Sontag, Massol, Gardoni, Coletti, &c.

The whole resources of the establishment will be made available to give *eclat* to the *chef d'œuvre* of Auber.

D. R.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fidelio was repeated on Saturday night, to a crowded house, and with increased success. We have nothing new at present to say about the execution, and as Mr. Macfarren has this week commenced a series of papers on the masterpiece of Beethoven, we consign to his superior judgment all that relates to the drama and the music.

The indisposition of Mario caused *Norma* to be substituted in place of *Lucrezia Borgia*, which had been announced for Tuesday night. The house was crowded by a brilliant audience, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose that the change did not give rise to any great amount of disappointment. *Norma* is justly regarded as one of the greatest parts of Grisi, who, to the classic model bequeathed by Pasta, has added much that is undoubtedly her own. As a display of insulted dignity and impetuous feeling, the *Norma* of Grisi has never been surpassed by any representation on the lyric boards. It is an overwhelming burst of passion from beginning to end. All minor considerations are merged, or wholly lost, in the one grand sentiment. There is no attempt at elaboration of details; one colour is predominant, one end pursued, and the whole presents a striking and magnificent picture. It will not be forgotten that in 1847, when Jenny Lind played *Norma* in another place, Grisi, who had almost stamped the part with her own image came forward and made an old triumph a new one, by means of the irresistible sway she held over the public, who could not see, and refused to admit any other possible realization of the character of the Druid priestess than that to which they had been accustomed. A more formidable opposition, in the far deeper, more finished, poetical, suggestive, and intellectual impersonation of another aspirant, who at the present moment attracts so large a share of public attention, has only tended to produce the same effect upon Grisi. Her *Norma* is as glowing and splendid as ever, and on Tuesday night raised the same degree of enthusiasm as on previous occasions. It would be superfluous to enter into details about a performance so universally known. We need only say that each and all of the great points came out with the accustomed strength, and excited the accustomed emotion. The "Casta Diva" was immensely applauded; the "Oh non tremare" (in the *trio*) vociferously encoored; the "Vanne si" (where *Norma* reproaches Pollio) received with cheers; and the fall of the curtain, on the first act, followed by an unanimous call for "Grisi," who came forward amidst reiterated plaudits. In the second act, the forcible points are not so numerous; but the duet "Deh con te," with Adalgisa, produced a large share of approbation, while the final duet with Pollio (the well-known "Qual cor tradisti") and the appeal to Oroveso, "Deh! non volerli vittime," where *Norma* intercedes for her children, sung and acted with intense feeling, roused the audience to a second exhibition of enthusiasm; and again, at the fall of the curtain, Grisi was compelled to reappear, not once but twice, to receive handfuls of bouquets and continued peals of applause.

The rest of the opera was remarkably well played. Tambrlik's Pollio is by many degress the best we remember. He invests that very ungrateful part with such an interest

that, at the end of the opera, the audience rather sympathize with the misfortunes of the Roman Proconsul than despise him. Tamberlik was in fine voice, and gave the *aria*, "Meco all' altar," with prodigious energy, and the duet with Adalgisa, in the same scene, with the utmost tenderness. But his most telling point was the passage, "Ah troppo tardi," in which Pollio extols the worth, and solicits to share the fate, of Norma. A more genuine display of passionate vocal declamation than this we have rarely listened to. The Orovoso of Formes is decidedly original. We have already, on a previous occasion, remarked upon the beauty of the last scene, in which Formes, with a subtle discrimination of character, represents the hard priest transformed into flesh and blood, and melted to tears by the dreadful position of his daughter, Norma. This fine piece of acting was as impressive as before, and stamped the Orovoso of the German singer as a creation of his own. The Adalgisa of Mademoiselle Bertrandi was graceful, pleasing, and unaffected; but it wanted a little more life and energy, especially in the scene where the young priestess relates the history of her love to Norma. The opera went off with great *eclat* from first to last.

The re-engagement of Tamburini, who made his first appearance on Thursday in *Don Giovanni*, is a step to be commended. Ronconi, it appears, cannot be brought to terms, while Salvatori, although a fine actor and a good singer, has been found wanting in that important requisite, a voice. Under these circumstances, not to speak of his unquestionable merits, we were not surprised that Tamburini should be received with the welcome due to an old and deserving favourite of the public. His re-appearance was an event of twofold importance, inasmuch as it restored to the theatre a dramatic barytone, of which it has been greatly in want since the commencement of the present campaign, and was the means of bringing *Don Giovanni* before the public for the first time this season at the Royal Italian Opera. The house was crowded to suffocation, and we understand some hundreds of persons were sent away from the pit, unable to find standing room. Tamburini's reception was of the heartiest kind, and his performance of *Don Giovanni*, in which character he has no rival at present on the stage, presented all those salient qualities to which it owes its celebrity. The profligate nobleman, with insinuating manners, imperturbable effrontery, and daring courage, was portrayed to the life. The courtier-like bearing of Tamburini in the scenes with Elvira and Donna Anna, his bland persuasiveness in the duet with Zerlina, "La ci darem," his reckless shamelessness in the confidential interviews with Leporello, and his haughty demeanour in the final rencontre with the statue, were as forcible and appropriate as ever. Though the ravages of time may be traced in the voice of Tamburini, which has chiefly suffered in the higher notes, there is no evident falling off in the taste and spirit of his singing, and the encores that followed the drinking song and the serenade testified to the genuine effect he produced upon the audience. In short, the successor of this accomplished artist, in the arduous part of *Don Giovanni*, has yet to be found, and until he be found we have reason to be well satisfied with what we have got.

The great novelty, in the execution of Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, was the unexpected appearance of Tamberlik in the part of Don Ottavio, a circumstance explained in the following circular, which was distributed in every part of the house:—

"The directors have extreme regret in announcing that in conse-

quence of the severe cold under which Signor Mario is suffering it is not possible for him to sing to-night. The indulgence of the audience is therefore respectfully requested towards Signor Tamberlik, who has, at a very short notice, most kindly offered to perform the part of Don Ottavio."

The immediate feeling was one of great disappointment; but the duet with Donna Anna, in the first scene, convinced the audience that their favourite, Mario, had found a worthy substitute, while the subsequent scene with Donna Anna, where she recounts the story of her father's death by the hand of the libertine, and that the grand finale to the first act, in which Don Ottavio defies Giovanni, were acted with such unusual energy, that disappointment was converted into unanimous satisfaction. But the culminating point was, of course, the "Il mio tesoro," which famous air it is our duty to say, we have never heard so magnificently sung by any other singer. The style was perfect, the expression varied and glowing, and the volume and quality of tone displayed in the upper notes—especially in the well known passage (first introduced by Rubini), where the sustained note, F, is carried on to the height of B flat—we have not heard equalled, even by Duprez, when he was the prince of *tenore di forza*. The encore was tumultuous. The air was repeated with increased effect, and Tamberlik, who finished the second time on the high B flat, with immense power, was once more recalled by the audience. In a word, his Don Ottavio is, without comparison, the best we have seen. There is no lassitude or indifference in the opening scenes; the points Mozart intended are all there; and, instead of a walking gentleman, with a song, as Rubini and others have made it, we have a character for which the sympathies are engaged from first to last, and when the grand point arrives our admiration and delight are all the greater. There is not much for Don Ottavio to do in the majority of the scenes in which he appears, but, that what there is may be rendered effective, Tamberlik has proved beyond controversy. His performance on Thursday night raised him to a point in the estimation of the audience beyond which none of his cotemporaries have been able to soar, and the "indulgence respectfully requested" in his behalf, on the part of the management, was accorded with enthusiasm. Another novelty in the cast was Mdle. Bertrandi, whose Donna Elvira is decidedly the best thing she has played. Without reaching the excellence of Corbani, the best Elvira we have seen upon the stage, Mdle. Bertrandi sang the very difficult music of that beautiful but ill-appreciated character so correctly, and with such decision and inviolable good taste, that the most exacting admirers of Mozart must have felt entirely satisfied.

The other principal characters—the Donna Anna of Grisi, the Zerlina of Castellan, and the Leporello of Formes—need not be dwelt upon. It is enough to say that they exhibited their accustomed excellence; that Grisi, in the recitative and *aria* of the first act was as grand and dramatic as she is wont to be—that the "Batti, batti" and "Vedrai carino," sung with great sweetness by Castellan, were both encores—and that the last scene of Leporello, perhaps the most original and elaborately finished of all the impersonations of Herr Formes, was never more striking, impressive, and true to character and situation. We have often praised the Commandatore of Tagliafico, and his execution of the sublime music of the *finale* to the second act, confirmed us in the opinion that the part has rarely, if ever, found so efficient a representative. Polonini's Masetto is perfect in its way; his acting is natural and humorous, and his singing invariably correct and good. Among the encores was the "trio of the masks," by Grisi, Bertrandi, and

Tamberlik. We must remark, however, that the singers are too apt to respond to the demands of a minority, in coming forward to repeat their airs. The only unanimous encore last night—the only one that could not be resisted with deference to the public—was that accorded to the “Il mio tesoro,” and it is worthy of observation that among all the performers engaged in the opera, Tamberlik was the slowest to accept the compliment.

The general performance of the opera was admirable. Costa and his orchestra shone to the highest advantage, and we have not heard the finale to the first act, the sestet, “Sola sola,” or the great last scene, with Giovanni, Leporello, and the statue of the Commandatore, go so unexceptionably well. The military band, however, was more out of tune than ever, both in the first and second acts. Surely some remedy might be found for this. The effect of the trombones behind the scenes, when the statue, in the churchyard, accepts the invitation to supper of Don Giovanni, is very solemn and appropriate; but on Thursday night these instruments were probably so far off, at the commencement, that they were inaudible, and the statue had to sing his first solo without accompaniments. Some reform in the management of the supper scene is absolutely essential. We are tired of stating that Don Giovanni should have no company at table, since, as the book shows, his observations are exclusively directed to his servant, Leporello, which would be a curious anomaly on the part of so polite a cavalier in the presence of ladies. But if this point cannot be conceded, the table might be placed elsewhere than in the middle of the stage, so as to do away with the excessive absurdity of a number of domestics coming in to carry off the remains of the feast, at the approach of the statue, as though to clear the stage for a *pas de trois* for Don Giovanni, Leporello, and the ghost of the Commandatore. Such scenic mistakes go far to destroy the awful effect intended to be conveyed by the music and the situation; and people are inclined, in some places, to laugh rather than be impressed and edified at the fate of the unrepentant profligate. Moreover, they are so easy to remedy that their obstinate retention is unpardonable.

The principal artists were recalled at the end of the first act, and after the second Tamberlik came on alone.

To night *Norma* will be repeated. Meanwhile Madame Viardot is expected, and *Sappho* will not be far behind.

CATHERINE HAYES IN LIVERPOOL.

(From the *Liverpool Times*, May 29.)

The fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday evening, and was decidedly the most pleasing and satisfactory of the season. The audience was both numerous and fashionable. Miss Catherine Hayes sang under circumstances somewhat disadvantageous, as she had appeared on the preceding evening at a concert in London. She had not even the advantage of a rehearsal, and, never having sang the music of *Semiramide* in English, she gave the airs allotted to her from that work in Italian. Notwithstanding these untoward events, Miss Hayes not only succeeded, where many artists would have failed, but created a *furor* only equalled in the Philharmonic-hall by Jenny Lind's singing of “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Those who have only heard Miss Hayes when she previously appeared in Liverpool, labouring under severe indisposition, can have no idea of her truly wonderful vocal powers, which far exceed our anticipations,—though we expected much, after reading the eulogistic notices of *The Times* and other metropolitan journals. She is now in the full vigour of health and spirits; her late visit to Italy having evidently been highly beneficial to her, while her voice is in its prime. Its compass extends over three octaves, each note

of which is full and pure, while her taste, expression, and intonation are all that the most exacting critic could desire. In the florid airs of Rossini, and the pathetic invocation from the *Prophete*, by Meyerbeer, Miss Hayes was equally happy; and, while her clear, ringing, and flexible soprano astonished in the one, the rich, voluptuous tones of her contralto notes ravished the ear in the other. In the *Semiramide* selection the most noticeable feature of her singing was the cavatina, “Bel raggio,” a brilliant display of florid vocalism, which Miss Hayes gave with graceful ease and tasteful expression. In the duet, “Ebben a te ferisci,” in which occurs the air, “Giorno d'orrore,” Miss Hayes was equally pleasing, her intonation and expression being equally appropriate to the sentiment conveyed by the words. In the *Masaniello* selection there was nothing for Miss Hayes to sing. Miss Hayes compensated for the omission by giving an Italian aria, the name of which has escaped our memory, in which she absolutely revelled in brilliant difficulties with such evident ease as to excite the audience to enthusiasm. A repetition of the air was warmly demanded. To the surprise of the audience, in whose ear her brilliant high notes were still ringing, she commenced that lovely and expressive air from the *Prophete*, “O, mon fils !” rendered famous by Viardot Garcia, and sang it throughout with so much feeling as to increase the previous excitement to an extent rarely witnessed amongst our staid audiences. In this air the voluptuous richness of her contralto tones was most advantageously displayed, and the whole performance rendered a triumph of vocal genius. Miss Hayes is now undoubtedly one of the first singers of the day, and we rejoice that, in the present dearth of great talent, and the abundance of pretentious mediocrity, we have still a native *prima donna* whom we can safely place alongside those of any other nation. Miss Hayes we understand, goes to America in the autumn, where, judging by the success of the Lind and Parodi, a career of unequalled good fortune awaits her.

Reviews of Music.

“TRIO FOR PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO.”—(Op. 1.)—CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS.—Schott and Co.

Mr. Stephens is one of the many of our native professors who, for the pure love of art, and without an eye to self, continue to labour year after year in the composition of instrumental pieces of the most important class. Mr. Stephens is well known as one of the most active, assiduous, industrious, persevering, enthusiastic, and undaunted members of the Society of British Musicians. He has written symphonies, overtures, quartets, &c. &c. merely for the love of writing them, since his sole reward has been a solitary performance at one of the public concerts of the Society, immediately followed by the descent of the drop scene of oblivion. A man must have, not only courage, but implicit faith in his own genius, and inward contempt for the world's indifference, who can thus persist in writing under such unfavourable circumstances. What is called a public is as deaf to a symphony of Mr. Stephens' as a rock on which a ship splits is to the cry of the sinking mariner. But Mr. Stephens is a good swimmer, and will not sink, but paddles about in the hopes of eventually reaching the strand, or being picked up by some charitable schooner passing by, and not dismantled. In other words, Mr. Stephens, spurred on by hope of ultimate appreciation, continues to write, and will continue to write, till eye and ink fail him.

He may console himself with the reflection that many a genius, even greater than his own, and talent more accomplished and persevering, has thus laboured for pure love, with tray and teen and small returns. Lucky is it, indeed, for the art that such men exist, for out of their number springs the impetus which pushes from behind the unhorsed car of progress.

The trio in question is a work of extended plan, and unquestionable merit. The first movement begins with a large *chant* for the violin, accompanied by a simple *arpeggio* on the piano. The *chant* is afterwards given to the violoncello in octaves with the first

named instrument, the pianoforte accompaniment being still limited to the simple *arpeggio* afore-mentioned. The second motive, in the dominant, has the fault of being too much of the colour of the first, although the brilliant passage which follows it helps it out, and cuts the monotony short. The *reprise* of both subjects is effectively managed, and the accompaniments varied with skill. The *adagio*, in A minor, begins with an expressive *cantabile* for the violoncello, of which a good singer on that very vocal instrument could not fail *tirer partie*. The subject is then given in duet with the violin; a good passage in full harmony for the piano then follows, in which, however, there are too many sequences of sevenths. This leads to another motive in the relative major for the violoncello, in its turn giving way to the *reprise* of the first subject for the two instruments. Some more *remplissages* for the piano, in the key of C, succeed. The theme is again given in duo, with a florid accompaniment for the piano in unison, and the movement concludes in the major with what is partly a new subject, and partly a modification of the harmonious *remplissage* already alluded to. There is nothing particular to say about the *scherzo* and *trio*, in F minor and B flat, except the prolongation of the rhythm (nine bars instead of eight), in the theme of the *scherzo*. The movement, though unpretending, is spirited and clever. Perhaps the best written of the four pieces is the finale, *allegro vivace*, in F major. The theme has a freshness about it which is hardly to be remarked in its predecessors. The second subject, *a la marcia*, is bold, and well-contrasted with the other. The whole movement is so well worked that we even forgive the pedantic introduction of the somewhat weak fugue, with stale sequences. This is short, however, if not sweet, and leads back to the *reprise* of the first subject gratefully and without effort. The next appearance of the second theme in F is equally good, and the coda is brilliant and energetic.

Although the trio of Mr. Stephens is not elaborately difficult, it requires a good finger to be touched effectively, and good stamina to be sustained unflinchingly; but the composer himself is known to be an excellent pianist, and has addressed his work to the appreciation of those who understand and have a command of the instrument. From an Op. 1 we have rarely experienced more satisfaction at the pages of a British musician.

Provincial.

LEEDS. — (From a Correspondent). — THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — This Society gave its Concert last evening. The band performed Auber's popular overture to "Fra Diavolo", and the first movement of Mozart's Symphony *Jupiter*, in a most creditable manner; Mr. Bowling led, and kept the players well together. The Chorus, as usual, displayed excellent training in "To thee mighty Neptune," (Mozart's *Idomeneo*), — Barnett's Madrigal, "All creatures," — "Pretty Maidens" (*Don Giovanni*) and Locke's music in *Macbeth*. The latter served to introduce to a Leeds audience Miss M. B. Marsh (of the Liverpool Concerts), who, in the solos and recitatives of the first *Soprano* ("Let's have a dance, &c."), showed a cultivated voice, very pure in the higher notes. This was more particularly evinced in the Rondo "La Morale" (*Don Pasquale*) which she rendered with excellent effect. Miss Marsh received an encore in Balfe's "Woman's Heart," which she gave with much *naïveté*. We believe she is a pupil of Balfe's. Misses Gill, Brown, and Milner assisted in the concerted music, and gave their solos effectively. These ladies are our popular local vocalists. Kalkbrenner's trio for piano, violin and violoncello, was rendered by Messrs. Spark, Bowling and Williamson with great spirit and precision. Mr. Spark, as conductor, was most efficient.

LIVERPOOL. — Madame Fiorentini and Signor Calzolari were the vocalists at the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place at their Hall, on Tuesday evening. Madame Fiorentini possesses rare natural advantages for succeeding in the profession she has chosen, for she is young, handsome, and of a good figure. Her voice is a soprano, of great sweetness, purity, and extensive compass. She sings with taste and truthful into-

nation, and overcomes difficulties with ease. She was encored in a Spanish song and two duets with Calzolari, scarcely sufficient to enable her to develop the full extent of her powers. Signor Calzolari is a very tasteful singer: he cannot fail to please; his style is correct. Herr Lidel displayed much talent in a fantasia on the violoncello, and Mrs. Beale was deservedly applauded for her pianoforte performance in Hummel's Septuor. The choir sung a madrigal of Wilbye's, the "Rat-a-plan" chorus from the *Huguenots*, and Weber's "Lutzow's Wild Hunt." The two first were coldly received, but the latter, which was sung with spirit and precision, met with a well-merited encore.

On Tuesday evening, the Festival Choral Society gave their fifty-first public performance at the Music Hall, before a numerous audience, when Handel's oratorio, *Joshua*, was performed. The principal vocalists were Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Whitnall, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. Miss Whitnall made her *début* at this society, and gave general satisfaction. The chorus singers deserve honourable mention for their exertions, and were rewarded with encores to the following choruses, viz., "May all the Host," "Hail, mighty Joshua," and "See, the Conquering Hero comes." Mr. John Richardson presided at the organ, and Mr. G. Holden acted as conductor.

Original Correspondence.

ON THE TWELVE BINARY PROGRESSIVE CADENCES IN THE MINOR MODE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR, — In the *Musical World* of the 5th of August, 1848, I presented your readers with my method of progressive cadences, which serve both for the major and minor modes. These under consideration are applicable only to the minor mode. It may be remembered by some that I mentioned the fact of Abbé Vogler having applied arithmetic to ascertain the exact number and situation on the scales of all the harmonious intervals, or duads and chords in music. Secondly, I mentioned that Schnyder went further, by applying arithmetic to find out all the ground sequences in music — a very important and ingenious discovery this was. And lastly, I apply the same agent to find out all the progressive binary cadences; by which method their exact situations in the major and minor modes are ascertained. This information is much wanted, as no two works in music give the same variety and names to the cadences, and none of them bear uniformity or method, without which, no scientific subject can be well understood. It may be recollected that I stated in 1848, that, arithmetically considered, there are two descriptions of harmony, viz. : — *primary* and *secondary*; the one by adding and subtracting *one* and *three*; the other by adding and subtracting *two*. I also stated that no cadences could be made on the secondary harmonies in the major mode. Now I will show that such can be the case in the minor mode, and the observant reader will discover that they produce a beautiful effect. It is unnecessary to present your readers with the six complete tables of the primary and secondary harmonies; they will perceive, however, that the names I gave to the cadences in the major mode are here carried out in the minor mode, extending even to the *six secondary cadences*; their names therefore will not be difficult to remember, if the one manifold principal be regarded.

The Six Secondary Binary Progressive Cadences, by adding and subtracting two.

III	to I	is called	...	Secondary final.
III	"	V	"	Secondary half.
VIIw4	"	V	"	Secondary minor half.
V	"	VIIw4	"	Secondary inverted minor half.
V	"	I	"	Secondary independent final.
I	"	VI	"	Secondary inverted independent final.

It will be seen by the above figures that III represents an augmented chord, which, therefore, requires preparation. The sign w4 means *with the raised 4th*, or as I call it in my essay on Fugue the *Interdominant*.

The Six Primary Progressive Cadences in the minor mode, by adding and subtracting one and three.

II	to I	is called	...	Minor independent final
III	"	IV	"	Minor independent broken
4	"	V	"	Minor inverted broken.
IIw4	"	V	"	Minor independent half.
III	"	VI	"	Minor interrupted.
III	"	VIIw4	"	Minor independent.

In conclusion, I will mention, as examples, that the triads from IIw4 to V would, in the key of A minor, be B D sharp, F to E, G sharp, B; and that the triads from III to VIIw4, in the same key would be C E G sharp, to G sharp, B D sharp. If all the 24 cadences I have forwarded to the *Musical World* were employed by able musicians, their music would present many novel and striking effects.

I am, yours obliged,
FRENCH FLOWERS.

GREAT EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—In your number of the week before last, you say, Mr. J. J. Cooper performed on the opening day. This surely must be a mistake, for I not only find the name of Mr. George Cooper, the eminent organist, in the printed programme, but I was present to hear him play Mr. Charles Horsley's march from "*David*," one of the compositions mentioned in the paragraph to which I allude. I presume, therefore, it must be an error, which, doubtless, you will not fail to notice, in the next number of your interesting journal.

I am, your obedient servant,
29th May, 1851. VERAX.

HAYDN'S AND MOZART'S QUARTETTS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Penzance, 2nd June, 1851.

SIR,—Can you or any of your numerous subscribers, inform me, whether any of Haydn's or Mozart's Violin Quartetts have been arranged, either as solos for the pianoforte, or trios for the piano, violin or cello. I cannot discover that these beautiful compositions have ever yet been published in this form, either in this country or on the continent, although those of Beethoven have been done in both these ways.

Perhaps you will insert this in your next number.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Miscellaneous.

THE GRAND ORGAN, erected by Messrs. Gray and Davison, in the north gallery of the transept of the Great Exhibiton, and which was used at the ceremonial, on the 1st of May, for the accompaniment to the vocal music performed, has been removed, by the desire of H.R.H. Prince Albert, to the centre of the east gallery of the nave, where it can be both seen and heard to great advantage.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—On Thursday next, the 12th inst., a "*Full Choral Service*" will be celebrated for the purpose of founding a "*Choir Benevolent Fund*." The service will commence at 12 o'clock, and at the conclusion a selection of anthems by the most eminent composers will be performed by upwards of 120 voices, all members of the various cathedral and collegiate choirs in the kingdom. Mr. Turk will preside at the organ. Mr. G. Gray is the Provisional Secretary, and deserves the greatest praise for his strenuous exertions in furtherance of the object in view, and for making the necessary arrangements for so large meeting of choristers.

MELODIST'S CLUB.—At the meeting on the 29th ult. the prize for the best melody offered by E. S. Snell, esq., was awarded to

Mr. Land, for a song entitled "*The Vesper Dream*," the words by Mr. E. J. Gill.

MESSRS. H. AND R. BLAGROVE'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The first of the series took place on Thursday morning, at the Concert Rooms in Mortimer Street. Want of space compels us to defer a detailed notice this week, suffice it, for the present, that Beethoven's trio, in B flat, was excellently played by Madame Verdavaue, (piano), Mr. H. Blagrove, (violin), and Mr. Hausmann, (violin-cello), and that everything went off to the satisfaction of an elegant audience. Mr. J. L. Hutton was announced as the accompanist at the pianoforte. The next concert will take place on Friday evening the 20th inst.

MADAME CHARTON, the pearl of the *Opera Comique*, has been singing at one of the recent concerts given by Her Majesty, at Buckingham House.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—M. Alexandre Billet, the eminent pianist, gave the first of a series of three concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday last, which was well attended and went off with the greatest *éclat*. The learned professor was aided in the vocal department by Madame Anna Thillon and Herr Stigelli. Madame Thillon sang a beautiful air by Mozart, which, however, the composer did not originally intend for French words. She also delighted her audience by her delicate and finished rendering of two "*Romances Françaises*." Mad. Thillon preserves all that archness of look and manner, that beauty of face and figure, that voice and piquant execution, which have long rendered her so generally popular. It is therefore needless to state that her reception was in the highest degree flattering. We wish some of our own vocalists would catch the inspiration and impart some of Madame Thillon's warmth of manner into their northern coldness. Herr Stigelli sang a *lied* by Schubert, and a composition of his own. This gentleman has now definitively gained a position as a first-rate concert-singer, independently of his high reputation on the Italian stage. The concert donor, M. Billet, commenced operations with Beethoven's sonata in A major, op. 101, a noble composition which notwithstanding its length, was attentively listened to out.

We commend M. Billet for placing this at the commencement of his concert, and following it up with lighter pieces, not requiring such close and continued attention. Weber's Polacca, (*L'hilarité*) in E, a piece of great liveliness and character, was the next. This composition is a companion to Weber's well-known "*La gaité*," in E flat, equally showy, and worthy the attention of ambitious amateurs. Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso* is also a most admirable composition for amateurs—not too difficult, yet requiring a firm touch and great correctness, as well as an amount of expression that, properly displayed, will not merge into an excess of misplaced sentiment. The *Andante* is superb, and the *Allegro* reminds us of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, being of that airy, fairy-like, flitting description, in which the composer so much delighted.

M. Billet finished with a selection of intricate studies, by Steibelt, Chopin, Potter, and others.

We need hardly observe that this gentleman fully sustained his fame as one of the first pianists of the day. If the French Revolution injured our volatile neighbours it conferred at least one benefit upon us, viz:—the causing M. Billet to reside permanently here. He played on Monday upon a capital instrument—one of the "*Fonda's*" of Kirkman and Son, and his exertions were rewarded with the loudest plaudits.

H. L.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.—This Anniversary Festival took place on Wednesday, in the Freemason's-hall, and was celebrated by a very large assembly of theatrical amateurs and artists. The toasts, besides the ordinary loyal sentiments, comprised the Chairman, Mr. Harley; the immortal memory of Garrick; the Vice Presidents; the Sub-committee of Drury Lane; Mr. Anderson; the Stewards, and the Ladies. The collection after dinner was very considerable, and Mr. Harley's speech on the objects and prospects of the institution, gave an excellent report of the prosperity of the fund. The musical arrangements under the direction of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, were highly effective. The chief features in the performance were Miss Dolby's Scotch

Ballads, her style of singing, which is too well known to need a comment; Mr. John Macfarren's *Carnaval de Venise* on the pianoforte, was brilliantly executed; and Signor Bottesini's miraculous fantasia on the doublebass; besides these, there were songs and glees, by Misses E. Birch, Land and P. Horton; Messrs. King, Bromley, Genge, Machin, Cowell, Binge, Shoubridge, Stretton, Land, Lawler, Beale, Borroni and Jones; and a harp solo by Mr. G. Taylor. Mr. B. B. Cabbell, was in the chair.

MISS AUGUSTA PURCELL'S CONCERT.—This took place at the Music-hall, Store-street, on Wednesday evening. The programme was of the usual length on these occasions, and comprised between twenty and thirty pieces. We were just in time for a pretty song of Mrs. J. Passingham's, charmingly sung by Miss Poole, and encored. Madame Goffrie followed in a fantasia on the pianoforte, and made the instrument talk excellent *faïrerie* (i. e. the language of fairies) under her light and brilliant fingers. Then came Madame Lavinia, in "*Una voce poco fa*." This young lady has a voice of extensive compass and good quality, and powerful in the upper notes. She went through Rossini's *aria* in such a manner as very nearly to elicit an encore; and in the second act, sung Glover's ballad, "The blind girl to her harp," accompanied on that instrument by Mr. J. Thomas, who afterwards played a *fantasia*. Miss Bassano sang a *cunzonetta* of Marras in a charming manner. Miss Eyles was fortunate in the choice of Macfarren's fine dramatic song from *The Sleeper Awakened*—"Gone, he is gone." The attempt was equally bold and successful. Miss Eyles is a vocalist of considerable promise. Miss Mes-sent, who arrived late to fulfil the sixth professional engagement (public and private in the course of the same day) sang Donizetti's popular *aria* from *Belley* "*Le crudele il cor*," with her usual taste. Mr. Herbert gave two songs with much expression. After Miss Augusta Purcell had twice sung Rodwell's ballad, "Charming May," we left. The room was well attended.

MANCHESTER.—The organ committee have cleared £25 by the late performance of the *Messiah* at St. Paul's Church, which sum has been appropriated towards the liquidation of the debt upon the organ. The result is highly creditable to all concerned, and especially so to those gentlemen who gratuitously added in the realisation of the above praiseworthy object.—*Manchester Courier*, 24th May.

MR. COOPER has announced two Quartett Concerts for Mondays the 9th and 16th inst.

PANOFKA'S VILANELLA.—In our account of Mr. Aguilar's concert, last week, we omitted to state that Mr. Panofka's *Vilanelle*, for four voices, was admirably sung by Miss Birch, Mdlle. Graumann, Herr Stigelli, and Sig. Marchesi, and was well received by the audience. It is a composition of pleasing character, well written for the voices, and very effective.

MISS LIZZY STUART AND MR. GEORGE TEDDER'S CONCERT.—Miss Stuart and Mr. Tedder procured a goodly array of talent, both vocal and instrumental, for the special delight and wonderment of the down-east folks, and the consequence was an admirable and successful concert. The vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Lowe, the Misses Cole, Miss Poole, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Whitworth, and the concert givers. The instrumental department was also unusually strong, including the unrivalled *contra basso* Signor Bottesini, Misses Woolf and Eliza Ward, pianists; Master John Ward, concertina; and Mr. F. Chatterton, harp. Mr. Lavenu and Mr. Maurice Davies conducted. The encores were numerous. The first was awarded to Miss Stuart and Mr. Tedder. Russell's "Come Brothers arouse," was unanimously recalled, and Miss Stuart in "Annie Laurie," loudly encored. Signor Bottesini created the most tremendous sensation, and proved satisfactorily to those who heard him for the first time, that he is unrivalled upon his instrument. Mr. F. Chatterton, were he a Red Indian, would be denominated "Leaping Fingers," while Miss Woolf and the Wards would unquestionably be considered "Conjurers" anywhere. The rooms were excessively full, and the concert afforded much gratification to the audience.

H. L.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—On Wednesday a grand miscellaneous flower show was held at these gardens by the South London Floricultural Society, and, favoured by the fineness of

the weather, a large number of visitors assembled. The gardens are now delightful, and present a mass of foliage and flowers of great beauty. Everything wears a fresh and smiling appearance, and, independently of the thousand and one attractions of the place, those of nature are alone sufficient to attract multitudes of visitors. Five spacious marquees were erected for the occasion of the flower show; and these, though by no means filled with specimens, contained sufficient to interest spectators and to afford good materials for prizes. Amongst the competitors were many of the most eminent growers, but the amateurs occupied a respectable position. The display of azaleas and pelargoniums was, perhaps, the best in the collection. A marked improvement since last year was exhibited in the pansies. The stand of twenty-four dissimilar blooms, exhibited by R. H. Rettidge, Esq., and which gained the Victoria silver medal, were remarkable for their beauty; as also was the collection of twelve varieties of pelargoniums, shown by Mr. N. Gaines, who also received a Victoria medal. The show of grapes was not very large; but those exhibited by Mr. Corney, the extensive florist and horticulturist of Bury-street, Lower Edmonton, attracted great attention, and gained one of the extra prizes—a bronze medal. They were of the black Hamburg sort, and for size, quality, and lustre we have rarely seen them equalled. The show gave great satisfaction to the thousands who thronged the marquees. M. Jullien has added his powers to that already possessed by the orchestra; and Koenig, Winterbottom, Lavigne, Lazarus, Sonnenberg, and other eminent solists, are arrayed under his direction. The Exhibition Quadrilles, and the State March, as performed at the opening of the Crystal Palace, are great novelties in style, and accompaniments have a most remarkable effect in the open air orchestra. In addition to the features usually to be found in the gardens, a room has been appropriated to chicken-latching, so that the curious may see the whole process of incubation. The elephants' promenade occasions some most amusing incidents, and their docility is illustrated in a very striking manner. The fireworks that accompany the diorama shone through the gates of Mr. Danson's magnificent Temple of Janus, are exceedingly brilliant; and the set piece that illuminates the vast transparency closing the entertainment, elicits universal admiration, both for its diversity of colours and its magnitude. We must not close our notice without calling the attention of those who may not be aware of the fact, to the large piece of ground laid out as a refreshment garden, and fitted up in a tasteful and picturesque style. The scale of prices laid down by the worthy host, Mr. Woolf, are within the means of all, and the quality of the article furnished is most excellent—features sadly wanting in many places of out-door recreation. Taking the nature of the entertainment, and the general character of the visitors, we do not know a place that affords a better evening's amusement than the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Haydn's Creation will be performed on Friday 13th inst.

NOVEL EFFECTS OF AN ENCORE.—The Madrid correspondent of the *Times* says, "Madrid is perfectly tranquil, but had it not been for the good sense of the people it might have proved otherwise the night before last, at the Circo theatre, where, because the audience demanded the repetition of a song, the presiding municipal authority sent for and ordered two companies of artillerymen to enter the place with fixed bayonets, and turn the spectators out of doors. The soldiers acted with remarkable prudence, and thus prevented the awful consequences which might have ensued."

MR. JOHN CLINTON, the eminent professor of the flute in the Royal Academy of Music, a member of the Philharmonic Society &c., made a visit to this city within the present week. Some few of the admirers of that instrument were delighted in hearing that gentleman's extraordinary abilities on his *newly invented* flute, which forms one of the wonders of the Great Exhibition. Mr. Clinton has long been known to the musical world, and added much to his celebrity as an essayist on the merits and demerits of that charming instrument, and with great credit has further distinguished himself by the completion of a desideratum so long wished for and required. Amongst the recent improvements, a new system of fingering was considered absolutely necessary for the acquiring a more perfect

intonation, although obviously objectionable to the profession generally. Mr. Clinton has, however, at last, after great labour, surmounted this difficulty, by preserving the old system of fingering and thereby rendering a purity of tone resembling a fine rich voice whilst power and equality, with perfection of tone throughout, are happily afforded.—*Bristol Times*, 10th May, 1851.

FRENCH DRAGOONS IN LONDON.—A proposition has been made to the Government to send the band of the 9th Dragoons to London, during the Exhibition, as a specimen of the military music of France. M. Sax, who is the manufacturer of the greater number of the musical instruments used by such bands, was the first to originate the idea, and has made an application to the Minister of War on the subject which has been warmly supported by M. C. Dupin, the president of the French committee.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

DAGUERRETYPE PORTRAITS.—Mr. Beard, of King William Street, has recently added another to the many improvements he has succeeded in making in the Daguerreotype process. This latest improvement consists in a mode of enamelling the silver plate, by means of which it is not liable to be tarnished, and it may even be washed like an oil painting, without sustaining any injury. The advantage does not stop here, however, for under this improved process, the colors acquire a brilliancy and depth of tone hitherto unattainable, and some of the specimens now exhibited in Mr. Beard's gallery, will bear comparison with the best miniatures. The earlier Daguerreotype portraits appear so harsh and crude in contrast with those now produced, that it is difficult to persuade oneself they are results of the same process.—*Times*.

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7. Barcarolle	14. Song of Thanksgiving, trio.

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BLUMENTHAL'S NEW WORKS.

CONSOLATION	4s. 0d.
Primevère	4s. 0d.
Violette	3s. 0d.
Marche Militaire	3s. 6d.
Trois Mazurkas (3rd set)	4s. 0d.
Scène de Ballet	4s. 0d.
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NEW SONGS BY J. P. KNIGHT.

THE MERRY MULETEER,	2s.
Queen of the Silver Bow,	2s.
Matilda of Zell,	2s.
What Pleasant Sounds,	2s.
The Voice of the Summer,	2s.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 301, Regent-street.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MATINEE MUSICALE

WILL take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, Harley Street, on JUNE 12th, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Mdlles. Johanssen and Graumann. M. Stockhausen. Pianoforte—Miss Emma Busby and M. Tellefsen. Violin—Herr Deichmann. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had at the principal Music-sellers, and at Miss Busby's residence, 18, Upper Gloucester-place, Dorset-square.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce a SERIES of THREE MORNING CONCERTS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE and VOCAL MUSIC, on MONDAYS, June the 2nd, 16th, and 30th, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mme. Anna Thillon, Herr Stigelli, Herr Jules Stockhausen. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had at the principal Music-sellers, and at the principal Music-sellers.

PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND CONCERT.
MONDAY, JUNE 16th.

PART FIRST.

1. SONATA in A major, (Ma Cousine).	Macfarren.
Allegro non troppo, e tranquillo, A major.	
Andante semplice, A minor.	
Vivace assai, Scherzo, C major, E major.	
Prestinissimo assai, alla Tarantella, A major.	
2. MORGENSTUND { German Lieder. } Mendelssohn.	
WOHIN? { M. STOCKHAUSEN, } Schubert.	
"I heard a streamlet gushing."	
3. O ABANY! DEAR ABANY, Song from Oberon, Mme. THILLON. Weber.	
4. CAPRICE in C major Haydn.	

PART SECOND.

5. SONATA in C minor, Op. 35. Dussek.	
Allegro ed assai agitato, C minor.	
Adagio patetico ed espressivo, E flat major.	
Finale Grotesque, Allegro molto e giocoso, C major.	
6. "WHO IS SYLVIA?" { M. STOCKHAUSEN. } Schubert.	
"HARK, HARK THE LARK." { } Schubert.	
7. L'ORNEAU MORT, ROMANCE. { Mme. THILLON. } Violon.	
JEAN NE MEURT PAS, CHANSON-NETTE { } E. Armand.	
8. SELECTION OF STUDIES:—	
F Sharp major. Henselt.	
G minor (l'appassionata). W. S. Bennett.	
G major. Moscheles.	
C Sharp minor. Chopin.	
A minor. Thalberg.	

MR. COOPER'S QUARTETT CONCERT

WILL take place on Monday Evening, June 16th, at 71, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. Programme:—Quartett in F minor, Messrs. Sain-ton, Cooper, Hill and Rousselot, Haydn. Sonate, Piano and Violin, Messrs. Stern-dale Bennett and Cooper, Mozart. Quartett, A minor, Sain-ton, Cooper, Hill and Rousselot, Mendelssohn. Duett, two Violins, in D minor. Sain-ton and Cooper. Spohr. Quartett, Posthumous, Cooper, Sain-ton, Hill and Rousselot, in B flat, Bee-thoven. To begin at 8 past 8 precisely. Single Tickets 7s. and Family ditto to admit 4 persons £1 1s. May be had at Addisons, Regent Street, Ewer, Newgate Street, and Mr. Cooper, 3 Windsor Cottages, Haverstock Hill.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR MR. COSTA.—On FRIDAY, next, 13th June, Haydn's CREATION. Vocalists, Miss Birch, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 2s.; Reserved 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's Office, 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON,

HARPIST to Her Majesty the Queen of the French, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, has the honour to announce his seventeenth annual Morning Concert, on MONDAY NEXT, June 9th, 1851, at WILLIS'S GREAT ROOM, King Street, St. James's, to commence at two o'clock, on which occasion, Twelve Amateur Ladies, his pupils, will perform on Twelve of Erard's Harps, a Grand March, composed in honor of the Prince Albert. Vocal—Misses Birch, Bummel, Blanche Youngs, Messent, Ransford, Cole, Mary Rose, Sutton, Lemaire, Arregotti, Bodda. Instrumental—Mdlle. Coulon, Rosina Collins, Rousselot, Goffrie, Regondi, Frederick Chatterton, and his Juvenile Harpists, the Lockwoods. Conductor—Mr. Kiallmark. Tickets, 7s. each. To be had at all the principal Music Shops, and of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, 8, Duchess Street, Portland Place.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER

BEG to announce that their Annual Grand Morning Concert will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on TUESDAY, JUNE the 17th, to commence at two o'clock. They will be assisted by Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, Mdlle. Graumann, Signor Stigelli, Herr Reichart, and M. Stockhausen, Herr Ernst, and Signor Bottesini. The orchestra will be complete. Leader, Mr. Willy. Conductors, Mr. C. Lucas and Herr Schimon. Tickets Seven Shillings, to be had at the principal Music Warehouse, of Miss Dolby, 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, and of Mr. L. Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park. Stalls, half a guinea each to be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 301, Regent Street, of Miss Dolby, and of Mr. L. Sloper.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the SEVENTH CONCERT will take place on MONDAY NEXT, the 9th inst. Programme:—Sinfonia, No. 2 (grand), in D, Haydn; Concerto, No. 2, violin, Mr. Blagrove, Spohr; Overture, Carlolan, Beethoven; Sinfonia in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Overture, Ruler of the Spirits, Weber. Vocal Performers—Madame Chanton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and M. Jules Stockhausen. Conductor—Mr. Costa. Single Tickets, £1 1s.; Double Tickets, £1 10s.; Triple Tickets, £3 5s.; to be had at Messrs. Addison and Co.'s, 210, Regent-street.

MADLLE. COULON

HAS the honour to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on WEDNESDAY JUNE 11, when she will be assisted by the following celebrated artists:—Vocalists: Mesdames Birch, E. Birch, Messent, Graumann, Messieurs Herberts, Lefort, Marchesi, and Sa. Tamburini. Instrumentalists—Messieurs J. Herz, Frélon, P. Chatterton, Sain-ton, and Rousselot. Conductors—Messieurs Billela, Frélon, and Lindsay Sloper. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Single Tickets, 7s.; may be had at all the principal music warehouses, and of Madlle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough-street.

MISS KATE LODER

BEGS to announce that her Matinée Musicale will take place on SATURDAY, JUNE 14th, 1851, to commence at half-past two o'clock, at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square. Vocalists, Miss Dolby, Miss Williams, Madlle. Macfarren, Miss Messent, Madlle. Ferrari; Miss Pyne, Miss Ley, and Miss Louisa Pyne. Herr Reichart, Signor Ferrari; Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. F. Bodda. Instrumentalists, Messrs. H. Blagrove, Watson, Dado, and Lucas, who will perform Miss Kate Loder's Quartet in E minor, Mr. Richardson, and Miss Kate Loder. Conductor, Mr. W. C. Macfarren. Tickets 10s. 6d. each; Reserved seats, 18s. To be had of Miss Kate Loder, 36, Manchester Street, at Messrs. Cramer and Beale, Addison and Co., and R. and O. Ollivier.

MESSRS. KIALLMARK & GIULIO REGONDI

HAVE the honour to announce that they will give a MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday, June 14, to commence at half-past 2 o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Pyne, Louisa Pyne; Messrs. Marras, Menjis, Paltoni, and Whitworth. Instrumentalists—Piano, Mr. Kiallmark; violin, Signor Sivori; violoncello, Signor Piatti; contra basso, Signor Bottesini; guitar and concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductors—MM. Frélon and Kiallmark. Reserved Seats, 15s., to be had only of Mr. Kiallmark, 32 A, Fitzroy-square; and Signor G. Regondi, 29, Albany-street, Regent's Park. Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had at all the principal music warehouses.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. SOIREES EXTRAORDINAIRES.

The Week's Performances will include the talents of
Madame SONTAG, Mdle. CAROLINE DUPREZ, Mde. FIORENTINI, Mde.
GIULIANI, Mdle. IDA BERTRAND, Mdle. UGALDE, and Mdle.
SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

Madlle. MONTI;

Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, PARDINI, POULTIER, and SIMS REEVES;
Signori LABLACHE, MASSOL, F. LABLACHE, CASANOVA, SCAPINI,
LORENZO, FERRANTI, and COLETTI;
Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mlle. AMALIA FERRARIS,
Mlle. Rosa, Esper, Julian, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Kolenberg, Aussandon, Pascales,
Dantonie, Soto;

MM. Charles, Ehrick, Gosselin, and Paul Taglioni.

Tuesday, June 10th, 1851, FIDELIO, and other Entertainments.

Wednesday, June 11th, Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI'S BENEFIT, and last appearance, NORMA. The First Act of LE DIABLE A QUATRE, Selection from IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO, the First Act of.

LES METAMORPHOSES, Selection from GUSTAVE III., LA ESMERALDA, and LES COSMOPOLITES.

Thursday, June 12th, Auber's New Grand Opera, IL PRODIGE, and other Entertainments.

Friday, June 6th—GRAND SOIREE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

MADLE. CARLOTTA GRISI

Has the honour to announce that her

BENEFIT AND LAST APPEARANCE

Will take place on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11th, 1851, when will be presented Bellini's celebrated Opera,

NORMA.

Norma,	Madlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI.
Adalgisa,	Mde. GIULIANI.
Pollione,	Signor PARDINI.
Flavio,	Signor MERCURIALI.
Oroveso,	Signor CASANOVA.

In the course of the evening, the First Act of the admired Ballet,

LE DIABLE A QUATRE.

Masourkas, Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.

A selection from Cimarosa's Opera,

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

Geronimo, Signor LABLACHE.
Il Conte Robinson, Signor F. LABLACHE.

To be followed by the First Act of the celebrated Ballet,

LES METAMORPHOSES.

The Sprite, Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.

A selection from Auber's Opera,

GUSTAVE III.

Including the admired Aris by Madlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ.

A selection from the admired Ballet,

LA ESMERALDA.

Comprising the celebrated Truandaise.

Esmeralda, Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.

Also the New Divertissement, entitled

LES COSMOPOLITES.

In which Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI and Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI, will appear.

A Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

N ITALIAN, FRENCH, ENGLISH, SPANISH, AND GERMAN,
Will take place on

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 16th, 1851.

Selected from the following Authors:

Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Gluck, Mercadante, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Zingarelli, Purcell, Auber, Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn;
And embracing many highly interesting novelties.

On this occasion will appear Mesdames

SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, ALAYMO, GIULIANI,
IDA BERTRAND, FIORENTINI,
MARIE CRUVELLI, and SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

The valuable assistance of Madame UGALDE, of the Opera Comique at Paris, has also been secured.

Signori GARDONI and CALZOLARI, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Signor PARDINI, Signori COLETTI and FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, BALANCHI, MASSOL, and LABLACHE.

Some of the original Manuscripts of the celebrated PAGANINI having been discovered, the Direction has secured them, and M. FIVORI (engaged expressly for this occasion) will execute

THE CELEBRATED CONCERTO,

And also the so much admired

"STREGHE, or, "WITCHES DANCE."

These Pieces have never been performed by any but Paganini.

Boxes, Two Guineas; Pit Stalls 15s.; Pit Tickets and Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; may be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF DON GIOVANNI.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 10th, will be performed for the second time this Season, Mozart's celebrated Opera.

DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna,	Madame GRISI.
Elvira,	Madlle. BERTRANDI.
Zerli,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Don Giovanni,	Signor TAMBURINI.
(His second appearance this season).	
Leporello,	Herr FORMES.
Masetto,	Signor POLONINI.
Il Commendatore,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
AND	
Don Ottavio,	Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Opera will be supported by a triple Orchestra and double Chorus.

EXTRA NIGHT.—FIRST NIGHT OF LA FAVORITA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 12th, will be produced Donizetti's Opera,

LA FAVORITA.

Leonora,	Madame GRISI.
Inez,	Madlle. COTTI.
Roldano,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Don Gasparo,	Signor SOLDI.
Alfonso XI.,	Signor TAMBERLIK.
AND	
Ferdinando,	Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—M R. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

MRS. ANDERSON'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON

(Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.)

Has the honour to inform her Patrons and Friends, that her Annual Grand

MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 20th,

Commencing at Half-past One o'clock precisely.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Mesdames Grisi, Viardot, Castellani, Angri, Anna Zerr, and Chanton. Signori Mario, Tamberlik, Tamburini, Ronconi, Bianchi, Tagliafico and Polonini, Herren Formes, Pischek, Stigelli, Stockhausen, and Rieschert. Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson, and Miss Anderson Kirkman (niece of Mrs. Anderson). Violins, Signor Sivri and M. Sinton (Violin solo to Her Majesty the Queen). Contra Bass, Signor Bottesini. Conductor, Mr. Costa. The whole of the magnificent Band and Chorus are engaged to perform on this occasion. Mrs. Anderson respectfully solicits an early application for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets.

Tickets and Boxes to be had of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square; at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Music Sellers and Libraries.

MUSICAL UNION.

FIFTH MATINEE.—Tuesday next, half-past 3:—Quintet, G

Minor, Mozart; Ave Maria, solo, violoncello, Schubert; trio, D major, op. 70, Beethoven; quartet E flat, op. 44, Mendelssohn. Artists:—Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Seligmann (violinist from Paris). Pianoforte, Herr Halle. Strangers' admissions to be had, half-a-guinea each, at Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street. No artists admitted without tickets from J. ELLA, Director.

The Director's Matinee is fixed for the sixth Meeting, June 24th, at which Ernst, Sivori, Sinton, Laub, Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, Bottesini, Pauer, and Hallé, will perform

MISS GODDARD

BEGS to announce that her FIRST GRAND CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 25, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square, when she will be assisted by the most eminent Vocal and Instrumental talent.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s.—to be had of Cramer, Beale, and Co.; and at the principal Music Publishers; and of Miss Goddard, 14, Clarendon-road Villas, Notting Hill.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Studley Villas, Studley Road Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid, To be had of G. Purkiss, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 7, 1851.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 24.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1851.

WHAT we predicted has come to pass. The musical season of 1851 has disappointed everybody. Until very lately the Italian Operas were doing very badly, and were only rescued from bankruptcy by their immense subscriptions. The theatres have not fared so ill for many years past. Drury Lane has been more than once closed, while the managers of the Princess's, the Haymarket, and the "minors," have been at their wit's end to find means of drawing the public. Until the great Rachel arrived Mr. Mitchell had no occasion to rub his hands together with satisfaction; his comedy and his *vaudeville* scarcely paid what they cost the enterprising director to bring them over. All the world was asking, about two months since, what Jullien intended to do? Jullien, more keen-sighted than all the world, sat, with arms folded, supine and inspeculative—Jullien, who cannot afford to fail in anything he undertakes, undertook nothing; but modestly contented himself with protecting the Surrey Gardens from becoming the sign of an absolute vacuum.

All the pianists in the world were expected in England; but none of them came, except Thalberg, who brought the score of an Opera, instead of a new *fantasia* for the piano, and has staid away from the arena of public exhibition, like another Cincinnatus. Whether Thalberg will eventually be dragged from his plough remains to be seen. Madame Pleyel, and Liszt, and Leopold de Meyer, were too knowing to come to England for nothing. Vieuxtemps, already as near to us as Paris, preferred remaining in France, picking up a few hundreds of 20 franc pieces in the French provinces, to walking about Regent-street with his hands in his pockets. Joseph Joachim, not less wary, kept to his post at Leipsic. Sivori came; but we doubt much if that admirable violinist has gained more than enough to pay his expenses. Ernst was already in possession of the field; but even Ernst can hardly be supposed to have reaped a golden harvest. The fact is, the Crystal Palace has absorbed both the curiosity and the money of the public, and there was nothing left to remunerate artists, foreign or native.

The crowd of mediocrities, in the shape of singers and players on instruments, attracted by the Great Exhibition, has surpassed that of any known season. From the mass may be singled out Bottesini, the contrabassist, who is unrivalled; Menter, a very good violoncellist, from Stuttgart—Laub, a young and promising violinist; and Pauer, an excellent pianist, from Prague. Mr. Ella has brought forward all these—besides Seligmann, another violoncellist, from Paris—at the Musical Union; but his extra *matinées* have not

been remunerative. The fame of the institution over which he presides, however, has been augmented by their means, and Mr. Ella can afford to sacrifice £100, or more, for such a return. At the Philharmonic Bottesini only has appeared. In revenge, we have had M. Haumann, the violinist, who has not been heard at the Musical Union.

From the host of singers let us particularly distinguish Madame Anna Zerr, a dramatic vocalist of great reputation in the principal towns of Germany, whose specialty has hitherto been unappreciated in England. Madame Zerr's province is the stage, and we can believe that the eminence she enjoys has been well earned. In the concert-room half her accomplishments count for nothing; her style and energy, essentially German, are not yet sufficiently understood to be applauded according to their deserts, and her marvellous execution, for this reason, has merely excited astonishment. Nevertheless, the unanimous opinion of Vienna, Berlin, and other emporiums of musical taste, cannot be rejected with indifference. We repeat, therefore, that Madame Anna Zerr has yet to be recognised. That, as soon as the public become familiar with her talent, she will be cited as one of the most extraordinary vocalists of the day, we have not the slightest doubt. When we have mentioned Madame Marra Volmers—who is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, to sing the music of the Queen of the Night, in *Zauberflöte*—Herr Wolf, a quaint, and Herr Reichardt, an agreeable tenor, we have specified all worth specifying, in the long army of foreign singers, who have this season besieged our shores, like a flight of locusts. They must return as they came, together with the players upon instruments of every denomination—empty-handed.

The only institution that has been a real gainer by the Great Exhibition of All Nations, from first to last, is the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose performances have been literally crowded to over-flowing. We must say that this speaks well for the taste of our foreign visitors. On the other hand, the kind of entertainment established by this society is new to them. Nothing of the kind can be heard abroad, except, occasionally, at the great festivals of the Rhine and other parts of Germany. The freshness of novelty, therefore, added to the importance and grandeur of the performances sufficiently explains the continued and increasing attraction of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The Italian Operas have recently been "looking up." At one house the genius of the new prima donna, Sophie Cruvelli, has given a new impetus, and *Fidelio* and *Norma* have saved the extra nights from being losing speculations. At the other the attractions of the *Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Don Gio-*

vans, with their powerful casts, and the growing reputation of Tamberlik, have been for some time filling the theatre. Things are likely to go on better, now, to the conclusion. We hope so. It will make a good end of a bad beginning.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

The four overtures to *Fidelio* are said to have been written at different periods after the completion of the opera, which is, we think, corroborated by the intrinsic evidence of the compositions themselves. We are therefore justified in deferring the examination of them until we have considered the rest of the music, which will enable us to refer to such portions of the work as we find illustrated in these compositions more clearly than we might otherwise be able to do.

To commence with the opening duet of Marcellina and Jacquino. The Porter of the prison loves the Jailor's daughter, and urges his suit; Marcellina prefers Fidelio, but likes to coquet with his rival, who was encouraged by her before Fidelio was engaged by her father. Jacquino, whenever he hopes to prevail with her, is called away by a knocking at the gate, and on his return is obliged to begin again from the beginning, with all his fruitless persuasions. The character of the music is ceaselessly playful and strongly dramatic. There is much in it that reminds us of Mozart. We may instance, first, the never-ending elaboration of the phrase in the opening symphony, which is carried through the whole duet, in a manner so easy and natural, and so entirely free from pedantry, which no composer has attained to the same extent as the author of *Don Giovanni*. Next, the outline of the whole is symmetrical as the first movement of a symphony, and, in fact, an epitome of the grandest form of instrumental composition; but the dramatic action never stands still, and the expression of the words is never abandoned to the necessities of musical construction. Then the phrase beginning at the words, "Wenn du mir nicht freundlicher blickest," has all the feeling of some of the happiest thoughts of Mozart, a coincidence that may more or less be recognised in the phraseology of the whole movement. The style of the instrumentation, open, bright and piquant, all the parts delicately written, and all as important as if they belonged to a *concertante*, rather than to an orchestral piece, is peculiarly Beethoven. It is remarkably clear, notwithstanding the complicated nature of the music, which, from the many intricate points of imitation, might, with a less skilful treatment of the orchestra, have resulted in obscurity and confusion. A musical point of great interest in this duet occurs when Jacquino, hesitating and stammering, declares "Ich habe zum Weib dich gewählt." Here occurs a curious instance of the inverted pedal, the dominant being sustained by the violoncellos and bassoons, while the basses and violas in octaves, answered by the acoustic instruments, carry on a point of imitation which passes in a manner quite original through the minor key of the second of the scale—the only modulation justifiable by rule or feeling during the continuance of a pedal. This passage may be regarded as the second or dominant subject of the movement, and its recurrence, at the words, "So wirst du dich nimmer bekehren," in the original key of the movement, with the orchestral distribution so modified as to accommodate the transposition and to produce an equal effect, is what especially gives unity to the whole. To continue our analogy of the symphony form, the second part of the movement is admirably conducted, and develops the chief subjects with great skill; the repeated recurrence in dif-

ferent keys of the opening phrase, as Jacquino becomes more and more importunate, is an effective application of the knowledge of a profound musician to the true embellishment of his lighter ideas. One more remark upon this charming piece, and we may dismiss it to the appreciation of our readers; we would call attention to the abrupt introduction of the chord of C, when Jacquino is first interrupted by the knocking at the gate—which proves how much may be made of so very little, if that little be skilfully handled.

Jacquino is now called away by Rokko, and Marcellina left to her householdry and her own reflections. These are all upon Fidelio, and her air, "O wär ich schon mit dir vereint," unfolds her anticipations of the delights of conjugal felicity. This is a charming little romance, in two verses, with a short *coda*, the accompaniment being elaborated, with new figures, in the second verse. Although this song is a clearly defined unbroken melody, and the expression it conveys, notwithstanding the larger part of it is in a minor key, by no means of an earnest, much less pathetic character, we are ready to concede to the misappreciators of the music of *Fidelio*, that something more "pretty" (a word which has a peculiar and especial, and personal and touching, significance in our dictionary of qualifications)—we say we own that something more "pretty," as distinct from "beautiful," would have been better in keeping with the sentiment of the charming coquette, than what Beethoven has allotted to Marcellina in this situation, where the words are so essentially homely, and the feeling so unequivocally domestic, that, with all our love, we cannot but own the quaintness of the music to be somewhat out of place.

Leonore, in the disguise of Fidelio, arrives with the box of letters, the fetters, and basket of provisions, fatigued by her over exertion. She is welcomed by the loving Marcellina, and the approving Rokko, who commends the excellent manner in which for six months his young assistant has fulfilled his office, promising him his full reward in the love of Marcellina. Jacquino is jealous, and the supposed Fidelio anxious. Here we have the popular quartet in canon, "Mir ist so wunderbar," in which we most admire—first, the clear simplicity of the melody, and next, its novel and ingenious treatment. The subject is first sung by Marcellina, as a bass to the harmony of the two clarionets, supported by the violin and violoncello, *pizzicato*, as double-bass to the voice. Next Leonore has the subject, beneath which a new bass is added, and while the previous harmony is assigned to the flute, in a higher octave, the first voice has a counterpoint melody, which admirably contrasts and heightens the effect of the chief subject. Rokko and Jacquino have successively the subject and the accompaniment of the orchestra, and the counterpoint of the other voices becomes more complicated with the entry of each new part. Finally, a chord of the seventh, on the key note, instead of the accustomed full-close, introduces the *coda*. We cannot sufficiently admire the still mystery of the orchestral effect in the opening symphony, produced by the combination of the violas, in two parts, and the violoncellos, in two parts; while every one must like, with us, another expression given to the same feeling, by the accompaniment already described of the first two solos. We think, perhaps, all the more of the calm beauty of this opening, since in the last two solos of the *coda*, the chattering repetition of notes in the accompanying voices, and the ceaseless elaboration of the figure in the orchestra, not only destroy the fortunate impression conveyed by the beginning, but fail to relieve it with anything nearly so good. That this quartet always does and always will produce a great effect in performance, we ascribe entirely to the originality and beauty of the first part. We should like the whole still better were the latter part, while varied, not less simple than the rest.

Rokko promises that the wedding of Fidelio and Marcellina shall take place the day after the governor's shortly expected departure for Seville, to give his monthly report of the state prisoners under his care. This creates a new embarrassment for Leonore. The air of Rokko, "Hut, man nicht auch Gold beineben;"—the moral of which is that who sits down to table with nothing but love for dinner will surely rise hungry—is full of the blunt character of the hearty old man. It is a ballad, in our modern acceptation of the definition—that is, a song of two verses. But each verse comprises a change from 2-4 to 6-8 time, and a resumption of the original measure. As in all the pieces of this early portion of the opera, before the higher passions of the various characters become developed, we see in this the ingenious contrivances of the musician effectively brought in to embellish the first conceptions of genius. We need only refer to the point of imitation between voice and orchestra, in the *coda* to each verse, and to the elaboration of the accompaniment in the first portion of the second verse. The orchestral effect throughout is peculiarly bright and open. This is, however, only a particular instance of what is the general characteristic of the score; and it is worth the notice of the musical student that all this breadth and brightness should be produced by the simplest of means. We may especially call attention to the small number of parts in the harmony, which, without any approach to meagreness, is often expressed in two parts only, and rarely exceeds three, the violins being, to a remarkable extent, either written in octaves, or doubled, in the octave below, by the two violas. The song of Rokko is an exception to our assertion, that *Fidelio* is not remarkable for the strictest individuality in the music of the several characters. It is a fine embodiment of the kind old jailor, belongs to him, is of him, and would be wholly out of place if assigned to any other character in the drama. Up to the last note we find purpose and well-fulfilled intention in what the composer has so successfully placed before us, throughout this excellent, though comparatively trifling, piece. The chuckling self-satisfaction of the last repetition of the words "das Gold,"—a thought extra to the whole, after the whole is finished—with the two chords of the orchestra playing *planissimo*, make us feel inwardly a kind of mental smacking of the moral lips at the imaginary relish of a titbit of intelligence.

Leonore then endeavours to persuade the good-natured old jailor to let her share his labor of attending upon the state prisoners; and Rokko, after describing the terrors of the duty to be undertaken, consents that his intended son-in-law shall visit with him all the cells, except the dungeon of that mysterious prisoner, who has been for nearly two years confined, whose history is a profound secret, and whose sufferings must shortly be closed by the exhaustion of nature. This dialogue introduces the trio, "Gut, Söhnchen, gut," in which Rokko encourages the betrothed of his daughter to be of good heart, and promises to obtain immediately the governor's permission for Leonore to enter into all but the one secret dungeon. Marcellina delights in the thought of Fidelio's co-operation with her father, by which she feels that the supposed bond between them will be strengthened; while Leonore, under her pretended zeal to assist the old man, endeavours to mask the intensity of her own personal anxiety. The music here assumes a higher character than in anything that has preceded it in the opera; the expression becomes more marked and much more earnest; the plan more extended and less superficially obvious; and the melody less definitely rhythmical, but more generally extended, or continued, over the whole movement. There are two points worked with considerable elaboration throughout this trio, which, for the better perception of them, it

may be as well to indicate on the outset, more especially as they occur at the commencement. These are—first, the figure of four notes upon which is formed the two bars of opening symphony; second, the vocal phrase with which the movement begins on the words, "gut, Söhnchen, gut." The broken, expressive solo of Rokko comes to a full close on the key note. That of Leonore, which follows it, is of a more impassioned character. It opens in the same bold spirit as the previous solo, by her assuring the old man that she has the courage he requires; and here the opening vocal phrase and the figure of the symphony are recurring to, with new, good, and appropriate effect. The beautiful passage on the words "Für hohen Lohn," when Leonore equivocates between her supposed and her real situation, in declaring that love will, for high reward, endure high sorrows, is appropriately repeated when Marcellina speaks in a single sense of her own affection, and recurs also, in a modified form, later in the movement. This solo comes to a half close on the dominant. The solo of Marcellina is much more simple than either of the preceding; and a most charming continuation of the passage to which we have referred, brings us to a full close on the keynote, up to which place we have had no modulation but the most transient and unimportant. A short passage, on a tonic pedal, brings us now to a half close on G, preparatory to the introduction of an effective passage, in the fifth of the original key of F, which is brought in opportunely, to relieve the long continuance of the original tonic. This passage, first delivered by the three voices alone, and afterwards, with some prolongation, by the orchestra, with voices, is broad and fresh, and well embodies the various exclamations of happiness of the three different characters. We now come to a full close in C, and from this point the modulations become more extreme and frequent. A phrase in E flat minor—when the old man says he shall soon become the prey of the grave, and that he needs assistance, while the faithful Leonore owns herself the prey of grief, but speaks of the balsam of hope—and what grows immediately out of it, especially a point of imitation between the soprano and bass voices, preceding the effective and unexpected half close on C, that leads to the return to the original key, are singularly beautiful. Here begins the *coda*, in an accelerated *tempo*; and from here to the end we have no more modulation, but a continued succession of the most beautiful melodic phrases in the same key. The most striking of these is the truly lovely passage of alternation, for the two soprano voices, beginning at the words, "Ich gab die Hand," which, after a felicitous interrupted cadence, and a half close in C, is repeated with the parts reversed. In this we have a beauty equal to Mozart, but wholly apart from him, and unlike him in all but the amount of its loveliness. Then, with a prolonged tonic pedal, and a symphony based upon the opening vocal phrase, this very charming *trio* ends.

(To be continued.)

CRUVELLI'S FIDELIO.

(From *The Times*.)

It is a fact worth noting that the fifth performance of *Fidelio* drew the largest audience yet assembled to listen to the *chef d'œuvre* of Beethoven. The splendid performance of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, as Leonora, has produced a visible effect upon the public. The progress which the art of music has made within the last few years can alone explain the influence of a work like *Fidelio* upon audiences accustomed to the lighter effusions of the Italian school. The chief honour however, is due to the young and already great dramatic singer, who, in so short a time has won for herself the respect

and admiration of all who regard music as something higher than a mere frivolous amusement. Mademoiselle Cruvelli, in choosing the arduous part of Leonora for her *debut*, consulted nothing but her own enthusiasm. She who for the last three years has been delighting Italy and Germany in the operas of those modern composers who exclusively appeal to the popular feeling, has shown her estimation of the English taste by making her first essay before the English public in the one dramatic essay of the "high priest of the orchestra"—Beethoven—who made no sacrifices to the popular idol, who wrote from the heart alone, and by the pure force of genius gave birth to a master-piece that can never perish. Much as we have said of the Leonora of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, had the performance of last night been her first, we should have felt it our duty to have said a great deal more. She was in glorious voice, and sang and acted with an earnestness and a power that we have not seen surpassed by any artist at the Italian Opera. Among the audience was observed Mademoiselle Rachel, whose frequent and flattering marks of approval no doubt acted as an additional stimulus to exertion, and enabled Mademoiselle Cruvelli to excel all her previous efforts. We have rarely witnessed a more genuine impression produced upon an audience than that which followed the conclusion of the second act. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was compelled to appear twice, with Mr. Sims Reeves, at the fall of the curtain.

CRUVELLI'S NORMA.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

We had seen Mdle. Cruvelli in *Fidelio* three times before we read the announcement that Norma was to be her next character, and, consequently had a right to look for a result very different from that of ordinary first assumptions. An artist who can not only grapple successfully with *Fidelio*, (as trying a part as is to be found in the operatic range), but produce so vivid and striking a personation as to create the *furor* which Mdle. Cruvelli has created, might fail in realising the recognised idea of Norma, or, in placing a new and satisfactory picture before the public; but she could not give birth to a mediocrity—an empty nothing. Beethoven's energetic wife and Bellini's outrageous wife are spirits of a very different order; an artist who has succeeded triumphantly with the one, might, without deteriorating from her reputation, be wrong with the other, but not be feebly wrong—not without something to declare the presence of genius.

Mdle. Cruvelli's earlier notes did not give full promise of the popular triumph she subsequently attained. We say of the popular triumph, because in the first scene the mass of the audience usually look for some of those sky-rocket effects (doubtless very wonderful, however little akin to the character of the music) with which other Normas have astonished them. The most perfect Norma, to certain ears, is she who can hold, and will hold, longest on the last note given from the altar steps. "I look only at the stop watch, my lord," as Sterne's critic says, complaining of the length of one of Garrick's pauses. Mdle. Cruvelli did little for the stop-watch people. She delivered the passages in which she warns the Britons against rushing into war, with a cold, proud power, as of one who, revealing the will of her God, scorned to garnish the message with unbecoming ornaments of her own invention. In the same spirit she essayed the "Casta Diva," which she sang with a purity of intonation, worth a hundred clap-trap flourishes. She preserved the idea of the queenly priestess, and her liquid notes gushed forth pure and silvery as the light of the deity she was addressing. We may mention a point

occurring here, which showed her attention to the real business and meaning of the scene. Stage necessities require, of course, that the air shall be delivered to the audience, though the object of Norma's apostrophe—the moon—is at the back of the scene. Cruvelli at first raised her arms appealingly to her deity, and then by degrees led away the action, as it were in so natural a manner, that the evident anomaly did not present itself to the mind. This is doubtless a trifle—but it is in attention to such trifles that the superior artist is frequently declared. We then discovered how thoughtful and well-conceived had been Mdle. Cruvelli's first cold, high manner of treatment. When the devotional address is over, and the priestess, merging in the woman, has to deliver her impassioned anticipation of the return of Pollio, Mdle. Cruvelli, suddenly discarding the hierarchical manner, burst out into a rapture of song, so eloquent, so ardent, and so thrilling, that the house, hitherto cold, fired up in an instant, and answered her with a succession of plaudits which seemed interminable. Thenceforth her progress was a march of triumphs. The beautiful scene with the younger priestess, where Norma, rendered tolerant by her own love, encourages the girl's recital, draws from her, step by step, the story of her amour, and promises her protection, was given with an admirable mixture of reserve and tenderness, the womanly sentiment seeming each moment on the point of revealing itself too warmly, and as constantly checked by the recollection of her position. Then, when the thunderbolt falls, and her own faithless Roman is pointed out by the now hopeful girl, as her lover, Cruvelli's acting was superb. The music flowed from her lips as it were mechanically, and her object seemed to be to rid herself of some bewildering mist, which was raising ghastly images before her eyes. The glowing ferocity with which she regarded Pollio as he entered, and the fierce and hurried questions she hurled at him, were appalling. She was not a raving and frantic woman, but the incarnation of intense love turning into as intense hate. The priestess, before whom a nation had quailed, was suddenly stricken, and the anger which would have sent an inferior nature tossing like the chafed sea, passed rapidly with her into a tremendous stillness, broken only as the woman's heart throbbed for utterance of its agony. The masterly treatment of this most difficult scene gave us the highest opinion of the intellect, as of the powers, of the young artist. Finally, when Pollio seeks to drag Adalgisa away, and the excess of Norma's indignation flows over and drowns all other sentiment, Mdle. Cruvelli's denouncing tones came out loud and terrible; while the point where Adalgisa rushes to the side of Norma was as striking as it was apposite. As the girl clings to her, Norma, menacing and defying Pollio, with her right arm outstretched, places her left hand upon the head of Adalgisa, and forces her down into a crouching position, as if the better to throw over her the *axis* of protection. The curtain dropped upon this *tableau*, which took the house by storm.

The scene in the second act, where Norma, resolved to destroy the offspring of her ill-fated love, is turned from her purpose as she gazes upon the sleeping children, was given by Mdle. Cruvelli with a settled sorrow, an earnestness of affection, in admirable keeping with her reading of the character. The melancholy air with which she turned to receive Adalgisa, and the womanly piteousness with which she extorted from the latter a pledge of protection for the children, did not surprise us by their beauty, because we have seen the agony of Leonora in the prison cell of her husband. But we cannot speak more highly of this part of the performance, than to say that it was a worthy companion picture to that intense and absorbing dungeon scene. Mdle. Cruvelli's voice came out in

all its freshness and strength in the great duet, "Deh ! con te li prendi," which, so far as she was concerned, was a superb piece of vocalization. In the subsequent call to arms, "Guerra, guerra !" her notes rushed upon the ear like trumpet calls, and animated action seconded her vocal energy. Perhaps, however, her finest passage in this act was in the duet with Pollio, "In mia mano alfin tu sei," in which her first exultation, her torturing triumph over him, her agitated utterance while she rocked herself hither and thither, and actually crouched in the extreme of gratified vengeance, were purely and sublimely tragic. The fiery summons to the crowd, the declaration of guilt, the sudden disclosure that she herself is the unworthy woman, were electric, and if anything could be required to complete the picture, it followed in the agonised pleading to Oroveso for the lives of the children. Throughout all these trying scenes the voice was resonant and vigorous, and the execution, though never forced into notice, so as to interfere with the general tone of the performance, always admirable, and, where opportunity served, brilliant in the extreme. But the crowning glory of Cruvelli's *Norma* was not so much that the music throughout was given with a musician's skill guiding a magnificent organ ; not so much that the part was acted with an observant energy which missed no point ; but that the artist had so completely fused the efforts of vocal and of histrionic skill, that, as the curtain fell, the spectator felt doubtful whether he had been witness of a noble tragedy illustrated by music, or a superb opera strengthened by fine acting.

The enthusiasm of the house was prodigious. Mdlle. Cruvelli was called for at the end of each act ; and when she appeared with her fellow-performers, a second call was raised, in order that she might receive alone the compliments intended for her own individual merits. At the end of the opera wreaths and flowers were flung to her. Never was there a more genuine success—never was success better deserved.

ERNST.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE extraordinary genius of Herr Ernst as a violinist has long been known and admired by musical Europe. His wonderful execution of thirds, sixths, octaves, tenths, full chords, *staccato*, and *legato arpeggios*, harmonics, single and double, in the most difficult positions, his marvellous bowing, sympathetic tone, and great powers of expression, have for many years been the delight and astonishment of all who understand or take an interest in his unapproachably beautiful and perfect instrument. The most distinguished *connoisseurs* of Germany, France, Russia, Holland, Belgium, and England, have successively paid him homage ; and if any critics should now be clever enough to find out that he is not a great artist, we will say that they have come too late with their discovery. The difficulties he masters are enormous. There is scarcely a passage in his compositions which does not require the largest possible amount of digital skill, or the possession of glowing and refined musical feeling, for its execution. With half the study and toil to which he has subjected himself, Herr Ernst might possibly, like many other fashionable solo players, have succeeded in producing an effect upon the masses sufficiently great to extract plenty of money from their pockets ; but he is thoroughly conscientious ; and having, like his great predecessor, Paganini, devoted himself to the task of developing, to the fullest extent, the capabilities of his favourite instrument, he has scorned to take advantage of the ignorance of the general public, or to owe his fame and fortune to anything but the voices of his brother musicians. To be able even to play his *fantasia* on airs from *Otello* as he plays it, would take half a life's labour. Many an hour of severe application and self-denial must have been expended upon

those chromatic and diatonic runs in thirds—those passages in which a subject is played throughout in full chords, and a multitude of notes are included in one *legato* bow. Unremitting must have been the labour which produced that extraordinary facility with which a number of notes are thrown in sparkling showers from one *staccato* down bow, and the most alarming leaps (where the violinist can trust only to a practised ear) are taken with unerring certainty. Equally great must have been the study which enables him to articulate distinctly the tremendously rapid divisions, requiring incessant changes of position, which the *Otello fantasia* contains ; and to realise the exquisite gliding effects produced in it by the occasional use of one string only. But this, though a fair test of Herr Ernst's executive genius, is only one of his triumphs. Other wonders are achieved in his fantasias on *Ludovic*, *Il Pirata*, and *Hungarian Airs*, the *Rondo Papageno*, and his arrangement of Schubert's *Erl König*, subject and accompaniment, for violin alone. With regard to his powers of expression, and true musical feeling, we need only remind our readers of his interpretation of the subtle poetry and profound thought which abound in the chamber music of the great masters, of the breadth and purity of style he displays in Spohr's *Scena Cantante* (concerto in A minor), the passionate intensity he throws into Mendelssohn's splendid concerto in E minor, the thrilling pathos of his charming *Elegie*, and the freakish humour of his well known *Carnaval de Venise*.

With such extraordinary abilities, and possessing so universal a fame, it would have been strange indeed if Herr Ernst's benefit concert had not been crowded to excess, or if the distinguished *beneficiaire* had not been most enthusiastically welcomed on appearing before his numerous admirers. Gratitude for the past pleasures he had afforded them, coupled with a lively sense of "favours to come," prompted this vigorous demonstration. The announcement (pregnant with interest) that Beethoven's only violin concerto was to be played for the first time by the great violinist, produced a degree of excitement quite unusual at concerts of this description. The somewhat gloomy *salle* of Hanover-square presented a most animated aspect when Ernst entered the orchestra, and the confiding enthusiasm of the expectant audience, expressed in four hearty rounds of applause, produced, doubtless, a highly exhilarating effect upon the performer, who, from the very commencement of his arduous task showed himself to be in the happiest possible vein. Beethoven's concerto is a very fine composition, though the passages assigned to the solo instrument are not always thoroughly *violinistic*. Ernst, however, contended triumphantly with all obstacles. Where it was impossible for him to impart an individual and independent brightness to his part, lofty musical feeling came to his aid, and enabled him to realise the author's conception by becoming an important portion of a great whole. On such occasions, he blended his tones with the confluent and responsive music of the orchestra with admirable skill. In the course of the piece he introduced two cadences, built upon the leading subjects of the first and last movements. Both of these were perfect masterpieces of musicianly and mechanical skill, and richly merited the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon them. Herr Ernst also performed his *Rondo Papageno*, and the *fantasia* upon airs from *Il Pirata*, the merits of which performances are too well known to need present criticism. Beethoven's concerto was the grand feature of the evening, and its magnificent execution on the occasion may rank amongst the great violinist's grandest achievements.

LEON REGNIER.

A very young violinist of this name has arrived in London backed by the strongest recommendations from no less an authority than Auber himself, supported by others from Théophile Gautier, the celebrated *feuilletoniste* of *La Presse*, and the Duc de Guise, an illustrious patron of the arts. Léon Regnier first distinguished himself by gaining the *premier prix* at the *Conservatoire*. But he did better than that. He studied hard, and acquired a command of his instrument,

which, at his age, may be pronounced extraordinary. Having performed, in public and private, at Paris, with brilliant success, Léon Regnier has come to London, in the hope of making himself heard by our connoisseurs and amateurs of the violin. The forthcoming concerts at Her Majesty's and the Royal Italian Opera, present an excellent opportunity for bringing forward the talent of this youthful and gifted fiddler, whom we have had the pleasure of hearing in some pieces of Vieuxtemps, and in the grand sonata ("Kreutzer") of Beethoven, which enables us to testify that the recommendations and reports in his favor adduce nothing more than the truth.

HERR WOLF.

This popular German tenor, who made so great an effect at the Beethoven Quartet Society, has been suddenly recalled to his post at the *Karntnerthor*, the principal opera of Vienna, and has consequently been compelled to abandon several lucrative engagements in London, and the provinces of the empire. Herr Wolf's originality, and his pleasing and finished style of singing, gained him a great many admirers in this country, and his promised return, next year, will be hailed as one of the most agreeable musical expectations of the season.

Reviews of Music.

"COMPLETE METHOD FOR THE OBOE."—A. M. R. BARRET.—(First Oboe at the Royal Italian Opera.)—Jullien and Co.

What M. Barret has to say about the Oboe cannot fail to interest every amateur and admirer of the instrument. An accomplished master himself, he is anxious to impart some of the secrets of his skill to others. Hence the present work, which is not unreasonably styled a "complete method," since it leaves nothing untouched that has any bearing on the subject.

The preliminary remarks of M. Barret are various and instructive. The nature of the oboe is comprehensively described. Its qualities of tone and mechanism, its compass and keys, value as a solo and orchestral instrument, relation to other instruments, mode of manufacture, &c., are discussed at length, with equal clearness and simplicity. M. Barret considers the present improved oboe, with lengthened bell, fourteen keys and two branch keys, and compass from lower B flat to G in alt, a perfect instrument. He repudiates the system of fingering invented by Herr Boehm in its application to the oboe, since it diminishes the compass and deteriorates from the beauty of the tone. Not the least important chapter in the "method" is that which is devoted to the manufacture of reeds. M. Barret maintains, with justice, that every oboe player should be able to make his own reeds, since a reed that may be precisely suited to the peculiar formation of the mouth in one performer may be wholly unfitted to another. M. Barret supplies a great number of suggestions, accompanied by a plate in which the tools, materials, and perfect reed are illustrated, the whole progress of manufacture throughout its successive stages being laid before the eye of the reader.

The form of M. Barret's instructions is that adopted by the best writers of elementary treatises, beginning at the beginning, and gradually arriving at the desired point where perfection may be attained by a zealous and earnest student. His rules for the position in which the instrument should be held, the manner of inserting the reed in the mouth, the best means of acquiring the scales with equal volume and quality of sound on every note, are as succinct and straightforward as they are admirable. Nothing can be better of their kind and nothing more useful, appropriate, and consequently, improving, than the exercises, which progress in musical interest as the pupil gradually advances. They consist of forty short lessons, four sonatas in the regular form, fifteen grand studies, and two airs with variations. With the proviso that these compositions, all written in two parts, betray an excessive tendency to

chromatic harmony, we may commend them unreservedly. They are all original, which is a great advance on the old system of cutting up popular operatic airs into slices for the use of learners, a system which cannot be too speedily abolished, as bad in every respect.

It is unnecessary to enter into further details about M. Barret's *Complete Method for the Oboe*. Let it suffice that no work of the same length and utility, treating of the character and mechanism of the splendid orchestral instrument which M. Barret plays to such perfection, has previously been given to the world. The work is dedicated to Lord Westmoreland, a worthier patron than which distinguished nobleman could not have been chosen. It is already adopted by the Royal Academy of Music in London, and might be adopted with advantage by all the musical academies in Europe.

"LA GORLITZA."—Composed and dedicated to Miss Phillips. —John Stenson Major.

"THE STATE POLKA."—Dedicated to the Committee of the Crystal Palace.—ALPHONSO MATTHEY.—W. J. Horn.

The Gorlitz of Mr. Major, in F, is spirited and rhythmical. The best part of it is the trio, in B flat, which recalls one of the prettiest of the contredances of Henri Herz, without, however, being a copy of it.

The State Polka of Mr. Matthey may pass muster as an unpretending trifle. The second phrase of the first part (in A—the key of the polka is supposed to be D), is lively enough, but the trio, in G, is somewhat common.

"THE STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA."—Volume the eighth.—FIDELIO, —Rendered into English from the German by J. Wrey Mould. —Revised from the orchestral score by W. S. Rockstro.—T. Boosey and Co.

The publication of Beethoven's opera at the present moment, when, from its simultaneous production at the two Italian Operas, and its having been the means of bringing before the public a new *prima donna* of the highest genius, it excites an unusual amount of interest, is singularly *apropos*. The new volume of the *Standard Lyric Drama* will be found a boon to those who are desirous of exploring the rich mine of Beethoven's genius. The whole of the music is given, and, although only with a piano-forte version of the score, the leading points for the different instruments in the orchestra are indicated throughout—a precaution which cannot be too highly commended for its utility and suggestiveness. Three of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote to *Fidelio* are presented; the first, and second in C, called *Leonora*, and the last, in E, the best known of the four, and always entitled *Fidelio*. To the amateur also the new volume of the "Standard Lyric Drama" will prove acceptable. The *libretto* is printed in full, and is prefaced by a brief and interesting memoir of the composer. Many curious and instructive particulars connected with the composition of *Fidelio* are inserted; among which we may mention the various distributions of the *dramatis personæ* from the year 1805 when the opera was first produced, as far as 1849, when the German company last performed at Drury Lane. In the next edition we would recommend the editor to add the cast of parts now given at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, being fully as interesting as any which have preceded them. The almost unparalleled sensation which *Mdlle. Cruvelli* has created, and continues to create, in her impersonation of the heroine at the elder house, to say nothing of the splendid acting and singing of *Tamwerlik*, in *Florestan*, and the graphic and masterly performance of *Formes*, in *Rocco*, at the rival establishment, render this imperative. Had the editor delayed the publication of the work a few days longer we have no doubt he would have added two casts of characters so remarkable in certain points.

Mr. J. Wrey Mould has effected his share of the work with more than his usual tact and skill. The translation betokens that scrupulous fidelity to the original which we have had occasion to notice in former volumes of the *Standard Lyric Drama*, and which, even more than harmonious phrasing and poetic expression, appears to be the aim of Mr. Mould. Indeed, in order to obtain as close a translation as possible, he appears to us to have surrendered too much of the liberty allowable to a writer who transfers thoughts from one language into another, especially when rhyme is to be preserved. Mr. Mould's last, however, is to be lauded, as

exhibiting great facility in versification, and a thorough acquaintance with the peculiarities and idiomatic modes of expression in the German tongue.

Mr. W. S. Rockstro has also accomplished his work in a highly commendable manner. The pianoforte score is rendered carefully and conscientiously, and displays Mr. Rockstro's powers of condensation in a most advantageous light.

M. LEVASSOR'S "HEURE DE RECREATION."

ON Tuesday morning M. Levassor gave one of the most agreeable entertainments that it has been our lot for some time to be present at. The St. James's Theatre was filled by a most fashionable audience; and for one hour the peals of laughter never ceased, except when he told his charmingly pathetic story of "*Blondette*," in which his remarkable versatility was applauded to the echo at the conclusion. M. Levassor is the most finished of artists. His wonderfully expressive features enable him to produce every effect he wishes, in the most legitimate manner, and every thing in his hands has double force from the absence of all effort; lacking John Parry's inimitable musical powers, he is a far greater actor; and we know not which to admire most—his old bachelor, with the altered tone and look of every succeeding ten years so strikingly and nicely delineated—his heart-broken peasant reciting the death of his betrothed—his unfortunate victim to the influenza—his fifth-rate actor on the occasion of his benefit, playing a grand part for the only time in his life—or best of all, his quick-witted gamin, "Titi" giving his companions an account of *Robert le Diable*, which he had witnessed at the Opera the preceding Sunday evening. The quaint notions of the plot and action, the odd artistic bill of the music, the fire of atrocious puns; and—which must be seen to be believed, as showmen say—the dancing of the nuns in the Incantation scene, altogether threw the audience into such literally painful convulsions, that those who think the higher classes never laugh heartily, must henceforth attribute their apathy rather in a want of power on the part of the entertainer, than of appreciation on their own.

M. Levassor reminds us more of Charles Mathews than any one we have seen; we almost fancied that we could trace a resemblance in his *physique*. His two first scenes were given in simple evening costume, but the gentleman suffering from the *grippe*, the *beneficiaire*, and Titi were personations, and in each of these the "make up" was as admirable as it was simple. He must have been very much pleased with the honest success of his entertainment. French fun usually goes well with an English audience, because those who really understand it laugh audibly to shew that such is the case; and those who do not, laugh just the same for fear they should be thought to lack the necessary educated perception; but with M. Levassor's hearers, on Tuesday, all the applause and laughter combined was evidently most spontaneous and appreciative.

Some more of these amusing *matinées* are announced. We cordially recommend our friends to go and hear them; and we are sure they will thank us for conducting them to so agreeable an hour's entertainment.

MR. WILLIAM LORRE, the violoncellist, for many years member of the Philharmonic and Opera bands, expired on Wednesday, after a lingering attack of pulmonary consumption.

Original Correspondence.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Your notice of my first performance on the large organ by Willis, in the Great Exhibition, was correctly quoted from the printed programme, except the date, which on the said programme was *Friday, May 2*, not "on the opening day," as printed in your extract.

I wrote to you immediately upon the appearance of the inaccuracy, to call your attention to it; and I should not have again troubled you on the subject, but for the letter signed "Verax" in the current impression of your valuable publication.

Yours very truly,

16, St. Mary's Road, Canonbury,
June 10, 1851.

J. THOMAS COOPER.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

34, College Place, Camden Town,
June 2nd, 1851.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letters of your able correspondent, "Philo-Musica," on the subject of establishing a National Opera; and as a young vocalist, aspiring to fame, I beg to say that I am ready and desirous of assisting in any scheme that may be set on foot, in furtherance of our object.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

ELLIOT NORMAN.

ENCORES AT THE OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR—I was delighted, as everybody must have been, with the performance of *Fidelio* on Tuesday last. It did high honour to the manager, the performers, and the orchestra, and was a noble tribute to the immortal memory of Beethoven.

But I was annoyed and irritated by one thing—a thing, indeed, which you have noticed on other occasions, but which has never been reprobated in language sufficiently strong—the *abominable practice of encores*. It is always offensive on the stage, but was quite intolerable during the performance of the most dramatic, interesting, and affecting opera that ever was written. No spectator of an opera like *Fidelio*, while his sympathies and feelings are strongly roused by what is passing before him, can ever dream of anything so utterly heartless: and, accordingly, it was not the audience, but knots of impertinent claqueurs scattered over the house, who pertinaciously insisted on interrupting the march of the scene, chilling the warmth of the action, and destroying all dramatic illusion, by calling for repetition of some of the most pathetic passages. The performers, to do them justice were by no means prompt to obey so barbarous a call: Mademoiselle Cruvelli, in particular, used as much "passive resistance" as she durst venture upon, was at last dragged forward with visible reluctance. She is too intelligent not to be aware of the disadvantage under which she was laid. The best

acting must be in a great measure mechanical. The most impressive attitudes, movements, and gestures, must be previously fixed upon, and repeated, with little variation, at every performance. But if repeated on the instant, the mechanism is laid bare, and what at first appeared the warm impulse of feeling is shown to be the cold result of method. When Cruvelli, at the end of an impassioned concerted piece, threw up her arms with a buoyant gesture of confidence and hope, we sympathized with the feelings of Leonora; but when she went through this movement over again, at the word of command of a few impertinent vociferators, we saw nothing but the actress repeating her part. The applause at the end of an encoired passage is always faint and cold; and the reason is evident.

By inserting this remonstrance, or appealing, in your own way, to the common sense of our opera-managers, music-directors, and performers, you may do something to abate a nuisance, the continued existence of which shows the low position still held by opera as a branch of the drama. Let people encore the concert the concert-exhibitions in operas of Verdi or Donizetti, but let them not profane the genius of Beethoven.

Your constant reader, H.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Don Pasquale was given for the second time on Saturday, when the Queen and Prince Albert attended.

On Tuesday, *Fidelio* was repeated, and *Norma* on Wednesday. On both occasions Cruvelli surpassed all her previous efforts. The performance on Tuesday attracted a crowded audience. Cruvelli was in immense voice, and excited a *furor*. More transcendent singing we never heard than on the Tuesday night. The more we hear Cruvelli the more forcibly are we reminded of Malibran. Voice in quality, extent and power, impulse, energy, impetuosity, and occasional recklessness, all bring to our recollections the grand artist who was snatched away from us "with the sunshine in her eyes," as N. P. Willis says of Melanie. But the gods have made us amends—they have sent us Cruvelli to fill her place.

The performance of *Norma*, on Wednesday, was equally grand, and created equal enthusiasm. The *cabaletta* of the "Casta diva," given with more force and power than ever, elicited a hurricane of applause, and the old points were received with the old demonstrations.

But deeply as we were moved, and intensely as we were delighted by the performance, Wednesday was to us a blank day in the calendar of our yearly enjoyments, for was it not Carlotta Grisi's last appearance?—was not the sun of the ballet about to be withdrawn from our eyes for a long and miserable year? Yes, the sun of the ballet did set on Wednesday night, but left such a track of glory behind as they who saw can never forget. It was as the splendour of a tropical setting, when "day dies like the dolphin," each moment changing its hues, the last the loveliest, till all is night. So faded, with manifold change, and all of beauty, from our swimming eyes, the divine

Carlotta, the ethereal, the poetical, the æsthetic, the incomparable, the mountain of light, the Koh-i-noor of all hearts, How Carlotta danced on her farewell night, how she moved, how she looked, how she smiled—nay, how she did any one of these—would fill volumes. But our readers, all of whom, doubtless, have lived in the radiance of Carlotta's glance, and rejoiced in the beams of her sunny face, will be able to form in their imagination how Carlotta looked, smiled, and danced, in her ultimate efforts to please her ardent and constant admirers. Never was public favourite received with a warmer demonstration, feted throughout with more frequent and generous heart-bursts, or recalled at the end with more strenuous and suggestive vociferations. When Carlotta retreated behind the curtain, the footlights appeared to go out, the chandelier to be quenched, the whole house to grow dark. The sun of the ballet had set indeed.

On Thursday, Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*, under its Italian title *Il Prodigio*, was produced for the first time in this country. The immense preparations which it was known were being made to get up Auber's new masterpiece in the highest splendor and completeness, and the unusual strength given to the cast, acted as powerful attractions. The engagement of Madame Ugalde, the eminent singer from the *Opera Comique* at Paris, for the especial purpose of playing Nefte, and the fact of Massol appearing in his original part of Reuben, in which he created so profound a sensation at the Grand Opera, also tended to excite the curiosity of the public. Rosati, too, was to make her first appearance this season in Lia. Altogether the attractions were numerous and powerful, and, as a matter of course, the house was filled in every part.

The story of the *Enfant Prodigue* has been already made known to the readers of the *Musical World*. We need not, therefore, transcribe it here. Scribe, the great dramatic tactician of the age, in point of scenic effect, never displayed a readier invention than in his idea of the grand staircase in the temple of Memphis. No stage business which was ever conceived has surpassed, or even equals it, for the exhibition of masses of people and for showing them off in the most advantageous light. We cannot very well understand why a staircase should be made the place of revelry and carousal. But Scribe's magic pen takes us to the interior of an Egyptian temple, and we subscribe to all he would indicate. We ask no questions. We see and are satisfied. The effect is enough for us. The treatment of the story of the Prodigal Son is simple and touching, and the episodes, although they may be said to subtract from the unity and truthfulness of the tale, are perhaps necessary for the variety demanded in the subject of a grand opera.

How Auber has treated Scribe's book has also been shown to our readers, and our opinions of the music of the *Enfant Prodigue* have been chronicled. We need, therefore, only repeat our former assertion, that we consider the *Enfant Prodigue* a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master only inferior to *Masaniello* and *Gustave*, and inferior to them only in prodigality of invention

and spontaneity of thought. The ballet music is perhaps equal to that of *La Muette*, or *Gustave*.

The distribution of parts was as follows:—Reuben—Massol; Asael—Gardoni; Jeftete—Madame Sontag; Amenophis—Signor Mercuriali; Nefte—Madame Ugalde; Bocchoris—Coletti; Canope—Signor Scotti; Menethon—Signor Scapini; Lia—Mdlle. Carolina Rosati; Nemroud—Signor Casanova.

The general getting up of the opera cannot be too highly commended. The *mise en scene* is the most splendid and complete we have seen on any stage. The scenery is exquisitely painted and is a triumph of the scenic art for Mr. Marshall, who, on the present occasion, has really transcended all the previous efforts of his pencil. Every scene displays the exceeding care and pains, no less than the talent, of the artist. In the interior of the Memphian temple, the details are carried out with extraordinary fidelity, every minute compartment on the walls and ceiling—and there are several hundred—having its appropriate emblem, or device, in beast, bird, insect, or hieroglyphic. Mr. Marshall assisted his knowledge of Egyptian painting by immediate reference to Panckancke's "Description de l'Egypte," and Champillion's "Monuments de l'Egypte et de la Nubie." He also consulted the Nineveh marbles at the British Museum.

The above authorities likewise furnished hints for the costumes, which are of the most costly and magnificent kind, and are appropriate in every instance. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast of the dresses. In the first scene, where Amenophis departs from the tent of Reuben, we see the Jewish shepherds and maidens with slaves in one group, and in the other the travellers on their way to Memphis, comprising camel-drivers, water-carriers, horsemen, merchants, with their trains and attendants, &c., &c. Here we behold no dazzling costumes; all is quiet and appropriate, the prevalence of the Hebrew attire throwing a sober gravity over all. The next scene is of a different kind. We are in the grand square of Memphis, and festivities are going forward. The place is alive with pleasure seekers, dancers, musicians, and idlers. The dresses are here gorgeous and striking in the extreme. Crowds of people in garments of all nations, and of various avocations, cross the square. Here we behold Egyptian traffickers, slave-drivers from the coast not yet called "Gold," vendors of wares from the banks of Ind, swarthy inhabitants of Nubia, wine-bibbers, boatmen, porters, &c., together with the officers, soldiers, retainers, standard-bearers, and the general populace employed in the procession, all dressed in their proper attires, and presenting a *coup d'œil* which baffles description. The subsequent scene is still more striking and magnificent. The sanctuary of the great temple reserved to the mysteries of Isis is revealed. The orgies of the initiated are exposed. The priests, crowned with flowers, and seated on cushions of cloth of gold, or reclining on the steps in a state of voluptuous ease, are tempted by the fascinating almées, who pour out wine for them from their golden ewers into golden

goblets. This scene is one of amazing grandeur and brilliancy. The grand staircase occupies the whole extent of the stage from the foot of the curtain to the extreme wall at the back, and is filled with priests and almées. While the priests drink, and dally with some of the almées, others dance. And here the scene becomes as intoxicating as the draughts swallowed by the priests. The eye is absolutely "dazzled and drunk with beauty" as it follows the whirl of the dance, or attempts to rest upon the glare of the scene. The voluptuous beauty of the music, the dazzling splendour of the dresses, the tempting glances and inviting arms of the almées, together with the magnificent grandeur of the place, are perfectly overpowering, and we forgive the priests of the sanctuary for yielding to their temptations.

The completeness and *ensemble* of Mr. Lumley's ballet *corps* was never made more manifest than this year when the grand operas of the French school were first introduced into the *repertoire* of Her Majesty's Theatre. In the grand opera ballets constitute a most important feature of the performance, and the choregraphic army of Her Majesty's theatre being the most complete and accomplished belonging to any theatre in Europe involves one great element of success. Never was Mr. Lumley's *corps de ballet* seen, perhaps, to such perfection as on Thursday night. The amount of their exertion was indeed unusual, seeing they had to act as well as dance, to mime as well as *pose*. The dancing in the *pas des poignards* was exquisite, and was well entitled to the thunders of applause it obtained.

Mdlle. Caroline Rosati was welcomed with all the fervour usually bestowed on an old favourite. Her dancing is as delightful as ever, as replete with her peculiar specialties, as vigorous, as pointed, as elegant and graceful. She was immensely applauded in her *pas* both in the grand square and in the interior of the temple, and was recalled after each and received with enthusiasm.

Of the principal singers we can speak in terms of the very highest praise. To Massol is due the principal honours. His Reuben is one of the finest and most touching performance we ever witnessed on the operatic stage. No mawkish sentimentalism pervades his pathos; his feeling is genuine and manly, and seems to come direct from the heart. The scene in the second act, when Reuben demands from the bystanders news of his son, and hears he is dead, produced an electric effect. The expression infused into the lines—

"Oh! duolo estremo!

Figlio, ah! figlio io piu non ho"—

was sublimely true in the delineation of intense mental agony. Massol's superb voice came out with prodigious power on more than one occasion in the scene; and, the last act, when he recovers his son, and blesses God for his restoration, his singing was as grand as any we have ever heard. Massol has now taken his stand among the greatest living bary-tones.

To the exquisitely graceful talent of Madame Sontag the part of Jeptels is admirably suited. The gentleness and the simplicity of the young maiden who gives up her lover awhile to the fascinations of the world, confident in her own powers, were charmingly assumed. Madame Sontag, in the scene in the temple with Boccoris, acted with unusual energy, and sang with more fire than ever. Her great efforts in the opera were the romanza in the first act, "Via seconda il suo desire," and the air from *Haydée* introduced in the fifth act, both of which were immensely applauded.

The novelty of the evening was the fair and *piquante* Madame Ugalde, who made her first bow to an English audience. Madame Ugalde is the pet of the Parisians and the idol of the *Opéra Comique*. At the last named theatre she has been considered for four years past the legitimate successor of Cinti Damourau, and has been the chief means of replenishing the treasury. Madame Ugalde's voice is decidedly French. It is not of great power, but is extensive in compass, and possesses much sweetness and extraordinary flexibility. The last quality is decidedly its specialty. Madame Ugalde can execute passages with a facility and rapidity we have rarely heard equalled, never surpassed. She sings like a musician and a thorough artist, and in her acting betokens singular *esprit* and fine comic powers. Her acting is perfectly free and easy, and her attitudes are always graceful and striking. While according the fair *debutante* this merit, we must own that we do not think she has been heard to the best advantage in the part of Nefte, which is somewhat out of her line. Although we have been no niggards of our praise, we shall be glad to make an addition thereto when we have heard Madame Ugalde in one of her own parts. Madame Ugalde was received throughout with great favour, and made a decided impression in the couplets of the *Chamelier*, and the aria, "Si di menfi e di Babilonia," in the fourth act. In the former she did not avail herself of the unanimous encore awarded her.

Gardoni's Azael was excellent in every point of view. He looked well, sang well, and acted well, and, moreover—a thing not to be contemned on the stage—was dressed magnificently and becomingly in the second, third, and fourth acts.

Coletti exhibited his fine voice and energetic style in Boccoris, and was loudly applauded in his opening aria, "Azzuro ciel sereno." A little more indication of the voluptuary in the temple would not have been amiss.

The band was in splendid force, and went to perfection. We certainly never heard it go so well on any former occasion. Much of this is undoubtedly due to Balfe, who was determined that Auber should have the benefit of all his talents and energies, and put his shoulder to the wheel accordingly.

Of Mr. A. Harris, under whose direction the *mise en scene* was got up, it would be quite impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. With a stage so circumscribed as that of Her Majesty's Theatre, he has literally worked wonders, and has

achieved far more than what others have done with a wider field for their operations. The scene in the temple is a masterpiece of ingenuity and skill. Throughout the opera, in every scene, the tact and generalship of Mr. Harris was made manifest.

The opera was received with immense applause throughout, which, we opine, would be quadrupled, were there less delays between the acts. Of course some time is required before such huge machinery can work well, and we have no doubt that to-night, when *Il Prodigio* will be given for the second time, there will be a considerable economy of time.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Norma* was repeated; Grisi renewed her triumphs, and Tamberlik again proved himself unrivalled as Pollio. The house was crowded.

On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* was given for the second time. The house was filled to overflowing. Tamburini was as vigorous as ever, and Tamberlik achieved a more brilliant success, in "Il mio tesoro," than at the previous performance. The Queen was present, just in time to hear that celebrated air, and remained until the conclusion of the opera. So pleased was her Majesty with Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, which she heard for the first time, that she requested it might be repeated on Saturday for her special gratification. *Don Giovanni* will accordingly be repeated to-night.

On Thursday the first performance of Donizetti's *La Favorita*, although it drew a crowded audience, was by no means propitious. Mario had not recovered from his indisposition, and should not have been allowed to come before the public under the circumstances. He sang the first romance of Fernando delightfully, but, thenceforward to the end, his resources gradually failed him. It gave us pain to see so great and popular an artist as Mario labouring under the inconvenience of such an anomalous position. He had much better have been at home by the fire-side; and we trust, until he is completely restored to health, he will not be allowed to come forward again.

Grisi acted and sang in the character of Leonora magnificently. She supported, indeed, the whole weight of the opera, and her performance, from first to last, was a series of splendid "hits." Her execution of the *cavatina* could not be surpassed for strength, animation, and facility. In the last scene she had all the labour and all the honours to herself; and, as though to atone for Mario's loss of voice, her own power seemed continually to increase. At the fall of the curtain she came forward, alone, to be applauded and cheered by the public, at once delighted and grateful for her unparalleled exertions.

The music of Alphonso IX. was transposed for Signor Tamberlik, from the barytone to the tenor register. The *Cavatina* and romance were both very finely sung; but the

transposition did no good to the concerted music. We must strongly reprehend such a liberty being taken with the work of any composer. Although not the warmest admirers of *La Favorita*, we cannot admit that the ideas of an able musician like Donizetti should be altogether transformed, for the mere purpose of strengthening the cast of an opera. Signor Tambar himself might very reasonably have objected to it.

Tagliafico's Baldassare was as fine a representation of that character as we have ever seen. He both sang and acted admirably. Signor Tagliafico is assuredly one of the most rising members of the establishment.

Mr. Costa and his band were as great and effective as usual. The music of Leonora, Fernando, and Alphonso was considerably altered and continually transposed, which did not, however, interfere with the precision and correctness of this splendid cohort of instrumentalists. The chorus was neither so steady nor so effective as we could have wished. There were, nevertheless, some grand points of *ensemble*. The ballet was mercilessly curtailed; but what was given was rendered sparkling and attractive by the charming talent of Louise Taglioni. We do not think, nevertheless, that *La Favorita* is ever likely to become as great a favourite in England as it has been, for so many years, in Paris. Those who desire to peruse a long and detailed analysis of the drama and the music, are referred to the *Musical World*, vol. 25, 1847, at which period it was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, on that memorable evening when Gardoni made his first appearance in London. This was also the first season of the Royal Italian Opera, which opened its doors to the public on the 6th of April.

Madame Viardot Garcia and Signor Ronconi have both arrived, and will, it is stated, appear in a few days.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.—The tragedy of *Polyculte* was played on Friday, June the 6th, to a densely crowded house, eager to witness the one scene of the fifth act, in which Mdle. Rachel created so great a sensation last season. Altogether we never sat through a more tedious play than *Polyculte*, which consists of a love intrigue made subservient to a religious controversy. Rachel herself could not infuse one spark of warmth into the first four acts without infringing on propriety. Even when it is discovered that her husband is a Christian, her attendant abusing him accordingly, Pauline checks the free expression of her feelings not from a sense of devotion, but from a sentiment of duty towards her husband. In short, during the first four acts Pauline is little better than a frigid picture of propriety. Undoubtedly the different shades of emotion are admirably exhibited by Mdle. Rachel, but they are all subdued and toned down, so as to act simply as foils to the one great speech in the fifth act. Here the transformation is marvellous. Pauline's husband has died the death of a martyr, and she is herself made convert by the example of his courage and devotion. A complete change takes place in her demeanour. Her reserve is cast aside; holy passion radiates in her looks; the glow of enthusiasm burns

in her eyes; a desire for martyrdom is evident in her physiognomy; and the whole feeling with which she is inspired is poured forth in the sublime declaration—"JE CROIS." Mdle. Rachel was never more grand than in this speech, which equals her finest inspirations. Overwhelming applause followed its delivery.

The tragedy was followed by *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, which is well adapted to show the versatility of Mdle. Rachel's acting, without possessing any intrinsic merit of its own. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present.

On Saturday last, Messrs. Scribe and Legouve's drama of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was played for the first time this season.

We stated our opinion last year of the merits of this piece, and see no reason for altering it on more mature consideration. Like all pieces written to exhibit the peculiar excellence of an actor, it betrays symptoms of its origin, in patchiness and want of unity in design. Where too much is aimed at, little can be produced; the author is made the slave of the actor, and the consequence is detrimental to both. What is gained in particular parts is lost in the general effect. *Adrienne Lecouvreur* might just as well be played in distinct scenes, with Mdle. Rachel alone upon the stage. It is an attempt to combine all the excellencies of Mdle. Rachel—her pathos, her irony, her indignation, being successively developed. A convenient medium for showing off the powers of the actress is thus obtained, but at the expense of the drama as a work of art, and with no absolute advantage to Mdle. Rachel as an artiste. We must, however, add that, whatever may be the opinion of its literary merits, the drama of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was hailed on Saturday with enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. Mdle. Rachel's appearance in the second act, attired in the magnificent costume of Roxane, as she slowly advanced, book in hand, studying the part of the Ottoman princess, was the signal for a universal outburst of enthusiastic welcome. Her description of her first *rencontre* with Maurice was replete with tenderness and charming simplicity; and in the interview with her lover, she recited the fable of "The Two Pigeons" (by Lafontaine), *Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre*, to perfection. We join in the surprise of Maurice that such simple and affecting verses should be found in a book of fables, even though the author be La Fontaine. The emotion of Adrienne when her jealousy is awakened was admirably conveyed by Mdle. Rachel, and when, in the third act, the actress is brought into contact with the "grande dame" her rival—the poor comedienne with the powerful Duchesse de Bouillon—in the struggle which ensues the advantage is all on the side of the actress. Mdle. Rachel created an immense sensation by her sarcastic reply to the threat of the Duchess, "Te vous perdrai;" her peculiar accentuation and the feeling of contemptuous irony which she throws into the words "Et moi, je vous protège," were inimitable. The invocation to Corneille, also called down a burst of enthusiastic applause. The emotion on learning the death of Maurice was portrayed with exquisite feeling. But the triumph of the evening was the scene from *Phédre*. No words can convey the expression of savage fury with which she assails her rival in the words of the great poet, or the wild delight which flashed in her eyes and illumined her whole face as she exulted in her vengeance.

The dying scene, when Adrienne is distracted by physical agonies and mental wanderings, brings out Mdle. Rachel's talent for detail in a manner that was perfectly intelligible to all. She had not here to produce an ideality. Absorbed by all the realities of suffering, she represents each phase of agony, each step in the workings of the poison, with heart-rendering

minuteness. The feeling created was far from agreeable, but that it was most intense and absorbing there can be no doubt. We repeat, however, that the play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* is not to our liking, although it affords such ample scope for the exhibition of Madlle. Rachel's extraordinary genius. Were that great artiste to withdraw from the stage, the fate of M.M. Scribe and Legouv  s drama would be sealed for ever.

On Monday, Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, at the second performance of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and so great was the effect produced by Madlle. Rachel's powerful acting, that at the end of the play Her Majesty sent for Mr. Mitchell and directed him to express to the great *tragedienne* the gratification she had received from her performance.

We must not pass over in silence the great progress made by M. Raphael since last year. His enunciation is now strikingly clear and distinct; his manners are becoming and gentlemanly. He infused considerable warmth into Maurice de Saxe's description of the siege of his palace—which, by the bye, is bombastically written, and demands much tact on the part of the actor to avoid falling into exaggeration. Madlle. Avenel also deserves a word of praise, for her impersonation of the part of the Duchess. That of Michonna, the best conceived in the piece, was but indifferently rendered by Mr. Chotel, who nevertheless attempted a great deal. Regnier is not to be replaced in the character. J. de C.—

MARYLEBONE.—On Monday this theatre was opened under the management of Miss Fanny Williams, with most promising auspices, the house being crammed. The performances consisted of a piece of the melo-dramatic kind, called "Life's a Lottery," a farce in one act, and a burlesque, entitled "Joan of Arc." In the first and last of these pieces, the fair lessee and Mr. Wyld have the principal share. The novelty of the evening was the appearance of Mr. James Dael, a provincial actor and manager. As a mimic, he seems to possess powers of no ordinary kind. His assumption of the character of a drunken pot-boy and an old itinerant female ballad singer, were full of rare humour and whim; but we will wait and see more of this gentleman who was ably supported by Mrs. Barrowcliff, another provincial importation. We trust that the destinies of this little theatre, over which a cloud has lately been hanging, are about to brighten.

Provincial.

SHEWSBURY.—Messrs. Hay and Adams gave the concluding Classical Chamber Concert of the season on Friday evening week, in the Music Hall. The attendance was numerous and fashionable; and the hall was fitted up in an elegant manner, under the superintendence of Mr. Blower. The programme comprised the following selection:—Quartet, for piano-forte, violin, viola, and violoncello, Mendelssohn, Op. 1; Solo, piano-forte. Wallace and Blumenthal; Trio, pianoforte, violin, and viola, Mozart, Op. 14; Solo, violin; Solo, pianoforte, with quintet accompaniments, Hummel, Op. 56; Overture, *Oberon*, Weber. The whole of these pieces were admirably rendered. Mr. Hay's pianoforte solo was a highly effective performance; and Mr. Hayward's violin solo (a *fantasia* on popular airs) was a treat of itself worth the cost of a concert. The performances finished with the National Anthem. Messrs. Hay and Adams have incurred considerable expense in getting up these concerts, and we trust when they commence the winter series they will receive that support from the public to which they are so well entitled.

REIGATE.—The members of the Reigate Choral Society gave a concert at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The room was crowded. The selection of the music was judicious. The whole of the programme was carried through with perfect smooth-

ness. It requires no small amount of discretion and firmness to weld a body of amateur singers. No mistake occurred on Tuesday evening. Each solo was correctly given; the duets were nicely rendered; the choruses were sung with precision, which was striking far an amateur society. The voices were sustained by an harmonium, under the touch of Mr. E. Thurnam, the conductor. All the pieces went off well; but some few deserve particular notice. Mr. Read sang "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," (*Creation*) very well; the boys, especially Byfield and Katterna, one in "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," the other in "Them that are weak," sang with ability. Amongst the choruses the following deserve notice:—Kent's "Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel," "And the glory of the Lord," (*Messiah*); "How excellent thy name," (*Saul*); "Then round about the starry throne," (*Samson*); "Father, Omnipotent," (*Death of Abel*). The secular music was well rendered. The best pieces were "Hark, Apollo strikes the lyre," two Madrigals, "Now is the month of Maying," and "Down in a flow'ry vale," with the old favourite "Red Cross Knight," which was well sung by Messrs. Morrison, Byfield, Jeaters, and Knight. Jeaters was encored in "Life is not all a barren waste," and then sang the "Death of Abercrombie." The concert gave great satisfaction.—(*Reigate Paper*.)

Miscellaneous.

MISS MESSENT'S AND MR. HERBERT'S CONCERT.—It is said that M. Jules Janin came over here to laugh at the Exhibition, but forgot the purpose of his mission in admiration of what he was sent to depreciate. A similar process is probably going on among the foreign scoffers at English vocalists, each of our musical visitors from the continent exclaiming, in the words of Weber, when he came over here—"I really see no reason why the English singers are to be so much abused." True, we have no vocalist occupying the foremost rank in the highest branch of the art—no Pastas or Malibran—no Grisis, Linds, or Cruvellis; but he who despises the lark or the linnet merely because it is less musical than that of the nightingale, libels Nature, and in reality loves neither lark, linnet, nor nightingale. Among our groves of native songsters—daughters of the "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," Miss Messent holds her way with the best. This young lady, in conjunction with Mr. Herbert, took a benefit, on yesterday evening, at Hanover-square, to a crowded audience. The executants were numerous and talented. The vocalists were Herr Fischek, Sig. Marchesi, and Sig. Calcagno—Mr. Herbert and Mr. Frank Bodd  —the Misses Messent, Poole and Browne—Mdlles. Lavinia, Graumann, and Johansen. The instrumentalists were Herr and Mad. Goffrie, Sigs. Piatti, Giulio, Rigondi, and Mdlle. Coulon. The selection combined the classical and popular, as far as can ever be reasonably expected at a miscellaneous concert, with a mixed audience. When we reached the rooms, Mr. Herbert was singing, with his usual taste and feeling, a cavatina of Lillo. This was followed by the comic duet of Rossini, "Ai capricci della sorte," given with due dramatic effect, by Mdlle. Graumann and Sig. Marchesi. The fair beneficaire then, with her pretty intelligent face and small sylph-like form, stepped forward and forthwith elicited an encore in Donizetti's graceful cavatina "Quel guardo il cavaliero." Herr Fischek also was encored in a German version of "Non piu audrai." Madlle. Graumann delivered two charming German songs charmingly—the one by Meyerbeer, the other by Molique. Then came Sig. Piatti, with his violoncello, and he too was encored as usual. After Miss Poole had sung Mendelssohn's song, "The first violet," with the pure and impassioned simplicity natural to her, Herr and Madame Goffrie wound up the first act with a duet for pianoforte and violin, and made as charming and loving an *ensemble* as could be wished from man and wife on such an occasion. Rossini's quartet, "Cielo il mio labbro," which opened the second act, was given with due effect by Miss Messent, Mdlle. Graumann, and Messrs. Herbert and Marchesi, after which Mdlle. Lavinia, another of the Muse's children of promise, sung Rossini's popular cavatina "Una voce poco fa." This

youthful vocalist, who unites to a sparkling and dramatic style, a voice of great compass and power, and is fast rising in public favour, elicited, as she invariably does, marks of the most decided approbation. Mdlle. Lavinia, who is by birth an English woman, is about to visit Italy, whence there can be little doubt she will return an accomplished dramatic singer. A pretty comic duet, descriptive of a quarrel between "Two cousins," and written for the occasion, by Mr. C. W. Glover, was sung by Miss Poole and Miss Messent with so much vivacity as to obtain an encore. After the duet, as we had been most uncritically unwell all the evening, we came away, leaving behind us, among other good things, Thalberg's "Tarantella," played by Mdlle. Coulon, a talented young pianist; two Swedish songs by Mdlle. Johannsen, and Mr. Grattan's song, "The Zephyr," sung for the first time, by Miss Messent.

THE CITY AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their annual concert on Whit-Monday last, at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet-street. Three professionals were engaged to assist them—Mrs. W. Dixon, who sang Benedict's charming ballad, "By the sad sea waves" (encored), and Lindley's "Little Nell." Miss Greenwood sang "Come hither, pretty fairy," and Loder's graceful romance, "The Lily of St. Leonard's," with her usual taste; and Mr. Augustus Eames, who was unanimously encored in a violin solo—the same, if we remember rightly, that he performed at the Lyceum Theatre, in the burlesque of the *Olympic Devils*.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE's last concert was given on Friday evening, the 6th instant, at the New Beethoven Rooms. Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, No. 5 (*allegro and adagio*), was played with great effect by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Hausman. Madame Zimmerman sang an air from *Der Freischütz*, and Mr. Benson two ballads—"Meeting and parting," and "Just like love," in a very pleasing style. Madame Verdavainne performed Neuland's *Recollections of Germany* on the guitar in a light and delicate style, and was well accompanied on the piano-forte by Master Verdavainne. Her most successful piece, however, was Bertini's *Grand Polonaise*, for piano, with quartet accompaniments, which was honoured by loud and well-merited applause. She also played Thalberg's *Russian Airs*, and one of Osborne and De Beriot's duets, for piano and violin, in a very spirited manner. In the latter Madame Verdavainne was ably assisted, on the violin, by Mr. H. Blagrove. Madame Lemnair sang Meyerbeer's air, "O Prêtre de Baal," Gordigiani's "Speranza del mio cor," and "Di tanti palpiti," from *Tancredi*, in a manner that showed her to be an adept in various styles of music, and a clever vocalist. Mr. J. B. Chatterton, played a fantasia on the harp, which elicited and deserved the most genuine plaudits. A solo was also given on the Melophone by Mr. J. B. Tournour, in an effective manner. The concert gave great satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable audience.

RONCONI.—This eminent barytone arrived in London on Tuesday, and is announced to make his first appearance next week. Madame Ronconi has also arrived.

HERMANN.—This talented and well-known violinist has arrived in London for the season.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The oratorios of the *Messiah* and *Elijah* have been drawing immense audiences. There is nothing to say about the performance of these masterpieces.

HERMINE RUDERSDORF.—Among recent arrivals must be mentioned this accomplished German vocalist, whom we trust to have an opportunity of hearing in London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Creation* was performed last evening to an audience literally cramming the building. We have only time to say that Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Formes, and Reeves sang Haydn's music beautifully. We shall give full particulars in our next. The *Creation* will be repeated next Friday, and judging from the large number of foreign artists that we personally saw turned away from the doors for want of room, we would recommend our foreign friends now in London to make an early application for tickets, or they will be unable to hear Haydn's masterpiece.

AUBER'S "CORBEILLE D'ORANGES."—The last work of the great French composer has been declared by all Paris a *chef d'œuvre* and Alboni's success has been unparalleled at the *Académie Royale*. Auber composed the music for the superb soprano-contralto *con amore*, and has sounded the lowest depth of her voice and soared into its highest regions with such admirable skill as to produce an effect perfectly incredible. The composer of *Masaniello* has surpassed the composer of *Il Barbiere* in a grand vocal display. The rondo finale to the *Corbeille d'Oranges* is more dazzling and captivating than the rondo finale to *Cenerentola*—at least Alboni's singing makes it appear so. We have a long letter from our own Correspondent at Paris in which the success of the opera and Alboni are dwelt upon at length. Press of matter of the highest importance alone precluded its insertion. We shall publish it *in extenso* next week.

ALBERT SMITH has announced his "Overland Mail" for the evenings of June 18, 25, and July 2, when his spirited and amusing lecture will be delivered for the 200th time in public. Two hundred times, then, will Albert Smith have delighted British audiences with two hundred good things at the least. May he never cease delivering lectures on Overland Mails as long as they put money in his purse, and may we be always present.

ON THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HARP, TIMBREL, AND SISTRUM.

After Noah left the Ark we find he built an altar and returned thanks to God, after the manner of the children of Seth; and in the 31st chap. Genesis. 27th ver., where we find that Laban having overtaken the fugitive Jacob on the mountains of Gilead, says to him, "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with Tabret and Harp." This proves that the discoveries of Jubal were preserved by the descendants of Noah; and also that instruments of wind, strings, and percussion were then in use. After the miraculous escape of Moses through the Red Sea, the Hebrews break out in a song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord, which song was accompanied by Miriam the sister of Aaron, together with all the women; and Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out with her, with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them, saying, "Sing ye to the Lord," &c., and is an early instance of women being permitted to bear a part in the performance of religious rites, as well as of vocal music being accompanied by instrumental, and by dancing. The instruments with which these songs were accompanied are decided by all the ancient authorities, to have been the ancient cymbal, made exactly like our modern tamborine, but the name timbrel was applied to all kinds of instruments of percussion. Now as Miriam was an Egyptian, and just escaped from the country where she had been educated, it is natural to suppose that the dance used now, and established afterwards by the Hebrews in the celebration of religious rites, was but the continuation of an Egyptian custom. After the death of Saul there appears to be little doubt that the lyre was greatly improved and many strings added to it, for we find it used with six, eight, ten, but not exceeding twelve or fifteen in number; and mention is made that David returning from the conquest of Goliath, met the women of the Hebrew City singing and dancing with Timbrels and Sistrums, which latter instrument belonged to the Egyptians, and consisted of a bar of metal formed into an oval, and terminating in a handle; this handle was on a line with some small pieces of iron, bent a little at both ends, and extending from one side of the oval to the other, and these being struck with a small metal stick, produced various sounds. Bruce says, "In Abyssinia it is used in the quick measure, or in Allegros. In singing psalms of thanksgiving, each priest has a Sistrum, which he shakes in a very threatening manner at his neighbour, dancing, leaping, and turning round, with such indecent violence, that he resembles rather a priest of Paganism, from whence this instrument was derived, than a Christian." The Abyssinians have a tradition, that the Sistrum, Lyre, and Tamborine were brought from Egypt into Ethiopia by Thot, in the very first ages of the World.—*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. E. H. SHREWSBURY.—Let us assure our correspondent that news from the Provinces is always welcome, and that Shrewsbury is one of the towns of our predilection. The oftener we hear from our correspondent the more shall we be pleased.

A CONSTANT READER.—Our correspondent is informed that we prefer, on all occasions, a short original paragraph to any extracts from papers. We have made room for as much of his inclosure as we could find convenient space for.

Mademoiselle Coulon's, Miss Busby's, and Mr. Chatterton's concerts will be noticed in our next.

Advertisements.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Cure of a Red Leg of more than sixty years' standing.—Mr. Barker, of No. 5, Graham's Place, Drypool, near Hull, had ulcers on his leg from the age of 18 until upwards of 80, and although for many years he had sought the first advice in the country, nothing was found to cure them. He often suffered excruciating pain for long periods together, which incapacitated him from attending to his business. He had given up all hopes of getting a cure, when at last he was persuaded to try Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he did, and however wonderful it may appear, the leg was thoroughly healed by their means, and by continuing to use the Pills alone after his leg was well, he has become in health so hale and hearty as now to be more active than most men of fifty. N.B.—The truth of this extraordinary statement can be vouched for by Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, 23, Market Place, Hull. Feb 20th, 1850.

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MISS BASSANO AND HERR KUHE

BEG to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square, on TUESDAY, the 24th of JUNE, 1851. Vocalists—Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Birch, Eliza Birch, Johannsen, and Bassano; Messrs. Stigelli, Marchesi, Jules Stockhausen, and Fischek. Instrumentalists—Madame Parish Alvars Messrs. Ernst Piatti, and Kuhe. Conductors—Messrs. Brinley Richards, Robert Green, and Biletta. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, Fifteen Shillings each. To be had of all principal Musiciansellers, and of Miss Bassano, 19, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park, and of Herr Kuhe, 18, Princess-street, Cavendish-square.

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BEGS to announce to his Pupils and Friends, that his EVENING CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 18th, 1851. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Phillips, and Miss Dolby; Mr. Benson, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. R. H. Phillips. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett; Violin, Mr. Willy; Violoncello, Mr. Lucas; Flute, Mr. Richardson; Conductor, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. To commence at eight o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. To be had at all the principal Music Sellers, and of Mr. Benson, 11, Bloomfield Terrace, Fimlico.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S MATINEE MUSICALE

WILL take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 27th, when he will be assisted by Miss Hayes, Jules Stockhausen, Signor Sivori, and Signor Piatti.—Reserved seats, half a guinea; may be had at the principal music warehouses, and of Mr. Osborne, 43, Devonshire-street, Portland Place.

MUSICAL UNION.

ERNST, Piatti, Hallé, Deloffre, and Hill, at the EXTRA MATINEE of the MUSICAL UNION next Tuesday. Quartet in D, No. 10, Mozart; sonata in F, piano and violin, Beethoven; litanie violoncello solo, Schubert; quartet, No. 7, E minor, Beethoven; pianoforte solos, Chopin and Mendelssohn. Tickets, half-a-guinea each for visitors, to be had at Cramer and Co.'s Regent's rect. Members admitted at 7s. each.

J. ELLA.

At the Directors' Matinée, June 24th, Ernst, Sivori, Sainston, Laub, Deloffre, Hill, Piatti, Bottesini, Pauer, and Halle, will perform. No free admission will be given.

MR. COOPER'S QUARTETT CONCERT

WILL take place on Monday Evening, June 16th, at 71, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. Programme:—Quartet in F minor, Messrs. Sainston, Cooper, Hill and Rousselot, Haydn. Sonate, Piano and Violin, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Cooper, Mozart. Quartet, A minor, Sainston, Cooper, Hill and Rousselot, Mendelssohn. Duet, two Violins, in D minor. Sainston and Cooper. Spohr. Quartet, Posthumous, Cooper, Sainston, Hill and Rousselot, in B flat, Beethoven. To begin at 8 precisely. Single Tickets 7s. and Family ditto to admit 4 persons £1 ls. May be had at Addisons, Regent Street, Ewer, Newgate Street, and Mr. Cooper, 3 Windsor Cottages, Haverstock Hill.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER

BEG to announce that their Annual Grand Morning Concert will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on TUESDAY, JUNE the 17th, to commence at two o'clock. They will be assisted by Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, Mlle. Graumann, Signor Stigelli, Herr Reichart, and M. Stockhausen, Herr Ernst, and Signor Bottesini. The orchestra will be complete. Leader, Mr. Willy. Conductors, Mr. C. Lucas and Herr Behimon. Tickets Seven Shillings, to be had at the principal Music Warehouse, of Miss Dolby, 2, Hyde Street, Manchester Square, and of Mr. L. Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park. Stalls, half a guinea each to be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street, of Miss Dolby, and of Mr. L. Sloper.

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PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

MONDAY, JUNE 16th.

PART FIRST.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1. SONATA in A major, (Ma Cousine)] | Macfarren. |
| Allegro non troppo, e tranquillo, A major. | |
| Andante semplice, A minor. | |
| Vivace assai, Scherzo, C major, B major. | |
| Prestissimo assai, alla Tarantella, A major. | |
| 2. MORGENSTURM { German Lieder. | Mendelssohn. |
| WOHN! { M. STOCKHAUSEN. | Schubert. |
| "I heard a streamlet gushing." | |
| 3. O ARABY! DEAR ARABY, Song from Oberon, Mme. THILLON. | Weber. |
| 4. CAPRICE in C major | Haydn. |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 5. SONATA in C minor, Op. 35. | Dumek. |
| Allegro ed assai agitato, C minor. | |
| Adagio patetico ed espressivo, E flat major. | |
| Finale Grotesque, Allegro molto e giocoso, C major. | |
| 6. "WHO IS SYLVIA?" { M. STOCKHAUSEN. | Schubert. |
| "HARK, HARK THE LARK." { | Schubert. |
| 7. L'oiseau mort, ROMANCE. { Mme. THILLON. | Vivier. |
| JEAN NE MENT PAS, CHANSON-NETTE { | E. Armand. |
| 8. SELECTION OF STUDIES:— | |
| F Sharp major | Hensell. |
| G minor (l'appassionata) | W. S. Bennett. |
| G major | Moscheles. |
| C Sharp minor | Chopin. |
| A minor | Thalberg. |

AMATI VIOLONCELLO

TO be Sold, the Property of a Gentleman. It is considered a beautiful specimen of the Cremona maker, and worth \$300. To be seen at Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229 Regent Street, Corner of Hanover Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN ITALIAN, FRENCH, ENGLISH, SPANISH, AND GERMAN,

Will take place on

MONDAY, JUNE 16th, 1851.

Selected from the following Authors:

Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Gluck, Mercadante, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Zingarelli, Purcell, Auber, Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn; And embracing many highly interesting novelties.

On this occasion will appear Mesdames

SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, ALAIMO, GIULIANI,

IDA BERTRAND, FIORENTINI,

MARIE CRUVELLI, and SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

The valuable assistance of Madame UGALDE, of the Opera Comique at Paris, has also been secured.

Signori GARDONI and CALZOLARI, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Signor PARDINI, Signori COLETTI and FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, BALANCHI, LORENZO, MASSOL, and LABLACHE.

Director of the Music, Mr. BALFE.

Some of the original Manuscripts of the celebrated PAGANINI having been discovered, the Direction has secured them, and Sig. SIVORI (engaged expressly for this occasion) will execute

THE CELEBRATED CONCERTO,

And also the so much admired

"STREGGHE, or, "WITCHES DANCE."

These Pieces have never been performed by any but Paganini.

The Concert will commence at TWO O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Overture ...	(Fernando Cortez) ...	Spontini.
Te deum Laudamus, to be sung by all the PRINCIPAL SINGERS and FULL CHORUS	Mozart.
Duetto, Mdlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ and Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND, "Di conforto un raggio solo" (La Vestale)	Mercadante.
Aria, Signor CALZOLARI, "Alma adorata" (Maria di Rohan)	Donizetti.
Quartetto, Mdlle. GIULIANI, Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND, Mr. SIMS REEVES, and Signor BALANCHI, "Il tempestoso letto del vasto." ...	(Oberon) ...	Weber.
Scena, Madame SONTAG, "Epurgianti" (Templario)	Niccolai.
Duetto, Signor GARDONI and Mons. MASSOL, "Allons chercher Renaud" ...	(Arnida) ...	Gluck.
Aria, Madame UGALDE ...	(Le Calde) ...	A. Thomas.
Grand Selection from the celebrated Mass in C	Beethoven.
"Gloria," "Qui tollis," "Quoniam," Mesdames. SONTAG, FIORENTINI, ALAYMO, CAROLINE DUPREZ, UGALDE, GIULIANI, IDA BERTRAND, and CRUVELLI; Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES, PARDINI, COLETTI, MASSOL, LORENZO, BALANCHI, FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, and Signor LABLACHE.		

PART II.

Overture ...	(Anacreon) ...	Cherubini.
Quintetto, Madame SONTAG, Madame GIULIANI, Signor PARDINI, Signor F. LABLACHE, and Signor LABLACHE, "Sento, oh Dio" ...	(Cosi fan tutti) ...	Mozart.
Grand Scena, Mdlle. CRUVELLI, "Ocean! Du Ungeheur!" (Oberon)	Weber.
Trio, Three Tenors, Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, and SIMS REEVES, "Vivo Bacco"	Curschmann.
Aria, Madame SONTAG (by desire), "The soldier third" (Artaxerxes) ...	Concerto Violin, Signor SIVORI.	Dr. Arne.
Recit, "Ah, scostati," Madame FIORENTINI. (Cosi fan tutti)	Mozart.
Aria, "Smanie implacabile," Madame FIORENTINI. (Cosi fan tutti)	Mozart.
Trio, Three Sopranos, Mesdames SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, and CRUVELLI, "Le faccio un inchino." (Matrimonio Segreto)	Cimarosa.
Recit, "Oh! qual tristo parlar," Mr. SIMS REEVES.	Gluck.
Aria, "Fin dalla prima infanzia," (Iphigenia in Tauride)	Gluck.
Scene from ARMIDA. "Jamais dan ces bleus"	Gluck.
Mesdames SONTAG, FIORENTINI, ALAYMO, CAROLINE DUPREZ, UGALDE, GIULIANI, IDA BERTRAND, and CRUVELLI; Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES, PARDINI, COLETTI, MASSOL, LORENZO, BALANCHI, FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, Signor LABLACHE, and CHORUS.		

PART III.

Overture ...	(Midsummer Night's Dream) ...	Mendelssohn.
Chanson Mauresque, Mdlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ "Je suis une fille maure" (L'Etoile de Seville)	Balfe.
Serenata, Sig. GARDONI, "Or che in cielo" (Marino Fallerio)	Donizetti.
Aria, Made. UGALDE, "La Tyrolienne" (Betty)	Donizetti.
Duetto Buffo, Sig. F. LABLACHE, and Sig. LABLACHE, "Qui fra voi" (Eliza e Claudio)	Mercadante.
Romanze, Mdlle. ALAYMO, "Roberto te che adoro" (Roberto il Diavolo) ...	Violin Solo, Sig. SIVORI.	Meyerbeer.
Tersetto, Made. FIORENTINI, Made GIULIANI, and Sig. PARDINI, "Ah! che ascolto" (Der Freischutz)	Weber.
Swiss Air with Variations, Made. SONTAG, and Chorus	Eicher.
Finale, "Vadasi via di qua" Mesdames CRUVELLI, CAROLINE DUPREZ, FIORENTINI, ALAYMO, UGALDE, IDA BERTRAND, GIULIANI, and SONTAG; Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES, PARDINI, COLETTI, MASSOL, LORENZO, BALANCHI, FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, and LABLACHE	...	Martini.

Boxes, Two Guineas; Pit Stalls 15s.; Pit Tickets and Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery 2s. 6d.; Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF LA FAVORITA.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 17th, will be performed for the second time this Season, Donizetti's Opera.

LA FAVORITA.

Leonora,	Madame GRISI.
Inez,	Mdlle. COTTI.
Baldassare,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Don Gasparo,	Signor SOLDI.
Alfonso XI.,	Signor TAMBERLIK.
Ferdinando,	AND
...	...	Signor MARIO.

EXTRA NIGHT.—ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 19th, will be performed (for the fourth time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

With the following powerful cast—

Alice,	Madame GRISI.
Isabella,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Elena,	Mdlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.
Bertramo,	Herr FORMES.
Alberio,	Signor ROMMI.
Eraldo,	Signor POLONINI.
Il Priore,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Cavaliere,	Signor L'UGI M EI and
Rambaldo,	Signor SOLDI.
...	...	AND
...	...	Signor STIGELLI.
Roberto,	Signor TAMBERLIK.

In the Second Act the incidental Divertissement will be danced by Mdlle. Louise Taglioni and M. Alexandre. In the Third Act the Bacchanal of the Nuns in the Grand Cloister Scene will be danced by Mdlle. Taglioni, with a numerous Corps de Ballet.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—M R. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

On FRIDAY NEXT, JUNE 20th. Mrs. ANDERSON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, commencing at half-past One o'clock precisely. For particulars see advertisement.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'

TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC, will take place on Monday, June 23, and Wednesday, July 7, when he will be assisted by Signore Piatto and Bottesini, and Mr. Cipriani Potter. Miss C. Hayes and Herr Ernst are already engaged. Single Tickets, 8s., may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 8, Somerset-street, Portman Square.

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No. 25.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

CRUVELLI.

The new *prima donna* has now taken her position so firmly with the public, that she no longer stands in need of advocacy. Her merits are appreciated, and her claim to be placed among the brightest of the stars, that, from time to time, during the last quarter of a century, have shone in the operatic hemisphere, is no longer disputed by any whose opinions are of weight, or whose disinterestedness entitles them to authority.

That Cruvelli has failings we shall not attempt to deny. What young artist is without them? Malibran had faults at twenty-nine. Cruvelli has equalled Malibran at twenty-two. For our own parts we would not give a straw for a singer, or an actress, who, at twenty-two, offered no points amenable to the strictures of criticism. The absence of faults at such an age would simply prove a great facility in the acquirement of first principles, and large powers of imitation—a close and correct copy of preceding models, and a happy organisation, physical and intellectual. But it would not prove the possession of genius, the gift of invention, the noble faculty of creation. There are many admirable and accomplished artists; but genius appears at intervals, few and far between.

We pretend that Sophie Cruvelli is a genius; and it is because we are convinced of it that we hail her as the successor of Malibran. If this be acceded, the fact of her executive means being as yet imperfect—of her conception, at times, aiming at deeper and more varied expression than her physical resources, in their present condition, enable her, entirely, and at all times, to realise as she imagines them,—tells in favour of our argument. They who dream of nothing higher than what they have learned by rote, who aspire to nothing greater than that which they have acquired from the example of others—to imitate whom successfully is the end of their ambition—cannot be said to be endowed with the gift of genius. Cruvelli is none of these; she imitates none; emulates none; she thinks for herself, and aspires for herself. Stirred by the fire that burns within her, she cannot be tied down to rules and dogmas.

That which preserves Cruvelli from what would be otherwise an imminent danger, is her profound insight into character. Her conception is always true and just, while her execution continually varies. The one proceeds from a judgment that never errs; the other from impulse, which may possibly lead her astray. Thus, while her *Fidelio* and her *Norma* are never precisely the same, on two consecutive evenings, they are, nevertheless, always *Fidelio* and *Norma*.

Whether Cruvelli makes an effect in this scene, or in that scene, in this point, or another, is never the result of calculation. She does not calculate. She sings and acts on the impulse of the moment; but her performance must always be impressive, because it is always true to one idea, always bears upon one object—the vivid realisation of the character she impersonates to the apprehension of her audience. If she would improve, Cruvelli must depend upon daily and indefatigable attention to the abstract study of her art, rather than upon attempts to refine and perfect particular points in particular characters. To progress as a singer, she must practice, with earnestness and indefatigability, the *sofleggi* and the general routine of vocal exercises. To improve in her acting, she must study at home—her *poses*, her gestures, and all the mechanism of the stage. Like all geniuses, so absolutely is Cruvelli the creature of impulse, that let her pass a day, a week, a month, in working up to the utmost degree of refinement, a certain passage, or a certain dramatic effect, it is an even chance that, on the night of performance, she will altogether overlook the idea of what she has been preparing in advance, and do something even better and more striking, a *l'improviste*.

But, argue as we can, on abstract principles, Cruvelli has made her way. Difficulties have not abashed her. She did not quail before *Fidelio*, the grand creation of Beethoven, which she has now played six times. (To night she performs it for the seventh.) It is probable that no other singer has ever appeared so often, in so brief a period, and with a success continually increasing, in this masterpiece of the German opera. She did not quail before *Norma*—*Norma*, the chief assumption of Pasta, and of Grisi—*Norma*, which no other singer, Jenny Lind unexcepted, has approached without trembling, and which the incomparable Malibran herself refrained from essaying in London. Cruvelli has appeared four times in *Norma*, and the impression she produced in this character, the sublimest in the range of Italian *opera seria*, was not less deep than that which attended her *Fidelio*. Her next essay will probably be *Semiramide*; and here again she ventures upon holy ground, invades the domain of Pasta, and of Grisi, Pasta's legitimate successor. She will triumph again, nevertheless.

Suppose a critic were to fall foul of Cruvelli, to see no merit in her *Norma*, very little in her *Fidelio*, and to imagine numberless faults in both; we should be sorry for this critic, and should find some difficulty in believing him candid. Suppose, however, the same critic were soberly to pronounce a French composer, of no invention and less acquirement, a great musician—nay, one of the greatest of musicians; we should, then,

not be surprised to find him setting down Cruvelli as a singer of no pretensions. The weak judgment, or the strong prejudice, that could lead to the one conclusion, might easily induce the other, and we should be content to accept the alternative. If a French composer of no invention and less acquirement be a great musician, nay, the greatest of musicians, Cruvelli is not a great singer—and *vice versa*. Suppose a forthcoming opera, by the same French composer, were spoken of, by the same critic, in the same breath as *Fidelio*; we should pity that critic; though if the forthcoming opera turned out to be a masterpiece, we should abandon Cruvelli, as a delusion. But, on the other hand, supposing we had ourselves enjoyed the advantage of hearing the opera, of this French composer, at Paris; we should, then, entertain no fear for the result. Of course, this is but pleasantry. No such critic, no such composer, and no such opera exist. All the critics in the world, however, would be unable to hide a great light under a bushel, without speedily setting fire to the bushel; and all the critics in the world—much less the one in supposition, single-handed, or even with the powerful assistance of another in supposition—would be unable, were they ever so inclined, to reduce a great and highly gifted artist like Cruvelli, to the level of a common-place pretender. If such critics exist, they had better, therefore, repent and mend their ways—put on their spectacles, and see and understand an excellence, which, one day, they will perforce be made to acknowledge and pay homage to. It was suggested to us lately, that a critic, who really underrated Cruvelli, did not intend what the literal translation of his words into nonsense appeared to convey; but that his writing had two meanings, the exoteric and the esoteric, the outward seeming and the hidden truth. We are inclined to this belief, from the fact that until the advent of a certain French composer, the critic who underrates Cruvelli believed in Mendelssohn; and we must insist, that to admire sincerely the music of Mendelssohn and the music of the composer to whom we allude, at one and the same time, is an impossibility—since, if either be good, the other must necessarily be the opposite.

We have little more to add, and may safely leave Cruvelli to herself, to accomplish the career she has so gloriously begun. She has all in her favour—extreme youth, a magnificent voice, fire, industry, enthusiasm, and, to crown all, GENIUS. Of what else does she stand in need? The truth is that our feeble advocacy can no more avail her than the feebler sneer of a wrong-judging critic can injure her. The public in these matters is the best judge. The public may be spurred on to appreciate real merit more quickly and keenly; but the public cannot be laughed out of its faith; and in the long run is no more likely to be cold to genius than to embrace a cheat. The public has delivered its verdict, unmistakeably, in favour of Cruvelli, and what the public has decided it is beyond the power of any critic to impugn.

Let it not be imagined that we are pleading for Sophie Cruvelli. She stands in no want of our logic, being already a creature of splendid talent, and still more splendid promise.

We can believe anything, however great, of her "to come"—for if, at twenty-two, she has attained so high a degree of excellence, what may not be expected of her before she has reached thirty?

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

Without pretending to understand what the following article from the *New York Herald* may happen to signify, we present it to our readers as a curiosity. Everybody knows that Mr. Bennett, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was at one time the fiercest supporter of Mr. Barnum, in the "Jenny Lind," as in other speculations:—

BARNUM AGAIN IN THE FIELD—PROBABLE FLARE-UP BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND JENNY LIND.

The Napoleon of showmen has a most remarkable fertility of transparent genius in the production and array of novelties and amusements, his movements continually attracting the public eye. In the exhibition of curious humbugs he has no rival and his raree-shows of all kinds extend east and west, north and south. Some of the newspapers for a week past have been publishing notices that somebody has been sending this showy Napoleon ten dollars, and other persons have certified, also, that they have received by letter a similar sum of money to be applied to some purpose as yet undivulged. This new style of creating a sensation, however, in which Barnum went to the trouble of taking the lead, was a total failure, and accordingly we are now treated to a card from Napoleon, which is published in all the journals which are edited by his "literary bureau." Here is the document:—

JENNY LIND'S LAST CONCERTS.

The public are respectfully informed that the engagement between Mdlle. Jenny Lind and myself for 150 concerts, having contained certain conditions on which the same might be terminated either at the end of sixty or of one hundred concerts, it has been determined to limit them to the latter number; and as ninety-one concerts (besides those given for charity) have already taken place, these are only nine remaining, of which positively but one will be given in New York, viz.—on Friday night, June 6th, at Castle Garden. It has been determined to give the eight last concerts in Philadelphia and Boston. The concert to be given for the benefit of the orchestra on Wednesday night, June 4th, is, of course, not included in the above. The public's obedient servant,

P. T. BARNUM.

Now, this announcement appears to be a flare-up. It is accompanied by editorial remarks of the same tenor, all emanating from Barnum's literary bureau of editors, poets, philosophers, and critics, a few of the comments being a little improved by the journalists, for the sake of variety of expression. But what is the meaning of it all? Would Barnum or Jenny Lind give up the receipts of fifty profitable concerts? If we are to rely on the telegraphic reports which have flashed over the wires from one end of the country to the other, the receipts up to this time must have amounted, according to the statements of the literary bureau, to about a *million and a half of dollars*. Bah! Not a bit of it. We suspect rather that the runners, agents, advertising, authors, wood cuts, biographies, and general machinery, including the literary bureau, have cost an enormous sum, and have diminished the special profits of Napoleon. We have always believed that Barnum made a great business mistake in the outset, last summer; that his determination to carry the people by storm, at a large figure for tickets, was foolish; and that he never would fulfil his pledge, that all the public should have a chance to hear the

Nightingale. He would not be advised. He surrounded his speculation with complicated machinery, at a vast expense, not only with a determination to sweep the public at will towards paying a heavy tribute to his treasury, but to manage the press, and to stifle criticism. The blunder is now apparent, and all the stories about Jenny Lind's fatigues are monstrous masses of unmitigated moonshine. Jenny Lind is in the enjoyment of the best health and spirits, and can as well sing in one hundred more concerts as in those she has already given. In fact, she is stronger and more powerful in voice than she was last summer. What folly is it, then, to attempt a thing of this kind upon the public! No! Let the truth be told. The actual fact is, that Barnum finds the payment of one thousand dollars for each concert to Jenny Lind, and her expenses, added to his vast and expensive machinery of poets, critics, runners, &c., &c., is a losing business—that it touches his pocket, which is not so deep as a well or the California mines, and the diggings of which are getting scanty. If the enthusiasm of last year could be revived, he might have a chance; but all the efforts of his literary bureau, of his philosophers, poets, transcendental critics, socialist editors, cannot resuscitate the original excitement. Great have been the struggles up to the latest hour to establish Jenny Lind as a divinity, and so she is. Every day the transcendental poets have striven for her "apotheosis," and they have succeeded. At all events, these wonderful lovers of the spiritual music in the toes of the Fox girls, and of the perfect melodies of Jenny Lind's voice, declare that if she is not a divinity, she at least is the impersonation of all art, and of the music of the spheres, and of everything musical—past, present, and to come—and so she is. We repeat, what is the meaning of all this? Do the poets, philosophers, and socialists intend to have a convention and nominate Jenny for the Presidency? Or, do they intend to make her the goddess of their new religion? We know very well that she has been heartily received by the democracy. So was Fanny Elssler, who, at Baltimore, was drawn in her carriage by the excited multitude. So was Fanny Kemble in the days of her dramatic career. Elssler got the admiration and the start of the people by her legs, and Fanny Kemble charmed them by her black eyes. We never knew, however, that these things had really anything to do with the democracy of the age, or with the march of improvement. Really, really, Barnum ought to know human nature better—that enthusiasm running into folly, such as we have had instances of in the last thirty years, cannot be renewed and repeated, except for a very, very brief season. Jenny Lind, as a woman, deservedly enjoys the esteem of the public; and as an *artiste*, her rank entitles her to very great admiration; but there are, in this country, several quite equal to her, and more are coming. The plan of exalting her to the seventh heaven, and degrading thereby all other *artistes*, may be a good speculation while it lasts, but it is not a system which can endure, and will not bear philosophical examination. It is, besides, an unjust system. Jenny Lind, in Italian comic opera, is equal to any *artiste* of any age. There her power is fully seen; in her acting and vocalization she is the greatest alive. In the grand opera she is inferior to Grisi, to Parodi, or to Sontag; and in English, Scotch and Irish ballads her exhibitions are weak, unfinished, and out of character, as will be seen when Catherine Hayes visits this country next autumn, and sings the same compositions. Let Barnum bring down his prices and his expenses to a proper level, and he can yet complete his one hundred and fifty concerts without difficulty; but

we rather suspect it is a breaking up of the engagement or partnership between them, and that Jenny Lind will take the field on her own hook, and succeed alone better than with the complicated machinery with which she has been surrounded.

N. B.—Our view is correct. The following card of Miss Lind speaks for itself.

A CARD.

(To the Editor of the Herald.)

The remarks appended to the card which Mr. Barnum publishes this morning, relative to the termination of his contract with Miss Jenny Lind, are calculated, in some degree, to mislead the public with regard to her future intentions. Miss Lind has never authorized the statement that these concerts are to be her last in America; the only publication she has consented to is, that of the close of her engagement with Mr. Barnum, after one hundred nights. The fatigue and exertion incidental to such continuous efforts make it necessary for her to enjoy, for some time, repose and relaxation. After that she may, if her strength permit, make a short tour in western New York and Canada, in order not to disappoint those who, from expecting to hear her at home, have refrained from visiting the Atlantic cities.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
MAX HJORTSBERG, Sec. to Miss Lind.

We shall feel obliged to any one initiated in the mysteries of the Yankee press to unravel the mystery. Our ingenuity is unequal to the task.

THE ENFANT PRODIGE.

THE following communication from the Director of the Royal Italian, in reference to Auber's celebrated opera, appeared in a recent number of the *Morning Herald*. It will be read with interest.

(To the Editor of the Morning Herald.)

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in your paper of yesterday, headed "Her Majesty's Theatre," which commences with the following paragraph:—

"To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Lumley, as in the case of the *Fidelio*, has been secretly at work upon the *Enfant Prodigue* of Auber, the exclusive right to which was supposed by the simple public to have been in the hands of the director of the Royal Italian Opera. But we find otherwise."

I am most unwilling, sir, to intrude myself on the notice of your readers, but having, at the commencement of the season, announced the opera of the *Enfant Prodigue* to be the exclusive property of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, I feel, from a sense of duty towards the subscribers to this establishment, as well as to myself, that I have no alternative but to request the favour of the insertion in your columns of the following document, which is an exact copy of a notice served on the lessee of her Majesty's Theatre.

(Copy.)

(To Benjamin Lumley, Esq., Her Majesty's Theatre.)

"SIR,—Having seen in the public papers of Saturday last, an announcement of your intention of representing at her Majesty's Theatre, on Thursday, the 12th inst., Auber's opera *L'Enfant Prodigue*, under the title of *Il Prodigio*, which opera, so long ago as March last, I had publicly advertised as the 'exclusive property of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera,' I immediately proceeded to take legal advice upon the subject, and I now take the earliest opportunity of informing you, and I hereby give you notice, that by virtue of a certain assignment, bearing date the 2d day of January last, and made between Messrs. Brandus and Co., of

Paris, publishers of music, of the one part, and myself, the undersigned Frederick Gye, of the other part, the said Messrs. Brandus and Co., as assignees of Messrs. Scribe and Auber, authors of the poem, musical composition, or opera of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, sold and made over to me the entire and absolute property, copyright, and right of representation, within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and the British Colonies, of the said opera, without excepting or reserving any part of it thereout. And I further give you notice, that if after this notice you shall produce, or allow the said opera, or any part thereof, or any adaptation or translation thereof, or of any part thereof, to be produced or represented at Her Majesty's Theatre or elsewhere, without my consent in writing first had and obtained for that purpose, that any and every such production or representation will be at your own peril, and that I shall hold you responsible under the several statutes in such case made and provided, or otherwise as I may be advised.

"Dated this 11th day of June, 1851."

"Yours, &c.,

"FRED. GYE.

The origin of the assignment referred to is at any time open to your inspection.

It is a source of very great regret to me, that in the management of a great establishment such as Her Majesty's Theatre, standing so high in the estimation of the public, a fair and honest rivalry is not alone had recourse to; for I believe that the field of public patronage is sufficiently wide for both Operas. I will offer no further comment on the transaction, but leave my subscribers and your readers to judge between the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre and myself.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRED. GYE.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, June 14, 1851.

Being ignorant of the merits of the case, we leave it as it stands, without taking any part in the discussion.

CATHERINE HAYES.

(From the *Cork Southern Reporter*, June, 12th, 1851.)

This eminent and rarely-gifted artiste is about to bid farewell to England, to make a professional tour in the American States. The name of Catherine Hayes is not unknown in the land of the far west. The high reputation she has so long enjoyed all over Europe was not likely to be circumscribed, even by the barriers of the broad Atlantic; it spread itself abroad on the winds, and was wafted to the mighty hills and valleys of Columbia. In no part of the world is talent and genius so much respected and sought after as in America. In America, Malibran's genius was nurtured and brought to light, and fed fondly with the oil of commendation. Malibran's reputation, achieved in America, first opened the eyes of artistic Europe to American appreciation and American support.

Catherine Hayes possesses more than ordinary claims to the sympathy of the Americans. It is not alone her resplendent talents, her exquisite voice, her magnificent singing, and the grace and beauty of her person, which will direct her to their affections and enthroned her there; two other circumstances will tend to place her in the lofty position she is destined and entitled to occupy. The first of these is the strict decorum of conduct by which her artistic career has invariably been regulated. Catherine Hayes is, in short, "a good girl," and a lady, in the highest acceptance of these terms. Although young, lovely, and celebrated, her character is not only beyond the possibility of reproach, but beyond the pale of suspicion; calumny itself, with its perverted vision, and its hundred crooked tongues, has never dared to sully her whiteness: the snow on the peak of Slieve Donard is not more pure and spotless than the name of Catherine Hayes. This fact, in conjunction with her great abilities and superior attainments, will account for the unusual intimacy en-

joyed by Catherine Hayes with the nobility and gentry of England and Ireland. The aristocracy of both countries rejoiced in her acquaintance, courted her society, and fêted her; the first dignitaries of the Church were proud to acknowledge her as their friend. How far this circumstance will weigh with the American public may be readily surmised.

And who shall attempt to estimate the impression which the "Swan of Erin," will produce in her Irish ballad singing on an American audience? How her hearers will be moved with "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," or "Savourneen Dheelish," we can easily understand. We know how touchingly beautiful is Katy's voice, how irresistible the pathos and expression of her singing, how simple, unpretending, and pure is her style. Since the days of Miss Stephens—another Katy, by the way, although not another Irish Katy—no ballad singing has been heard which can bear the slightest comparison to that of Catherine Hayes, and, above all, no Irish ballad singing. Never was heard human organ more finely and peculiarly attuned to Irish minstrelsy. There is a plaintiveness in the tone, a sadness, a wail—a voice of beauty in mourning, as it were, for departed joys—which adapts it beyond all other voices for the sorrow and the tears that pervade Irish music.

But Catherine Hayes can surprise and astonish no less than please and delight. In the brilliant displays of Italian music she is no less at home than in the simple ballad school. Her voice has great power, great extent, and infinite beauty in the quality. It is a voice, too, of unusual flexibility and facility, and is managed with consummate art. The intonation is invariably true, and this we take to be the highest and rarest charm in the human voice. Catherine Hayes's high notes are clear and limpid, and fall upon the ear like some exquisitely-toned silver bell. They are penetrating notes, too, and go directly to the heart. The middle tones are round, mellow, and peculiarly strong in a *soprano*. Indeed, many good judges assert that the voice was originally a *contralto*, and that education alone had the effect of bringing it up so high. This we happen to know not to be the case. If education effected anything, it was to strengthen the middle part. When Catherine Hayes first appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, three years ago, her voice had not that fulness and sonority in the middle register which certainly now constitutes one of its greatest charms. She was then very young, and had not attained that physical power which now enables her to infuse so large an amount of dramatic energy into her singing. Catherine Hayes also possesses the low tones of a *contralto*, of considerable beauty and power, and uses them with the greatest judgment and finest effect.

Such a voice, so powerful, so rich, so pure, and of such extent, necessarily enables the singer to essay a variety of styles. We find, therefore, that Catherine Hayes is enabled to sing the *soprano* music of Lind, the *mezzo-soprano* of Grisi, and the *contralto* of Alboni, with equal ease and effect. This wondrous voice finds but one parallel among modern *cantatrice*. We have heard Catherine Hayes, at one concert, sing the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, the "Casta Diva" from *Norma*, the "Ah! mon fils" from the *Prophète*, besides English, Scotch, and Irish ballads, and all with unequivocal success. Meyerbeer's song, in the *Prophète*, requires unusual extent of voice, unusual power, and intense dramatic feeling. We have attended Catherine Hayes's performance of Bertha, in the *Prophète*, and have been delighted and enchanted with her; after hearing her sing "Ah! mon fils," we should like to see her in Fides, and entertain a strong suspicion we should be still more enchanted and still more delighted.

The reputation won by Catherine Hayes in this country was won honourably and legitimately. She came to England unheralded by puff, unsupported by faction. She arrived at a time when nearly all the musical talent of the world was congregated together in London. The Lind fury was raging at its highest. The public ear was enwrapped in the "Swedish Nightingale." The public eye was dazzled by the brilliancy of the new star. Or, if any escaped the intoxicating lustre of the Lind planet, they were absorbed in the radiance of a Grisi, an Alboni, a Persiani, or a Viardot. Never was period less suited for the *début* of a young artiste. Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Grisi,

Viardot, and Alboni, at the Royal Italian Opera, occupied every position in the lyric drama, or monopolised the entire favour of the public; but the talent of Catherine Hayes was not to be concealed. Although she was engaged at a moment fatal to a *debutante*, although she appeared in one of Jenny Lind's most popular parts, and when the "Nightingale," too, was playing the same part at another theatre, in spite of prejudice, name, and *prestige*, she achieved a grand success, and was rewarded with the unreserved admiration of the public and the entire press. But Catherine Hayes, at that time, was not the perfect artist she is at the present day. Her progress has been such as to astonish her most ardent admirers. Still very young, the last few years have imparted power and finish to her singing, which previously appeared to require strengthening and ripening. An admirable musician, and a sedulous and most zealous artist, Catherine Hayes, since her advent to this country, has applied herself to the thorough mastery of her profession with heart and soul, and the result has been she has constituted herself an honour and a glory to her art.

The success achieved last year by Catherine Hayes throughout Ireland is unparalleled in the history of music in this country. The Lind sensation in America alone can be compared with it. The whole of the Emerald Isle, from north to south, from east to west, was taken captive in the singer's thrall. The people were literally frantic wherever Catherine Hayes appeared and sang. The public press teemed with eulogies. All classes were moved alike with the "Swan of Erin." The educated were enraptured with the purity and graces of her style, and that inimitable method which might be quoted as a model. The general public were carried away by her delicious voice, so limpid and so fresh, the glowing warmth of her expression, and her genuine Irish feeling. By the former, the brilliancy of execution, and the dazzling feats of *fortitude*, exemplified in Italian and French airs, were more prized; while the simplicity, truthfulness, and exquisite beauty of her ballad singing, were far more welcome to the latter. In short, the artist won all hearts in a few months; and had it been possible for a Queen to have been chosen from among the Irish themselves, there is not the least doubt but the Emerald throne would be occupied by Catherine Hayes.

After her Hibernian triumphs last year, Catherine Hayes repaired to Rome and some of the Italian States, and created a *furor* wherever she went. The *dilettanti* of the Opera were enchanted with her, and the theatres where she appeared were crowded to excess at every performance. No Englishwoman had previously excited a corresponding sensation in Italy. When at Rome, where there are always a number of English residents of rank and fashion, Catherine Hayes was received in the best society and treated with marked distinction and favour. In fact, so eagerly was the society of the handsome and intelligent Irish *prima donna* sought after by the English aristocracy of Rome, that she was seriously inconvenienced in her professional avocations, and was compelled in consequence to hasten her departure from Rome.

As an actress, Catherine Hayes, like Jenny Lind and Persiani, does not reach the grand tragic sublime of Pasta, Grisi, or Cruvelli. Indeed, her sylph-like figure and perfectly feminine features, are directly opposed to the weight and gravity of a Semiramide, a Medea, or a Donna Anna, while the natural tones of her voice have nothing of the superhuman in them, so essential in characters of the high classic stamp. The strongest passions of a woman, however, including love, hate, revenge, and despair, find an admirable interpreter in Catherine Hayes; witness her Norma and Lucrezia Borgia, which possess infinite dramatic merit. In characters of the tenderly passionate kind, Catherine Hayes feels a ground that gives her a more sure footing. Her Norma and Lucrezia are striking and powerful; her Aminta, Lucia, and Linda, are irresistible, from their truthfulness and intensity. The principal features in Catherine Hayes's acting are abandonment to the individuality of her character, fine conception, peculiar power in realizing dramatic abstractions, expression, feeling, energy, and spirit of perseverance, which is sure of carrying her triumphantly through the most arduous assumptions. Catherine Hayes never trifles on the stage. To her, art is the means that conducts to eternal fame. In her dramatic qualifications we must not overlook singularly handsome and

expressive features, a graceful and well-formed person, motions easy and unconstrained, and a whole bearing which suggests the perfection of elegance and gentility.

In Sacred Music, Catherine Hayes is equal to any vocalist of the present day. The solemnity of her expression, a certain religious feeling, which appears native to her, the purity of her voice and her faultless intonation, admirably befitted her for the delivery of church music, and the music of the Oratorio. Those only who have heard Catherine Hayes in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, can form an idea of the sublimity and effect of her singing in Sacred Music.

Reviews of Music.

MENDELSSOHN'S CELEBRATED "CRADLE SONG."—Arranged for the Pianoforte.—J. R. LING.—Duff and Hodgson.

We cannot admire the manner in which Mendelssohn's simple and beautiful cradle-song has been manufactured into a fashionable drawing-room piece by Mr. Ling, who, for the most part, evinces as much discretion in the choice of themes as taste in their arrangement. Mendelssohn, moreover, does not write melodies that look well in the warehouse of the fantasia-mongers. What he has written is best left to its own merits, which are quite sufficient to attract the attention of a large class of admirers, among whom we are proud to rank ourselves. Under these circumstances, it is unnecessary for us to criticise Mr. Ling's piece, which, had it been founded on a more shoppy tune (one of the consumption ballads, for instance, or one of the Nigger melodies), might have passed muster as a showy piece of its kind; but, since it only succeeds in mutilating and disfiguring a thought of intrinsic beauty, we cannot by any consideration, be induced to commend it. Mendelssohn's music is holy ground, and he who approaches it should take off his shoes, and walk barefoot, reverentially.

"CHANT DES CROATES."—Marche Favorite.—Arrangé pour Piano.—J. R. LING.—Joseph Williams.

The "Chant des Croates," which M. Blumenthal has rendered famous, comes more properly within the province of the fantasia-makers, of whom Mr. Ling is certainly one of the most able. He has twisted the candid Croation tune into a *capriccio*, which, by its brilliancy, fluency, and moderate difficulty, will appeal, we have little doubt, successfully, to a large number of players. After a short introduction in G, the canto of the Croats is given to the left hand in the same pitch, with an accompaniment of chords for the right. It is then given to the right hand in octaves, with an accompaniment in triplets for the left. It then devolves again to the left with a brilliant *arpeggio* for the right, the key of G being preserved throughout four pages, without modification. Subsequently occurs an episode in E flat, of two pages duration, in which the subject is prettily played with. The whole concludes with a coda, demanding considerable extension of finger, rapid execution, and much foresight. This is the best part of the fantasia, which we can recommend with conscience.

"YES! I DEARLY LOVE THEE."—Ballad.—J. R. LING.—H. Fentum.

On the present occasion Mr. Ling has been more successful as a vocal writer than as an instrumental. The ballad before us is in A flat, with sweet chords. The melody, not strikingly original, is nevertheless graceful and agreeable, and fully expressive of the words, which are above the ordinary class. It is as simple and unpretending as it is well written, and cannot fail to prove a desirable chamber song.

"THE GIPSY SCHOTTISCHE," for the pianoforte. D. MAGNUS.—Charles Ollivier.

The best part of this Schottische (in D) is the first phrase, which, although it reminds us of a subject from the overture to *La Dame Blanche*, is appropriately characteristic, and from its marked rhythm is well adapted for dancing. The second part, page 2, consists of little more than a progression of chords, and is

therefore not so applicable to the purpose. On the other hand, the commencement of the trio in G is lively and pretty, but the same objection holds with regard to its second part. The writer is evidently a good musician, but is too ambitious of displaying his scholarship.

"DUO DRAMATIQUE," pour piano, sur les motifs de "LA DONNA DEL LAGO," REAUD DE VILBAC.—Charles Ollivier.

Everybody knows the grand duet of Elena and Huberto in Rossini's sparkling opera, *La Donna del Lago*; we need, therefore, do no more in its respect than take off our caps and avow our continued allegiance to its beauty; and everybody knows the other beautiful airs of the introduction to this ever fresh, charming, and unjustly mutilated work; we therefore need do no more in their respect than ditto, ditto. M. Renaud de Vilbac has manufactured these old friends into a brilliant pot-pourri, which, if length be a distinction, is distinguished by length. But let us be just. Length is not the only remarkable quality of M. Vilbac's pot-pourri, and, although we certainly prefer to hear the *motivi cantabile* and *cabaletta* of the lady of Loch Katrine, from the vigorous and mellifluous throats of Grisi, Mario, and Tamberlik, M. de Vilbac has connected them together in so easy and graceful a manner, and has sprinkled them over with so many light and brilliant passages, that two competent performers can hardly fail to render his pot-pourri an agreeable and effective pianoforte duet.

GERMAN ILLUSTRATIONS.—SIX LIEDER selected from the best composers—Book 1, SULEIKA—MENDELSSOHN—LIEBESBOTSCHAFT—A. FESCA. Book 2, WIEGEN-LIED—A. FESCA; An Adelaide—C. KREBS. Book 3, DRE GILLETEN—FER. GUMBERT—AUF DEM BERGE—LINDBLAD. Transcribed for the pianoforte by T. RUMMEL.—Charles Ollivier.

In his arrangement of Mendelssohn's first song of "Suleika," in E minor (which must be carefully distinguished from the second in E major, comprised in the set of six songs, dedicated to Miss Dolby), Mr. Rummel has shewn himself, not only an able adapter, but a real appreciator of fine music. He has respected every note of the original, has preserved the harmonies of Mendelssohn untouched, and, while giving the full vocal effect of the melody on the piano, has contrived to adhere, with unswerving strictness, to the character and design of Mendelssohn's accompaniments. The "Suleika," as it stands in Mr. Rummel's selection, may take its place by the side of the best *Lieder ohne worte*, since it is as beautiful as any of them, and equally well suited to produce effect as a solo piece. We have rarely indeed seen an arrangement more commendable for skill, judgment, and irreproachable good taste. Mr. Rummel has dedicated his arrangement to Miss Emma Goodman, a young, talented, and promising pianist.

Fesca's song, No. 2 in book 1, called "Messenger d'Amour," in B minor, bolero style, has, it would seem, inspired Mr. Rummel with less reverence, since he has taken the liberty of ornamenting it with a variety of florid passages which, while they enable the executant to display his power over the instrument, do not in any way affect the interest of the melody, which might be represented by a very minute algebraical equivalent. We, therefore, cannot quarrel with Mr. Rummel for taking liberties with Herr Fesca, since what he has added decidedly enhances the effect of the song as a pianoforte piece.

Another song of Fesca's—*Wiegen-lied* (cradle song), in B flat, a tame, monotonous, but not altogether unsoothing effusion, which opens the second book, is treated by Mr. Rummel with more respect, the alterations being confined to simple transpositions of the situation of the accompaniment, which he has effected very cleverly. This *lied* might pass without censure, as a pretty and inoffensive trifle, were it not for a transition from B flat to B natural, and back again, which occurs twice in the last two lines, page 12, and is exceedingly unnatural and obtrusive.

The next song of the second book, "An Adelaide" (To Adelaide), by one Krebs, well known in his native soil as a prolific writer of moonlight ballads, is in the sentimental style, with B flat for a key. After the opening symphony Mr. Rummel, in order to give the opening canto with due effect on the violoncelle part of

the instrument, and to preserve intact the arpeggio von Krebs, is enlarged to the expedient of laying out his plan in three staves instead of the ordinary two—two staves for the left hand and one for the right, the last in the middle, whereby the tune is stove in the centre (to keep it warm) and stands, for which it is well suited, in the order of a parenthesis, leaving it to the discretion of the executant to omit it altogether, which it is not unlikely he will do, since nothing will be lost by its absence, but much confusion eschewed. This *lied* concludes with a recapitulation of the theme, with an accompaniment after the manner of Schubert's "Ave Maria," of which, nevertheless, it was but a glimmering reflex. Bref—Herr Krebs's "An Adelaide" is one of the feeblest musical apostrophes ever addressed to a lady with so pretty a name. Mr. Rummel, notwithstanding, must be praised for the skilful manner in which he has arranged it.

Of the two songs contained in the third and last book, that in F, of Lindblad, a popular Swiss composer, is the simplest and the best. It is in the ballad style, and Mr. Rummel has arranged it in the happiest manner, preserving with equal completeness both the melody and accompaniment of the original. The song of Gumbert, in G flat, is longer, more ambitious and more difficult, and less interesting in an equal proportion. In page 20, Mr. Rummel has considerably increased the difficulty by an elaborate arpeggio passage in the bass. Doubtless this *lied* will find admirers, from its showy character; but there is a want of freshness in the melody which is not atoned for by the great display in the harmony and accompaniment.

To conclude, we can strongly recommend these arrangements of Mr. Rummel as among the best of their kind which have come under our notice, and should he proceed with them, a wide field is open before him, which it is evident he possesses both the taste and the industry to explore with advantage.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—On Friday, the 14th, Corneille's tragedy of *Les Horaces* was performed. As regards the play itself we know of no tragedy in the French classical repertoire more replete with interest and legitimate excitement. All the parts are good, those of the men more particularly fall little short of the demi-gods of antiquity; the language put into their mouths is majestic, and, in several instances, sublime; the sentiments expressed are of the highest order of patriotism and self denial; the love of country, as an abstraction, is predominant in the breasts of all, banishing other emotions. In the midst, however, stands one solitary exception—Camille. She alone comes out as an individuality, totally apart from the stern and unbending beings who surround her. Her brother, her father, her sister, even her lover, to whom she is entirely and exclusively devoted, have no feeling in common with her. To her, patriotism, glory, honour are nothing; and even her country is a thing to curse when it stands in the way of her affection for her lover. It is true that she hesitates for a moment, when calculating the fatal consequences of this family duel. Whatever the issue—whether Rome or Alba conquer, whether the Horatii or the Curiatii be victors; her heart bleeds at the fatal necessity—the horrible fatality of such an alternative. Yet she evidently leans to Curiatius, though influenced by selfish considerations and opposed to persons who stand forth as models of inhuman virtue. Camille is not a creature to be pitied. She is a heroine, a martyr to one feeling, and that feeling makes us excuse the absence of every other. Her love is her only sentiment. She is so exclusively swayed by it that we are carried away by its grandeur, moved by the excess of her devotion, and without reflection sympathize with her feeling and join with her, heart and soul, in the curse which she invokes upon the infant republic.

Of all the characters of this noble poem, however, that of Camille would seem, on a first reading, to be the most insignificant. We confess that such was our opinion until Mademoiselle Rachel gave it a life and character. The wonderful byo-play by which, during the recital of her lover's death, she is enabled, without uttering a single word, to tell an elaborate tale of internal grief; the change from insensibility to an agony of despair, and the concluding paroxysm of fury, must always produce an immense effect, on account of their force and reality. It is difficult to find words to express our admiration of Mdlle. Rachel's acting. When we say that we have already proclaimed her perfect, it would seem absurd to report any further progress, any new excellence. The fact is, however, that every new study of Mdlle. Rachel's impersonations reveals some new feature, something not before noticed, from the impossibility of conceiving at once all the excellence of her portraiture. The attitudes, aided by her exquisitely classical drapery, the subtlety with which the meaning of every line was elicited, the eloquent gestures, the perfect command over the voice, now broken with anguish, now swelling with indignation, form an *ensemble* of histrionic excellence that at once astonishes and awes the spectator. Camille is certainly one of Madlle. Rachel's most magnificent creations. It were almost hereby to say so, but we feel justified, after mature reflection, in submitting our opinion, that if Pierre Corneille wrote the tragedy of "*Les Horaces*," Mademoiselle Rachel created the part of Camille.

On Saturday last, we saw Mademoiselle Rachel in a part entirely different from those in which we have hitherto been accustomed to see her. Of the play itself, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, we shall give no description. Those who are curious on the matter had better refer to the account given in this paper of the translation, now being played at the Princess's Theatre, under the title of *The Duke's Wager*. In the original there is no very high order of literary merit, nor do the characters excite in any way our sympathies, with the sole exception of the heroine. We may add that the play is not put on the stage with that completeness to which we have been accustomed at this theatre. Excepting Mdlle. Rachel and M. Raphaël, the parts are very indifferently cast. The walking gentlemen representing Dukes, Counts, Barons, Marquises, and others of the same genus, resemble a collection of "Pères Nobles" and "Confidantes," from the heroic ages downwards. They are so accustomed to scan their words, and round their periods, that they seem to have lost the faculty of talking common prose. The elegant Richieu is as stiff as a drill serjeant; Le Duc d'Aumant, besides being unshaven, is minus his best teeth which is fatal to his enunciation. The others have no cause to complain of the scarcity of amorous adventures; and the gallantry and *persiflage* of the wits of the dissipated courtiers of Louis XV. becomes sheer impertinence proceeding from such a source. The part of *D'Aubigny* was, however, well played by M. Raphaël. He had no easy task to bear up against the mediocrities by which he was surrounded. Mdlle. Rachel's part, which was that of a simple, modest, unassuming young girl, with no knowledge of court intrigues, offers but little scope for the display of the great powers with which the incomparable tragedian is endowed. There are no violent scenes of passion or despair, yet Mdlle. Rachel moved us to tears by her simple, earnest pleading for her father's liberty. Her dress was simple in the extreme, and befitting one whose father had been an inmate of a state prison upwards of three years. Her demeanour was that of a gentlewoman of high birth; her emotion warmly expressed but never verging upon rant. All was sobered down to suit the character; every look, every gesture, measured to the part. A more complete transformation we

never witnessed. We cannot go so far as to say that Mdlle. Rachel is as great in comedy as in tragedy. The play of *Mdlle. de Belle-Isle* gives no fair criterion of her powers; and we opine that the present company is not at all equal to comedy. Where all the actors are bad, with one or two exceptions, the *ensemble* must suffer, and even the greatest actress of modern times loses much of her brilliancy by this *entourage* of inferior artistes, who, instead of aiding, help to mar her best effects.

On the whole, however, we were much pleased with this new conception of the great *tragedienne*. Her success was unequivocal, and, if the applause was not so loud or so frequent as usual, the emotion excited was genuine and unanimous. Though there was nothing to give room for powerful expression or to excite a storm of applause, all must have sympathised with the plain, simple, and unassuming heroine, and have treasured up in their memory the numerous beauties of Mdlle. Rachel's impersonation.

We understand that Victor Hugo's drama of *Angelo* will be shortly produced. We can also assure our readers that the new play of *Valeria* will be given, all the difficulties which stood in the way of its representation having been removed to the satisfaction of the great autocrat of dramatic literature.

J. DE C—.

On Tuesday afternoon M. Levassor gave his second entertainment, entitled *Une Heure de Récréation Comique*. The programme announced three *chansonnettes* and two *scènes comiques*, performed in costume. The *chansonnettes* were, "*Le Magister du Village*," "*Un Homme à Marier*," and "*l'Histoire de Cendrillon*;" the comic scenes, "*Le Père Latreille*" and "*Les Tribulations d'un Choriste*." Nothing could be better calculated to display M. Levassor's qualities as an artist than these sketches, each following the other without pause, and all perfectly distinct in their characteristics, and presenting a set of pictures in which a most careful and minute study of the comedy of every-day life is revealed in a few pregnant touches. M. Levassor presents a striking example of what intelligence, taste, and devoted study can accomplish, in the face of considerable difficulties. With a voice which could never have inspired him with any gratitude to nature, he is able to convey every variety of musical expression, and the very defects of his organ are skilfully turned to advantage in the production of absurd and unexpected effects. His versatility is apparently inexhaustible; in the course of an hour he is jovial and tender, youthful and decrepit, drunk and sober, refined and vulgar, eccentric and common-place, gliding without effort through every grade of humanity, through every stage of life. In the *Magister du Village*, the homely moralities of the old village dominie were given with refined sentiment, and the burst of senile gaiety in the *refrain* winding up each stanza received a fresh shade of expression at each recurrence. The second *chansonnette* is a sort of lyrical "*Colebs* in search of a wife," in which a bachelor is represented in the unsuccessful pursuit of matrimony through five decennial periods, from youth to the brink of the grave. The characteristics of each stage, and the gradual transition from youth to extreme age, were indicated with wonderful truth. In *Le Père Latreille*, which was sung in costume, we have a picture of a talkative old drunkard worthy of Charlet's pencil. His entrance, rolling round the edge of the scene and advancing to the front with an attempt to convert his unsteadiness into a gingerly swagger, had a most ludicrous effect, and transported one at once to the *barrières*, where the effects of the *vin bleu* may be studied on a score of such individuals. The scene in which are set forth the miseries of a chorus singer is already familiar to us, but the accuracy of the portrait, and

the every-day truth of its absurdities, render it always acceptable. M. Levassor was not allowed to adhere to the strict measure of entertainment promised in the bill, and when the programme was exhausted, a call was made for "Titi à la représentation de Robert," to which he graciously acceded. That M. Levassor is thoroughly appreciated by the supporters of the St. James's was evidenced by a very full audience; and the thorough enjoyment they manifested at the performance.

HAYMARKET.—Ambroise Thomas's admirable little *opera buffon*, *Le Caid*, done into tolerable English, and called, *The Cadi*; or, *Amours among the Moors*, was produced on Wednesday, and met with a favourable reception, in spite of its being misunderstood by the singers, and not appreciated by the public. The great mistake was producing the *Caid* at a theatre but newly devoted to opera. In order to understand a burlesque well, it is necessary to understand the original which suggests the exaggeration. The visitors to the Haymarket were not accustomed to opera, and consequently could not be supposed to enter into the merits of its travestie. But the artists themselves did not appear to comprehend the wide and essential difference between the *opera comique* and the *opera buffon*. Miss Louisa Pyne sang charmingly, the music being exactly suited to her, and acted with spirit and animation, but it was all real, there was no caricature. The same may be said of Mr. Weiss, who played the Drum-Major, and Mr. Donald King, who played Biroteau. It was not surprising, therefore, that the fun of the opera was entirely lost. After some few rehearsals, when the singers begin to know what they ought to be about, and the spectators gain a glimmering of the composer's intentions, we have no doubt the *Cadi* will prove attractive, as the music is exceedingly pretty, and the opera has been got up in a most creditable manner.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Il Prodigio was repeated on Saturday for the second time and proved infinitely more attractive than on the Thursday, inasmuch as the long delays between the acts were considerably reduced, and the fourth and fifth acts were merged into one, thereby effecting a great saving of time. The only thing to be lamented is the necessity for cutting some of the music. But this could hardly be avoided. The *Enfant Prodigue* is a very long work, and although it is in no part tedious or trivial, to keep attention alive for five hours is perhaps beyond the power of any opera. That the *Enfant Prodigue* is the longest work ever produced at Her Majesty's Theatre is proved by the unusual fact that no ballet or divertissement is given after the opera, the ballets in the second and third acts being found sufficiently long and important to preclude any subsequent entertainment of the kind. Indeed it would be hardly fair to give any ballet after the exquisite music and the brilliant dances of the *Enfant Prodigue*. In our last notice we said that the dance-music in the *Prodigo* was only inferior to that of *Masaniello* or *Gustave*. Repeated hearings have so raised it in our estimation that we are inclined to place it by the side of these masterpieces of the operatic ballet. Never was Auber's melodic genius made more manifest than in the *airs de ballet* of the *Prodigo*, all of which have a freshness and a charm worthy the immortal author's happiest moments of inspiration. It appears to be the opinion of some rigid critics of the present day, that the introduction of ballets into grand operas is a questionable act of policy. For our part we agree entirely with French composers on this head, and consider the ballet an indispensable element of the grand

opera. What would *Guillaume Tell* be without its *airs de ballet*? In fact we are of opinion that Rossini's *chef-d'œuvre* has never been heard to thorough advantage in this country, because the *ballet* has been sacrificed. Of one thing there can be no question, that the ballet music in the *Enfant Prodigue* is among its very greatest attractions, and Balfe no doubt was of our thinking, since he would not permit a single bar to be excised. The manner in which the different dances are got up at Her Majesty's Theatre, with its unparalleled corps, no doubt tends to the attraction; but neither the talents of M. Paul Taglioni, which were never made more manifest than in the *divertissements* in the new opera, nor those of the costumer, whose taste and knowledge of effects were never rendered more conspicuous, could procure for the ballet the sensation it creates every night, with music less captivating and graceful than that of Auber.

In addition to the ballet music, the pieces which continue to obtain the most share of public applause are, Jettele's first song, exquisitely sung by Madame Sontag; the two romances of Nefte, in the first and fourth acts, warbled with infinite volubility and surprising brilliancy by Madame Ugalde—who has already become an immense favourite with the *habitués* of the theatre; Massol's appeal song in the second act, which nightly produces an overpowering effect; Azaël's aria in the last act, charmingly sung by Gardoni; and the arietta of Boccoria, given by Coletti with great power and expression. To these *morceaux* the public attention is especially drawn by the admirable singing of the principal artists: but, if not so attractive, no less delightful to us is the concerted music, which abounds in beauties of the most *piquante* and graceful kind. Indeed some of the music is perfectly irresistible, and instantaneously declares the master hand of the composer of *La Muette*.

On Tuesday, the third repeat of *Il Prodigio* attracted a large crowd of fashionables. The Queen, Prince Albert, and *sue* were present. Her Majesty testified her approbation of the performance, in every scene, in a manner not to be mistaken. The opera decidedly gains with the public nightly, as the music becomes better known, and the singers get better acquainted with their parts. The working and machinery now goes so smoothly and freely that nearly an hour is saved in the performance. This is a great matter with an anxious and impatient audience.

Gustave was announced for Wednesday—a grand extra night—but, in consequence of Mdle. Caroline Duprez' indisposition, was changed for *Norma*, with Cruvelli. The visitors to Her Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday night had no cause to lament the alteration. Cruvelli was in splendid force, and created a *furor*. She was recalled several times during the performance, and twice at the end, and received with the utmost enthusiasm.

Il Prodigio was given for the fourth and fifth times, on Thursday, and last night.

Fidelio to-night—with, first time, for some years, the popular ballet *La Sylphide*, in which Marie Taglioni, the young, the charming, the hilarious, the bounding, with her fire-new laurels from Warsaw—where, in presence of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, by the magic of her twinkling feet, she created a revolution of hearts, and obtained an ovation similar to those awarded to her illustrious relatives in the palmiest days of the ballet—will make her first appearance this season. That Marie will be welcomed with enthusiasm there can be no doubt. She reckons among her admirers all the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Many novelties are in preparation. Thalberg's new opera

is being rehearsed. *Semiramide* will be produced shortly, and *Ernani*, both for Cruvelli. The public should be grateful for such plenteous fare.

The first grand concert for the season took place on Monday morning, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience, attracted by a programme in which the whole strength of the company was announced to take part. With the exception of M. Mussol, who did not appear, the pledges of the advertisement were fulfilled to the letter. We cannot pretend to enter into a detailed description of a performance comprising nearly thirty pieces, vocal and instrumental; nor, indeed, is it necessary, since a large part of the programme was absorbed by popular and well-known compositions, the novelties of importance being few and far between. We shall therefore adhere to the principal features.

The announcement of some of the original MSS. of the celebrated violinist, Paganini, with Signor Camillo Sivori as executant, excited a vast deal of curiosity. Paganini's compositions have for the most part, been a sealed book to amateurs and professors of the violin. It is unnecessary to premise, that during the lifetime of the great Italian violinist they were never published, and that certain fragments, which since his death have found their way into print, have generally been suspected as spurious. It is, perhaps, to this, in a great measure, that the mysterious fame of Paganini as a composer may be traced. There is always a price set upon that which cannot be easily obtained; and none knew this better than he, who, as a mere executant, won for himself a higher reputation than any other instrumental performer of whom the history of the art makes mention. We are led to believe that Paganini was well aware of his comparative deficiency in those qualities which help to form a great musician—*invention and science*—and that, feeling it impossible to make a name as a composer at all worthy of association with that which he enjoyed as a violinist, he adopted the precaution of withholding his works from the world. Notoriously jealous of the new effects he had discovered in the mechanism of his instrument, which were of course set forth and illustrated in his compositions, the best way of keeping them to himself was to prevent his MSS. from falling into the hands of the music publishers. He accordingly refused all applications for purchasing the copyright of his pieces, and at his death bequeathed them to an institution in his native town, with the proviso that they should never be engraved. We are further induced to this conclusion by the specimens submitted yesterday to the public, which enjoyed the advantage of Signor Sivori's admirable talent, and were consequently brought forward under the most favourable auspices. We own that our disappointment was not great, since we never entertained a very high notion of Paganini's genius as a composer, except of *morceaux de caractère*, chiefly remarkable for the novel turn of their *traits de bravoure* and the wide field they opened to the ambitious executant. Those, however, who have been taught to regard Paganini as a composer of large endowments and striking originality, must have been fairly surprised at listening to such an unmitigated platitude as the "concerto" in E flat—a *concerto*, so called, but in reality nothing better than a *fantasia*. Hardly less must they have been disappointed at *Le Stregghe* (or "Witches' Dance") which, compared with some of the more modern solos of Viëstemps and Ernst, is little better than a *bagatelle*. Signor Sivori did his utmost to give effect to these compositions, and exhibited his usual beauty of tone, purity and elegance of style, and wonderful command of the instrument; by far the most noticeable piece of execution, however, was the *cadenza*, introduced into the *concerto*, which was not by Paganini, but by Signor Sivori himself. In the "Witches' Dance," a variation, introducing double harmonies, was that which created most curiosity. Signor Sivori was immensely applauded, and recalled after both his performances; but we think the honour was due rather to his own talent as a violinist than to the music attributed to Paganini. He was accompanied by the orchestra in a very unfinished manner—so much so, indeed, that it led to a doubt whether he had enjoyed the previous advantage of a rehearsal.

The overtures to *Fernand Cortez* (Spontini), *Anacreon* (Cherubini), and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were allotted to the band,

and the *Anacreon* was played in first rate style under the spirited direction of Mr. Balfe. When the third part of the concert began, however, the performances had already extended to so great a length that the overture by Mendelssohn was passed over and the vocal music proceeded with. After two or three pieces, however, there was a call for the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." What began with a few voices soon engaged the sympathy of the majority, and Mr. Balfe, very wisely acceding to the expressed wish of the audience, opened the score, and the overture was performed, not so well as could be desired, or as it would doubtless have been, introduced in its proper place, but well enough, at all events, to satisfy the public, who naturally objected to being deprived, without notice of the *chef d'œuvre* of one of the greatest composers for the orchestra, and one of the prominent features of the programme.

The vocal selection was as attractive as variety and great names could make it. Madame Sontag's perfect style and faultless vocalisation were strikingly exhibited in "The soldier tir'd," and in Eckert's "Swiss air, with variations"—the latter of which was encored and repeated. Mdle. Caroline Duprez, although apparently indisposed, displayed her usual neatness and facility in "Je suis une fille Maure," from Balfe's opera *L'Etoile de Seville*. Madame Fiorentini's fine soprano voice imparted due weight to the solo vocal part in the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; and Madame Ugalde created the utmost sensation by her prodigious volubility in the grand air from *Le Caid*, the well-known opera of Ambroise Thomas, which owes much of its fame in Paris to the talent and popularity of the charming *prima donna* of the Opera Comique. In the Tyrolienne from *Belly* Madame Ugalde also made a great effort, but in this she had the recollections of the incomparable Alboni to fight against. Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Calzolari had each a solo. That of Mr. Sims Reeves, the fine air, "Fin dalla prima infanzia," from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauride*, was sung by our English tenor with a classical feeling that betokened a thorough appreciation of the music. The dashing *trio* of Curschmann, "Vivo Bacco," by the three first tenors of the establishment, was one of the most successful pieces in the programme. Another *trio*, the popular "Le faggio un inchino," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, brought the talents of Madame Sontag, Mdles. Caroline Duprez and Ida Bertrand, into effective combination; and a third, "Te sol, quest' anima," the best piece in Verdi's *Attila*, faultlessly executed by Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli, Signors Gardoni and Coletti, obtained a recall for the executants. The *buffo* duet, "Un segreto" (*Cenerentola*), brought out the comic *verve* of "the great Lablache" and his clever son Frederick in a forcible manner and to the evident amusement of the audience. Mdle. Marie Cruvelli, the *contralto*, whose recent appearance at Madame Puzzi's concert was so favourably noticed, in a duet with her gifted sister Sophie, "Sappi che un rio dovere," confirmed the good impression she made on that occasion. Mdle. Marie Cruvelli is evidently a singer of experience and accomplishments, with a voice both flexible and agreeable, and the duet, one of the gems of Rossini's forgotten opera, *Bianca e Faliero*, was received with unanimous applause. One of the most genuine sensations in the course of the whole concert was produced by the *aria*, "Nel dolce canto," which, for some unexplained reason, was deferred almost to the end, although its place in the printed bills was that of the first piece in the third part. Those who did not remain to hear Mdle. Cruvelli sing this animated composition of Benedict and De Beriot lost one of the most brilliant displays of vocal facility for a long time heard in a concert room. The extraordinary compass of this young lady's voice, which is as full and beautiful in the bass as in the treble register, has here fine scope for development, and advantage was taken by Mdle. Cruvelli of the abundant resources with which nature has endowed her. Her ornaments, cadences, and *floriture*, as original as they were elaborate, were executed with an energy and finish that left nothing to desire. The applause was enthusiastic, and the demand for repetition unanimous; but, with her usual good sense, Mdle. Cruvelli was satisfied to return to the stage and bow her acknowledgements to the audience. Mdle. Alaymo sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" with great expression; and Mdle. Giuliani took part in several pieces with her accustomed ability and

correctness. We can only find space to add that among the full pieces were a "Te Deum" by Mozart, a quartet from *Oberon*, a trio from *Der Freischütz*, a selection from Beethoven's First Mass in C; a quintet from Mozart's *Così Fan Tutti*; a scene, with chorus, from Gluck's *Armida*; and Martini's laughing trio, "Vadasi via di qua," in which all the principal singers joined in chorus. Mr. Balfé conducted the entire concert (except in the violin solos of Signor Sivori) with his accustomed zeal and talent. Had the programme been half as long it would have been at least twice as entertaining. "Enough is as good as a feast."—*Times*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The third performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Saturday night, demands a short record for more reasons than one. First, Her Majesty the Queen, at whose special desire the opera was repeated, arrived at the beginning, and remained until the end. Second, the audience was, perhaps, the largest ever congregated within the walls of Covent-garden Theatre since it opened as the Royal Italian Opera, many hundreds being sent away from the doors. And, lastly, there were some changes in the representation of the scene where the statue comes to sup with Don Giovanni, which, if not accomplishing all that is desirable in the shape of reform, in a great degree modified the absurdities against which we have so constantly felt bound to protest, as subversive of the combined effect intended by dramatist and composer. The attendance of the highest personage of the realm on two consecutive occasions to listen to such a work as *Don Giovanni* is a good sign. The immense confluence of the public at this third representation, within the space of little more than a week, is also a good sign; and the desire (now for the first time evinced) on the part of the management to restore to the finest scene in the Italian lyric drama that solemnity which has been too frequently transmuted into an empty joke, to the utter destruction of the music, is a matter of congratulation to all who have faith in the art as a medium of expressing the loftiest poetical ideas. On Saturday night the table at which Don Giovanni is feasting was placed near the "wings," instead of in the middle of the stage, whereby the ridiculous necessity of its being removed by domestics at the entry of the statue was done away with. Another improvement was observed in the costume of the ghost, which was whiter, more nearly approaching the semblance of a stone statue, and consequently more favourable to the scenic illusion; and, to conclude, the company of hybrid imps, a sort of cross between ghouls and torch-bearers, who were accustomed to drag Don Giovanni into the midst of an inexplicable *tableau* at the back of the stage, were replaced by some respectable-looking fiends, in flaming attire, who capture the person of the condemned libertine, and are supposed to cast him into a burning gulf—the representation of which catastrophe was admirably managed, the effigy of the Don bearing a sufficiently strong similarity to Tamburini, and the gulf being painted with appropriate horrors. Such decided improvements (which we are given to understand, were suggested by the Queen herself) are to be highly commended; but the commendation would have been without reserve could we have added that the courtesans introduced at Don Giovanni's supper table, without authority from the *libretto*, had been abandoned. Time, however, may effect this also, and we shall continue to look forward with the hope, at some future period, of seeing Mozart's *chef d'œuvre* performed literally in accordance with the bequests of tradition and the rules of dramatic propriety.

The general execution of the opera was admirable. The singers were all in good voice, and worked zealously at their

tasks. We have also much pleasure in recording that only two of the many "encores" were accepted—the *trio* of the masks in the first *finale*, and the "Il mio tesoro" of Signor Tamberlik, which latter was so vehement and unanimous that it could not be decently resisted.

We notice the second performance of *La Favorita* on Tuesday night merely to record that Signor Mario was so much restored that his performance of Fernando was almost equal to his best efforts when in perfect health. He sang both his airs divinely, and in the first duet emulated Grisi in energy and spirit. Both the accomplished artistes were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The house was crowded to overflowing.

On Thursday *Roberto il Diavolo* was repeated to another crowded house. The performance was very striking, but presented no new points for criticism.

To night Mde. Pauline Viardot Garcia makes her *réentrée* in Meyerbeer's grand opera, the *Prophète*. On Thursday, we believe, Ronconi will appear in the *Barbieri*, much to the delight of the subscribers and the public, who comprehend the services of the little great man—the Italian Kean. Meanwhile Mr. Gye must be making a rapid fortune, and *Sappho* will shortly be placed in rehearsal.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Pizarro, the governor of the prison, enters with a detachment of soldiers, and the great gates are opened to admit them. Here we have a march, which, in our esteem, forms a kind of resting place for the hearer's attention before entering upon music of the most intense passion, which illustrates the lofty and really poetical character of the drama. In the music that precedes this march, the most unimportant piece in the opera, we find the most felicitous application of musicianly skill and contrapuntal elaboration supplying the place of that expression of powerful feeling with which the remainder of the opera is so eminently replete. The ideas are all light, because the dramatic action calls for nothing earnest; but the music is saved from triviality by the interesting and truly artistic manner in which they are treated. It is only in the trio when, for the first time, the character of Leonore and the situation in which she is placed begin to be unfolded, that any expression of the higher order is aimed at; but even in this the contrivance is still striving for mastery over the feeling of the artist, and we are much more pleased than excited by the effect it produces. The march has nothing whatever to express, and in it nothing whatever is expressed; it is not grand, nor brilliant, nor solemn, nor lively, nor elaborate, nor anything, in fact, more or less than a piece of rather quaint, and certainly pleasing indifference, a piece of careless quietness before the outbreak of the fiercest passions. The instrumentation is somewhat original, but rather piquant and peculiar than powerful. The phrase that opens the second part is melodious, and the gradual progression to D minor smooth. The transition from this key to B flat is bold, though perfectly simple, and therefore striking; while the passage of contrary motion, for three bars previous to coming on the dominant of G minor, has a broad and expansive effect.

The governor gives directions for the placing of the watch about the prison. Rokko delivers to him the letters brought by Leonore. He reads many, with impatience at the commands and reprimands with which they are fraught. One from a confidant awakens his earnest attention. It tells that the minister, suspecting some of the state prisoners to be

unjust victims of arbitrary power, has started, privately, for the purpose of investigating Pizzaro's administration of his office, and intends to surprise him with a visit. Pizzaro is embarrassed at the thought that Florestan, who has for long been supposed dead, will be discovered among the prisoners, when the thought that one bold deed will free him from his difficulties fills the tyrant with a fierce and demoniacal energy. This introduces the wonderful song "Ach, welch ein Augenblick!" in which the furious tumult of the wildest passions is delineated with a truth that is almost sublime. The spirit of dreadful exultation with which the song opens is checked by the remembrance of the indignity which has provoked the vengeance of the implacable Pizzaro, and this again is interrupted by the cry of ecstasy with which he exclaims—

"Nun ist es mir geworden
Den Mörder selbst zu morden."

The intensity of expression given to this feeling is still heightened on the recapitulation of the several ideas that constitute what we may regard as the first part of the movement, when the modulations become more extraneous. The burst into D major, at the recurrence of the phrase already cited, when the tyrant rejoices that "now," (and the word is given with almost superhuman emphasis), it is for him to murder the man who would have been his assassin, is prodigiously fine. This, however, is not the climax. There is a still more powerful passage, conveying the same desperate feeling of savage exultation, at the words "Triumph, der sieg ist mein!" in which, most particularly, we recognise the likeness to a prominent passage in the fine song of Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, expressive of a similar passion, of which song, indeed, the wonderful conception of Beethoven was unquestionably the prototype. The torrent of passion is stayed for a moment, and the close of the song delayed for a still more powerful climax, by the subdued muttering of the chorus, who are terror-stricken at the wild manner of their governor—"He spake of death and wounds!—how earnest must it be!" The abrupt change of key with which this is introduced and the gradually stealing crawl of the modulation, which brings us back to the original tone, produces an effect that cannot be felt without a shudder. The conclusion is worthy of the whole, and this is the utmost that can be said in admiration of it. There are two things that call for special notice in what we may call the mechanism of this piece of music. These are, first, the peculiar coloring that is given to the whole by the somewhat singular employment of the two trombones, which are now introduced for the first time into the score, and which are only employed in this opera, as in the *Don Giovanni* and *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, to give a peculiarity of coloring, not a mere accession of noise to the orchestra: second, the very low notes to which the chorus parts are confined, until immediately before the very end of the movement—to which, no less than to the strange harmonies by which they are introduced, is to be ascribed the thrilling effect which they cannot fail to convey.

Pizzaro dismisses the guard to their posts, directing a trumpeter to keep watch on the tower, and give instant signal of the approach of any party on the road from the capital. He resolves to try to win old Rokko to his purpose, doubtful, whether, without his aid, he can accomplish it. We have now what we are almost tempted to call the best piece of the whole opera, and only hesitate in the declaration of such an opinion of its pre-eminent excellence, from the conviction that we shall be so fascinated by the beauty of some of the later movements as to be, in considering them, for the time, forgetful of the transcendent beauty of this which we are now about to

examine—namely, the duet "Jetzt, Alter, hat es Eile." We find in this duet, a complete masterpiece of dramatic declamation, illustrated by the most vivid of possible orchestral coloring; and we might with justice dismiss it to the examination of our readers, saying simply—read the words, and find their all powerful meaning truthfully and most powerfully rendered in the music—but that in the fulfilment of this task of analyzing the work, which more than any in all the range of dramatic music excites us, and making as it were a chart of the manifold beauties it contains, we may forego the satisfaction of entering fully and carefully into the description of this very highly interesting portion of it. Pizzaro addresses the old gaoler in terms of rough but forced familiarity, the inward devil manifest in his tone, although the assumed friend is sought to be implied in his words. He tells him, suddenly, abruptly, or, we may say bluffly, because he cannot even pretend gentleness, that his fortune is made, that he will become a rich man. Then, throwing him a purse, he says, with truly ironical expression, that this is but an earnest of what will follow, and the audience, who know his designs, feel a deep import in the meaning his tone conveys. The simple hearted Rokko, in the most natural, innocent, and suspicionless manner, begs Pizzaro to say, in earnest, in what he may serve him. The governor, instead of a direct reply, resuming his rough, unbroken manner, goes on—"Thou hast acquired cold blood and undaunted courage"—and then, with the same tone of deep irony as before, "through your long service under me in the prison." This last half parenthetical phrase being set to the same music as that phrase in Pizzaro's first solo which seems one-third to tempt, and two-thirds to threaten, in saying that the gold is but the commencement of the favors he intends to heap upon his listener, thus gives the key to the expression intended in the former passage. The gaoler, with his wonted simplicity, asks again, "What shall I?—speak," to the same music as was before assigned to him. Then Pizzaro, with one word—that word a whole language—the entire power of speech concentrated in two syllables, suddenly throwing off all counterfeit, precipitates the old man into the depths of his evil purpose, and casts at once a spell over the character, and constitution, and feelings of his client, which shuts for ever the daylight out of his heart. "Mörder," says the governor, and with such intensity of meaning in the word declaimed, that we revolt with instinctive horror, and natural terror, at the crime, from the awful perversion of instinct and outrage of nature in the criminal who names it. To descend to technicalities; here the most consummate genius is displayed, in the wonderful application of the extremest resources of the all skilled musician's art to the impressive setting of this deep-meaning word. The sudden change of key, the peculiar distribution of the harmony, the still more extraordinary resolution of it upon a more poignant, a more unusual, and a more startling dissonance for the second syllable, and, most of all, the singular interval of the voice part, conduce to an effect that is always beyond admiration. The blank wonder, scarcely varying from disbelief, of Rokko, is also finely rendered in his monosyllabic exclamation, on the resolution of the second discord. The rugged manner of Pizzaro is well resumed in the expostulation, "But listen to me—you tremble—are you a man?" and then he assumes a slimy, false expression, serpentlike in purpose, and almost in power of fascination, when saying, "We may not delay—the state requires that the bad subject should quickly be removed from our path." The unexpected modulation to G, the peculiar phrase assigned to the oboes and violoncellos, and the equally peculiar tone produced by this combination of instruments, give marvellously the meaning of the beginning of this solo; and the fiercer manner, and the return to the key of

F sharp minor, for the last words, distinguish forcibly between the naming of the deed and the sophistical attempt to justify it. The exclamation of Rokko, still of incredulous surprise, gives occasion for the repetition of the previous musical phrase, now in the key of F sharp minor, with the addition of the clarionets to the former instrumentation, which serves to bring out still more than before the peculiarity of tone in the former combination, with the repetition of the words now declaimed with more emphasis than at first; and this seems to awaken the jailor from his temporary torpor, and he appears to recoil with repugnance from the being who has sought to tempt him, by the utterance given to the repeated ejaculation, "My lord, my lord!" while the other reiterates, "You still hesitate?" Pizarro now contemplates the death of Rokko, as the necessary means of security for his own safety; while the latter, shuddering at the thought of having had such a proposal made to him, firmly resolves that, let what may happen, he will never be an agent in the crime proposed. These various feelings of equally firm resolution are finely expressed in an *ensemble* of the two voices, the opening of which is one of the most striking points in this very remarkable composition. We have a dominant pedal in the key of C sharp minor, with a strangely original passage for the violins in octaves, the piercing, screaming wildness of which has an effect most startling, and this is succeeded by the grave firmness of the various resolves to which the previous agitated excitement was the incentive. We have then a curious unisonous passage, which equivocates between the keys of C sharp minor and E major, wherein Rokko declares to his lord, that to take life is not his duty. This is given in a tone of fear for himself, but confidence in his determination, and is interrupted by Pizarro with a tone of reckless desperation worthy of Don Giovanni's awful defiance of the Guest of Stone; and the incarnate fiend of Beethoven's marvellous creation exclaims, that himself will do the deed, since the courage of the other fails him. A continuation of this passage, but with the tone modified from the fury of defiance to the bitterness of sarcasm, goes on to order Rokko promptly and cheerfully to descend to *that man*—"that man," with our recollections of the old jailor's account to Leonore of the sufferings of the one, the secret, the unapproachable prisoner, calls up in the hearer a feeling of painful sympathy and apprehension. "Thou knowest —," continues Pizarro, in his first abrupt and intimidating manner; to which Rokko replies interrogatively, "He who scarcely lives, who hovers like a shadow?" This passage recalls, and most likely at first suggested to the composer, a point of considerable note in the last overture to this opera (the overture to *Fidelio*, in E). We refer to a passage in the introduction, beginning in the key of C, and modulating almost imperceptibly into the key of E, where the violins have a figure of arpeggio in triplets, in contrary motion to the similar figure of the violas and violoncellos, while the basses and some wind instruments have sustained harmony. The hovering, mysterious effect of the passage, in its present situation, is eminently picturesque (the word is, we are sure, admissible), and, like the description of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, is an illustration of how, under circumstances of most engrossing excitement, the mind, when contemplating an act, be its import how powerful soever, can delay, dreamily, blowing bubbles of the imagination, creating forms and phantasies out of the circumstances which surround, or the means which lead to such an act's fulfilment. A few notes of rapid recitative convey Pizarro's order that it is to "that man" that Rokko must descend, while he will wait at a short distance, and there, in the decayed cistern of the dungeon, prepare a grave for the pri-

soner. An example of our great composer's peculiar husbandry of his resources is in his employing the two trombones for the first time here, upon a single chord, at the word "*Cistern*," and using them only in two other places, also for a single chord in each, throughout the whole duet. The effect is prodigiously heightened, in proportion to the scarcity of the means exerted to produce it. "And then—and then?" demands the gaoler; and this is responded to by a marvellous point of musical declamation. "Then shall I quickly, disguised into the dungeon *steal*," is the sense of Pizarro's words—but the full signification can be found only in the music. A passage of unison, for some bars, in crotchets, till the last word, "*schleichen*," the first syllable of which is drawn out for two semibreves and a crotchet descending semitonically, then the second of the three chords, for the trombones—then the words—"One blow," by the voice unaccompanied—and then "*and he is dumb*," with a note to each syllable accompanied in unison by the basses pizzicato:—language would but degenerate, in the vain attempt to describe the appalling effect this climax produces; no written praise, no unexpressed admiration can reach it. The major key introduces an *ensemble* with great freshness, in which Pizarro and Rokko variously reflect—Rokko on the happy end in death of the long protracted sufferings of the prisoner; Pizarro on the insufficiency of his vengeance from the too easy death of his victim. Pizarro now recurs to the mock honesty of manner, the bluntness with which the duet opens—"Now old fellow—you understand me? you make a signal." He repeats the description of the part he purposed to fulfil in the dreadful tragedy he is preparing, but with an entirely different expression, seeming to feel the delight of a kind of cannibal epicure, in imagining every possible variety to the feast of horrors, in which he already revels by anticipation. A very singular train of modulations, well worthy of the examination of the student, leads us once more to the diminished seventh on D sharp, the chord with the trombone, the two notes for the voice alone, the four notes accompanied pizzicato, the reprise of the *ensemble*, the excitement of which is now considerably increased by the additional colouring in the orchestra, and a short and effective coda, bring this unique composition to a conclusion—an extension of the opening phrase of the *ensemble* constituting the final symphony. In considering the marvellous music, of which we have just given rather a catechologue than a description, upon which we less mean to make a comment than to pay a tribute, we are struck with a feeling more resembling awe than anything else of human emotion with which we are familiar, at the more than human mastery of the composer; and we own, with that mixed sense of exultation and reverence which constitutes the highest admiration, that in this piece the dramatic powers of the musician are exerted to their very utmost possible extent—that musical expression approaches as nearly as possible to perfection.

(To be continued.)

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

(From the Times)

The second of these classical entertainments took place on Monday afternoon, in the Hanover-square Rooms, before a full and attentive audience. Besides the fine sonata of Dussek in C minor (Op. 35), which M. Billet had already introduced to the public, and a selection of studies from the most eminent masters, the programme offered a grand sonata in A major (entitled "*Ma Cousine*"), the composition of Mr. Macfarren,

and a *capriccio* in C major, of Haydn, both of which were equally acceptable as interesting novelties and as works of distinguished merit. Mr. Macfarren's sonata is a masterly composition, of large plan and elaborate development. Haydn's *capriccio* is one of those piquant and animated *presto* movements of which the composer has given so many striking examples; it is literally unknown except to the "Book-worms" of the piano, who will not allow a single page of a great master to escape them. M. Billet played these pieces in his usual vigorous and energetic style, and was rewarded with the highest applause. The *capriccio* of Haydn produced such a marked effect that it is not likely to remain longer in unmerited obscurity.

The vocalists were Madame Anna Thillon and Herr Stockhausen. The gentleman sang some of his native *lieder* in a chaste and artistic manner. Madame Thillon, besides Weber's "Araby, O, Araby" (*Oberon*), and one of those sparkling French romances which she has made her special property, introduced a novelty of decided beauty and originality—a romance, unpretending and brief, called "L'Oiseau Mort," the composition of M. Vivier, the celebrated horn player, who in this plaintive and charming specimen of vocal writing has indicated a talent for composition, which, properly cultivated, may raise its possessor to an eminence as an inventor equal to that which he has long enjoyed as a mere executant. The story related by the words of "L'Oiseau Mort" is the lament of a young girl over a favourite bird, which lies dead before her. The attraction of the melody is in its touching simplicity, and the peculiar character of the accompaniment is in exquisite keeping. This little gem was sung to perfection by Madame Thillon, and received with the warm applause it merited. We believe that M. Vivier has composed a great number of romances and chansonnettes of the same kind, which are highly esteemed by the critics and singers of the continent.

Miscellaneous.

MR. KJALLMARK and SIGNOR REGONDI'S CONCERT.—The Concert of these well known artists took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday Morning last. An excellent programme was provided. The *Beneficiaires* performed several times during the morning; Mr. Kjallmark played a grand trio by Beethoven, in conjunction with Signori Sivori and Piatti; the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven with Sivori, and a concertina duet for concertina and piano with Signor Regondi, in all of which he sustained his reputation as a pianist. Signor Regondi played a solo, by Thalberg, on the guitar, and, besides the duet with Mr. Kjallmark mentioned above a *morceau de concert* for the concertina, entitled "Les Oiseaux" which was remarkable for the brilliancy of the passages, and the facility with which they were played. The "morceau" will, without doubt, become a "*pièce de resistance*" for all performers on that favorite instrument, as it is melodious and well harmonized and is well written. The vocal performers, were Miss Catherine Hayes, the Misses Pyne, Signori Marras and Paltoni. The latter obtained great applause in "La Danza" of Rossini. The instrumentalists were Signori Sivori, Piatti, and Bottesini, the conductors M. Frelon and Mr. Kjallmark. The room was crowded by a fashionable audience.

MISS DOLBY and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERT.—The annual grand morning concert of the above popular artists came off on Friday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The selection was of the best kind, comprising among others the overtures to *Faust*, *Anacreon*, and *Prometheus*; songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Rossini, with a few, and but a few, vocal popularities interspersed, and Beethoven's concerto (No. 4) in G major, for the pianoforte. The band, which was carefully chosen, under the conductorship of Mr. Lucas, and the leadership of Mr. Willy, played the three overtures admi-

rably. With such a thoroughly efficient force, and with Mr. Lindsay Sloper at the piano, nothing less than a perfect performance could be anticipated for Beethoven's Concerto. And such was the case. Mr. Sloper was in first-rate play, and brought all his talents and energies to illustrate in the most faithful and happiest manner the noble inspiration of the master. Not only in classical feeling for his author, and that depth of expression which the music of Beethoven, more, perhaps, than of any other composer, necessitates, but in brilliancy of execution, perfect finish, and largeness of style, did Mr. Lindsay Sloper exhibit his capabilities as a pianist of the best school. He was warmly applauded in each movement. Mr. Lindsay Sloper also played a *Lied ohne Worte*, from book 7, and a study in F minor, by Mendelssohn, the first of which was an excellent specimen of graceful and expressive playing, and the last of mastery and power over the finger-board. Miss Dolby's share of the programme included the recitative and aria, "Eccomi sola," from Guglielmi's *Romeo e Giulietta*; with Miss Eliza Birch, the popular duet from *Semiramide*, "Serbami ognor;" the contralto part in a quartet of Schimon, with Miss E. Birch, Herr Reichart and Herr Stockhausen; a song by Esser, called "The Minstrel's Curse;" with Mdlle. Graumann, Mendelssohn's duet, "Herbattlied;" and George Lindley's ballad, "Ida." Miss Dolby sang throughout most charmingly, and was recalled several times. In Esser's song, and Linley's ballad, she produced a marked sensation by that perfect simplicity and grace which have been so long acknowledged as characteristics of her style. Ernst played his "Rondo Papageno," as usual, with immense success, and was received at the end with volleys of applause. Another feature of the entertainment was a concertino on the contra-basso, played with marvellous power and skill, by Bottesini, who has become one of the greatest lions of the day, and whose performances invariably excite the utmost astonishment and delight. Among the other vocalists, we must single out for especial notice Herr Reichart and Herr Stigelli, both of whom sang in a most agreeable and pleasing manner. Mdlle. Graumann was also heard to advantage. The concert afforded the most evident gratification.

MADLLE COULON'S CONCERT.—Madlle. Coulon, one of our youngest and most promising pianistes, gave her annual morning concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, to a crowded and fashionable audience. The programme was of a moderate length, but the selection, both instrumental and vocal, was irreproachable. The fair *beneficiaire* performed with great taste and remarkable facility, and displayed in the difficult passages more power than we should have imagined her to possess, judging from the graceful tone of her mind and feelings. In the "*Mossé*" fantasia of Thalberg, Mdlle. Coulon delighted her audience although the piece does not contain beauties of the classical school in which we should have been glad to hear Mdlle. Coulon. The duet by J. Herz, in which the composer assisted Mdlle. Coulon, also went off with considerable *éclat*. The vocal portion of the concert was confined to the Misses Birch, Miss Messent, and Mdlle. Graumann; Signori S. Tamburini and Marchesi and Mr. Herbert, all of whom acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. We must not omit to mention that Mdlle. Coulon, with Messrs. Rousselot and Sainton, performed Mendelssohn's magnificent trio in C minor, which alone was worth going to the rooms to hear. M. Sainton also performed a violin solo admirably, as did Mr. F. Chatterton (one of our first harpists), and a M. Frelon performed upon a new instrument called "l'Orgue à Percussion," which was well received, and appeared to excite some curiosity among the audience.

H. L.

CONCERT FOR THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—This concert was as good as those of preceding years, and we trust will prove as remunerative. The room was crowded to excess. A first-rate band had volunteered its services, and many of the most distinguished professors now in London came forward to aid the directors in forwarding their benevolent design. The evening's amusement commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées*, which was closely followed by Mr. Augustus Braham's Handelian song, in which he displayed a considerable portion of his father's singular ability in pronunciation and emphasis of the words. Herr Formes was unanimously encored in "Largo al factotum," which he sang splendidly, and Mademoiselle

Johannessen, a Danish lady, received great applause in a cavatina from *Ernani*. This lady has great flexibility of voice, and created a very favourable impression, particularly in some of Jenny Lind's Swedish melodies. Madame Anna Zerr sang an aria from the *Zaubersföte*, in which she reached F in alt with apparent ease, much to the astonishment of her auditors. We are clearly of opinion that this lady's singing upon the stage would create much sensation, her style being dramatic and well calculated for effect in that arena. Miss Birch sang as well as ever, and Mr. Williams's clarionet accompaniment deserves great praise. The Misses Pyne also received much applause, and Miss Dolby exhibited her fine voice and admirable method in a classical cantata by Miss Laura Barker, called "Cenone," which we think is decidedly clever. Herr Pischek and Reichart both sang with great effect. We should like to see Herr Pischek's name more often in the concert programmes of the season. The other vocalists were Mrs. Noble, Miss Kearns, and Miss M. Williams; Mr. Williams, and Mr. Lawler. The instrumentalists were Madame Parish Alvars, who displayed much execution on the harp. Signor Bottesini, whose wonderful performance on the contra basso created quite a *furor*, as it invariably does, and who was instantly and vociferously encored, and Herr Pauer, a young pianist of great promise, who performed Weber's "Concert Stüch," in which he evinced much taste, and was ably backed up by the band. The concert was too long, but appeared to give perfect satisfaction to the audience, as indeed could alone be the result of such a combination of first-rate talent and excellent management.

MR. H. C. COOPER. (*From a Correspondent*).—This eminent artist, whose masterly performances on the violin we have had frequent occasions to notice, gave a concert of classical instrumental music, on Monday Evening, the 16th instant, at the Concert Rooms, Mortimer Street. The performance closely resemble those of those lately given by the Beethoven Quartett Society, and comprised the following *chefs d'œuvre*:—Quartetts in D minor, No. 38—Haydn; Sonata in B flat, No. 4, pianoforte and violin—Mozart; Quartette in A minor, Op. 13—Mendelssohn; Grand Duet (two violins) in D minor—Spohr; Quartett, Posthumous, in B flat—Beethoven. When we state that the artistes who appeared on the occasion were Messrs. W. S. Bennet, P. Sainton, H. Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot, we need scarcely say the several pieces were rendered with the precision, good taste, and finish which invariably characterise the public performances of these talented artistes. The room was well filled. Amongst the audience we noticed many distinguished amateurs and professors who fully participated in the enthusiasm the performance elicited.

HERR KAUFMANN AND SON have announced a series of grand musical performances, the first of which takes place on Tuesday, when they will exhibit their newly-invented instruments, the Harmonichord, Orchestrion, Chordaulodin, Symphonium, and Trumpet Automaton.

DIORAMA OF THE HOLY LAND.—At the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a grand moving diorama of the Holy Land is being exhibited, painted by the artists of the "Panorama of the Nile." This pictorial exhibition is illustrative of the Exodus of the Israelites; Mount Sinai; Ruins of Petra; the capital of Edom; Bethlehem; Hebron; Nazareth, and city of Jerusalem, &c. The whole is admirably arranged and painted. A *coup d'œil* of the holy city first attracts the eye of the spectator; after which Jerusalem is illustrated *within* its walls, representing the social life of the inhabitants, and presenting views of the principal streets, gates, and churches, as well as of the most remarkable buildings. Tyre—Sydon—Beyrout—the Sea of Galilee—Plain of Esdraelon—Samarra—Mount Carmel—Lebanon and its venerable cedars—as also various other places of interest in Syria and Palestine—next pass before the eye in rapid succession; and the whole concludes with a gorgeous and admirably executed representation of the Mosque of Omar (occupying the site of Solomon's Temple), painted from the only drawing that has been made (as we are informed) of that jealously guarded edifice. Where the whole is so cleverly arranged and executed, it would be invidious to make many selections by way of "points" in the general

picture; nevertheless, we must call attention to the highly picturesque view of the "Ford of the Jordan," the "Wady Garundel" valley, Petra, Sidon, Beyrout, and of the city of Jerusalem itself. Besides being a Diorama of high interest and merit, the pictorial representations of the Holy Land are agreeably accompanied by musical illustrations, which, aided by explanatory observations of each view by an intelligent interpreter, render it one of the most attractive and instructive exhibitions in the metropolis.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON and MISS ELIZA WARD, gave their second Chamber Concert at No. 5, Percy Street, Bedford Square, the residence of Mrs. Alexander Newton, on Monday evening last. They were assisted by Miss Mary Farmer, Miss Rose Braham, Miss Messent, Miss Lizzy Stuart, and Madame Zimmerman, Mr. Winter and Mr. George Tedder as vocalists; and Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. Viotti Collins, Mr. George Collins, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, Master J. Ward, and Mr. Sauvlet, instrumentalists. Mrs. A. Newton was conspicuous among the singers for the grand aria, "Gli Angui d'infern," and the opening cavatina from *Sonnambula*, both of which were admirably given, and M. Sauvlet, the Netherlands flautist, who did wonders on his instrument, with *his left hand only*, although he had two hands perfectly available. In this attempt at miraculous display, M. Sauvlet has been surpassed by the Hibernian flautist, Bill Hickky, who plays variations on one hole. We must not omit mentioning how much gratified we were by Mrs. Alexander Newton's "Robin Adair," an excellent specimen of pure ballad singing. The rooms were crowded. The next *soirée* is announced to take place on Monday evening.

M. SZEKELY, the "Hungarian Pianist," as he styles himself, gave the first of a series of two concerts on Thursday evening, the 12th inst, at the New Beethoven Rooms. Mr. Szekely played several times in the course of the evening, and received much applause. Various well known artistes assisted, and Mr. Hopkinson conducted. The concert gave general satisfaction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Creation* was again performed last night, and if possible to a still more crowded audience than last week. Miss Birch, Catherine Hayes, Reeves, and Formes, as before, were the principal vocalists. In consequence of the success attendant upon the series of performances, arrangements have been made to continue them during next month. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be again performed next Friday; the last performance of this Oratorio drew the largest amount of the series. Country visitors or foreigners before coming to London should previously secure tickets or they will run great risk of disappointment.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—M. Baugniet is busy in completing a most interesting *tableau* of the musical lions of the London season of 1851, who have been engaged at the Musical Union; comprising portraits of Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Sainton, Laub, Hill, Deloffre, Piatti, Menter, Bottesini, Eckert, Bennett, Pauer, Hallé, and also that of the Director.

BOSWISTO, The well known *chef d'orchestre*, has arrived in town for the purpose of conducting Mr. Weippert's Quadrille Band.

MR. GEORGE HAWKINS, the vocalist, destroyed himself last week while labouring under a fit of temporary insanity. He was in his fifty-second year.

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Under Immediate Patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh.

HERR KAUFMANN and SON from Dresden, will have the honour of giving THREE GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCES, on Tuesday evening, the 24th; Friday evening, the 27th; and Monday evening, the 30th of June, when they will introduce for the first time in this country, their newly invented Instruments, viz.:—*Harmonichord, Orchestra, Symphonium, Chordal-lodion, and Trumpet Automaton*. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Admission—Stalls, 7s., Unreserved Seats, 5s., to the upper part of the Hall, 2s. 6d., to be had at the Hall, and all principal Music Sellers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

IT is respectfully announced that on TUESDAY EVENING it will be performed for the sixth time in this country Auber's Grand Opera,
IL PRODIGE,

(recently produced with immense success at the Académie de Musique, Paris, under the name of L'Infant Prodigue.)

Jeffele	Madame SONTAG.
Nette	Madame UGALDE.
Reuben	M. MASSOL.
Azele	Signor GARDONI.
Amenofi	Signor MERCURIALI.
Nemrod	Signor CASANOVA.
Canope	Signor SCOTTI.
Monoton	Signor SCAPINI.
Boccoris	Signor COLETTI.
Lia,	Mlle. CAROLINA ROSATI.

The Couplets of the Chamberlain, in the fourth act, will be sung by Madame UGALDE. The new scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. In the Second and Third Acts a Grand Divertissement (composed by M. Paul Taglioni) comprising the celebrated Pas de Poignards, by Mlle. Carolina Rosati, supported by Mlles. Kohlenburg, Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Dantonis, Aussendon, Pascals, Allegrini, Soto, Soldansky, Emma, Eliza, Lavinia, Beale, and the ladies of the corps de ballet. The Opera to commence at half-past 7 o'clock. Applications for boxes, stalls and tickets to be made at the box-office of the theatre.

On Wednesday, FIDELIO (eighth time), Leonora, Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI, being the last time it can be given before the end of the Season; with, first time this season, "LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA," principal characters by Signor Calzolari, Signor Lablache, Signor F. Lablache, and Madame Ugalde.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR MR. COSTA.—On FRIDAY next, 27th June, an Extra Performance of Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 3s.; reserved, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS,
27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

PROGRAMME

OF

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF

CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 23rd.

To commence at Three, and terminate at Five.

PART I.			
Trio in C Minor, Op. 1.—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Messrs.	BRINLEY RICHARDS, ERNEST, and PIATTI	...	Beethoven.
Allegro con Brio.
Andante Cantabile con variazioni.
Minuetto—Trio.
Finale—Prestissimo.
ARIA—Crudel! Ah no mio ben—Miss CATHERINE HAYES	Mozart.
SOLO, PIANOFORTE—MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS
"The Vision"—Romance	Richards.
Characteristic Pieces, No. 4 (Schnell und beweglich).	Mendelssohn.
Lied ohne Worte in E
The Fountain	Sternoble Bennett.
CONCERTINA—CONTRA-BASSO—SIGNOR BOTTESINI	Bottesini.
PIANOFORTE DUETT—Andante con Variazioni, Op. 63—MR. CIPRIANI	POTTER and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS	...	Mendelssohn.

PART II.			
SONATA IN A MAJOR—Pianoforte and Violin—	MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS and HERR ERNEST	...	Mozart.
Allegro Molto.
Andante.
Finale—Presto.
RONDO—Scherzando—Miss CATHERINE HAYES	Bellini.
SOLO, PIANOFORTE—MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS,
Moonlight Serenade
"Angela"—Romance	Richards.
SCHERZO—The Rivulet and the Birds

Broadwood's Patent Grand Piano Fortes will be used at these Concerts. The Vocal Music will be accompanied by Mr. CIPRIANI POTTER. Subscription to both Concerts, One Guinea. Single Tickets, Eight Shillings each.

MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

* Soon will be ready, the French and German Translation.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

SECOND NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 24th, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE.

Fides,	Madame VIARDOT.
Bertha,	(Her second appearance this season).
Jean de Leyden,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Count Oberthal,	Signor MARIO.
Serjeant,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Peasants,	Signor SOLDI.
Geona,	(Signor ROMMI and
Mathiasin,	Signor RACHE.
Faceano,	Signor STIGELLI.
	Signor POLONINI.
	Herr FORMES.

The Chorus in the grand Coronation Scene of the Third Act will combine the powers of the Full Orchestra, the Military Bands, the Chorus and Organ. The Incidental Ballet in the Skating Scene will be supported by Madlle. Louise Taglioni and M. Alexandre, and comprise the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 26th, a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place. Full particulars will be duly announced.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

Signor RONCONI has arrived, and will make his first appearance in a few days.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT

BEGS to announce that he will give, for his Benefit an

EXTRA EVENING PERFORMANCE,

Being the last meeting this season, on WEDNESDAY, July 6th, 1851, at eight o'clock; Quartetts to commence at a quarter-past eight; when the following eminent artistes will appear:—

Violins, HERR ERNST,	...
Messrs. P. SAINTON, H. COOPER,	...
And Signor CAMILLO SIVORI,	...
Viola, Mr. H. HILL,	...
Violoncello, M. S. ROUSSELOT.	...
Contra-basso, Signor BOTTESINI.	...
Vocalist, Miss DOLBY.	...
Pianoforte, Mlle. COULON.	...

The programme will include a Duet for Violin and Tenor, by Spohr, performed by Messrs. Sivori and Ernst; a Duet for Violin and Contra-basso, played by Messrs. Sivori and Bottesini; and a Quintett (No. 3) with Contra-basso, originally composed by S. Rousselet, for the late celebrated Dragonetti, performed by Messrs. Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselet, and Bottesini.

Reserved seats half-a-guinea. The Members, Subscribers of the Society, will have a right to a Reserved Seat for the usual price of the Subscription. Unreserved Seats seven shillings, to be obtained of Messrs. Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street, and at the principal Music Sellers.

MISS BASSANO AND HERR KUHE

BEG to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square, on TUESDAY, the 24th of JUNE, 1851. Vocalists—Messdames Catherine Hayes, Birch, Eliza Birch, Johannsen, and Bassano; Messrs. Stigelli, Marchesi, Jules Stockhausen, and Pischek. Instrumentalists—Madame Parish Alvars, Messrs. Ernst, Piatti, and Herr Kuhe. Conductors—Messrs. Brinley Richards, Robert Green, and Biletta. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, Fifteen Shillings each. To be had of all principal Music-sellers, and of Miss Bassano, 19, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park, and of Herr Kuhe, 18, Princes-street, Cavendish-square.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MISS GODDARD

BEGS to announce that she will give her First EVENING CONCERT on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1851, when she will be assisted by Messrs. Sivori, Piatti, Bottesini, Pischek, Reichart, &c. &c.; Misses Dolby, Johannsen, and Fraser. Conductors—Sig. E. Biletta, Sig. G. Fossi, and Herr Schmidt. To commence at Eight o'clock. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s. To be had at the principal Music Publishers, and of Miss Goddard, 14, Clarendon-villas, Notting Hill.

AMATI VIOLONCELLO

TO be Sold, the Property of an Amateur. It is a beautiful specimen of the Cremona maker, and will be sold for much below its value. To be seen at Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street, Corner of Hanover-street.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 26.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

CRUVELLI.

The eighth performance of *Fidelio*, on Thursday night, was interesting for more reasons than one. It was announced in the bills as the last, until the end of the season; and although an extra night, with none of the subscribers to make the house look full, the crowd was so great that a short time after the doors were open there was not a place to be had, in boxes or stalls, and not even standing room in the pit.

A few weeks past, when announcing the success of Sophie Cruvelli in Paris, and her expected arrival in London, we expressed our conviction of the favourable reception that would be accorded to *Fidelio*, and our admiration of the courage of the youthful artist who dared to make her *debut*, before a London public, in the most elaborate and difficult, the profoundest and most poetical of operas. Our anticipations have been more than realised. Not only has *Fidelio* been received with enthusiasm by the public, but it has proved of eminent service to the treasury. Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on having been the first to present the one dramatic work of the giant of the orchestra, in an Italian costume. Beethoven himself would hardly have dreamed of hearing his opera on the Italian stage; but Beethoven did not dream of what the state of music would be, in England, in 1851; and Beethoven did not dream of Sophie Cruvelli—of one gifted to sing the part of Leonora, as well in Italian, and in French, as in German, her own tongue—aye, or in English, too, like Malibran, her predecessor and only equal.

Those who remember Sophie Cruvelli in 1848, when the Jenny Lind fever blinded the eyes of the public to a genius of a still higher order—when, amidst the enthusiasm for the "Nightingale," Cruvelli was lost, like a bright star behind a cloud, and the most passionate and impetuous Lucrezia that ever made Donizetti's opera as musical as Victor Hugo's tragedy is dramatic, was overwhelmed by the tears of Amina, and obscured by the intense faith which inspired Alice to her task of love and duty—those, we repeat, who remember Sophie Cruvelli in 1848, would do well to compare notes. What did they say, and what think of Cruvelli, then?—what do they say and think of her now? Then she was a young singer of promise, with a splendid voice and a vast deal of dramatic fire. Now she is a genius, for whom the highest triumphs of the lyric drama are destined. And yet, but three years have passed away. Cruvelli was nineteen in 1848, and in 1851 cannot be more than two and twenty. Her voice is simply what it was before—the most beautiful in the world.

She is neither handsomer nor plainer, taller nor shorter, than three years ago; her dramatic fire, and her vocal facility, though more entirely under the influence of art, more subject to control, (the natural result of experience) are not more remarkable than they were. How then are we to account for the difference in public appreciation?—how to explain why that which was once received with comparative coldness, should now be understood and applauded to the echo? How, but by again referring to that passion, that mania, for "the Lind," which made the public blind to everything—even to Alboni, even to Rachel, even to Cruvelli.

There is a striking difference to be noted in the respective effects produced upon the public mind by Jenny Lind, in 1848, and Sophie Cruvelli, in 1851. (Cruvelli, in 1848, was not Cruvelli—but a shadow of the future). Every artifice of *reclame* had been wasted on the advent of "the Lind." Fame had preceded her, as an ambassador, and never was there a more skilful and expeditious *chargé d'affaires*. A quarrel was raised, and maintained for the course of a twelvemonth, as to whether she would come or not. Some said yea, some nay; and the argument of either side was forcibly and obstinately held. Jenny Lind came, and destroyed, or at least neutralized, the formidable opposition at Covent Garden, which threatened the director of Her Majesty's Theatre with absolute ruin. Observe the distinction. A fortnight before the arrival of Cruvelli, nobody knew whether she was coming or not; and when her arrival was advertised, with the date of her *début*, few were aware, and still fewer were careful, whether it was the same Cruvelli, who, in 1848, had shone with a dim light beside the splendid planet whose presence then absorbed the whole atmosphere of public affection. She came (Cruvelli), and modestly made her first appearance as the tender and devoted Leonora. She incurred the risk of misappreciation with Beethoven's mighty work, and was willing to rise or fall with the fortunes of her great compatriot. She played Leonora, and succeeded. *Fidelio* succeeded, and Cruvelli too. The one was worthy of the other. Jenny Lind came out in a mangled version of an opera by Meyerbeer; Cruvelli in the unmutated masterpiece of Beethoven. Jenny Lind had all the chances to herself; her *prestige*, the uncertainty about her coming, which had raised the public mind to such a strange pitch of excitement, equally militated in her favour. Cruvelli had neither *prestige* to recommend her, nor doubt to engender curiosity [in her behalf. No one disputed her coming, since no one cared whether she

came or not. She was announced, immediately after her Parisian triumph; and her Parisian triumph was looked upon (like so many other Parisian triumphs) as a puff—a *reclame*, to suit managerial purposes. Her entry on the stage, however, in the costume of the gentle and heroic Leonora, at once prepossessed every one in her favour; and the first few notes she uttered confirmed this good impression. After the air, the success of Sophie Cruvelli was decided. A new and a great dramatic genius had come upon the scene—had burst unexpectedly on public view—and raised the hope of a fresh impetus to the lyric stage, which had been for some time on the decline, for lack of novelty. She was the novelty required; and it is but just to say, that she was recognised at once, and adopted. The English public, like the French public, has adopted Sophie Cruvelli; and we, who represent the public, are ready to own that we have taken a lesson from our neighbours, who quickly understood, and rated at its proper value, the priceless jewel we English had failed to estimate. Another time this will scarcely happen. If we get another Cruvelli, we shall know her worth at once, and not leave it to the French to teach us. But Cruvellis do not come every day—any more than Malibrans—and we are likely to have to wait a long time before the occasion be offered us, of avenging our reputation as connoisseurs.

Sophie Cruvelli may now be considered as naturalised in England. She has played two parts—Fidelio and Norma—and triumphed in both. Find what faults you please with them, criticise them as you choose, no such Fidelio, no such Norma, has been seen in our time. We, who prophesied the success she would achieve—we, who were the first to announce to the musical public the apparition of a new genius, are, at the same time, more anxious than any of our contemporaries to place Sophie Cruvelli upon the critical *question*, to torture her into confession of her faults—the lovely errors of youth and enthusiasm—to force her to abandon them, wild flowers as they are, almost as sweet and bright, and fragrant and beautiful as the real flowers of art which have been tendered by the hand of experience, and watered by the showers of maturity. We should like to make a catalogue *raisonnée*, or *deraisonnée*, of Cruvelli's errors, and proclaim them to the eye of the world, in the hope that she might take counsel and amend them. But our task would be too difficult. We should first have the labour of finding them. And when found, and collected together, what would they amount to?—the mistakes of impulse, the overhates of genius, which sometimes despises elaboration, the short-comings of ardent youth, too eager and confiding to calculate. All these will doubtless be mended; and at thirty, Sophie Cruvelli may, possibly, be the most perfect dramatic singer in Europe, as she is already the greatest genius. But whether, then, she will be more admirable than she is at the present moment, we take leave to doubt. Something may be gained that is not now possessed—something that can only come with time. But what can replace the freshness of early aspiration, the magic of young unfettered impulse, the depth and beauty

of tones that reach the heart from their very innocence and purity? At thirty, Sophie Cruvelli may be a greater, because a more practised artist, and one more entirely mistress of her resources; but we doubt if she can ever become a more attractive and delightful singer.

We have written thus at length, because it is probable we may not have occasion, for some time, to return to the subject. The interest we have felt is partly derived from a certain satisfaction springing from the complete fulfilment of a prophecy which appeared in these pages; but in a still greater measure from the conviction that the advent of a new star of genius, in the horizon of dramatic song, is to be hailed as a fact of the highest significance to art.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The Directors' *matinée*, on Tuesday last, at which all the instrumental stars of the season gave their services, besides Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, attracted the most brilliant, aristocratic, fashionable, and crowded audience ever collected together in Willis's rooms. Mr. Ella, by this one meeting, has covered all the expenses arising from his spirited determination to give extra sittings, at which many excellent artists, who would not otherwise have appeared, have been able to display their talents in presence of the most refined audience in Europe. It is enough to annex the programme, which may give some notion of the attractive variety of the entertainment.

*Quartet—"God preserve the Emperor".... Haydn.

MM. Sivori, Deloffre, Hill and Piatti.

*Quartet—A minor. No. 1, Op. 13. (Intermezzo and Presto Finale) ... Mendelssohn.

MM. Sainton, &c.

*Trio—E flat. Op. 70 Beethoven.

MM. Ernst, Piatti, and Hallé.

Vocal. Herr Reichardt Schubert.

Adagio and Rondo—Violin Solo Vieuxtemps.

Herr Laub.

Duet à 4 Mains—A flat. (Allegro)..... Hummel.

MM. Hallé and Pauer.

*Sestet—E flat. (Allegro)..... Mayseder.

MM. Sivori, Piatti, Bottesini, &c.

Vocal. Herr Reichardt. (Spanish Song) Dessauer.

*Quartet—Four Violins Obligati Maurer.

MM. Sivori, Sainton, Laub, and Deloffre.

Duet Concertante—Violoncello and Contra-Basso . Bottesini.

Signori Piatti and Bottesini.

Accompanist.....Herr Eckert.

* Two movements only performed of each composition.

It would be invidious to criticise any of the "numbers" in detail. Suffice it, every executant (and they were all *de la première force*) did his very best in honour of the intelligent and energetic Director, who himself played a tenor part in Mayseder's *sestet*. It was a proud day for Mr. Ella.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Leonore has observed the governor in earnest speech with Rokko but not overheard the purport of their converse. Without any intervening spoken dialogue her grand scena "Abscheulicher wo eilst du hin?" begins immediately upon the close of the duet. The sight of the tyrant, to whom she ascribes all her sufferings, awakens in the heroine—the devoted Leonore—the liveliest sense of horror; she knows him a stranger to sympathy, to every humane emotion, she is conscious of the storm of wild and fearful passion that rages in his soul; but she sees, also, a rainbow resting on the dark clouds that beshadow his own destiny, which lights and encourages her to endure the arduous trials through which she has still to pass. Here is a charming piece of word-painting in illustration of this metaphor of the rainbow, which is musically conveyed in the unexpected and novel change of key, in the bright but still effect of the orchestration produced by the employment of the acute wind instruments, in the streamy phrase of symphony, in 9-8 time, and in the general calmness that, from this point, characterises the music. On the whole, however, this recitative has not that highly passionate colouring which, from so many beautiful examples, we so well know it was eminently in the power of Beethoven to impart, and which we might well have supposed his conception of the character and feelings of his heroine would have suggested to him to have given to this, her only individual solo in the opera, the only piece in which we have the portrayal of her own emotions uninfluenced by the immediate actions of those who surround her. The comparatively unimpassioned character of the music in this place we attribute mainly to the didactic rather than dramatic nature of the words, which, for the most part throughout the opera pre-eminently good for their purpose, in this instance are, we think, very different from what the situation requires. The chief effect of this recitative is to lead the attention by gradual progression from the violent excitement of the duet which preceded, to the greater beauty of the adagio which follows it, and in this we must acknowledge an artistry that puts to shame the short-sighted stricture we have been making, as evidencing a regard for the general effect superior to the miniature workmanship which makes the utmost of every particular detail in a large work to the very possible disparagement of the whole. It is probably due to the composer's design of producing an imperceptible gradation of feeling in his audience instead of continuing an equal though a different excitement, or of making a violent contrast, that we have in this place a recitative instead of a spoken monologue, and this consideration reduplicates the force of all we have advanced as to the gross impropriety and want of pertinence in the interpolation of recitatives in other parts of the opera, where the dialogue is of a purely conversational character, insusceptible of musical expression, and where there is no important transition from one state of feeling to another. We have now the aria with the three horns and bassoon obligato accompaniment. In the beautiful and expressive adagio, Leonore invokes Hope not to extinguish the last star of the weary pilgrim, to let it shine upon her zeal, and love will enable her to reach it. This movement embodies the most earnest feeling; it is ceaselessly melodious, though not a definitely continuous melody, and the peculiarity of the instrumentation helps not a little in the subdued tranquillity of its general effect. It has been, and it may be, urged that here would have been a fitting place for a clear, unbroken, rhythmical melody, and we feel that such, while it would have been certainly more generally appreciable, would not have been untrue to the reposeful,

contemplative situation of the singer nor to the metaphorical form of the language she employs; but there is a perfect poetical propriety in the treatment Beethoven has given to the subject, that must be highly prized by all who can truly estimate it; in the general melodiousness of the whole effect to which the instruments, no less than the voice, contribute, we find a fit rendering of the vague feeling that hope, however earnest, if indefinite, must always be—a rendering more truthful than could have been given in a concise and tuneful cantilena. The allegro, "Ich folg dem innern Triebe," opens to us an entirely new phase of the heroine's character; she follows a deepfelt impulse,—she wavers not,—duty, and the love of a faithful wife strengthen her. Now, we first learn that Leonore is a wife; that she is not what to the rest of the characters she has seemed, or we have surmised from her entrance on the scene, and it is now only we discover the true relationship in which she is placed, the real difficulties and dangers of her situation, and from these comprehend the poetical greatness of her character. The opening symphony of this allegro indicates the steadfast firmness of the instinct that impels the most devoted of heroines to her many arduous efforts of endurance and forbearance, an expression that is forcibly developed in the continuance of the movement. We pause to consider these four bars because in them we trace the germ of the chief subject of the overture, in E, (known as the *Overture to Fidelio*), and thus find a second clue to the feeling intended to be expressed in that composition—to which we shall have occasion to refer more at length when we come to speak of the overture in particular. The strain of enthusiasm with which this movement opens grows in its intensity as the music proceeds. The exultant burst of rapture on the word "Gattin," (where the chord of G sharp major is introduced with such prodigious brilliancy), gives a powerful utterance to the sense of pride with which Leonore feels herself to be a "wife," and to be strengthened by this most sacred of all human relationships, the bond of will more reverend than the tie of nature, the force of love more noble than the power of instinct, strengthened by this to follow the deepfelt impulse that urges her to acts of the highest heroism. In this, and in the passage that grows out of it, we recognise another anticipation of a most beautiful point in Weber's *Freischütz*, (we refer to a place in the grand scena of Agatha), and here, as in the former instance to which we have alluded of the influence this opera must have had upon the thoughts of Weber, there is not only the coincidence of feeling and the similarity of phrase, but also the identity of key. We have an impassioned episode where she exclaims—"O thou for whom I have borne all! could I but penetrate to the place where treachery has cast thee in fetters, and bring to thee sweet consolation!" Commencing in the key of A we are brought by natural gradation to the dominant of C sharp minor, and then by a transition, beautiful as it is entirely novel and unexpected, we suddenly change to the key of G natural on the words "Und süßen Trost dir bringen," the powerful intensity and most heartfelt tenderness of which can only be conceived by those who are familiar with the passage. The technical means whereby this great and unusual effect is attained are quite simple if but carefully examined. The chord of G sharp is equivalent to that of A flat, and this is the minor second in the key of G natural, the root of the "Neapolitan sixth," of certain most indefinite and not a little whimsical technical nomenclature, and so the real tonal relationship (however rarely brought into question) between the keys of C sharp minor and G natural major. The ardent excitement is thus resumed, and by a natural transition to E minor, we are brought to a half close on the

dominant of this key. Now the opening symphony (the over-turish subject) recurs, this time with additional force from the brightness of the change into the major key after the minor; now the recapitulation of the early portion of the movement with the "*Freischütz*" passage again, but with such trifling modulation as to make it still more than before like its archetype; now a short impassioned coda with a somewhat protracted full close, and so an end. In this allegro there is one important thing to remark, namely, the great brilliancy of the effect of the seemingly inadequate manner in which it is produced: we have only the four obligato wind instruments, besides the string quartet, in the score, and these wind instruments are surely of a sombre character both as regards quality of tone and positive pitch; moreover, they are precisely the same as are employed in the slow movement, the effect of which is so entirely different. This forcibly suggests that the character of music written for brilliancy or for tranquillity depends intrinsically upon the ideas themselves, not merely upon the orchestral colouring under which they may be displayed.

There is now another scene of the jealousy of Jacquino, and Marcelline's abnegation of all her former admissions towards him, in favor of his rival. Jacquino appeals to her father, who concisely gives him to understand that Fidelio is his accepted son-in-law. Leonore entreats the old jailor to fulfil his often repeated promise, and allow the prisoners in the upper cells to come for once out into the garden and enjoy the air of heaven—fondly deluding herself with the idea that she may possibly discover him whom she so anxiously seeks amongst them. With little difficulty on the part of Leonore and Marcelline, Rokko is persuaded—and here begins the first finale. Jacquino and Fidelio open the prison doors, and the unhappy captives, who, under the tyrannous administration of Pizarro, have been immured for years in the living tomb he governs, are allowed for once to inhale the breath of nature, to see the daylight, and to quicken their half-extinguished vital powers with the genial influence of the all-nourishing sunshine. The few bars of introductory symphony to the greatly admired and preeminently beautiful movement with which the finale opens (the prisoners' chorus) have an effect that is perfectly magical; we feel on hearing them all the sensation of a deep-drawn breath, the expansion of the chest, the inflation of the lungs, the stillness of wonder, and the abstraction of delight. To analyse this most powerful embodiment of a most poetical conception is the work of a few words only; but to comprehend how from such simple means so great an effect can be produced, and to admire sufficiently the consummate artistry with which these means are applied, is beyond the scope of thought, beyond the range of expression. Here is one of those rare instances in art of the peculiar power of genius to invest with a quality beyond their own the materials it employs, and to astonish the sense where the judgment can recognise nothing but what appears to be within the attainment of every one, yet no one succeeds in attaining. We have, as has been said, a natural progression of the most simple harmonies, and these are assigned to the quartet of string instruments only; but the peculiar manner in which these harmonies are dispersed gives to them a breadth of tone that seems to fill all space with sound, to define in appreciable vibrations the scarcely imagined throbbings of the pulse of nature.

Now we must remark upon the exquisite beauty of the melodic passage assigned to the bassoons and clarionets—now upon the obvious sense of sighing conveyed in the second bar of each of the two-bar phrases it comprises—now upon the gradually accumulated power of the voices (the entry of each

part, successively, at the interval of a second above the preceding giving wonderful force and largeness to the effect of the harmony)—and now upon the magnificent burst on the chord of E flat, when all the voices for the first time move together "in the fresh air," which expresses all that can be expressed of rapturous but passionless ecstasy. The repetition of the phrase that follows this, with the diminuendo, is a great stroke of art, which portrays the gradual subduing of this glowing excitement, without allowing the feelings expressed or the attention of the hearers to sink too suddenly into repose. The modulation to F, "Only here is life," and the mysterious passage of unisons, "And in the dungeon a Grave," are highly picturesque. Then the transient modulation into E flat, with a section of the opening subject somewhat extended, a still more expansive and no less simple passage than before to express "only here is life," and another rendering of the mysterious, shudderful thought of the horrors of the prison—finally a most genial and irrepressible cry of exultation that we feel to be outpouring from the inmost recesses of the heart, and so we come to the first full close, and terminate what may be esteemed the first part of the movement. We have now an episode that, from the change of the rhythmical movement, and the very bright effect of the change of key, still more from the charming and simple beauty of the melody, gives a touching expression to the words. A solo voice encourages the rest to rely with confidence on the help of Providence; hope whispers him that they will be free, that they will find rest. These words kindle a new enthusiasm of the chorus; they cannot restrain the expression of the feelings that dilate their hearts; they interrupt their companion with broken ejaculations of "Heaven! Deliverance! what happiness!"—and then join in an invocation to Freedom to return, which is certainly the point of the whole composition, the utmost possible expression of all the most ardent emotions this chorus so truthfully embodies. An officer on guard upon the ramparts observes them; another solo voice warns the rest to "speak lightly, to restrain themselves, for they are watched with ear and glance." The unusual progression of harmony that accompanies the suppressed declamation of these words, and the eager anxiety conveyed in the stifled whispers in which they are repeated by the chorus, produce an excitement no less powerful than the preceding, but of a totally different character. This gradually dies away, and then the old feeling steals upon us again with the resumption of the opening subject, which now receives a new colouring from its contrast to what has immediately preceded. What we have named the first part of this movement is here considerably compressed, and we have then a coda, remarkable, first for the vagueness of apprehension which it so completely and poetically embodies, and next for the novel harmony employed, of which, in its present application, we can scarcely call to mind another example.

Were we disposed for a theoretical discussion on points of harmony (which we consider would be quite irrelevant to the purpose of this article), we should adduce the present unusual employment of the common chord of the minor second of the scale, as an illustration of an argument, which could not but gain force from the importance of such an example. The argument, however, will keep, and the example cannot be forgotten. The prisoners retire into the garden, anxiously fearing the observation of the sentinels, and Leonore, who has been vainly seeking for her husband among the children of misery that owe this, their temporary return to the world of life and light, to her gentle persuasion, runs eagerly to Rokko, as he returns from another interview with the Governor. In a short reci-

tative which opens the second movement of the finale (and which is another example of the imprudence of the introduction of additional recitatives, in proving that where the musical or dramatic design required the employment of this mode of composition, Beethoven had readily recourse to it)—in a short recitative, the jailor answers to the earnest enquiry of his assistant, that Pizarro has consented to the marriage of Marcelline with Fidelio, that the latter shall assist him in his labours within the prison, and that to-day he shall descend with him. The music now becomes rhythmical. Leonore exclaims with uncontrollable delight, "To-day!"—a delight well rendered in the music. The hearty Rokko, pleased to see the joy he has occasioned, proposes at once to proceed to the fulfilment of their labour. "Whither?" eagerly demands the supposed Fidelio. The bluff simplicity of the kindly old man is lost in the air of mystery with which he says "To that man" (the allusion recalls all that has been said of the secret prisoner), "to whom I have since many weeks given daily less and less food." The same figure of accompaniment which distinguished the previous solo of Leonore is now resumed, and she exclaims with renewed rapture, "Ha! will he be enfranchised?" But Rokko checks at once her impatient hopes. "The prisoner will—but how?—be liberated, within an hour—the finger on the mouth—he must be in his grave." This short passage is most dramatically declaimed, the peculiar mystery given to the two parenthetical passages being admirably considered. The old figure of accompaniment is then again resumed. "Is he dead?" demands the anxious wife, whose courage gains strength from the severity of the trials to which it is subject. "Not yet." We have here a strange progression from the key of E to that of G minor, which gives special force to Leonore's ejaculation—"Is then to kill him thy duty?" The familiar figure is then resumed, and Rokko in his natural manner declares—and with considerable self-satisfaction in the declaration—that murder is no part of his office; and this he seeks to certify by a most emphatic and triumphant reiteration of the word—"No." The figure here breaks off, and the voice being accompanied note against note, gives still more force, and with all the air of self-superiority the notes so well convey, to the announcement that the governor will himself descend into the prison. Here is introduced, with admirable pertinence to the situation, the four notes that must have left such a vivid impression on every one who has heard the great duet of the two basses, the phrase in which Pizarro—whose terrible influence pervades the whole action of the opera, and the thoughts of its agents—in which Pizarro, after describing his purposed descent into the dungeon, tells, in one short phrase, the intended results of his murderous design—"and he is dumb!" To give a distinct colouring to the delivery of the following words, for the feeling of which we have been so powerfully prepared by the recurrence to the very impressive phrase of the duet, the two trombones are introduced, in this passage alone throughout the Finale—namely, when Rokko says "We two will only dig his grave"—wherein the purport of the governor's descent into the prison is more fearfully conveyed by implication than it could be by the most explicit description. Leonore's horror at the thought that she is probably to dig the grave of her own husband, and the consideration of Rokko, that the more and more enfeebled state of the wretched prisoner will have rendered him callous to the greater, but the last evil he will have to endure, are well rendered in the following passage, which brings this, the second movement of the Finale, to a close; a movement more remarkable as an excellent piece of declamation than for its abstract musical interest, though in this it is decidedly not at all wanting.

(To be continued.)

Reviews of Music.

- No. 1. "Amor"—Arietta da Camera,
- No. 2. "Inconsolabile"
- No. 3. "L'Auretta Messaggiera"—Arietta.
- No. 4. "L'Orfano"—Poetia del Signor G. Sacchero.
- No. 5. "La Violetta"—Arietta.
- No. 6. "Vola, vola"—Arietta da Camera, Musica di MEYER-BEER. T. Boosey & Co.

Among the number of uninteresting publications with which our fashionable and aristocratic drawing-rooms are deluged, to the interruption of the peace of families, and the small gratification of innocent and unexpectant guests, the appearance of six chamber songs, with the honourable name of Meyerbeer attached to them, must be welcomed as an oasis in the barren desert of accumulated nothings, which parch up the soul of the musical traveller with inharmoonious sicculence. The songs before us are not all new, some of them having appeared already with German words, and been introduced in public sufficiently often to render them at once recognisable to those who are in the habit of attending our benefit and other concerts. For instance, No. 3, "L'Auretta Messaggiera," will be welcomed by the readers of the *Musical World* as an old friend with a new face; or, to be technical, as an old air in a new key. None can have forgotten the charming and quaint romance which, under the title of the "Fisher-maiden," and in the key of G minor, was engraved and presented to the subscribers of the *Musical World*, some three years since. "L'Auretta Messaggiera" is that same romance, transposed to E minor, with new Italian words, expressing an entirely different tale, with a "gentle breeze" for the heroine.

No. 1, "Amor," is also an old air with a new key. It will be recognised as the "Chant de Mai," which first introduced Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz to an English audience at the Philharmonic Concerts, in 1849, and which she afterwards sung with so much success at Jullien's. In its present form, it is transposed from C to D, with Italian words embodying an apostrophe to the month of April. It is, however, as welcome as the others, being really a beautiful composition; and if sung, as insinuated on the title, by Signor Mario, can hardly fail to create a furor, as it already has done so frequently when coming from the pretty lips of the popular Jetty, "Jullien's thrush."

The enumeration of titles and keys on the title-page of these songs is so obscure—A sharp and E sharp (impossible keys) being indicated among others—that we cannot attempt to follow them in order. We shall, therefore, take them up at hazard.

No. 2, "Inconsolabile," in F, was sung with great success, and unanimously encored, by Madame Grisi, at the recent *Matinées* of Signor Brizzi. It is a very beautiful song, the melody being one of the most vocal we remember of Meyerbeer's, and the accompaniment developing a marked and original character, to which the general tone is given by a very novel figure in the bass, treated in a most skilful manner. The transition to A flat, page 3, and the reprise of the first key, form an interesting and natural episode. Being in two verses, without any change in the melody and accompaniments, we presume the "Inconsolabile" must be deemed a ballad, but it is, nevertheless, far superior to nine specimens out of ten of that form of vocal music.

No. 4, "L'Orfano," if we may be allowed a preference where all is unexceptionally good, would be our especial choice among the present set of songs. It is in the key of B flat, and the unusual measure of 12-8 gives great flow and largeness to the melody. The accompaniment is very *recherché*, yet at the same time extremely natural and easy. There is very little modulation, but what there is is introduced with exceeding taste. The episode, which arrives unexpectedly on the harmony of the 6-4, in the key of C, upon the words "Spera! Spera!" is graceful and charming; and the short transition to F minor, arriving by natural progressions to the 6-4 in A, in the key of D minor, has both a new and an agreeable effect. The *reprise* of the theme, however, which occurs here, is the only point to which we object in the song. The progression of which we have spoken, at the point where the 6-4 in D minor is attained, is there abandoned, and the common chord of F, in the next bar (page 4, bar 1), is introduced, while the voice

holds on a long F, as the dominant harmony of B flat, by means of which the original key is resumed. It would have been better to have introduced a full close in the key of D minor, at the end of the progression before mentioned, previous to returning to the key of B flat. With this, criticism stops, the rest of "L'Orfano" being unexceptionably beautiful.

No. 5, "La Violetta," is a sparkling arietta in F, pleasing not only on account of its simplicity, but for the grace and freshness of its melody. The accompaniment is in keeping with the character of the song, a sort of tripping measure of dotted notes *à la guitarra*. The episode in A is naturally introduced, and gives an agreeable relief; but we do not exactly sympathise with the abrupt way in which the chord of the 6-4 on C is taken after the common chord of A, to lead back to the key of F. This, however, is a matter of taste.

No. 6, "Vola, Vola," is another arietta in the same key, of a character somewhat more tender and gracious, if we may be permitted the word. The accompaniment consists entirely of distributed chords effectively imitating the harp. The theme is the venerable one of a lover who wafts a sigh over mountains and seas, as a poetical sign of love and constancy for his mistress.

In conclusion, this *recueil* of songs is to be welcomed, as a valuable addition to the vocal music of the drawing-room. As a series of pleasant bagatelles, from the pen of a musician who rarely descends to trifles, their influence will probably serve as an antidote to the poison—we use the word thinkingly—which, in the shape of what are termed "sentimental ballads," does so much harm to the musical community.

"POOR ROSALIE," Ballad—MEYERBEER.—Hammond.

Here we have Meyerbeer in the very school we have been condemning. "Poor Rosalie" is a sentimental ballad; but the taste and musical feeling of the great dramatic composer has invested it with a grace for which we find no parallel among sentimental ballads in ordinary. The theme is a lament for "Poor Rosalie," who loses her husband by the cruel hand of death, on her absolute wedding day. Poor Rosalie! We are indebted to her, nevertheless, for the plaintive melody and unpretending accompaniment of Meyerbeer, who has painted her sorrows with true and unaffected expression.

"BRILLIANT GALOP"—For the Pianoforte.—J. R. LING.—Joseph Williams.

A lively well-marked galop, which, besides being a good dance tune, is a useful practice for octaves in the right hand, and skips of chords in the left.

"LA VIVANDIERE"—Polka—Jullien & Co.

Whoever wrote this anonymous polka, it opens with a short introduction, which reminds us strongly of the "Light of other days." Whoever wrote this polka, the first theme, in semiquavers, is exceedingly pretty and catching; but the trio, in quavers, is so like it in character, that a certain monotony is the consequence. Whoever wrote this polka has made the mistake of pitching his introduction, first subject, trio and coda all in one key—A flat. Four pages of A flat, without intermission, tonic and dominant, is enough to damage a nicer polka than "La Vivandiere"—and there are few nicer in their way, but for this one defect.

"THE CUCKOO GALOP"—GUNGEL—Henry Distin.

This is a galop in E, for piano and cornet-à-pistons, emulating the peculiar note of the bird of which it bears the name, with echos. For the kind of thing it affects to be, it is very good. It does not pretend to much originality, and, indeed, it would require the fancy of a Mendelssohn to get anything new out of such a theme. The cuckoo has been fairly exhausted, plucked of all his plumes—died, and was buried long ago, like Cock Robin. Who killed him? Signor Vivaldi, who wasted him to a shadow in his famous Cuckoo Concerto. His ghost hovered, with a sweet note, on the banks of a rivulet, in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, since which even his manes have disappeared from the land of harmony—

until now, Mr. Gungel, with the aid of a piano and cornet-à-pistons, has striven to invoke his spirit back, in a galop—with how much success we leave to the decision of our readers, to whom we recommend the present lively dance, as worthy of consideration, without reference to cuckoos, past, present, or to come, or to any other bird, beast, fish, insect, animalcule, or atomy. What's in a name?

"THE NONPAREIL QUADRILLES."—H. Tolhurst.—C. Jefferys.

"Nonpareil" is a bold title, since it insinuates no less than that Mr. Tolhurst's Quadrilles have no parallel on the face of the music shelf. Without according this absolute supremacy of merit, we accord that the quadrilles of Mr. Tolhurst are well arranged for four hands, and make a lively duet. The first figure, in A minor (we admire the composer who sets off with his "Pantalon" in the minor key), is bold and stirring. The second, in F, offers some difficulties to the performer on the left, who must supply ready fingers for the bass to the counter theme in C. No. 3, "La Poule," is flowing, after the manner of Poules. No. 4, in C, is a vigorous "Trenise," and would be the best figure of the lot, but for No. 5, in A, which is better. Here the player on the right must mind his P's and Q's; otherwise the triplet variation, in semiquavers, is likely to lead him into a brilliant *fiasco*. We repeat, the Nonpareil Quadrilles, without being nonpareil, constitute a very lively piece of dance music, *à quatre mains*.

"COME TO ME,"—Canzonet for voice and piano. John Barnett. Wessel and Co.

Mr. John Barnett cannot be dismissed with a line, although the crowded state of our columns reduces us to the necessity of confining our observations to as few words as are consistent with his pretensions and our own good-will. The theme of the words of this canzonet is grave, and treats of graves. Living sisters bewail the loss of a sister deceased. Such a theme is not uncongenial to the expressive qualities of Mr. Barnett's music, and, in setting it to harmonized melody, the popular composer of the *Mountain Sylph* has not descended beneath his ordinary level, which means that he has written something quite beyond the commonplace, if not remarkable for extraordinary depth, or *frappante* originality. The key of the song is A flat, the key of expression *par excellence*, and the key in which Mr. John Barnett has pight some of the most beautiful of his vocal pieces. The opening symphony is graceful, and in line 2 the transition into F flat—which, were the notation other (E, for example) would be enharmonic—and back again to A flat, by the 6-4, is one of those favourite points of Spohr which Mr. John Barnett has so often and so felicitously appropriated to himself. The melody of the first part of the canzonet is low and plaintive; low, because written for a contralto voice; plaintive, because the subject is plaintive. The harmonization of this is at once rich and pure—qualities not always found together. The second part, which modulates from A flat into B major, is less to our liking. At page 3, bars 2, 3, in the symphony, we thoroughly object to the chord of the 6-3, on B natural, passing to that of the 6-5-3, on B flat. The effect is neither natural nor pleasing. This is redeemed, however, in the same page, by a flowing symphony of gracefully distributed arpeggios, in the key of A flat minor, on a dominant pedal, finely harmonized, while the elaboration of the accompaniment in semiquavers, at the reprise of the theme in the major, is skilful and highly finished, and the development of the whole in the coda exceedingly beautiful.

We can recommend this canzonet as one of the best of Mr. John Barnett's vocal compositions for the chamber, and that is not saying a little. Miss Dolby's name is on the title-page, and we recommend the publisher not to take it off; Miss Dolby's name is a forerunner of popularity, and her voice the sure road to public appreciation. This canzonet forms No. 52 of the British Vocal Album, one of the richest collections of compositions for the voice, by English writers, ever published.

LIVERPOOL.—The boys in connexion with the Collegiate Institution gave their annual concert on Tuesday evening, in the presence of about 1,500 auditors.—*Liverpool Mail*, June 21.

FIDELIO AND CRUVELLI.

Honour to who the sceptre wields
That threads thy mystic score,
And bears us thro' its mazy fields
With such unerring lore.

Honour to her whose chaste'n'd strain,
So tender and so true,
Gives us that melody again
In its own pristine hue!

No frantic or convulsive strife,
But deeper, purer, tone,
Pours the sad heart-stricken wife,
In grandeur all her own.

Her accents patient and divine,
Now to Heav'n's footstool tower,
Now dive into the unsounded mine
Of passion's deepest power.

Oh, wondrous mind that couldst impart
Such sweet and lofty thought,
Inspired by feeling for thine art,
That never can be taught!

KATHARINE F. CARTWRIGHT.

CRUVELLI'S FIDELIO.

On Saturday night *Fidelio* was again performed to a fashionable and crowded audience. The demand for boxes and stalls had, we understood, been so great as to continue long after the last place at the disposal of the direction had been allotted. Mdlle. Cruvelli again triumphantly vindicated her reputation, and by her fire, vigour, and brilliancy aroused a series of plaudits, which descended in volleys, rather than in the milder form of showers, throughout the opera. She was called for at the end of each act, and renewed and enthusiastic cheering marked the audiences' sense of the genius she evinced in the difficult personation she achieves in so masterly a manner. The arrangements for the season will, it is announced, prevent her appearing more than once again in the part of *Fidelio* for a considerable time, and the night which for the present terminates the triumphant run of the opera is that of Thursday next. The assemblage of such an audience as that of Saturday night, to witness an opera the success of which depends so little upon outward adornments, or upon strong dramatic interest, and so essentially upon the attraction of first-class music adequately executed and illustrated by exquisite acting, is no unsatisfactory sign of the progress which musical taste has made in England; a taste which, it is just to remember, must have been fostered chiefly by the continuous presentment of works of the superior class at an establishment with the artistic resources of a grand house.

Morning Chronicle

The triumphant run of *Fidelio* continues, and not even during the height of the Lind fever was Her Majesty's Theatre more crowded than it was on Saturday evening. Every portion of the house was crammed, and many were compelled to leave the theatre before the commencement of the performances for want of space for their accommodation. Mdlle. Sofie Cruvelli was in superb voice, and the brilliancy of her singing, with the impassioned fire and exquisite pathos of her acting, excited her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. At the conclusion of each act she was called on and greeted with the most rapturous cheering, while ever and anon during the course of the performance the delight of the audience would burst forth in a hurricane of plaudits, the

genuine and irrepressible expression of a heartfelt admiration. We regret to learn that the arrangements of the theatre will only permit this opera to be repeated once more for some weeks, viz., Thursday next.

Sun

Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—The part of Hermione, in Racine's tragedy of *Andromaque*, was the first played by Mdlle. Rachel in England, and that which laid the foundation of the high reputation she has since attained. Although the character is not considered her best, there is no other in the whole range of her repertoire which exhibits a more striking evidence of her great power of discrimination and her faculty of individualizing her conceptions by a succession of delicate shadows of expression. In other parts the *artiste* may please the general public more, but in Hermione she satisfies the critic more particularly by the completeness of her delineation. The character requires to be studied and meditated. The intention is not self-evident from the commencement; we are in doubt as to the author's intentions; the motives of action are of a more complex nature and require the deepest knowledge of the human heart. Mdlle. Rachel's bursts of rage, her expressions of hatred, her sarcastic sallies perplex and puzzle us, and it is only in the last act that we are fully enlightened and arrive at a complete conception of the real nature of the personage, and thus fully appreciate the picture drawn by the actress; then we discover that her portraiture of the abandoned princess is one of the most ably conceived and consummately artistic performances the stage has seen. Mademoiselle Rachel is, perhaps, more finished in the part of Hermione than in any other of her impersonations. The all-forgiving, ever-hopeful love cherished, in spite of the malignant anger and wild projects of revenge in which her wounded pride and slighted affection find vent, was powerfully indicated by Mademoiselle Rachel. The uncertain smile which, from time to time, plays upon her lips, in the early scenes, in the midst of her furious railings and bitter invectives were admirably in keeping with the character. When reproaching Oreste for having obeyed her commands she exclaims:—

"Oh! fallait-il en croire une amante insensée!
Ne devais-tu pas lire au fond de ma pensée."

Hope having at last abandoned her, and the object of her love and hatred being lost to her for ever, despair was terribly depicted in her countenance. Every feature became distorted and quivered with strong emotion, and the expression of horror and disgust with which she left the stage, after overwhelming Oreste with a torrent of imprecations, was one of those portraitures of intense tragic power impossible to describe, but which leave an expression never to be forgotten.

On Monday last Mr. Soumet's play of *Jeanne d'Arc* was performed for the first time these five years. As we said, on the occasion of its first production, we now repeat, that the piece itself is utterly unworthy of the great *tragédienne*. Indeed, we have rarely seen a tragedy so utterly devoid of interest, from the sheer incompetence betrayed by the author in the most simple elements of his craft. The theory of the unities was certainly an enormous difficulty in his way; yet a better command of language, a more correct versification, a slight insight into the secrets of dramatic effect, a little energy,—would have done much to remove that difficulty, and to give an individuality to his personages in which at present they are destitute. The Maid of Orleans is little better than

a sketch; and if the picture in our minds, after seeing Made-moiselle Rachel's impersonation, had aught of form or colour, we are indebted to the poetical genius of the actress, and in no wise to the author, who has done his best to degrade her to the vulgarest level. The character of Bedford is quite the reverse of what we have hitherto been accustomed to consider the valiant regent of England. That of the young Duke of Burgundy, Philippe le Bon, as he was called, is a simple bully. In the whole play there is but one scene which possesses the least dramatic interest—the interview between Jeanne d'Arc and Burgundy—when the heroine attempts to convert the Duke to the French cause. In many of these passages Made-moiselle Rachel rises to the level of her highest inspirations. The eagerness with which she pours forth her arguments, alternately rebuking and exhorting her antagonist; her anxious glance—her supplicating posture—her extended arms—her inspired accent, as if she would transfuse her own conviction into her adversary, and the burst of triumph with which she at last exclaims, "Ah! je lis dans ce cœur, qu'il redevient fidele," strongly captivated the attention of the audience, and were listened to with intense eagerness. In Rachel's performance of this part there is, as in all her characters, a well sustained individuality. The poet has had no hand in Rachel's Jeanne d'Arc. It is entirely her own creation. The characteristic points are broadly marked, the image of the maiden warrior admirably portrayed. There is a restless wildness in the expression of the eye, indicative of the inward working of the soul, as in her captivity she reverts to her childhood, to the days of her communion with her spiritual monitors, or to the more recent scenes of war. In the midst of all these emotions we have continually before our eyes her inflexible firmness of faith in her divine mission. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful picture than that presented by Madlle. Rachel, when, in the last scene, she mounts the funeral pile, grasping her banner, her eyes uplifted in ecstatic devotion, her face radiant with divine inspiration. The effect produced was such as can never be erased from the memory. We were almost inclined to forgive the author his piece, and be grateful that he had afforded at least a pretence for this divine picture, thus adding a new character to the already numerous conceptions of Made-moiselle Rachel.

J. DE C—.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Hacket, the American comedian, who made his debut a year or two ago at this theatre made his *rentrée* on Tuesday evening in the character of Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Hacket has many qualifications for the part, his reading is correct, and his *vis comica* unexceptionable: he received many hearty bursts of applause in the course of the evening, and he made a decidedly favorable impression on the audience. Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Miss Reynolds were full of spirit and gaiety as the "merry wives." Mr. Davenport was excellent in Ford, and Buckstone made the audience "roar again," as Master Slender. The other characters were respectably filled. We are happy to say the houses have been excellent during the week.

OLYMPIC.—Those who love rustic grace and vivacity, combined with impassioned simplicity and feeling, should go and see Mrs. Stirling in Mark Leman's piece, *Hearts are Trumps*, which has been played here in the course of the week, and which, unquestionably in a great measure, owes its long career of success to the charming personation of the heroine by this lady, who, moreover, looks as young and handsome as ever she did. Of the new holiday piece, *The Devil and Doctor Faustus*, we have but little to say; the subject is rather threadbare. The story differs somewhat from the usual versions—the compact of Faustus with the Demons of Darkness is imaginary

only, the whole having been contrived by a sort of titular Angel of the Doctor's who, after informing him that she has been "playing the devil" with him to point out the errors of his ways, dismisses him with a good-natured injunction to go and mend them. The scenery and appointments are appropriate and splendid, and the piece does not want recommendations to the holiday folks. Miss Fielding, who enacts the devil, is a clever actress of the Vestris school, and Mr. Henry Farren, who is a better melo-dramatic actor than we thought him, makes a good Faustus, but as the piece is unsupported either by the talents of Compton or Mrs. Stirling, or by the beauty of Louisa Howard, it dragged somewhat to our refined critical faculties (confound them, that we can no longer see on these occasions with a school-boy's vision). However, if the piece drags, it also *draws*, and so away with wire drawn objections and hypercritical analyses. The new farce of *The Fast Coach* has been written to introduce Mr. Compton as a mendicant trader, assuming the character of *coach*—i. e. tutor to a young Cantab. In both personations, he is, of course, supremely comical. The house was very well filled. G.

(Omitted last week.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *Fidelio* (eighth time), attracted an immense house. Cruvelli was as great as ever in Leonora. The charming Marie Taglioni, also, who made her first appearance this season, added to the attractions. The old and popular ballet, *La Sylphide*, or rather a fragment of it, was revived for the occasion, and put upon the stage with excellent effect. We have seldom seen any thing of the kind, even at Her Majesty's Theatre, prettier or more effective than the grouping and dancing of the choregraphs in the different *pas des Sylphides*. Marie Taglioni was received with genuine warmth. That she is immensely improved is the general impression, and that she has acquired strength, ease, grace, and decision, since last season, none, we think, can deny. Some of her steps on Saturday night, were novel and curious, and excited the admiration of the *dilettanti*. Marie Taglioni was greatly successful, and was honoured with a recall and a bouquet at the fall of the curtain.

On Tuesday the immortal *Barbiere* was given, but demands no remark beyond the affirmation that the music of Rossini is much better when not interfered with by the singers, who usually take such unmerciful liberties with it. The "Ah! qual colpo" trio, as sung on Tuesday night, is a good instance of the injury done to Rossini's music by not adhering to the score. The opera in general was well performed. *La Sylphide* followed.

Il Prodigio was repeated on Wednesday—a Grand Extra Night—and *Fidelio* (ninth time) on Thursday, with a *divertissement* for Amalia Ferraris; Gnecco's comic operetta, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, for Madame Ugalde and Lablache; and *La Sylphide*. Cruvelli was absolutely grander and more magnificent than ever in Leonora on Thursday, and Beethoven's music was listened to with a keener relish than ever, and with more thorough appreciation. Madame Ugalde made a decided impression in the heroine of *La Prova* by the *esprit* of her acting, and the astonishing manner in which she executed the florid music. In the introduced French cavatina, especially, she created a *furor*, and was recalled after her exit. The *rossignol* of the *Opera Comique* has established her reputation with the English public beyond the shadow of a dispute.

Last night *Il Prodigio* was again given, and to-night Cruvelli is announced for Norma, being her last appearance in that character this season.

Thalberg's new opera, entitled, *Florinda; or the Moors in Spain*, will be produced on Thursday, being a Subscription night in lieu of Saturday, which is a command night, when the Queen and Court will visit the theatre in state. The most splendid preparations are being made for the reception of Her Majesty and suite. A number of boxes on the grand tier and on the tier above will be taken to form one grand State Box, which will be magnificently furnished and decorated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

The tide of prosperity is evidently setting in for the Italian operas. For the last three weeks the houses at this theatre have been invariably good, and on Saturday evening, as might have been expected—the occasion being the first performance of Meyerbeer's great work, the *Prophète*, and the first appearance this season of Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, the original representative of the part of Fides, both in Paris and London—a short time after the doors were open there was no standing room, and hundreds were sent away disappointed. While the old *repertoire* continues to be so attractive Mr. Gye may well exclaim "What have I to do with novelty?"

The distribution of characters in the *Prophète* was, with one exception, the same as last year. That exception, however, was important, and it is only just to say that the assistance of the new tenor, Signor Stigelli, in the part of Jonas, gave a weight and decision to the music of the three Anabaptists which it has not previously enjoyed in London. Herr Formes, as Zacharia, fulfills every requisite, vocal and histrionic; and a more competent artist than Signor Polonini could not easily be found for the part of Mathisen. The trio in the tent of Jean of Leyden, for Jonas, Zacharia, and Oberthal (Signor Tagliafico), was executed, for the first time in our remembrance, with the proper spirit. Each of the three artists did his best, the music of the several parts was distinctly heard, and the dramatic interest admirably sustained throughout. Meyerbeer himself, the most difficult and exacting of composers, would, we think, have been satisfied with the manner in which this trio (considered by musicians the finest piece in the opera), was performed.

The event of the evening was, of course, the re-appearance of Madame Viardot, whose flattering reception proved the high esteem in which she is held by the English public. Fides, in the hands of this talented actress and experienced singer, is one of the most elaborate performances of the modern stage. Sympathising with the peculiarity of Meyerbeer's music, Madame Viardot gives importance to every phrase, every word she has to utter; and yet, amidst the extreme labour bestowed upon details, she contrives to create a general impression which stamps her idea of the character with unanswerable consistency. Her conception of Fides, indeed, presents no room for cavil; the picture she draws, though gloomy, is grand; though monotonous, is earnest and impressive. True, it is impossible not to be conscious that Madame Viardot is acting; since none can deny that deep study, rather than impulsive genius, is the secret of the effect she produces. Without genius, and without those endowments of voice and grace of movement and gesture which too often make up the sum of attractions in popular dramatic singers, Madame Viardot has effected wonders by the aid of art alone. She is, in fact, the most consummate of artists, and herein lies the difference between her and her great sister, Malibran, to compare her with whom would be absurd. The monotony complained of in Madame Viardot's impersonation

of Fides—which not to own would argue a want of perception, or a desire to shirk criticism—is derived from her execution, not from her conception of the character. This was apparent on Saturday night, when the dramatic "points" were brought out in stronger relief than on former occasions; and as, on the other hand, the voice of the singer, never very remarkable for freshness and power, though preserving its compass, has somewhat deteriorated in those qualities since last season, an air of artifice and effort was evident which fatigued both the eye and the ear. It has been observed of Madame Viardot, and with truth, that her first performances of a new character are invariably the best. Her admirable judgment and intelligence always help her to a just conception; but what she does well at the outset, anxious to do better as she progresses, she too frequently overdoes, and thus lays herself open to the charge of exaggeration. Those who remember the *Prophète* in 1849, when it was originally produced at the Royal Italian Opera, if their memory served them, must have remarked several examples of what we adduce in Saturday evening's performance. To pass over minor matters, let us at once go to the grand situation of the opera, the scene in Munster Cathedral, where the coronation of Jean of Leyden, the prophet, is celebrated. Madame Viardot excels in the portraiture of deep and absorbing grief; and this has been the abiding charm of her acting in the scene we have named. But, by force of continual elaboration, of anxiety to improve that which was perfect at the beginning, she has run the risk of outstepping the limits of natural expression. Her anguish at beholding her son, in the person of the impostor she has hated and despised, was less inward and deep-seated than outward and vehement; she seemed to suffer from the influence of physical pain rather than bow under the weight of mental affliction. Her gestures were overstrained, and what she had to say or do she took so long, at times, in saying and doing that the interest was in danger of evaporating before the point had been gained. Be it observed that these exaggerations are not to be viewed as the exaggerations of a young artist, whose impulse occasionally overleaps her means of performance, but of one long practised to the stage, a thorough mistress of her resources, who has nothing to be taught in the mechanism of her calling. They must, therefore, be attributed to errors in taste, and are the more to be lamented.

As a vocalist, Madame Viardot must be cited among the most extraordinary the art has known. By dint of singular perseverance, aided by a strong musical organization, and an acquaintance with the theory and practice of music very unusual in singers, she has subdued nature to her will, and reduced an ungrateful voice, wanting alike in volume, power, and sweetness, to absolute submission. Madame Viardot can do anything with her voice, and is equally a mistress of the *cantabile* and *bravura*—of which the two pathetic airs, in F sharp and E minor ("O Figlio mio," and "Pietà, Pietà, Signori"), and the grand recitative air, and *cabaletta*, in A flat, of the last act ("O fero mio destino") may be cited as proofs. Her facility is prodigious, and the ease with which she mingles the higher and lower registers of the voice, in her *cadenzas*, although sometimes abused as a medium of effect, cannot be too much admired. A fault of her *cantabile* singing is that it is occasionally overdrawn, while her *cadenzas* (instance those introduced on Saturday night, in the airs—"O Figlio mio" and "Pietà, Pietà, Signori") are not always in good keeping. Her execution of *bravura* music has no drawback except want of power in the upper notes; but for this nature must be blamed, and not Madame Viardot, who has acquired all that art can disclose to conceal or palliate the deficiency. One fine quality in her declamatory singing is

the clear and distinct manner in which she articulates the words, wherein alone she resembles Malibran. On Saturday night, the air, "Pietà, Pietà"—in which Fides asks alms for her son, whom she supposes dead, and wishes to propitiate Heaven, by masses, in his behalf—developed this quality to admiration. But for a *cadenza*, too quaint and elaborate for a theme so simple and essentially pathetic, it would, have been perfect. Her crowning effort, however, was the scene and air of the last act, in which Fides first curses and then offers up prayers for the Prophet. As a display of powerful execution this was quite masterly; and the effect it produced would have been redoubled could Madame Viardot have sung it with less of that restless and continual movement to and fro, and that superabundance of emphatic gesture, with which she accompanied almost every successive phrase.

Signor Mario has now almost entirely regained his powers, and his performance of the part of Jean of Leyden was as powerful and splendid as it has ever been. If we wished to establish the truth of our criticism upon Madame Viardot by an example in which the absence of the peculiarities we ascribe is remarkable, we need only point to Mario, who, in the coronation scene, attains the very height of dramatic expression by the easiest and most natural means. His demeanour when bending over Fides, with arms outstretched to perform the supposed miracle, was perfect. The face alone, with silent eloquence, told the story of the feelings that must have inwardly racked the heart of the Prophet. There were no convulsive starts, no superfluous gestures; a trembling of the whole frame was enough to convey the emotion of the actor. The sudden courage when, having asked the question of Fides—"Tuo figlio io son?" he approaches the Anabaptists, unshrinking from the contact of their threatening weapons, was assumed with a majesty of presence and a severity of regard that showed the Prophet fit to wear a crown. The tones of Mario's voice, in the alternate questions to his mother and appeals to the Anabaptists, had a sweetness and solemnity of which we can recollect no parallel. His singing throughout the opera was exceedingly fine; the narration of his dream to the Anabaptists, and the graceful air which follows, "Un impero più soave" (Act 1-2), were beautifully given. But it was not till the scene in the camp, where Jean of Leyden quells the discontent of his turbulent followers, by promising to lead them on to Munster, that Mario put forth all his full powers. Up to this point, perhaps doubtful of his thorough convalescence, he husbanded his resources. We have rarely heard a more magnificent example of declamatory singing than the prayer and chorus, ending with the powerful appeal of the Prophet—"Re del cielo e de beati,"—which brings down the curtain on the second act with such brilliant effect, and on Saturday first roused the public to an expression of enthusiasm, terminating in a unanimous recall for Mario. Of the coronation scene we have said enough. The last act, with the exception of Madame Viardot's air, was as prosy and tiresome as ever, until the final scene, where the Prophet, in despair at the death of Bertha, his affianced bride, dooms himself and his enemies to one common destruction at a banquet. Here occurs the famous bacchanal, "Beviam, e intorno giri," the first verse of which, though well sung and much applauded, was not entirely up to the mark; but the second surpassed in force and energy any previous effort of Mario in this favourite air. The volume of tone he produced was only equalled by its beauty, and the spirit with which the sparkling tune was delivered completely carried the audience by storm, and there was a loud demand for a repetition from all parts of the house, which, however, Mr. Costa

had the good taste and decision to check by immediately proceeding with the subsequent music.

To the general execution of the opera we have little but praise to award. Madame Castellan exhibited her accustomed intelligence and energy in the part of Bertha, and sang the *aria* of the first scene (interpolated by Meyerbeer, expressly on her account, when Madame Castellan first undertook the part at Paris) with brilliant facility. The chorus was admirable, and the "All' armi!" assisted by the powerful bass of Formes, and the piercing tones of Stigelli, the tenor, was executed with great force and precision. The band played superbly, and Mr. Costa, whose appearance in the orchestra was hailed with genuine applause, was entirely in his element. In the skating scene some curtailment is advisable, which, as it arrests the progress of the drama considerably would do no harm. The opening chorus, where the Anabaptists are engaged in menacing the prisoners with threats that lead to nothing, is burdened with such a silly and unmeaning stage action that its loss would be unfelt; while the dancing, except in the case of the clever and active Mademoiselle Louise Taglioni, not being first-rate, might reasonably be abridged. The coronation in the cathedral presented the usual pomp and splendour, and although there appears to be a diminution in the ranks of the supernumeraries, the general effect cannot be said to suffer from their absence.—*Times*.

On Tuesday the *Prophète* was to be repeated, but owing to Sig. Mario having a sore throat *Don Giovanni* was substituted, and on Thursday the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart was repeated, on both occasions the house being crowded. To-night *Norma* and the last act of *Fidelio* will be given.

The opera commanded by Her Majesty for the State attendance at this theatre is Mozart's *Zauberflöte* (*Il Flauto Magico*), which will include Grisi, Mario, Formes, Ronconi, Stigelli, Castellan, Bertrandi, and Mdlle. Anna Zerr (who is expressly engaged to perform the part of the Queen of Night) in the cast.

Original Correspondence.

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY AND PRIZE ANTHEMS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

20th June, 1851.

Sir,—I have waited anxiously, and carefully read your paper for some weeks past, to ascertain if any reply had been vouchsafed to my inquiries respecting the prizes proposed to be given by this Society for Orchestral Anthems.

The evasive reply of F. I. S., shown by your next week's correspondent (Honestas) to be untrue in spirit, if not in letter, coupled with the absence of any further explanation, leads me to the conclusion, that there is really no intention on the part of the Society to offer the prizes in question.

Your readers, and the profession generally, will properly appreciate the spirit actuating the directors of this institution in thus trifling with the feelings of English composers, for the sake of a little notoriety.

I merely add, that if want of funds should be put forward hereafter, as an excuse for such conduct, that the sums spent in trying to puff into ephemeral notice the Psalm Tunes so constantly advertised as "REHEARSED" at the Monday meetings, would have much more than sufficed to carry out the original expressed intention.

I am, Sir, Yours,

A CHURCH MUSICIAN.

WEIPPERT AND BOSISIO.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

21, Soho Square, June 23rd, 1851.

Sir,—In a paragraph of the *Musical World*, published last Saturday, the 21st instant, it is stated that M. Bosisio has arrived from Paris for the purpose of conducting Mr. Weippert's band. I have certainly effected an engagement with the above Artiste to "lead my band," but I still retain to myself the conductorship of my own band, which I think you will admit is natural enough. Apologising for the intrusion upon your space and time.

I have the honor to remain,

Your obedient servant,

21, Soho Square.

JOHN WEIPPERT.

Provincial.

DUBLIN.—Her Excellency the Countess of Clarendon, accompanied by her interesting children the Ladies Alice, Constance, and Emily Villiers (pupils of Miss Allen), honoured the academy of Mrs. Allen, Gardiner's-row, with a third visit on Thursday afternoon, the 12th instant. The Viceregal party arrived at a quarter-past three o'clock, and remained until six, during which time the following selection of music was admirably rendered by the young ladies under tuition at the academy:—

Elementary performance, comprising a selection of lessons from the "First Companion and its Sequel," played simultaneously, and interspersed with alternate solos	J. B. Logier.
Variations Elegantes (Eerin, No. 1)	Herz.
Military Duet in E flat—simultaneously, by twenty performers	J. B. Logier.
Duet, March from "The Prophet"	Meyerbeer.
Blue Bell of Scotland, with variations, simultaneously, and with alternate solos	J. B. Logier.
Valse Duet—"Les jolies filles de parmes"	Schubert.
Homage à Schubert (No. 14), "The Postman's horn is sounding near," simultaneously	Heller.
Fantasia on the national airs of "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia"	Thalberg.
Reminiscences de Beethoven, simultaneously	Rosellen.
Fantasia on the Prayer in "Moseé in Egitto"	Thalberg.
The Wedding March, from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," simultaneously	Mendelssohn.
Fantasia on subjects from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"	Prudent.
Triumphal March, simultaneously, by twenty performers	Reis.
Grand Concertante Quartet for four pianofortes (as performed in London by Czerny, Moscheles, Pixis, and Thalberg)	Czerny.

WESTON.—OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN.—Two full services took place on Wednesday, the 25th inst., at St. John's Church, Weston, on the occasion of the opening of the organ which has been erected in that edifice. The sermons were preached by the Rev. Edward Tottenham and the Rev. H. M. Searth. The organ has been built by Mr. Clark, of Monmouth-place in this city, and it possesses the purity of tone and excellence of mechanism which characterize the instruments of the builder.

Miscellaneous.

MISS BASSANO AND MR. KUHE.—These well-known and highly esteemed professors, respectively of the vocal and instrumental art, gave their annual concert in conjunction on Tuesday morning last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to an audience crowded to inconvenience. Gallantry dictates that we should first speak of the lady. Miss Bassano has now for some years occupied a distinguished position among our native vocalists. Her style is varied,

her voice mellow and flexible, partaking somewhat of the contralto quality (without its weight), though strictly speaking belonging to a mezzo-soprano category. On the present occasion Miss Bassano sang three times, Meyerbeer's aria, "Pieta, pieta," (*Prophete*) Rossini's cavatina, "Penso alla Patria," and a ballad by Angelina in all of which she evinced the best qualities of expression and facility, giving to each its appropriate colouring, adding nothing, subtracting nothing, and obtaining the hearty applause of her audience, to which well-directed efforts, agreeable manner, pure and telling voice, and practical experience in the art vocal fully entitled her. Herr Kuhe has steadily won himself a name and a reputation in this country. He came over originally with Herr Pischek, in 1846, on a joint speculation. The singer succeeded, and returned to his own country with money-bags. The pianist did little, or nothing, and returned to his own country unconsolate. It was not till later that the beneficent Jenny Lind, the nightingale of Swedeland, took Herr Kuhe under the shadow of her wings, gave a concert for him in fatherland, and changed the fortunes of the zealous and intelligent pianist. From that moment his star began to rise. He came to England, and accompanied Jenny Lind to Brighton, and there laid the foundation of a connection which has since been consolidated to one of most honourable and lucrative enjoyed by any professor in the provinces. Herr Kuhe makes an annual visit to London during the season. On the present occasion he wisely united his interest with that of the popular artist whose talents we have just been criticising. Since we first heard Herr Kuhe his progress as a pianist has been indeed remarkable. On Tuesday morning he performed, with Ernst, the andante and variations from Beethoven's sonata in A minor, and two well written fantasias of his own composition, one on airs from the *Prophete*, and another on airs from Flotow's *Martha*. Herr Kuhe played admirably, and exhibited a firm touch, round tone, and great brilliancy of execution. He was loudly applauded in all his pieces. The other performers were Ernst, Piatti, Madame Parish a vocal, Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Mdle. Johannsen, Herr Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, and Herr Stockhauser, all of vocal besides the andante from Beethoven's sonata with which he introduced his fantasia on Hungarian airs magnificently, and Piatti introduced a violoncello fantasia with extraordinary success. Catherine Hayes was in splendid voice, and sang Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon fils," with immense effect. She also gave a ballad by Biletta with irresistible expression. In brief—the concert was a first-rate one, and appeared to satisfy everybody.

ON SATURDAY last, June 21st, Miss E. Day and Mr. J. Day gave a *matinée musicale* at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen-Anne-st., which was fashionably and fully attended. The concert commenced with a trio by Silas, well executed by the *beneficiaries* and Herr Hausmann; and, after a duet from the *Italiana in Algeri*, Mr. Richardson delighted his auditory with a solo on Siccam's Diatonic flute. The composition was remarkable for its simplicity, while the variations gave ample scope to the author and performer for the most brilliant execution, and we only regret that so pretty a composition has not yet been baptised or published. Mr. Adolph Gallmick's grand fantasia on the pianoforte was deservedly applauded, and Mr. John Day's solo on the violin was most ably executed, although the music, a sort of Turkish Dance, was not of the happiest selection. Great credit is due to both these gentlemen for the manner in which they conducted the concert, and for the selection given. Mr. Hausmann's violoncello solo was beautifully executed, evincing a delicacy of fingering, which even in these times of prodigies and wonders in the musical world, elicited the most hearty applause. The vocal performances were not equal to the instrumental, but Grisis, Cruvellis, Albonis and Sontags are not to be met with every day; but justice compels us to say that Miss Laura Baxter and Mdle. Graumann sang very nicely. Signor Marchesi gave Mozart's "Non piu Andrai" in a spirited manner. Miss Ellen Day performed several times on the pianoforte in her usually brilliant style.

HERR KAUFFMANN AND SON, from Dresden, gave the first of a series of three musical performances on Tuesday evening last, at St. Martin's Hall, when they introduced for the first time in this country their newly-invented instruments called the Harmonichord, the Orchestrion, the Symphonium, the Chordaulodion, and the

Trumpet Automaton. Herr Kaufermann played on the harmonichord, which is the only one of the instruments that is not self-acting, and attracted in a remarkable degree the attention of his audience. The orchestration was then made to perform selections from *Azor and Zemira*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Don Juan*, during the course of which the different effects produced in an orchestra by means of the flute, flageolet, cornet, trumpet, bassoon, and kettle drums, were made apparent in an extraordinary manner, so much so, indeed, that it was difficult for the hearer to believe that the real instruments were not being played upon. The chordaulodion is an instrument combining the qualities of a piano with that of a wind instrument (the flute), and the symphonium that of a flute, piccolo, clarinet, and the cymbals and drums, are both of them remarkable and pleasing specimens of mechanical ingenuity. The trumpet automaton must also be noted for its singular purity of tone. Herr Kaufermann's second performance has been postponed to the 30th of June, as Her Majesty commanded him to perform last night at the palace. We recommend admirers of the ingenious of mechanism to pay a visit to Herr Kaufermann's exhibition.

MR. BENSON.—The evening concert of this clever vocalist took place at the Beethoven Rooms, on June 18th. A highly attractive programme was provided. Two of our most distinguished pianists, viz:—Sterndale Bennett and Lindsay Sloper, assisting in conjunction with Mr. Willy, violin; Mr. Lucas, violoncello; and Mr. Richardson, flute. Mr. Benson's singing was characterised by all the sweetness of tone that we have frequently remarked as being the attributes of his vocalization; and he met on this occasion with the full approbation of the audience, who testified their pleasure by the frequency and liberality of their applause. It is needless to remark now on the beauty of Sterndale Bennett's playing, and the neatness of Lindsay Sloper's execution. Suffice it, they played with their accustomed excellence, and received with their coadjutors, Mr. Willy and M. Rousselot, the frequent commendation of the company, which was as elegant and numerous as could be approached.

FR. LUDWIG STROFFREGEN, gave a concert on Friday evening last week, at the Beethoven Rooms, which was well attended. The *beneficiaire* sang two German songs and took part in a quartet by Hiller, and in the "Ribbon" trio of Mozart. Mdlle. Rummel sustained her reputation as an excellent vocalist; and Herr Oberthur received great applause for his execution of a charming little study for the harp, entitled "La Cascade." Herr J. Rummel conducted.

MISS KATE LODGE.—We omitted to state last week that the concert of this talented pianiste composer announced for the 14th inst., was postponed in consequence of the death of a near relation.

MESSRS. H. AND R. BLAGROVE'S second quartett and solo concert took place on Friday evening the 20th inst., at the concert rooms in Mortimer-street. It commenced with a MS. quartett by J. L. Ellerton, given in a spirited style by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and J. Lucas, particularly the *adagio and allegro agitato*, which were very effective. Spohr's duett in E flat, for two violins, was played in a chaste and efficient manner by Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi, and Mr. R. Blagrove's solo on the concertina received much applause. Hummel's trio in E major for piano, violin, and violoncello, was a great treat. Herr Pauer's performance of the piano part was received with especial favour; he was ably supported by Messrs. H. Blagrove and Lucas. Miss Thornton sang Molique's charming little song, "Fair Annie," and Beethoven's "Beating Heart that stirs within Thee," in a pleasing and effective manner. The concert concluded with Beethoven's quartett, No. 11, in F minor, which was performed with force and decision, and gave the warmest satisfaction to the audience. The room was well attended.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—The matinee of this rising young artiste took place at the Beethoven Rooms on June 12th; want of space compelled us to postpone till now our record of the fact, for which apparent neglect, but real necessity, we offer our apologies to the fair *beneficiaire*. Miss Emma Busby's performance was such as to entitle her to high praise. Her improvement is very great since last year; and she promises to become

eventually one of our best lady pianistes. The names in Miss Busby's programme were highly attractive—Herr Deichmann, who made so very favourable an impression at the National concerts, was the violinist. Signor Piatti, violoncellist, M. Tellefzen, a pianist of talent, Mdlle. Johannsen, a Danish, and Mdlle. Graumann, a German vocalist, both well known and admired by concert frequenters. The room was fashionably attended, and the concert gave entire satisfaction.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON, who has the honour to be named Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen of the French (?), and to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, gave his *seventeenth* annual morning concert at Willis's Rooms, on June 17th. A crowded and fashionable audience assembled, and appeared highly delighted with the programme, a pleasure no doubt greatly enhanced by the announcement of the grand march, composed in honour of H.R.H. Prince Albert, to be played by twelve amateur ladies, pupils of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, on twelve of Erard's harps. The system of making pupils play in public, on an occasion like the present, we consider highly to be commended, as it gives them greater confidence, when performing before their friends at home, than otherwise they could possibly have, and thus tends to encrease the social enjoyment of the drawing-room, where music is now so indispensable an adjunct. The instrumentalists named in the programme, were, besides Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the Lockwood family (juvenile harpists, pupils of Mr. F. Chatterton), Mdlle. Coulon, the intelligent and clever pianiste, Miss Rosina Collins, M. Rousselot, Herr Goffrie, Signor Regondi, and Mr. Kialmark. The concert went off with considerable eclat, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton will have no cause to complain of want of support at the hands of his friends and patrons.

M. STANISLAS DAVID'S MATINEE.—M. David, well-known as an accomplished professor of the French language and literature, gave a *Matinée* on Wednesday, at Stafford-house, by permission of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The entertainment consisted of recitals by M. David from some of the best poets, ancient and modern, of France, intermixed with performances on the pianoforte, by Mdlle. C. Meara, songs by Miss Catherine Hayes and M. Levassor, and a scene from Racine's *Athalie*, declaimed by Mdlle. Rachel. The audience was fashionable and numerous. M. David has a plain and sensible method of delivery, enunciates clearly, and gives due importance to points. One of the most successful of his efforts was the fable of the "Chat et le Cuisinier," by Viennet, which he gave with a simplicity of manner, and, so to speak, a *bonhomie* quite in keeping with its bucolic and primitive character. In the fable of the "Deux pigeons," by Lafontaine, he had to fight against the deep impression produced by Mdlle. Rachel, who recounts the same story in the play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. M. David, indeed, laboured under the effects of a very formidable opposition on Wednesday. Owing to the unexpected absence of Madame Viardot, who had been announced as the counter-attraction of the programme, M. David availed himself of the services of Mdlle. Rachel. This incomparable tragedian, by her dramatic and forcible declamation of the part of *Athalie*, in the scene where the heroine of Racine's tragedy encounters and questions Joas, her young and fated successor, made such a sensation that everything else in the shape of reading and recital appeared tame and insufficient. Nevertheless, in spite of the absorbing influence of the "Queen of Tragedy," M. David's attempts were received with great encouragement; while the clever performances of Mdlle. Meara, who played some of Chopin's studies on the piano, the irresistible drollery of M. Levassor, exhibited in two of his most popular comic scenes, and the exquisitely graceful ballad-singing of Miss Catherine Hayes (whose success was only second to that of Mdlle. Rachel), imparted an agreeable variety to the entertainment, which appeared to afford the utmost gratification to the audience. The hospitality of the noble owner of the mansion was munificently exercised in the course of the performance—refreshments being liberally administered, and every possible attention shown to the visitors.

IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We are truly gratified to learn that Miss Rainforth, the celebrated English soprano, actuated by that

true love of the art which she adorns, and feeling an interest in an institution which has done already so much to foster the native musical genius of our city, has signified her wish to assist in rendering the forthcoming examination as attractive as a musical treat, as we have no doubt it will prove interesting and satisfactory to the subscribers generally, by placing her most valuable services at the disposal of the committee.—*Saunders.*

REUNION DES ARTS.—The promoters of this novel institution had another meeting on Wednesday evening, at the Rooms, in Queen Ann-street.

These "Reunions" have been established for the purpose of encouraging amateurs to enter the lists with artists, not in a spirit of competition, but with the laudable object of inspiring the former with confidence, and dispelling those feelings of nervousness and alarm, which too frequently check their progress, and hinder the development of amateur talent. It was therefore with no small pleasure that we listened to a duet for two cornet-à-pistons, by Messrs. Tatham and Herrmann Lang, who have won the reputation of being two of the most accomplished amateur performers on that instrument in London. We detected, at the commencement of the duet, a few traces of timidity inseparable from a first essay in public; but apprehensions subsided quickly, and anxiety gave way to satisfaction at the able manner in which the two gentlemen performed their task. At the conclusion, they received the congratulations of their friends, and the approbation and applause of the entire audience. Madame Johannsen, the Danish vocalist, was warmly applauded in a song à la "Jenny Lind." A solo on the violin by M. Goffrie, was an able and interesting performance; and Madame Goffrie played with spirited and graceful execution a pianoforte *fantasia* which was most favourably received. The singing of Mdlles. Lemaire and Rimmell also made a sensible impression. Mr. Chatterton, in a harp solo, achieved a success which is not uncommon to him; and an amateur played the *Carnival of Venice* on the flute. We cannot conclude without offering our congratulations to Messrs. Goffrie and Gollmiche, to whom great credit is due for the spirited manner in which these *Reunions* are conducted.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.—The annual morning concert of Mrs. Anderson is always one of the most attractive of the season, and on Friday week was more than usually distinguished by excellence and variety. It was held in the spacious theatre of the Royal Italian Opera, which was crowded by a fashionable and brilliant audience. Mrs. Anderson, who is pianist to Her Majesty and instructress to the Princess Royal, has long held an eminent position among our native performers. Her taste has been remarked for its classical bent, and her choice of Hummel's admirably written *Rondo Brillante* in F (generally known as the *Retour à Londres*) as a solo, and the interesting variations of Mendelssohn and Moscheles on the march in Weber's *Preciosa*, as a duet with her pupil, Miss Kirkham, sustained her reputation in this particular. Both these pieces were executed in a manner that delighted the audience, who were liberal and unanimous in their tokens of approval. Miss Kirkham, who appears very young, is a highly promising player, and already discloses a talent which is likely to do honour to her able and experienced professor. Mrs. Anderson also introduced, in conjunction with M. Sainton, some showy and effective variations for pianoforte and violin on the well-known air "Bel Raggio," (Rossini), which exhibited the talents of both executants to the highest advantage. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Costa, was that of the Royal Italian Opera, and played Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* at the beginning, and Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits* at the end of the concert, in splendid style. The other instrumental feature was "Le Carnival de Cuba," a violin *fantasia* by Sig. Sivori, professing to be an imitation of an American bird, called *sinsante*. Not being acquainted with the peculiarities of the bird in question, we cannot answer for the resemblance, and must be content to state that although the *fantasia* served very well to display Sig. Sivori's wonderful executive powers, it presented no points to be admired in a purely musical point of view. All the company of the Royal Italian Opera assisted in the vocal department. Madame Viardot Garcia and Sig. Ronconi both made their first appearance on the occasion, and were welcomed with enthusiasm by the audience. Madame Viardot sang the *rondo finale*

from *Cenerentola*, in which she introduced some equally original and marvellous *traits de bravoure*; Signor Ronconi, the "Largo al factotum," with all his accustomed spirit and vivacity; both performances created a *furor*; Grisi, with the grand *aria* from the *Favorita*, and Mario, with the "Ange si pur," from the same opera were not less warmly welcomed. Mario being encored, repeated the air half a tone higher, which was an evident improvement. The restoration of this admirable singer to the full vigour of his powers is almost entirely accomplished, to the unqualified gratification of all who admire the Italian Opera. One of the most striking features of the concert was Mademoiselle Anna Zerr's execution of the elaborate air of the "Queen of Night," from *Zauberflote*. We have already spoken of the extraordinary gifts of this vocalist, whose engagement, by Mr. Gye, to fill the part of the "Queen of Night," in the approaching representation of Mozart's great opera, can hardly fail to give satisfaction to the subscribers and the public. A duet, from Spohr's *Faust* by Herrn Pischek and Formes, another from the *Prophète* ("Della Mosa,") by Madame Viardot and Madame Castellan, and a third, Rossini's "I Marinari," (skilfully arranged for the orchestra by some one not named), by Signors Tamberlik and Tamburini, were each received with well deserved applause. One of the most attractive and one of the cleverest exhibitions of vocal talent, however, was a *bolero*, "La Chanteuse volée," by Madame Charton, the charming *prima donna* of the *Opera Comique*, who appears determined to sing the more provokingly well now that we have no chance of hearing her on the stage, her proper domain. Nothing could have been more hearty and genuine than the applause bestowed on Madame Charton. Signors Stigelli, Tagliafico, Bianchi, and Polonini, Herrn Reichardt and Stockhausen, and Mademoiselle Bertrandi, assisted in some concerted pieces; and Mademoiselle Angri gave the the "Una Voce" with her accustomed energy and point. The concert passed off with unabated spirit and appeared to give unqualified satisfaction.

GLEES AND MADRIGALS.—A series of four performances of English glees, madrigals, and catches is going on at Will's rooms, the third of which took place on Wednesday afternoon, in presence of a numerous audience. Those who are fond of this class of vocal music—one of the indigenous growths of our country—could hardly do better than attend these entertainments. The singers, Messrs. Locket, Hobbs, and Land (tenors), Mr. Francis (counter tenor), and Mr. H. Phillips (bass), are amongst the most able and experienced of our glee singers, and the *ensemble* they produce is admirable. The selection consisted of a madrigal, "Nymphs of the Forest," by Horsley; glees by Danby, Stevens, Webbe, Calcott, Elliot, and Bishop; and a catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms?" by Webbe. The favourites proved to be Elliott's glee, "At her fair hands," and Bishop's "Sleep, gentle lady," both of which were sung to perfection, and encored unanimously. The performance, which began at 3, terminated at 4 o'clock. The last meeting will come off on the 28th.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The eighth and last concert took place on Monday, to a crowded audience. We shall give the programme and a *resumé* of the season in our next.

MR. HULLAH'S MONTHLY CONCERTS.—The last of these, on Wednesday week, was made memorable by the production of *Fridolin*, a new dramatic *carbata* of remarkable ability, by Mr. Frank Mori, one of our most promising and talented musicians, of whom we shall speak at length next week, in our review of Mr. Hullah's season.

VAUXHALL.—BAL COSTUME.—On Friday evening week, those who had not the honour of an invitation to the Royal Palace, Buckingham-house, on the occasion of Her Majesty's *bal costumé*, had an opportunity of exhibiting themselves, and seeing others exhibited in somewhat similar costumes, at the "Royal property," Vauxhall Gardens, the proprietor of which place issued a general invitation to his friends and the public to honour him with a visit at the masquerade. The number of visitors was very considerable, and the appearance of the place gay and brilliant. Some of the mimic gallants of the age of the Merry Monarch were well habited, and, as far as external appearance went, did no dishonour to the Rochesters, Sedleys, Buckingham, Davenants, &c., of those piping times. The ladies, if they resembled their predecessors of the days of Charles II. in nothing else, were certainly not behind them in

the freedom of their deportment. There were several Nell Gwynnes, if not as fascinating, at least as forward as the celebrated original. The dancing and the diversions of the *bal* were, however, sufficiently decorous, and good humour and mirth prevailed for several hours in all parts of the grounds. The illuminations were particularly good, and the arrangements reflect credit on Mr. Wardell and his assistant *arbitrer elegantium* Mr. B. Barnett. The band was an efficient one, and the whole was satisfactory to the British and foreign visitors of this very old and favourite place of pleasurable resort.

MISS GODDARD'S CONCERT.—The evening concert of Miss Goddard, already, though so young, one of our most admirable lady-pianists, came off on Wednesday last, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and attracted an overflowing audience. Ever since Miss Goddard performed at the Grand National Concerts, her talents have been made known and universally acknowledged, and few, even in advanced years, have won for themselves a more honourable and a better merited reputation. The young and charming artist's career is singularly hopeful, and if she only fulfil the promise of her youth, her future will be brilliant indeed. Miss Goddard performed on Wednesday night a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, in which she was encord; Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, with Sivori; and Thalberg's fantasia on *Don Pasquale*. Each of her performances was rapturously applauded, and the fair pianist honoured with a recall after each, independent of the encore awarded to the first. The following artists assisted:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Johannsen, Miss Dolby, Miss Octavia Fraser (her first appearance), Herr Fischke, Herr Reichart. Instrumentalists—(Violin) Signor Sivori, (violincello) Signor Piatti, (harp) Gerhard Taylor, (alto) Mr. R. Blagrove, (flute) Signor Briccialdi, (horn) Mr. Harper, (oboe) Mr. Nicholson, and (contra-basso) Signor Bottesini. Of this performance of the above host of talent we have not room to speak at length. Their names, however, will be a guarantee for their efforts, which, in almost every instance, were crowned with triumphant success. The programme was beyond the average merit, and, altogether, we may pronounce Miss Goddard's concert one of the most interesting of the season.

MUSICAL CRITICISM RUN MAD. The *colerie* of the anti-slavery Fourierite *Tribune*, or more likely the literary bureau connected with Napoleon Barnum's speculation, say this of Jenny Lind's last concert:—"Jenny Lind's singing is as unquestioned and supreme as the Parthenon and Corregio's pictures in art, and roses and lilies in nature. We owe to her constantly new and deeper delights. To hear her, as is our happy fortune, night after night, is to stand in the deepening summer, ever more lustrous and lovely, and perceive a redder red flush the petals of the rose, and purer pallor perfect the virginity of the lily. While we have her to sing, we need not regret too much that the Sistine Madonna is beyond the sea. For it is the hope and inspiration of all highest art to express precisely what Jenny Lind, as a woman and an artist, expresses." Jenny Lind has the credit of being charitable. If pity for individual misfortune ever agitated her bosom, she would confer lasting honour on herself, a benefit on society, and happiness upon the suffering journalist who wrote the above, by appropriating 10 drls. out of her half million, to buy him a straight jacket. Such a jacket would save a great deal of ruin, by preventing a terrible eruption, which may endanger the neighbourhood of the *Tribune* buildings. We know not which to fear most, an explosion, or a spontaneous combustion, which may increase the rates of insurance about the Park, and call out the entire fire department every night after a concert. We trust that the Nightingale will have charity on the author of such insanity, and control him in some way or other. There is positive danger from him at present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. A. A.—We agree in a great measure with what our correspondent says, but cannot publish his letter for many reasons. Mendelssohn's operetta is in the hands of our reviewer, and will be noticed forthwith.

Advertisements.

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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for July contains: Chatterton; a story of the year 1770. Chaps. I. and II.—Weeds, Wild Flowers, and Waste Paper.—Leaves from the Portfolio of a Manager; No. VII. A peep behind the Scenes during the Rehearsal of a Pantomime; The Box-Office.—Five Months in an Ancient Irish City.—Our Portrait Gallery: No. LXIV.—MICHAEL W. BALFAS. With an Etching.—Wordsworth's Life.—Maurice Tierney, the Soldier of Fortune: Chap. XXXVIII. A Royalist "De la Vieille Roche." Chap. XXXIX. A Sorrowful Parting.—The day after the Storm.
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MISS KATE LODER

BEGS to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE, will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms on Saturday July 5th, to commence at half-past two o'clock. Vocalists, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Louisa Pyno, Miss Williams, Madame Macfarren, Madame Ferrari, Miss Pyne, Miss Messent, Miss Ley, and Miss Dolby, Herr Reichart, Signor Ferrari, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Frank Borda. Instrumentalists, violin, Herr Ernst and Mr. John Day; tenor, Mr. Dando; violoncello, Mr. Hanerch who will perform a MS. quartet by Miss Kate Loder; Solo, Mr. Richardson; pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder; conductor, Mr. W. C. Macfarren. Tickets, half a guinea each. Reserved seats, 15s. to be had of Miss Kate Loder, at her residence, 35, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, of Cramer, Beale & Co., Addison & Co., Regent Street, and of Robert Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street.

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PART I.

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| 1. SONATA in F minor, Op. 20, Pianoforte, M. BILLET. | Hummel |
| 2. SONG, "Forget it not," (Sleeper Awakened) Mme. MACFARREN | Macfarren. |
| 3. "VOLKS-LIED." HERR STOCKHAUSEN. | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. "Auf Flugelndes Gesanges." CAPRICE in D minor, Pianoforte, M. BILLET. | S. Bennett. |
| Allegro Appassionato, | E. J. Loder. |

PART II.

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| 5. { CHARACTERISTIC STUCK; (the Temperaments) No. 4 }
Con motto, A major
Caprice in F sharp minor. Pianoforte M. BILLET | Mendelssohn. |
| 6. "HUNTSMAN REST" HERR STOCKHAUSEN | Schubert. |
| 7. LIED "Suleika," Mme. MACFARREN | Mendelssohn. |
| 8. SELECTION OF STUDIES. Pianoforte M. BILLET. | |
| D minor | F. Hiller |
| F major | A. Billet. |
| E minor | Mendelssohn. |
| G flat major | Chopin. |
| A minor (by DESIRE) | Thalberg. |

Tickets for a Single Concert, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Subscription to the Reserved Seats for the Series, £1 ls. To be had of WASSER and Co., 299, Regent Street; at the principal Music Publishers; and at the Rooms on the morning of the Concert.

ALEXANDRE RANCHERAYE

HAS the honour to announce that he will give a SOIREE MUSICALE under the immediate Patronage of HER EXCELLENCY MADAME BUNSEN, at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on THURSDAY, JULY 3rd, 1851, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mdlle. Johannsen, Mrs. A. Newton, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Bridge Prodham. Pianoforte—Signor Cittadini, Violin Alexandre Rancheraye, Violoncello, Mr. E. Withers. Conductors—Signor Cittadini, and Herr F. Schmidt. Tickets 7s. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., at the Musicellers, and of Alexandre Rancheraye, 99, Portland-street, Portland Place.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET.

MADLE. ELISE KRINITZ'S
MATINEE MUSICALE

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, JULY 7th, 1851,

TO COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES,
MADLE. ANNA ZERR, MADLE. GRAUMANN,
MISS BINKES.
MISS OCTAVIA FRASER,
HERR REICHAUT.
SIGNOR MARCHESI. SIGNOR CIABATTA,
MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM.

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Pianoforte, MADLE. ELISE KRINITZ.
Harp, MADAME PARISH ALVARS,
Violin, MR. LEON REYNIER, Violoncello, MR. ROUSSELOT.
CONDUCTORS, MR. LAVENU AND MR. FRELON.

TICKETS 10s. 6d. RESERVED SEATS, 15s.

To be had of CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street; at the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries; and of Madle. KRINITZ, 37, Great Marlborough Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. SOIREE'S EXTRAORDINAIRES.

THE Week's Performances will include the talents of Madame Sontag, Madlle. Caroline Duprez, Madame Fiorentini, Madame Giuliani, Madame Ugalde, and Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli. Signor Gardoni, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Pardini, and Signor Calzolari, Signori Lablache, Massol, F. Lablache, Casanova, Scapini, Lorenzo, Ferranti and Coletti. Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, Mlle. Marie Taglioni, and Mlle. Carolina Rosati. M.M. Charles, Errick, Gosselin, and Paul Taglioni.

Tuesday, July 1st, 1851, IL PRODIGO.

Wednesday, July 2, LA MUTA DI PORTICI, (Massanello,) and other entertainments.

Thursday, July 3, Thalberg's new Grand Opera FLORINDA, or the Moors in Spain. (Being included in the Subscription, in lieu of Saturday, July 5.)

In consequence of the Preparations requisite for Her Majesty's reception on the occasion of the

STATE VISIT,

There will be no Performance on Friday next.

THE last Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

of the season will take place on MONDAY MORNING, June 30th, 1851.

On this occasion will appear Mesdames SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, ALAIMO, GIULIANI, IDA BERTRAND, FIORENTINI, MARIE CRUVELLI, and SOPHIE CRUVELLI.—Madame UGALDE.

Signori GARDONI and CALZOLARI, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Signor PARDINI Signori COLETTI, FERRANTI, F. LABLACHE, and LABLACHE.

The whole under the Direction of Mr. BALFE.

Signor SIVORI (Engaged expressly for this occasion) will execute Two unpublished Pieces of Paganini.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

THALBERG'S NEW GRAND OPERA,

FLORINDA,

OR THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

IT is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place on THURSDAY next, July 3, 1851, when will be produced an entirely New Grand Opera, composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, by Sigismund Thalberg. The Poem by Scribe, the Italian Libretto by Giannoni, entitled

FLORINDA,

OR THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

With new Scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. The Costumes executed by Miss Bradley and Mr. Coombes. Under the Superintendence of Madame Copere. The Misc en Scene by Mr. A. Harris.

Count Julian	Signor LABLACHE.
Florinda (his Daughter)	Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI.
Teodomiro	Mlle. MARIE CRUVELLI.
			(Her First Appearance in this country.)

Rodrigo	Signor CALZOLARI.
Favila	Mr. SIMS REEVES.

AND

Munizza	Signor COLETTI.
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With various entertainments in the Ballet Department, in which will appear Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, Mlle. Marie Taglioni, Mlle. Carolina Rosati, Mlles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Kohlenburg, Aussandon, Pascales, Dantonie, Soto, &c., &c. M.M. Charles, Gosselin, Ehrick, and Paul Taglioni. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre. Doors open at Seven, and the Opera to commence at half-past Seven o'clock.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

THE LAST PERFORMANCE this Season (for MR. ROUSSELOT'S Benefit), on Wednesday, July 9th, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Ernst, Sainton, Cooper and Sivori; Messrs. Hill, Rousselet, and Bottesini; Madlle. Coulon, and Miss Dolby.

PROGRAMME.—M. sarr, Quartet No. 4. Spohr, Duet for Violin and Tenor by Messrs. Sivori and Ernst. Classical Song, Miss Dolby. Rousselet, Quintett, No. 3, with contra basse by Bottesini, and led by Ernst. Mendelssohn, Trio No. 2. Song, Miss Dolby. Beethoven, Quartet, No. 9. Duo Brilliant, Violin and Contra Basse, Sivori and Bottesini.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s.; to be obtained of Messrs. Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street, and at the principal music sellers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 1st, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE.

Fides,	Madame VIARDOT.
Bertha,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Jean of Leyden,	Signor MARIO.
Count Oberthal,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Serjeant,	Signor SOLDI.
Peasants,	Signor ROMMI and
Geona,	Signor RACHEL.
Mathisin,	Signor STIGELLI.
Zaccaria,	Signor POLONINI.
			Herr FORMES.

The Chorus in the grand Coronation Scene of the Third Act will combine the powers of the Full Orchestra, the Military Bands, the Chorus and Organ. The incidental Divertissement in the Skating Scene will be supported by Madlle. Louise Taglioni and M. Alexandre, and comprise the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT, LES HUGUENOTS.

On Thursday next, July 3rd, will be performed (for the sixth time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS,

Principal characters by Madame Gris, Madame Castellan, Mlle. Angr, Mlle. Cotti, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, Signor Ferrari, Signor Rommi, Signor Mel, Signor Soldi, and Signor Mario.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

MR. FRANK BODDA

RESPECTFULLY announces to his Friends and Pupils that his SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE will take place early in July. Tickets Half-a-Guinea each. To be had of Mr. Frank Bodda, 42, Hart-street, Bloomsbury Square.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

STREICH	Les Mignolles.
RICHARDS	Midsummer Day.
RICHARDS	Moonlight Serenade.
RICHARDS	Danish Air.
RICHARDS	Pastorale.
PRAEGER	Moment Joyeux.
PRAEGER	Nocturne Romantique.
KUHE	Styriens.
SILAS	Amaranth.
SILAS	La Primavera.
			(A quatre Meiss.)
THALBERG	Prophete.
SCHULTZ	Melodie.
WOLFF	Euryanthe.
WOLFF	Precoiosa.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

NEW DUETS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

THALBERG	Beatrice di Tenda
ROSELLEN	Deux Melodies de Donizetti, 1 and 2.
ROSELLEN	Fal D'andorre.
WOLFF	Valse Original.
WOLFF	Beatrice di Tenda.
SILAS	La Primavera, Ragatelle.
KALLIWODA	Invitation à la danse.
OSBORNE	Plume de Peile.
SCHULTZ	Duo L'espagnola.

Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3 Strudley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Furkes, Dean Street 8 ho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 28, 1851.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 27.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

MENDELSSOHN'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

We have been favoured by Messrs. Ewer, of Newgate-street, with copies of Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, and the same composer's operetta, *Son and Stranger*, in pianoforte score. They have been placed in the hands of Mr. Macfarren, who will review them immediately after the termination of the present series of articles on *Fidelio*.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

The next movement is one of remarkable musical interest. It contains some of the most beautiful and the most touching phrases of melody in the whole opera. Of these we may especially cite the close in A flat on the words "Ich bin es nur noch nicht gewohnt," in answer to Rokko's doubt of Leonore's courage for the task upon which she is to enter; then the plaintively expressive rendering of the exclamation "O welch ein Schmerz," when the devoted heroine has the sense of her sorrows newly awakened by the jailor's allusion to their master's severity; then Leonore's impassioned appeal to Rokko, when, supposing that the timid Fidelio weeps from unwillingness to fulfil his new and painful duty, he proposes to descend into the prison alone, and she, clinging to him with eager entreaty, protests, "Ich muss ihn sehn;" lastly, the most beautiful of all, the lovely ensemble that closes the movement, "So säumen wir nun länger nicht," one of the happiest inspirations by which this great master and mighty genius has ever been enabled to prove his greatness. A powerful point of expression occurs near the commencement of the movement, when Rokko speaks of their dreadful duty in the ruined cistern, and observes that Leonore shudders. Here we have an anticipation, first of the *entr'acte*, the mysterious pathos of which so well prepares us for the discovery of the dungeon scene, with all its gloomy misery in the second act; afterwards of the melodramatic music, when Leonore and Rokko descend into the cell, and the former tries to make her companion believe that it is the chill and not the horror of the place that makes her tremble. We must especially notice in this movement the ceaseless change of harmony upon every quaver that characterises the principal subject, and the luxurious richness of the instrumentation, in which the tone of the clarionets and bassoons is particularly prominent. A curious characteristic of Beethoven is manifest in this andante—namely, the unscrupulous manner in

which the harmony notes are taken at the same time as the accented passing-notes that resolve upon them (such as we find exemplified in the rivulet movement of the pastoral symphony,) and further, the very singular manner in which passing notes in several parts, forming, indeed, complete and distinct harmonies, are taken against the sustained notes of the voices. This andante makes a most grateful contrast to the two agitated movements that precede and follow it.

Upon this immediately follows a declamatory movement of a hurried, agitated character, the chief interest of which consists in the powerful rendering of the words, there being in the whole but few points such as abound in the preceding andante, that are remarkable for abstract musical beauty. Marzelline and Jacquino arrive hurriedly, to warn Rokko that the governor has been informed of the enlargement of the prisoners, and comes, full of anger, to punish the temerity of the jailor, who has, unallowed, given them this temporary liberty. An unexpected burst on E flat, when several instruments are employed for the first time, introduces Pizarro with an effect equally simple and startling. The tyrant's reprimand of Rokko throws the fine-hearted old man into the greatest perplexity to find excuses. First he makes some futile efforts to screen himself behind the fine weather and the warm sunshine, as a reason for his illegal indulgence of the prisoners under his care. Then, struck with a sudden thought, which he believes to be a happy one, he explains that it is the king's birth-day, which they always celebrate with the like rejoicing; the brilliant effect of the change into D major, and the hearty loyalty of the firm and forcible music that is set to this passage is highly characteristic and truly admirable. This too fails to justify Rokko to the implacable tyrant. The feeling of the music now suddenly changes, and Rokko whispers to Pizarro, that "He in the secret dungeon is to perish, so may not those others cheerfully roam for their short hour unrestrained." The same idea that is suggested by Rokko when he speaks of Pizarro's intended victim is further developed by the governor when he bids his menial hasten to prepare the grave; then ordering him to conduct the prisoners back to their cells, he warns him never again so hardly to presume upon the power of his office.

The last movement of this finale is to us the least dramatic, the least musically interesting, and the least effective portion of the opera. Here the writer must be allowed to lay aside for a moment the mystery of criticism, and to speak in his own person upon the strength of what small experience in the musical and dramatic art he may by careful study have

acquired, unwilling to veil under the ambiguity of the anonymical form, which custom and convenience have induced him to employ throughout these papers, the heretical opinions he is about to demonstrate. Perhaps in this very word "opinion" I may be felt to presume upon the toleration of such of those who have thus far accompanied me, in my minute examination of this great and most impressive work, who may with reason say that one who is incompetent to judge is incapable to form an opinion. Waive then the word "opinions;" call them instinct, call them prejudices, (though I earnestly hope they merit, from their sincerity alone, a milder consideration than this last calling would imply), but let me give them expression, since in this I shall prove the hearty truth of my enthusiastic admiration of what my excitement on hearing it, no less than my observation on examining it, makes me feel to be the masterpiece of all dramatic music—which may thus be distinguished from that blind reverence for a work or for a writer that shows us incompetent to appreciate beauties, since incapable to discern defects. To find fault with the ideas of Beethoven would be alike unwelcome to my readers and myself; to deprecate his choice of a subject for the exercise of his gorgeous imagination, scarcely less ungracious. Let me then say how I should have wished the libretto to be modified at the conclusion of the first act, had this otherwise most excellently constructed and highly suggestive lyrical drama been offered to me for composition; and let it then be considered whether a more effective and a not less beautiful climax to the ever "lengthening chain" of interest and excitement, might not have been produced by the all but almighty power of Beethoven. Instead of the tranquil "farewell to sunlight" of the prisoners, and the similarly didactic lines of each of the five principal characters, I should have preferred that something of a more agitated character should have been substituted; such, for instance, as the violent forcing of the reluctant prisoners back to their night in day, their life in death—their vainly turning back for a last look upon the sun, which they may never see again, and perhaps, recurring to some phrase from the opening movement of the finale, which might have been always interrupted by turbulent music of the governor and his soldiery—then the fruitless appeals of the benevolent jailor and his associates to the relentless tyrant who commands them; and, lastly, the secret exultation of the devoted Leonore at her now certainty that she will see, and her confident hope that she may help, her husband.

This, or matter more or less in the style of this, might, I believe, have given scope for the exercise of the highest faculties of Beethoven's genius; whereas in the scene as it stands, I cannot but feel that the composer is contending with a difficulty, and that he is striving in vain to produce an effect from a nullity of means. Regarding the movement as it is—not as it might have been—it cannot but be felt that the opening four bars lead one to expect very much more than is fulfilled in the sequel; they are broad, and clear, and bold,

whereas the greater part of what follows is remarkably wanting in these qualities. A passage that occurs at a somewhat advanced period of the movement, not a little like a prominent feature in the last movement of the symphony in D major of the same composer, when the solo voices successively enter, commencing with Rokko on the words, "Mir beben meine Glieder," while the chorus sustain the octave F, and which is subsequently repeated, is smooth, and conduces much to the generally tranquil and, in such a situation, tame character of the movement. Another recurrence to the very remarkable point in the duet for two basses, the four notes to which Pizarro sings, "Und er verstummt," previously introduced with so great effect, because with such perfect pertinence to the situation, appears here to have no meaning; at least, no meaning is superficially apparent, and thus it weakens the purpose of its former application. It is where the bass voices of the chorus sing with the bass instruments "Lebwohl, lebwohl"; previous to the introduction of the opening phrase of the movement in the key of D flat. Taken as a whole, this stretto of the first finale of Fidelio is not only a weak part of a great work, but, truly, one of the most effectless terminations to an act that exists upon the stage. The want of effect here alleged arises not merely from the weakness of the movement itself, but greatly also from the surpassing strength of all that has preceded it; the interest and the excitement have grown from the rising of the curtain until this place, and in this place, where more than all is expected, less than all is achieved. Far is it from the present purpose to require a vulgar bombastic flourish of senseless sound, or a bustling turmoil that would be meaningless; the action might surely have been so conducted as to have given the composer opportunity for a spirited and energetic climax to this first division of his work, which would in no way have interfered with the very different character that the music assumes at the commencement of the next act, and would greatly have enhanced the impression upon all hearers of the countless beauties with which the first act is so richly studded. As it is, although there has been much to charm, there has been nothing to rekindle the enthusiasm of an audience which the prisoners' chorus always excites.

G. A. M.

(To be continued.)

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S THIRD AND LAST CONCERT.

This performance took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, and was attended by a very numerous and musical audience, much more so, indeed, than either of the previous concerts, at both of which the very large preponderance of ladies present prevented that warm expression of admiration which M. Billet's playing so eminently merits, and which on this last occasion was most freely and cordially awarded. Our bold and vigorous pianist executed on Monday the elaborate sonata of Hummel in F minor; a caprice of Mr.

S. Bennett in D minor (one of the composer's very earliest productions); an *Allegro Appassionato* by Mr. E. J. Loder, a work of so very great interest as to make us long for more music of the same class from the same intelligent author; the movement in A from the characteristic pieces of Mendelssohn, which was first rendered familiar to our concert audiences by the perfect performance of the equally gifted and lamented Filtzsch, and the caprice in F sharp minor of the same composer; lastly, a selection of studies by Billet himself, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Thalberg, in the second of which (a most effective composition) he was unanimously and deservedly encored.

The vocal music was of a very interesting character, and was supported by Madame Macfarren and Herr Stockhausen, admirably accompanied by Mr. Frank Mori. Madame Macfarren sang first the song from the *Sleeper Awakened*, "Forget it not," with so much purity of style and earnestness of expression as to be loudly called upon to repeat it, instead of which, however, she substituted Mendelssohn's simply beautiful folksied, "Es ist bestiment in Gottes Rath," her charming singing of which was not a little enhanced by the musicianly manner with which she accompanied herself on the pianoforte. Herr Stockhausen sang Mendelssohn's "Aug Flugel des Gesanges," which being re-demanded, he substituted "Dein ut mein Herz" of Schubert. He sang also two songs of this last composer from Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, hitherto unknown to us, which possesses that great musical interest for which the works of this voluminous Lieder writer are eminent. Madame Macfarren sang also the most impassioned of all Mendelssohn's most impassioned songs, the "Suleika," which he first set from Goethe's set of poems, *Suleika and Hafiz*, and was very loudly and continuously applauded. We cannot take leave of this series of concerts, so full of the highest interest to the real musical dilettanti, without according once more our heartiest praise to M. Billet for his introduction to the world of many classical works of first-rate excellence that were before nearly or wholly unknown, and some truly beautiful compositions of English musicians that are an honour to their authors, to the country in which they have been produced, and to the excellent judgment of the skilful executant, who has done thus much to give them their proper place in general appreciation.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The seventh meeting, which took place on Tuesday in Willis's rooms, was remarkable for the first, and probably only appearance this season, of the justly renowned violinist, M. Vieuxtemps, who, as chief of a great school, has long exercised a preponderating influence on the art, not merely as an executant, but as a composer. It is a compliment to Mr. Ella that M. Vieuxtemps, whose position at the Court of the Czar calls him immediately back to St. Petersburg, should have come to England for the sole purpose of fulfilling an engagement, contracted some months past, to perform at one of the concerts of the Musical Union. The reception accorded to the great Belgian violinist, whose talent combines all the best qualities of Viotti, Baillot, and De Beriot, with a mechanism and command of the instrument far surpassing any of them, was of that flattering description never awarded but to artists of the highest eminence. He was literally overwhelmed with applause when he came forward to take the first violin part in Haydn's quartet in G, Op. 81, with which the programme commenced.

The first quality that strikes the hearer in the playing of M. Vieuxtemps is a breadth and volume of tone which none have exceeded, if, indeed, any have equalled. This tone is not merely distinguished for strength, but for excessive purity, and the ease with which the player endows it with variety and contrast, by the plainest mechanical devices. The execution of M. Vieuxtemps is wonderfully correct, and his manner of phrasing large, and full of sentiment. Of the two full pieces in which he took part—the quartet, already mentioned, of Haydn, and Beethoven's quintet in C major, Op. 29—the latter is most fitted to bring out the peculiar qualities of his playing. The quartet of Haydn demands a certain piquancy and lightness foreign to the Belgian school, which leans more gracefully to music wherein grandeur and energy constitute the elements of expression. Beethoven's quintet would seem to have been composed for M. Vieuxtemps, so thoroughly does he enter into the spirit of every movement, and so well are his ample means adapted to the phrases and passages allotted to the first violin. In the opening of the *allegro moderato* his fine and broad *legato* bowing is developed to the best advantage; while the *adagio* abounds in features of melody and rhythm, which in his hands attain what may be termed the eloquence of expression. But the masterpiece of M. Vieuxtemps, both in style and execution, that which more completely than anything else has identified the talent of the player with the beauty of the music, is the *finale*. This, although as a composition by no means comparable to the first movement, as a piece of display yields to nothing in the whole range of chamber music. Here M. Vieuxtemps—whether in the fury of the poetically imagined storm, or in the quietude of the simple pastoral theme, which twice arrests the impetuous course of the movement, and affords a contrast at once so agreeable and natural—is equally forcible and true. We never remember him to have played more perfectly—never to have created a more profound impression. His tone seemed larger and brighter than ever, while the accuracy of his bowing and fingering was only equalled by the vigour and solidity of his style. The applause was enthusiastic at the end of the quintet. We need only mention that, in addition to these classical pieces, M. Vieuxtemps performed a solo *fantasia* of his own, entitled *Souvenir de Bosphore*, hardly to be excelled, in its way, as an exercise for manual dexterity. In another light the *Souvenir de Bosphore* can only claim the consideration due to a *bagatelle*; but since those who can do great things well are for the most part successful in small, the *bagatelles* of M. Vieuxtemps, whose concertos are accepted as models of the present school of composition for the violin, must not be confounded with those of ordinary musicians. The *Souvenir de Bosphore*, like all the *fantasias* of its author, is scarcely more to be admired for the brilliancy of its effects than for the skilful manner in which it is conducted. The performance of this solo was received with vehement demonstrations of satisfaction from the audience, M. Vieuxtemps retiring amid loud and long continued plaudits. In the quartet he was ably supported by MM. Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti; and in the quintet by the same gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Webb.

The concert was agreeably relieved by an expressive and highly finished performance of one of the most beautiful *sonatas* of Beethoven—that in E flat, Op. 33, for pianoforte solo—by M. Charles Hallé, who also accompanied M. Vieuxtemps in the *fantasia* with extreme ability. The room was crowded by a fashionable and aristocratic audience.

VIEUXTEMPS.

(From *Ella's Musical Union*.)

"Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield."

We cannot sufficiently admire the kind feeling which has prompted this great violinist to quit his family, at a moment of anxious solicitude, to enable us to keep good faith with our members. During his three months *congé* from the Imperial Court of Russia, Vieuxtemps has passed most of the time in Paris, where he has given three grand concerts, crowded to excess.

In Vieuxtemps the French have justly recognised the only disciple living in whose style are embodied the grand characteristics of violin playing, bequeathed to the French nation in a work by the greatest artist that ever played or understood the violin—Bailiot. *L'Art du Violon*, by this musical philosopher, contains better instruction on the general principles of taste and expression than any treatise we ever perused. There is no artist from whom we have experienced so many disinterested acts of kindness, and who is more universally admired for his talent and unaffected manners than Vieuxtemps; and the short visit which he honours us with we shall ever regard as an affectionate token of kindly brotherhood; and the members of the Musical Union will not fail to appreciate the motive.

MARBLE BUST OF BEETHOVEN.

MR. N. BURNARD, SCULPTOR.

(From *Ella's Musical Union*.)

A new bust of Beethoven by the above artist, with the *motivo* of the C minor Symphony engraved on its base, was inaugurated with musical ceremonies on the 21st of June, at the residence of the owner, Mr. Frederick Beale, the respected Treasurer of the Musical Union. As a work of art, this new bust is superior to any that we have seen, and on the authority of a pupil of Beethoven, Mr. Potter, the sculptor has succeeded in chiselling the true expression of the immortal composer. Mr. Burnard, we believe, is a self-taught artist, and has long been employed in the studios of better-known sculptors; but from the signal triumph of this his first attempt at an original work, we have little doubt that his talent will command patronage. At the fête given on the occasion by Mr. Beale, with his wonted hospitality towards men of genius and fame, upwards of one hundred musicians and their families were present.

It was indeed a pleasing sight to behold such an array of talent paying homage to the dead and living—the composer and sculptor. Surrounding the veiled bust, whilst an appropriate selection of Beethoven's works was played, we observed on our entrance, Berlioz, Fischhoff, Yansa, Sivori, Potter, Silas, Loder, Briccialdi, Blumenthal, Owen Jones, and a host of celebrities. Messrs. Ernst, Sivori, Eckert, Franks, Rousselot, Potter, Sloper and Silas took part in the Quartet in C minor, Trio, in E flat (Op. 70), Sonata in F, and Marras sang Adelaide. The bust being unveiled, M. S. David extemporized an oration, in glowing admiration of the genius of Beethoven, which terminated with acclamations. A more interesting ceremony we have seldom witnessed, and we could not but feel how gratifying such a scene, in an institute devoted to the muse, would be to amateurs, not less enthusiastic in their love of music, but who are denied the opportunity of associating with professors in thus paying their homage to art.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' MATINEES.

Mr. Brinley Richards, one of our most able pianists and musicians, summoned his friends on Monday, June 23rd, to the first of two performances of classical music for the pianoforte, in the New Beethoven Rooms, which were completely filled by an aristocratic and fashionable audience. We have rarely remarked a more strict and undeviating attention paid to a selection exclusively of serious music. Mr. Brinley Richards was assisted by Ernst (violin) and Piatti (violoncello), with whom he played Beethoven's first trio in C minor, and with Ernst Mozart's fine and elaborate sonata in A, for piano and violin. Both were admirably performed; the latter especially, one of the most difficult and trying of Mozart's chamber pieces. Mr. Richards also played solos, selections from Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, besides some elegant pieces of his own composition, among which "The Vision," a romance, and a *scherzo*, called the "Rivulet and the Birds," attracted particular attention, and were loudly applauded. Not the least interesting of the performances was the *Andante con Variazioni* of Mendelssohn (Op. 83—Posthumous), for two performers on the pianoforte, in which Mr. Richards was assisted by Mr. Cipriani Potter. If all "variations" were like these, there would be no defence for the opponents of this particular form of *fantasia*. One of Signor Bottesini's wonderful exhibitions on the *contrabasso*, and a couple of airs by that popular favourite, Miss Catherine Hayes, agreeably varied the programme. Mr. Cipriani Potter presided, as accompanist, at the pianoforte.

The following is a list of the subscribers to Mr. Brinley Richards, Concert;—

The Right Hon. the Ladies Pelham Clinton, the Right Hon. the Countess of Beauchamp, the Right Hon. the Countess Duncannon, the Right Hon. the Lady Robert Grosvenor, the Baroness Braye, the Baroness de Rutzen, Lady Moreton, Lady Sidney Morgan, Lady Atkinson, Lady Talfourd, Lady Taunton, Lady Congreve Whiting, the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Yelverton, the Hon. Mrs. W. Chetwynd Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. H. Wilbraham, the Hon. Mrs. Wyatt Edghill, the Right Hon. the Earl of Beauchamp, the Hon. J. Fortescue, M. P., Sir Jasper Atkinson, Miss Grosvenor, Miss Congreve, Mrs. Newton Scott, Mrs. T. Page, Miss King, Miss Clara King, Miss H. King, Mrs. Fred. Salmon, Mrs. Robert Raikes, Miss Minnie, Mrs. Horace Twiss, Miss Peddie, Mrs. J. Pilcher, Miss Pilcher, Mrs. J. Somes, Miss Saxton, Miss Bentley, Mrs. Fred. Somes, the Misses Gadsden, the Misses Bullock, Miss Delman, Mrs. Rawlinson, Miss Rawlinson, Mrs. Ackers, Miss Pratt, Miss Dundas, Miss Clayton, Miss Stanfield, Miss Steele, Miss Partridge, Miss Cuff, Mrs. Fearenside, the Misses Macdonnell, Miss Major, Newton Scott, Esq., H. Broadwood, Esq., the Rev. Wyatt Edghill, W. King, Esq., Fred. Salmon, Esq., Robert Raikes, Esq., — Lutwidge, Esq., Fred. Genet, Esq., Pryce Major, Esq., Dr. H. Morris, Cockburn Hyde, Esq., W. Banting, Esq., Edward Gilbertson, Esq., T. Banting, Esq., John Masson, Esq., John Parker, Esq., Henry Leslie, Esq., St. Vincent Jarvis, Esq., F. Johnson, Esq., G. Bentley, Esq., Fred. Somes, Esq., — Somes, Esq., Edward Micklam, Esq., Richard Blake, Esq., Thomas Reed, Esq., George Reeve, Esq., Edward Reeve, Esq., George Wilson, Esq., Rev. F. Hamilton, Rev. W. Cazelet, H. F. Gadsden, Esq., Edward Bullock, Esq., — Cuff, Esq., John Fearenside, Esq., Eneas Macdonnell, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Major, H. Roberts, Esq.

Who, after reading the above catalogue of fashionable names, which we have quoted for a purpose that must be evident to our readers, will continue to assert that the aristocracy and fashion of this metropolis are indifferent to the best chamber music? Mr. Brinley Richards, by his numerous and splendid connection, has been able at the outset to prove the contrary.

THE COMMAND NIGHT AT HER MAJESTY'S
THEATRE.

The following letter has been addressed to the *Times* :—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—Your paper of this day contains a notice from Mr. Lumley which is so unjust that I beg to direct your attention to it as the only source of redress that I am aware of.

I am a subscriber for all the Tuesdays and Saturdays at the Queen's Theatre during the subscription season. In the article of this day Mr. Lumley announces that the Saturday subscription of this week is to be changed to next Thursday, because the Queen commands the opera on Saturday. On Thursday I am engaged, as my arrangements are made for Tuesdays and Saturdays—the regular opera nights. I am an old subscriber to Lumley's theatre, and never go to Covent Garden; but if I be rejected on Saturday I will never put my foot in his theatre as long as he has the management.

Yours, Sir, with great respect,
A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER.

June 30.

An explanation appeared in the same Journal the day after to the following effect :—

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We have made inquiries into the circumstances referred to in a letter inserted in *The Times* of yesterday, involving a public question—the suspending the subscription on the occasion of the Queen's State visit on Saturday next. A state visit, we presume, is intended as an act of grace and a benefit to the director. The occasion is an extraordinary one—the visit in State of Her Majesty as Queen to her theatre; and as it seems no other day could be chosen, and that numerous boxes were indispensably required to form the State box, the State visit could scarcely have taken place if the claims of others were subject to no law and no necessity.

And here the matter ended.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

A very numerous meeting of British authors, publishers, stationers, printers, and others interested in the subject of copyright, was held on Tuesday afternoon at the Hanover-square Rooms, to take into consideration the present anomalous state of the laws relating thereto, as recently interpreted in the Court of Error. The circular convening the meeting stated, that by this interpretation, which reversed several recent decisions, the claim of a non-resident foreign author to copyright in this country was allowed, although the English author was strictly excluded from the benefit of copyright in foreign countries. The unreciprocated privilege thus conferred on foreigners, if finally established, would prove extremely prejudicial to the interests of British literature in all its departments, while it removed every inducement to the acceptance of their proposed International Copyright Act. The chair was taken by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who was supported by Mr. Henry Bohn as vice-chairman. Among those on the platform we observed Messrs. George Cruikshank, William Howitt, John Britton, Henry Colburn, R. H. Horne, and William Macfarlane, &c.

Sir E. BULWER LYTTON opened the proceedings by an able speech, in which he observed, that he had been requested to take the chair, to bring before the public a question which was exciting a great interest among all those who were connected with literary property. He would put before them briefly his opinion, although there might be gentlemen present who differed from him. He assured them, however, that when he took that chair he was determined that every one should enjoy a fair hearing. An act of Parliament, entitled the 8th of Anne, was cited as an act for the encouragement of learning by vesting the copies of printed books in the authors and purchasers of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and of which the preamble stated that it was for the encouragement of learned men to compose and write useful books, and to prevent the reprinting of books without the consent

of the authors and proprietors. Besides this, the 12th George II., 15th George III., 41st George III., and other acts, were passed, which established a literary property by investing authors with a copyright of the works written by them. It was true that at first foreign works had very little interest here; they were naturally more sought after in the land where the language in which they were written was used. But more lately they began to publish works in countries other than their own, and in some cases political and theological works, which were contrary to the opinions of their own country, were published in other countries. This was the case both with French and Italian authors. He would only mention the celebrated instance of Voltaire, who published some of his works in Holland, but could not obtain a copyright. He afterwards came over to London and enjoyed the intimacy of many distinguished statesmen and other persons, and was especially the friend of Walpole, under whom the act of Anne had been passed, but he was never able to obtain a copyright, nor was he ever led to believe that he had any right of the sort. He raised £6000 by subscriptions to his works, and if purchase could have given him a copyright he was clearly entitled to it. He published two editions in London, and subsequently a third; but so far from possessing copyright, there was an edition published by Thompson without any of the corrections made by him in his own published editions. He then wrote a work in English under his master. It was translated into French and corrected by himself, and if ever there was a case when copyright might be given it would be on such an occasion. But this very essay was printed in 1739 without his corrections and with all the faults, which had almost driven him mad. Again, his complete works were published at Oxford, in which he was not styled Voltaire, but Arouet, the name of his father. Now, here was the case of a most celebrated man, acquainted with the most eminent persons, and personally known to those who passed the very act of Anne, and yet did not even think he could obtain or possess a copyright in England. He would not fatigue them with quoting cases of disputed copyright. He would pass at once to a case which occurred two years back, premising that the law was not disputed before 1822. In the case of "Boosey v. Purday," it was declared that the right was only intended for the benefit of English authors, and that foreigners could not obtain a copyright here. All this had been reversed by Lord Campbell, who had decided that the foreigner, by sending his work here for first or simultaneous publication, and the publisher in this country, have the same privileges as an English author. He should not for an instant attempt to set up a contrary opinion if he did not think that Lord Campbell had decided the question rather according to his views of literary property and political economy rather than as a judgment of law. He had said that it was an act for encouraging learning; but even supposing it was only to be applied to learning, he would ask, might it not be rather advisable that foreigners should publish first in this country? He quoted two acts of Edward IV. and Richard III. to show that the legislature encouraged foreign books, and enabled them to be brought over. This was also recited in the act of Anne, and they would, indeed, be barbarians if they opposed it. But it was a question whether one publisher should have the monopoly of the importation, or whether it should come through a variety of publishers. Granting that the act of Anne was for the protection of literature, was there not something in it of the utmost importance to foreigners? It was only since the peace that our literature had been published abroad. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was one of the first works that created any sensation in another country. What Pope and Richardson commenced, Scott and Byron followed up, and it was owing to them that light literature was encouraged abroad. Since the peace a large reading public was formed, who obtained the works of authors without their getting one shilling remuneration for it. He would appeal to any author or bookseller present, to say if there was not a considerable diminution in the demand for works. In lighter literature, it was true, the one in which he himself was engaged (applause) there was more demand; but, when they looked to the severe learning which the act of Anne was intended to protect, he would ask whether 200 or 300 copies would not make all the distinction between profit and loss? and, further, was not this difference in the demand created by the fo-

reign reprints abroad used in Canada and the colonies? And this made so much difference that all habitual readers would observe that our *Belles Lettres* were daily becoming extinct. When he had the honour of being in Parliament, he had placed on the table a motion for an international copyright act. (Applause.) They had recently passed an act by which copyright was given to the authors of those countries who would reciprocate the same. Some of the German States had entered into this arrangement. France and America still held back, although in both many eminent men were in favour of it; but as long as this reading of the act of Anne was taken, the International Copyright Act would only be a sheet of parchment to make battledoors and shuttlecocks of. Foreigners would not give anything unless they obtained something in return. In light literature alone, in his own case, if this law had been established when he began to write, he should have been £60,000 richer. He had no doubt the same results would be observed in every other branch, and moreover that America would become a contributor to them instead of their chief despoiler. He had not much reliance on what they were told—that conscientious dealing was always the generator of reciprocity. They were told they must continue to do right, whatever other countries did; but he thought the first rule of a country was to protect its own. They had done what was right; they had offered reciprocity, but as it was not received, he thought any act that would sanction or protect any State that pirated on them was most erroneous. By not joining in international copyright, the Americans were not protecting their own authors. The publishers could tell any of their historians that he could get the best History of England (Macaulay's) for nothing, and therefore would not give him his price; or to the novelist, that he could obtain the last work of Dickens; and so, when all these works were selling for a few cents throughout the country, the effect on the composition of their own authors must be very bad, as it would make them merely copyists of these works, instead of producing a spontaneous and distinct literature, as inhabitants of a totally different country. Now, in Belgium, where they were as much advanced in all industrial arts as in America, there was positively no native literature. About a century back it gave promise of a healthy existence, now it was thoroughly extinguished, owing to the pirated editions of French works published there; and so it would be in America. Their Cooper and Irvine were children of a past generation, and none were rising in their stead with the honourable exception of Mr. Prescott. The hon. chairman continued at some length to show that the Americans would be the losers by continuing their present system. He most sincerely regretted that he should be opposed to the views of some present, and to find himself demurring against the judgment of Lord Campbell, whom he considered as one of the most illustrious of a long line of ornaments to British jurisprudence; but in taking that chair he could not avoid expressing his regret at the course taken. Further, whatever might be his opinions as to the reprints in America, they had no right to blame them so long as it was sanctioned by law. After some further remarks in praise of the great nationality of the Americans, the chairman called on Mr. Bohn to move the first resolution.

Mr. H. Bohn said, the views he advocated were expressed in a pamphlet, extracts from which he would read. He wished to lay briefly before them the principal facts connected with the subject of foreign copyright in Great Britain, and its bearings on the interests of literature. As his attention had been for some years directed to the subject, and he had considerable stake in what he considered their equitable interpretation in regard to foreign claims, he might bring before them circumstances which might not have previously occurred to them. He proposed to give an enumeration of the several conflicting judgments which had recently taken place in the courts of law, also to give a review of various acts and cases which were cited as authorities, on the one side or the other, and an answer to the several arguments which had lately been put forth in the courts of law, or by opponents elsewhere. He would first mention the case of "*Boosey v. Jefferys*," which, as the most recent decision, was more immediately before them. He considered the judgment in that case as directly opposed to the commercial spirit of the age, inasmuch as it promoted foreign monopoly in this country, imposed

foreign restrictions on a large ingredient of their cheap literature, and, by removing all inducements towards international copyright, put a veto on the beneficial extension of their own literature abroad. It held out a premium to foreign countries to plunder them more extensively than ever, their hands being more securely tied from self-defence. After stating the case which Sir E. Bulwer Lytton alluded to, he proceeded to state that in "*Ollendorff v. Black*," Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce granted an injunction restraining the defendant from importing a Frankfort edition of the plaintiff's grammar, mainly on the plea of first publication in Great Britain, connected with the circumstance of the plaintiff being present himself at the time. For some time previous to these cases decisions had been the other way; that was adverse to foreign claims. In 1845; in "*Chappell v. Purday*," the Court of Exchequer delivered an emphatic opinion that a foreign author residing abroad, who composed a work there, could have no copyright in this country, neither could the English assignee. This was confirmed by the same court in "*Boosey v. Purday*." Between the periods of these judgments in the Court of Exchequer, that was in 1848, the Court of Common Pleas pronounced a judgment enacting the reverse of those in the other court in the case of "*Cocks v. Purday*," which judgment was followed in another case, "*Boosey v. Davidson*," in the Court of Queen's Bench. The first act which defined copyright in this country was that of Queen Anne, passed in 1709. Previously, for some years, there had been great uncertainty as to the existence of vested rights in literary composition, there being no express laws on the subject. Opinions ran in extremes. Some asserted that when thoughts were put to paper they became public property, and that only the manuscript was the exclusive property of the producer; others that there was a perpetual property in literary composition as much as in freeholds. The act mentioned gave copyright for twenty-one years to books already printed, and fourteen to those which should thereafter be printed, and was passed in consequence of a petition from the London booksellers, and was the result of the united deliberation and judgment of many of the principal authors of the day, none of whom were foreign, nor could have any foreign interests whatever. After enumerating and explaining the clauses of this and other acts on the subject, and quoting some other litigated cases—in one of which, when Clementi in 1822, had brought an action against Walker, to restrain him from selling what was called a piracy on Kalkbrenner, then resident in this country, the judges were clearly of opinion, that a foreign author had no British copyright, and Baron Bayley, in his opinion, said—"The statute of Anne not only gives protection to authors as to books thereafter to be published, but to books previously printed; but the British Legislature must be supposed to have legislated with a view to British interests and the advancement of British learning. By confining the privilege to British printing, British capital, workmen, and materials would be employed, and the work would be within the reach of the British public. By extending the privilege to foreign printing, the employment of British capital, workmen, and materials might be suspended, and the work never find its way to the British public. Without very clear words, therefore, to show an intention to extend the privilege to foreign publication, I should think it must be confined to books printed in this kingdom; and instead of there being any such clear words to show that intention, there are provisions which strongly imply the latter." He then considered at length the arguments of counsel in support of foreign claims, and showed that De Lolme and Kepin, who were said to have possessed copyrights here, in reality had nothing of the kind. In America a person could enjoy copyright by becoming an American citizen and surrendering all other allegiance. This could be effected by taking a written oath for that purpose. After mentioning the mischief that might be apprehended by the present interpretation of the law he said, that he had an almost vital stake in the question. His best property, however cheap it was produced, was taken from him by reprints, when he had counted on the most beneficial sale; his own investments were treated as invalid under former constructions of the acts; and when, to redress himself, he attempted reprisals he was met by a change of views in the courts of law. He concluded by moving the following resolution:—

"That this meeting views with apprehension the recent decisions of

the Court of Error, reversing the previous decision of the court of Exchequer, and thereby declaring that foreign authors resident abroad are entitled to British copyright, although subjects of a State which declines to avail itself of the International Copyright Act: that such decision, if finally established, must prove extremely prejudicial to the interests of British literature in all its departments, while it removes a material inducement to the acceptance of foreign States of the International Copyright Act."

The Rev. Dr. Worthington seconded the resolution in a speech of some length, in which he introduced the following quotation from the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, to show his views on copyright law:—

"There seems to be in authors a stronger right of property than that by occupancy—a metaphysical right, a right as it were by creation, which should from its very nature be perpetual, but the consent of nations is against it; for were it to be perpetual, no book, however useful, could be universally diffused among mankind, should the proprietor take it into his head to restrain the circulation. For the good of the world, therefore, whatever individual work has once been created by an author and issued out by him, should be understood as no longer in his power, but as belonging to the public; at the same time, the author is entitled to an adequate reward. This he should have by an exclusive right to his work for a considerable number of years."

Ernest Jones (the Chartist), moved an amendment to the effect—that the meeting viewed with satisfaction the recent judgment of Lord Campbell as one of the preparatory steps, and as being most conducive to that which justice required, an international law of copyright—which was seconded by Mr. Wilkes, bookseller, of Craven-street.

Mr. Fozzle spoke in support of the resolution.

Mr. Colburn said, that until some law was passed to protect copyright the interests of authors were much endangered. They would not write unless they were protected. He had given 800*l.* or 1000*l.* for books which at the present time, owing to the state of the law he would not give 100*l.* for. There was a novel he had lately brought out which was taken over and reprinted in America, and not only this, but published in a newspaper there; and this newspaper would be sent all over the country free of expense by Government.

Mr. Jefferys spoke of the piracy used with respect to musical publications.

Mr. Novello supported the amendment.

Mr. Cocks mentioned that Balfe and Wallace, as also Mr. George Osborne, Steradale Bennett, Cipriani Potter, and J. B. Cramer, sold their works abroad. He brought this under their notice to show that foreign kindness to the English had not been so much lost sight of as had been spoken about.

Mr. Hyde Clarke spoke to the amendment; after which the chairman put the amendment, which was lost, and the original resolution was carried.

Mr. G. Cruikshank, in a humorous speech, proposed the second resolution, which was as follows:—

"That this meeting considers the subject of great national interest and importance, and that the expense of determining the meaning of the law thereon ought not to devolve on a private individual. That, therefore, a society be formed to consider and adopt the necessary steps to obtain a satisfactory adjustment of the law, as well as to provide, by public subscription, for the requisite expenditure."

which was seconded by Mr. M^rFarlane.

Mr. Henry Mayhew wished to move an amendment of a rather personal nature, but on a few words from the chairman withdrew it, and

After some observations from Mr. H. Colburn, the meeting separated.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—On Saturday last was produced, for the first time this season, Schiller's play of *Marie Stuart*, adapted to the French stage by Mr. Lebrun. The original has been cut up in the most merciless manner; yet there still remains a sufficient amount of vitality

to constitute a very palatable drama, abounding in interest, and calling on the pity and sympathy of the audience by positions and effects not usually found in the imitation of the so-called classical school. Mr. Lebrun has attempted to soften down the asperities of the German dramatist, to convert him as it were to his own standard of excellence—the school of Corneille and Racine. Hence arises a sort of duality in the individuality of the characters, as we frequently see on the French stage, when two, three, or more hands or heads set to work to produce a piece, the great desideratum of which should necessarily be unity of design, but which, in the course of sundry manipulations, turns out a mere piece of patchwork. We see combined in *Marie Stuart* the vigorous, daring genius of the German dramatist, and the timid, doubting caution of the French translator, with the ghost of Racine in the distance, horror-struck at the audacity of the culprit and the fear of the Academy hanging over him like a stifling, portentous thunder-cloud, threatening to burst on his devoted head. The consequence of this hesitation is a certain amount of vigour and effect combined with much feebleness and timidity. The piece possesses no grand absorbing interest such as we find in *Phédre*, *Horace*, *Le Cid*, in which the action is gradually developed until the great event which forms the climax of the tragedy is looked upon as a relief of the principal personage from all further suffering, and not as a calamity in itself. The principal interest is here derived from the grouping of the characters, from their historical celebrity, and from the sympathy with which we are accustomed to view the unhappy martyrdom of the principal personage. Departing from historical truth the author has produced one scene which constitutes the great point in the play; we allude to the interview between the two queens. This is taken almost verbatim from the German. Into this scene Mademoiselle Rachel threw all her energies, and displayed such virulent and withering hate towards her sister as amounted to absolute ferocity. The sudden transition from prayer and supplication to intense hatred—her humility—her subsequent exasperation, when taunted with the fate of her lovers, were admirably descriptive of the character. When Marie throws herself at the feet of Elizabeth, and exclaims—

"Reine, ne laissez pas votre sœur malheureuse,
Tremblante à vos genoux vous supplier en vain,
Et pour la relever, tendez-lui votre main—"

the posture of the actress was the very incarnation of profound humility, as she pronounced the words. She has laid aside every recollection of queenly dignity, her hereditary and divine rights are here prostrate at the feet of her rival. She is no longer the queen of the first act, who, in her interview with Burleigh, has indignantly rejected the competency of the tribunal before which she is called upon to appear. She is now the abandoned, feeble suppliant—her body is bent forward, her hands extended, her eyes upraised in mute prayer and deprecation. When Elizabeth replies—

"Le ciel, juste entre nous, vous met à votre place—"

a sudden thrill pervades her whole frame—she starts convulsively to her feet—the spirit of revenge and retaliation begins to rise within her; she, however, has sufficient force to subdue this first impulse, and, in answer to the Queen's threat—

"Il menaçait ma tête, il va frapper la votre,"

she replies—

"Je suis soumise à Dieu; mais j'en garde l'espoir
Vous n'abuserez pas d'un semblable pouvoir."

But even in this humility, Mademoiselle Rachel contrived to prepare us for the subsequent outburst of frenetic rage; her

voice trembles, her lips quiver, the accent has lost much of its previous placidity and deprecative-ness; there is less of prayer than of menace in her intonation; it is the delivery of one who attempts to remain calm, being aware that therein dwells the only chance of safety, but who is unknowingly mastered by the workings of the inward soul. She bows her head to conceal her anger from Elizabeth; but Elizabeth again launches forth into vituperous recriminations against her captive; she wounds her in the most sensitive point of woman—both in her love and self-love. Then the unfortunate victim throws aside all restraint; she boldly faces her jailor, and after the ejaculation, "*Oh, ma sœur!*" which spoke volumes of contempt, indignation, and undisguised abhorrence, she pours forth a torrent of bitter irony and withering reproaches. She proudly asserts her claim to the throne of England, and crushes her rival with her own amours, birth, and her mother's adultery—

"—— Le fruit de l'adultère
Profane insolémment le trône de l'Angleterre.

Si le ciel était juste, indigne souveraine !
Vous seriez à ma place, car je suis votre reine."

This was given with startling ferocity. Mademoiselle Rachel, who excels in the expression of passages of this description, surpassed herself on this occasion; her every word was like the sharp blow of a dagger, sometimes struck in rapid succession, sometimes slowly descending into the wound, and seemingly searching into the most vital parts of the palpitating victim. The words, "*car je suis votre reine*" were given with supreme majesty. She drew herself up to her full height; an expression of quiet contempt and conscious superiority played upon her lips—her whole being seemed transformed. The effect produced was the greatest we ever witnessed on any stage; it was the triumph of the histrionic art. In her subsequent interview with Burleigh, she revels in the obloquy which she has heaped on her rival; she is revenged beyond her most sanguine hopes—

"Où, devant Leicester. Il doublait mon courage,
Je lisais mon triomphe écrit sur son visage.
Où, quand j'humiliais ses charmes orgueilleux,
Leicester était là : j'étais reine à ses yeux."

A few curtailments would perhaps be necessary in the fifth act, more especially when Mdle. Rachel is not on the stage; yet there is a good idea of stage effect in this last act, which from the contrast with the preceding, produces a strong impression on the feelings. Mdle. Rachel was totally transformed from what she had previously been. Indeed her whole conception of the character may be divided into three distinct parts during the three acts in which she appears. In the first she impersonates the queen by divine right; years of captivity have not made her forget her privileges, and there is a tone of condescension even in her prayers which bespeaks the sovereign though fallen from her high estate. In the second act she is the woman with all the feelings and passions of woman, preferring the gratifications of her vengeance to every sentiment of self-preservation. In the third act she is the lowly penitent, utterly unmindful of the things of this world; all her pride has vanished, her feelings of revenge have given way to softer impulses of pardon and oblivion; the queen and the woman have totally disappeared; she bows her head in lowly resignation, and offers up her life in atonement for her past errors. This last phase of the character was made peculiarly interesting by Mdle. Rachel's chaste rendering of the farewell scene with her domestics and friends, and, when she fell on her knees to implore Burleigh's blessing, a feeling

of tenderness and profound sympathy was visible on every countenance. The whole conception of the part was inimitable; and we feel assured that Marie Stuart may rank among Mdle. Rachel's happiest inspirations. J. de C.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new farce, entitled *Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw*, was produced on Tuesday night with most decided success, and owes its good fortune partly to the drollery of the dialogue, partly to the broad comic humour of Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Grimshaw, whom he represents, is a druggist's assistant, who having to get up at an early hour in the morning greatly loves to retire to rest at an early hour in the evening. The fates stand in the way of his innocent predilection, and as his room is so situated as to afford a convenient shelter for other lodgers in the same house he is exposed to all sorts of annoyances. Now he is taken for Mr. Bradshaw, who has eloped with Emily, niece of a sheriff's officer named Towzer, now for Mr. Bagshaw, whom the same Towzer is pursuing with a writ. The inflictions to which he is subjected give rise to a host of odd details, which would fall flat in description, but which are exceedingly humorous when addressed to the eye. The fault of the piece is that it is somewhat too complicated, considering its slowness, and therefore lacks the decided clearness of *Box and Cox*, to which it is not altogether dissimilar. But the surprises of Buckstone, leading him at last to doubt his own identity altogether, are provocative of laughter throughout; and the dialogue abounds with those peculiarly English pleasantries which give a native appearance to a work, although (as is probably the case here) it is built on a French foundation.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Full houses have rewarded the exertions of the managers of this theatre. There has been no novelty during the week that requires notice. The benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean is fixed for Monday, when we have no doubt that the friends of the accomplished twain will rally round them, and give them a bumper.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The entertainments at this house have been revived by the production of a farce called the *Fire-eater*. The scene is laid in the time of the Parliamentary wars, but the origin is evidently French. The hero of the piece, having enlisted because his hand is refused by the father of a village beauty, is informed that his comrades are in the habit of playing off practical jokes upon novices. In consequence of this information he endures real dangers because he imagines them to be artificial; and even when he is about to be shot as a spy he laughs at his position. When at last he discovers that the perils he has passed are no jokes his natural timidity revives, and he faints at the thought of his desperate escapes. The idea of the piece is novel, though it is somewhat meagrely worked out, and it is rendered effective by the strongly seasoned acting of Mr. Compton.

The benefit of Mr. Farren, the lessee, took place on Wednesday, on which occasion Miss Helen Fawcett and Mr. J. William Wallack performed the principal characters in the *Lady of Lyons*. The house was crowded.

MARYLEBONE.—The performances at this theatre continue to prove attractive. *Pauline* has been produced under another name, with Mr. Hoskins of Sadler's Wells notoriety, for the principal character, which he personates with considerable effect. Mr. Doel is going through a series of characters of the Liston and Harley school. Mr. Wyld continues to excite the risible muscles of the audience by his broad practical humour, and Miss Williams to elicit their applause by her vivacity in the Soubrette line of impersonations. Finally, we have a melodrama in which a great Newfoundland dog is made to

rescue virgins, and detect midnight assassins. Although we could wish the performances here to be of a more legitimate kind, yet, as managers have got to pay their *employées*, as well as to please the critics, who can blame them for uniting these objects in any way in their power?

CRUVELLI'S NORMA.

(From the Daily News.)

The repetition of *Norma* by Mademoiselle Cruvelli, on Saturday evening, was even more successful, and made a deeper impression on the audience, than any of her previous performances of the part. She appears to have gradually become more and more imbued with the spirit of the character. Her action is spontaneous and impulsive. We see before us the impassioned woman whom she personates, and lose sight of the actress with her artificial gestures and statuesque poses, very beautiful and striking indeed, but too obviously premeditated and calculated for effect. Her performance on Saturday evening, for power and beauty of voice, clear execution of every passage, energy and feeling, could scarcely be surpassed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The second, and professedly the last, grand morning concert for the present season took place on Monday, when the principal artists of the establishment, with the exception of Mademoiselle Sofie Cruvelli, assisted in the programme, which, with few exceptions, was composed exclusively of music of a light and popular character. The chief part in Mr. Thalberg's opera of *Florinda*, which comes out on Thursday, being allotted to Mademoiselle Cruvelli, her non-appearance was readily accounted for. The report of her illness is entirely without foundation, but at the same time it was wrong on the part of the management to have announced her name in the concert bills; and those who were attracted by the programme, in which Mademoiselle Cruvelli, and her sister were advertised to sing in several pieces, had good cause to be dissatisfied with the loss of one of the great features of the selection.

The concert began with Beethoven's splendid overture to *Egmont*, remarkably well played by the band. Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez then sang the beautiful air from *St. Paul*, "O Jerusalem," with a purity of style that declared a thorough appreciation of the music. Two pieces, essentially French in character, followed—a *cavatina* from Donizetti's *Les Martyrs*, exceedingly well sung by Madame Giuliani, and the well-known *bolero*, "La chanteuse voilée," executed to perfection by Madame Ugalde, to whose peculiar style of vocalization it was admirably adapted. The duet, "Serbami ognor," from *Semiramide*, was a somewhat ambitious essay for Mademoiselle Duprez and Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand, who excel in music of a very opposite character. The duet from *La Gazza Ladra*, "Come frenar," was scarcely better suited to Mademoiselle Alaymo and Signor Coletti, who, among their many excellent qualities as vocalists, can certainly not lay claim to what is termed *agilité*. Madame Sontag sang, "On mighty pens," from Haydn's *Creation*, in a highly impressive manner; and the fine voice of Madame Fiorentini found ample scope for display in Mozart's *aria*, "Deh parlate" (announced in the bills as an air from Cimarosa's forgotten oratorio, *Il Sacrificio d'Abramo*). The most decided effect, however, produced in the first part of the concert, was by Mr.

Sims Reeves, who, by his energetic and spirited delivery of the air from Purcell's *King Arthur*, "Come if you dare" (with chorus), roused the audience out of an unusual state of torpor, and gained a well-merited *encore*.

The unpublished pieces of Paganini formed at this, as at the last, concert one of the special points of the programme, and Signor Siviore was again the executant. On the present occasion he repeated the "Witches' Dance," and played for the first time, a *morceau* entitled "Il Mouvemente Perpetuo." We must do Signor Siviore the justice to say, that as far as his own execution was concerned, nothing could have been more perfect and satisfactory, and that the last piece, a kind of *étude*, in which the bow arm runs the risk of getting the cramp, was a masterpiece of mechanical dexterity. On the other hand, however, we have to reiterate our opinion, now confirmed irrevocably, that the music attributed to the late Paganini is but sorry trash, and that its permanent continuance in the obscurity of MS. would be no loss whatever to the art. The audience did ample justice to Signor Siviore by recalling him after each performance, but the applause bestowed was solely due to the merits of the violinist.

In the second part of the concert the honours fell to Madame Sontag, who sang a *bolero*, by Besozzi (a composer unknown to fame), and the English (or, as some will have it, Spanish) ballad of "Home, sweet home," the latter of which, given with the sweetest expression, was unanimously re-demanded. The *bolero* of Besozzi, though lively enough, had no other claim to admiration than that which can never be withheld from skilful and effective orchestration; the melody is null, the passages are threadbare, and the form inartificial; but the arrangement of the orchestra covered a multitude of sins, and, together with the brilliant singing of Madame Sontag, obtained a success for the music of its obscure author entirely independent of its intrinsic merits. The air "Sonda al mesta," from *Cenerentola*, is one of those things which Signor Calzolari sings best. In the elegant florid style this vocalist is quite at home, which he fully established on Monday, by his almost faultless delivery of the air in question. The comic duet from *Il Matrimonio*, "Se fiato in corpo avete," thanks to the irresistible humour of Lablache, and the spirited co-operation of his son Frederic, produced its accustomed effect, and the last movement was enored with acclamations. One of the great hits of the second part was the air "Roberto toi que j'aime," which Mademoiselle Alaymo sang with so much passion and feeling that she was twice recalled at the conclusion, and deserved the more praise for resolutely declining the *encore* she might so reasonably have accepted. Neidmeyer's *villanelle*, "Pour les attrait de Noble Dame," from *Marie Stuart*, is one of the dullest pieces from a very dull opera, and the united talents of Madame Sontag, Madame Giuliani, Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand, Signors Gardoni and F. Lablache, with the introduction of the popular Scotch ditty, "Auld lang syne," to boot, failed to render it attractive. Besides the pieces we have enumerated the band played the overtures to the *Ruler of the Spirits* (Weber), and *Prometheus* (Beethoven). Mr. Balfe conducted the whole concert, except the compositions by Paganini, which were directed by M. Tolbecque, and went much better than on the last occasion. On the whole the selection was hardly worthy of an establishment possessing such great resources as Her Majesty's Theatre. The house was crowded in every part.

Il Prodigio was repeated on Friday. *Norma* on Saturday drew a large assembly, and passed off with immense eclat. Taken altogether it was certainly Cruvelli's grandest and most forcible impersonation of the Druidess. Several entirely new points were made by the great artist in the closing scene of the

first act, where Norma discovers Pollio's perfidy; the most striking of which was the agony and despair made so evident in the rushing up the stage, and the wild waving of the hands as if she struggled with some thick cloud that strove to choke her in its dark embrace.

This was thrilling and sublime. We are not advocates for the entirely impulsive in acting, and fear that Cruvelli does not sufficiently depend upon art, or more properly, leaves too much to the instigation of the moment. However, when we see so great an effect proceeding from momentary impulse, we are not inclined to find fault with so much self-dependence as is indicated in Cruvelli. It must be remembered that if genius be the racehorse, art is the bridle which curbs, regulates, steers, and lands him safe at the goal.

La Prova d'un Opera Seria was repeated after *Norma*, and again received with shouts of laughter. The charming Ugalde obtained another triumph by her brilliant and most captivating singing.

Between the opera and *La Prova*, a *divertissement* was given, in which Amalia Ferraris and the principal chorographs danced so entirely to the satisfaction of the audience that they were honoured with a general recall. We were glad to perceive so distinguished a mark of favour paid to the undeniable abilities of the youthful and charming Mademoiselles Rosa, Allegrini, Jullien, Aussandon, Lamoureux, Feyer, Kohlenberg, Soto, Pascuales, Dantoine, &c., &c., whose efforts are hardly sufficiently prized by the visitors to Her Majesty's Theatre. *La Sylphide* concluded the evening's performance, Marie Taglioni reaping more than the customary harvest of honours.

Mr. Lumley is a lucky man. In one week he has a "special" performance by desire of Her Majesty, and a royal state night by command. This indeed is a regal compliment; which, we believe, is unprecedented. The performance by special desire on Tuesday was *Il Prodigio*. Her Majesty did not arrive until towards the end of the second act—but remained till the termination. She was accompanied by Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians and his two sons, and a numerous suite. The royal party appeared entirely gratified with the performance.

If any legend is better known than another, it is that which was popularly used to account for the fall of the Gothic monarchy in Spain. The ballads about the untimely fate of Don Roderic are among the most striking in the Spanish *romances*, and the story furnished Southey with a subject for one of his earlier epics. The *Last of the Goths* is now once more brought before the public as the hero of an opera, composed by Mr. Thalberg and written by M. Scribe. It is called *Florinda*, after the ill-fated maiden whose seduction by the Gothic King caused her father, Count Julian, to aid the Arabs in their subjugation of Spain.

According to the libretto of the new opera, Rodrigo visits the Arab camp disguised as a brother Arab of considerable renown, his chief object being to see a young lady, whose life he has saved, and with whom he has, of course, fallen in love. He discovers that she is the daughter of Count Julian, the veteran governor of Setta, while she, recognising her deliverer, is so horrified at the thought that she has become enamoured of an infidel, that she resolves to take the veil. Rodrigo, still disguised, visits the convent where she resides, and first raises her hopes by confessing that he is a Christian, then crushes them by declaring that he cannot marry her. She virtuously resists his equivocal courtship, but he carries her off by force, and her dishonour is the result of his audacity. In the meanwhile the Moorish Chief, Munussa, makes every attempt to

shake the fidelity of the old Count, but all expedients fail till Julian finds that his family honour has been attacked. His child has returned to him in a state of mental aberration, and at a festival given to the King discovers that Rodrigo and the seducer are the same person. Julian, from vengeance, opens the gates of the city, Setta, to the Arabs, much to the disquietude of his son, Favila, who, though he regards family honour much, regards his country more. The situation is complicated by a visit from the guilty King, who offers to marry the wronged Florinda, and thus overwhelms the vindictive Count with remorse. The Arabs enter the town; Favila dies resisting them; Julian, taking no pleasure in the golden rewards of his treachery, flings himself upon the body of his son, and the fate of the seduced and the seducer is left uncertain, for they are seen escaping in the distance.

The old story, it will be seen at a glance, is much diluted by this treatment. The "offer of marriage" steps in with singular weakness. Nor is anything gained by the expansion. Nor the vindictive Count, nor the patriotic son, nor the wronged daughter, nor the naughty monarch, forms the centre of a strong interest considered as a dramatic personage; nor is there that presentation of historical *tableaux* which renders the books of *Gustave*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* so remarkable. There is the complication of the French school, without its concomitant variety; there is the routine character of the Italian school, without its definite neatness.

Mr. Thalberg has long enjoyed a European reputation as a composer for the pianoforte, an instrument upon which he is admitted to have excelled nearly all his contemporaries and predecessors. Whatever conflicting opinions may exist about the intrinsic value of his works, when weighed in the balance with those of the "classical" writers, the fact of their originality does not admit of a question. Mr. Thalberg—aided by wonderful mechanical aptitude, the joint attainment of unremitting labour and a happy organization—invented a wholly new form of music for the piano, the declining influence of which at the present time must not be attributed to its author, but to the mediocrity of his imitators. To find anything fresh enough to excite attention and interest now out of elements so completely "used up" would require an amount of ingenuity accorded to very few. What is threadbare cannot be mended. The limits of Mr. Thalberg's first idea have been transgressed; and the attempts of a host of bad copyists to create unceasing variety out of such slender materials have resulted in endless displays of incapacity. What the followers of Mendelssohn have done for the *Lieder ohne Worte* the followers of Mr. Thalberg have effected for that especial class of *fantasia* which he originated, and, like Mendelssohn, exhausted. We make no comparison between such opposite things, nor are we disposed to accord to a style of music essentially light and ephemeral the chance of immortality that awaits those genial and exquisite melodies with which Mendelssohn was wont at once to utilize the moments devoted to his less serious labours, and to enrich the storehouse of the art. It is more than probable, however, that we are indebted to the growing indifference of the public towards the later pianoforte compositions of Mr. Thalberg and his followers for *Florinda*—the forerunner, we trust, of still better dramatic essays.

The general impression produced on us by a single hearing of the music of *Florinda* has been one of mingled sentiments. We confess we did not anticipate from Mr. Thalberg either the dramatic expression or the familiar acquaintance with the quality and use of orchestral instruments which his first opera displays; nor did we look for the skilful combination of voices, the harmonic variety, and the able conduct of *finales* and con-

certed pieces, which it betrays in a degree scarcely less remarkable. Having conceived our estimate of Mr. Thalberg's powers from his pianoforte writings, and especially from his *sonata* in C minor, where his notions of form and development are most extensively set forth, we were led to expect something very different from what we heard last night. That Mr. Thalberg has been at Vienna during the recess, studying under the famous contrapuntist Sechter, is, we believe, generally known; but, though Sechter could communicate the rules and canons of composition, together with the secrets of their application, he could not furnish what nature alone has the power to give—a peculiar train of ideas, and a novel method in their arrangement. We shall not enter into an analysis of the music of *Florinda*, which is too elaborate to be judged without a closer intimacy than is to be obtained from a single hearing, but must content ourselves with a general statement of the impression it produced upon us, and a brief summary of those pieces which produced the greatest effect upon the audience and upon ourselves. The drama is tragic; and this may explain and defend the sombre tone preserved in the music, with rare intervals, from first to last. The extreme care and finish bestowed upon the orchestral accompaniments, in the smallest as in the largest pieces, also tends to the same result, and the constant use of minor keys deepens the prevailing gloom. Mr. Thalberg allows the ear no repose; and, while the *obligato* manner in which the various instruments are incessantly employed occasionally leads to new and beautiful combinations, there is an evidence of labour which fatigues the attention and derogates from the dramatic and vocal effect. Amid all this, however, the undeniable presence of thought, and the careful study of the proprieties of expression, cannot fail to command respect. Every piece in the opera has been composed with a direct purpose, and finished with elaborate completeness. Mr. Thalberg has endeavoured to emulate the great masters in giving to the music of each of his personages a separate and individual colouring. The music allotted to *Florinda* is of the most arduous and trying character; but it is earnest throughout, and frequently reaches a high standard of expression. It has, however, a great and insuperable drawback, which it shares in common with certain noted operas of the French school. It taxes the resources of the singer to the utmost verge of the possible, and demands a range of notes from treble to bass, which probably no other vocalist of the present day can boast but Mademoiselle Sofie Cruvelli—for whom nevertheless the part was not originally composed, Mr. Thalberg having no particular artist in view when he wrote. While, therefore, he must be considered fortunate in having found an executant like this young lady, endowed with extraordinary physical gifts, and a stamina which allows of a continued exhibition of dramatic force and energy through four long acts, without fatigue or failing strength, he would do well in his next opera to consult general applicability rather than exceptional means. The frequent recourse to the highest notes of the register, in passages of vehemence and excitement—notes that must not merely be delivered with emphasis, but dwelt on and sustained—is wearing to the singer, and at the end must inevitably damage a voice of even greater power and freshness, if that were possible, than that of Mademoiselle Cruvelli. The reason why so many voices are ruined at the Grand Opera in Paris, may be easily deduced from the obstinate mania, which possesses the composers most in vogue (Meyerbeer, Halévy, &c.), of thus misusing an instrument of such tenderness and uncertain stability. These gentlemen seem to think that the human voice has the same faculty of resistance which belongs to instruments of wood and brass. The error is grave, and in warning Mr. Thalberg against it at

the outset of his career as a composer for the theatre, we think we are rendering him a service. Of the other characters in the opera, that of Count Julian is the most striking in its musical treatment. Of the two tenor parts, that of Rodrigo, the king, is the most genuine. Favila is nearly as uninteresting in the music as in the drama. In some of the concerted pieces, however, this personage is brought out with sufficient force, and is of considerable importance as an agent in the general effect. Manuzza, the Moorish chief, is a comparative failure, although a striking opportunity was offered in his person for music of an individual character, to contrast with and relieve the others. Mr. Thalberg might with advantage have reflected upon the fine art and graphic boldness with which Gluck, in his *Iphigenia*, has made Thoas, the Scythian king stand out from the canvass. The page Theodomiro, is a nonentity, and it was hardly giving a fair chance to Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli, the new contralto, to bring her before the public, for the first time, in so insignificant a part.

The overture opens with a slow movement, the chief characteristic of which is vagueness. The *allegro*, however, in E minor, contains some brilliant passages, and the whole is most elaborately instrumented, although the *coda*, in the major, is too noisy. The opening chorus in G, in which the Moorish soldiers dilate on the glories of the coming tournament proclaimed by Munuzza, is founded, we are told, upon a veritable Moorish tune, which has the peculiarity attributed to the Arab music, of a strong accent on the second note of each measure. However this may be, the chorus itself is fresh and melodious. After some intermediate music, the burden of the chorus is resumed in the original key, and completes the introduction. The next piece worth noting is a *cavatina*, in which Rodrigo recounts to his page his love for *Florinda*, whose life he has been the means of saving. This has some good points, but it is deficient in melody, and does not express very forcibly the sentiment of the words. The *finale*, which opens with a chorus of Moors, *à la marcia*, contains a quintet, in A flat, for all the principal characters except Count Julian, which, besides the graceful turn of the melody, is enriched by varied and ingenious orchestral effects. An expressive romance, in F sharp minor, for *Florinda*, is also a remarkable piece in this *finale*, which winds up with great bustle and spirit. The faults of the first act are a want of melody, over-elaboration of the accompaniments, especially in the recitatives, and an entire absence of vocal phrases, which, from its great length (nearly an hour and a half), is felt to be tiresome. The second act is considerably shorter than the first, and more effective in proportion. It opens with a chorus of nuns, which, in addition to a flowing melody, is adroitly harmonized, and displays a good knowledge of the effects to be derived from the combination of female voices. The next piece, an air for Count Julian, is exceedingly heavy, and the introduction of the leading phrase in the *allegro* of the overture does not confer much charm upon the *cabaletta*. A scene, with chorus, for *Florinda*, who is about to take the veil, would be better if it were half as long. Both movements are in the minor key, which makes the whole monotonous. A duet for Rodrigo and *Florinda*, in which the Moor attempts to win over the daughter of Count Julian under the false pretext of his being a Christian, contains a charming phrase, announced by the oboe (again in the minor key), and an *ensemble* for the two voices ("Qual luce risplende") with an accompaniment for horns, which is exceedingly pleasing and well written. The *cabaletta* of this duet is almost the only lively subject in the opera; but it has the misfortune of being commonplace, and its simplicity is affected. The *finale*, describing the consternation of the nuns and friars at the sacrilege committed by Don Rodrigo in carrying off

Florinda from the convent, is not remarkable. The trombones have their hands full, but the general effect is more overwhelming than impressive. The third act comprises some of the best music in the opera, and some of the feeblest. The duet in which Munuzza tries to tempt Count Julian from his allegiance is very long; and the air of Favila, who dilates on the valour and loyalty of the Spaniards, is vapid and noisy. There are, however, some fine declamatory passages in the scep in which Florinda is deranged, and the *ballet* music, especially the first dance, in which the saxophone, one of the happiest inventions of M. Sax, is agreeably employed, is light, sparkling, and instrumented with considerable fancy. The *finale*, where Julian demands justice at the hands of the King, for his dishonoured child, Florinda recognises her seducer in Rodrigo himself, and Favila challenges the King to mortal combat, is the most elaborate and the most effective piece in the opera. The *agitato* movement in F minor, describing the consternation arising from the discovery, is very stirring and dramatic; and were the repetition of the principal *motivo* (a serious mistake) omitted, the effect would be still greater. The fourth act is somewhat tedious. It begins, however, with a beautiful *cantabile* for Florinda—one of the few absolutely melodious phrases in the work. The duet between Favila and Count Julian is heavy, and the following *morceau d'ensemble*, when the King offers to make the *amende honorable* by espousing Florinda, wears out the resources of the *soprano*, whose voice throughout the whole of this act, indeed, is kept on a continual strain. Another long duet for Florinda and Favila contains several good passages, and especially a short *preghiera a due voce*. The chorus of Moorish soldiers, with which the last act commences, has a certain characteristic wildness about it, which is elsewhere wanting. This, too, we understand, is founded on a national Arab tune. The concluding chorus, "Vittoria, Vittoria," is bold and animated, and brings about the climax with *éclat*.

All the artists concerned in the execution of the opera worked with zeal and ability, and Mr. Balfe was indefatigable in his conduct of the orchestra. With the exception of a mistake at setting out, in the first dance of the ballet, where the chorus did not seem to understand the indications of M. Nadaud's baton, there was no "slip" worth mentioning during the entire evening. The weight of the music fell chiefly upon Mademoiselle Sofie Cruvelli, who, in the part of Florinda, had, in all probability, a more difficult and oppressive task to perform than was ever before imposed upon a dramatic singer. This was her first original character since her appearance in London, and we must own that Mr. Thalberg was more fortunate in having such an artist to represent his heroine than Mademoiselle Cruvelli in having such a part as Florinda to create. Although continually on the stage, and continually in positions of the most trying and arduous nature, Mademoiselle Cruvelli had not a single air or cavatina and very few continuous phrases to sing. Even where good vocalization might have made the music effective, the elaborations of the orchestra were enough to perplex any singer, had she lungs of brass. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, the genius and youthful energy of Mademoiselle Cruvelli triumphed over every obstacle, and her powerful and resonant voice was heard with unimpaired force and beauty. Where she could get a cantabile phrase to herself—for example, in the short theme in F sharp minor, "Di quel che a te deggio" (*finale*, act 1), and in the andante, "Dolce ristoro ai mali" (opening of act 4), she sang with faultless expression and produced a contrast the more welcome from the rarity of its appearance. In the two last acts, where the higher register of her voice was called upon to do almost impossible duty, the energy of Mademoiselle

Cruvelli was indomitable; and, while we could not but feel for the unmerciful labour allotted to her, we could not but admire the apparent ease with which she accomplished it, overcoming each successive difficulty with unabated good will, and singing to the last note without a vestige of weakness or declining power. Whether the splendid physique of Mademoiselle Cruvelli could long resist such severe trials as those imposed by the music of Florinda we shall not pretend to guess. In her acting, as in her singing, Mademoiselle Cruvelli entered with enthusiasm into the sentiment of the part, and when she was on the stage the heaviness and monotony of which we have complained was sensibly diminished by her exertions. Where dramatic effect could be produced she produced it. In the first act she has little or nothing to do; but in the second, in the duet with Rodrigo, and in the *agitato* immediately preceding it, her acting was remarkably fine. Her mad scene in the third act was highly impressive, and in that which follows it, where she recognises the King as her seducer, she made several striking points. But perhaps the best and most touching stroke of all was in the scene with Rodrigo, Count Julian, and Favila, where the King offers to expiate his conduct by making Florinda his Queen. The look with which Mademoiselle Cruvelli regarded Rodrigo as he uttered the words, and the movement of deep-felt joy with which she threw herself on the shoulder of her father, Count Julian, as though anxious to shut out all doubt of the new-born and unexpected happiness, were eminently natural and beautiful. In short, Mademoiselle Cruvelli may be truly said to have been the good genius of Mr. Thalberg's opera, since, without her, it might have fared more ill than its deserts.

Of the other characters, that of Lablache was the most prominent. The great *basso* exerted himself to the utmost for the success of his son-in-law's opera, singing and acting in his most forcible manner. Signor Calzolari (Rodrigo) was in better voice than we have for some time heard him; and Mr. Sims Reeves (Favila) sang the music allotted to that part with remarkable energy and power. The costume of the popular English tenor, however, excited particular attention, the peculiar covering of the legs suggesting irresistible comparisons with Malvolio, who adorned himself "fantastically," in the hope of pleasing his mistress. Signor Coletti did his best for the very ungrateful part of Munuzza. All we can say of Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli is that she looked both handsome and comely as the page; what she had to sing was so trifling that it did not give us any opportunity to judge of her pretensions. The reception of the opera by the public was very flattering, but we fear this cannot be accepted as a guarantee of its enduring success. There were several encores, among which those really unanimous were accorded to the *ensemble* for two voices, "Qual luce risplende" (Mademoiselle Cruvelli and Signor Calzolari), in the duet for Florinda and Rodrigo (act ii.), and the air of Mr. Sims Reeves (act iii.), "Si prodi ispani." The others were more forced than genuine, and had only the effect of augmenting the *ennui* of the audience. At the end of every act Mademoiselle Cruvelli and her coadjutors were forced to appear; and Mr. Thalberg was led on by Lablache after the *finale* of act 3, and twice after the conclusion of the opera, amid the most vociferous applause. But these displays of enthusiasm are, unfortunately, too frequent now-a-days to be relied upon, since genuine merit is not always their incentive.

As for the manner in which the piece is put upon the stage, the style in which the groups are arranged, and the taste shown in the selection of the dresses, nothing can be more creditable. Taking all things into consideration, indeed, great praise is due to Mr. Lumley for making his theatre a field for

the production of original works, instead of following that old routine which constituted for so many years the whole science of operatic management. The house was crowded in every part, and among the audience was Her Majesty, who has commanded *Florinda* to be performed at the State visit to-night.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Norma* was repeated, with the last act of *Fidelio*. The combined performance attracted a crowded audience, but we very much question the policy of giving Beethoven's masterpiece in a mangled form. The Royal Italian Opera sets up for a model lyric theatre, but the reputation it has gained must be sadly endangered by this strange and unaccountable mode of procedure. For the first time since *Fidelio* was composed, it has been represented on the stage mutilated and disfigured. The performance of the one act was, nevertheless, splendid. Tamberlik and Formes were in admirable voice, and both sang with immense effect. Madame Castellani also threw her best energies into the part of the heroine, and altogether the opera passed off with great enthusiasm. But the better it was sung, the more we regretted that it should have been meddled with in any possible way.

On Tuesday the *Prophete* was given for the second time. The great feature of the night was Mario, who appeared to have entirely recovered from his late indisposition, and sang with all his wonted power, energy, and beauty. The house was crowded from floor to ceiling.

Another crowded audience attended the performance of the *Huguenots* on Thursday. The cast was powerfully strengthened by Tamburini resuming his original part (at the Royal Italian Opera), of St. Bris, which in the great barytone's hands, was as energetic, earnest, and striking as ever. The grand conspiracy scene went all the better for Tamburini's assistance.

The Queen has signified her intention to visit the theatre in state on Thursday next, and has commanded the *Flauto Magico*, of Mozart, the cast of which will include Grisi, Castellani, Mdle. Ana Zer (engaged purposely for the Queen of Night), Formes, Mario, Ronconi, and Tamburini. The State Box, we are informed, will be fitted up on the same style of elegance and splendour as on the former occasion of the Royal command night.

Miscellaneous.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The following is the programme of a performance by the distinguished organist, Mr. George Cooper, (organist of St. Sepulchre's) on the Grand Organ, in the eastern gallery of the Great Exhibition, built by the eminent manufacturers, Gray and Davison, 9, New Road, Fitzroy Square, London, on Saturday afternoon:—Part I.—*Fantasia*, Hartmann; *Pedal Fugue*, Seb. Bach; *Slow Movement*, "The Organist's Manual," Mozart; *Chorus*, "God of Light," (Seasons) Haydn; *Slow Movement*, Hauptman; *Chorus*, "Fixed in his everlasting seat," Handel. Part II.—*Overture*, Saul, (three movements) Handel; *Aria*, MSS. Mozart; *Pedal Fugue*, Seb. Bach; *Aria*, "Ave Maria," Schubert; *Fugue*, Schwenke; *Chorus*, "He rebuked the Red Sea," (*Israel in Egypt*) Handel.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The grounds of this establishment were thrown open on Monday, to the supporters of the benevolent institution known as the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum. The attendance of company was more than usually numerous; there could

not have been less than five thousand persons assembled by 9 o'clock, and a crowd was then at the doors of the gardens struggling for admission. The arrangements were, however, so good that accommodation was found for all, and everybody had an opportunity of seeing and enjoying all that took place. The usual entertainments of the evening attracted the attention of the visitors, and the extraordinary feats of Mademoiselle P. Cuzent and Madame Lejars in the equestrian circle, with the display of talent by other artistes, drew forth the loud and hearty applause of the spectators. The appearance of this very old and very favourite place of recreation is, under the present proprietary, better than it has been for many years. The whole has an appearance of freshness and good taste; little is left for the public to wish for or require.

MISS STEELE, the well known vocalist, gave a *Matinée Musicale* on the 17th of May, at the New Beethoven Rooms, which were crowded by the admirers of the fair artist. She was assisted by Miss Brienti, Mr. Frank Bodda, Miss Birch, and Mr. Manvers, in the vocal department. Bodda sang Ricci's barcarolle, "Sulla poppa," with so much humour as to be called for a second time. Miss Birch was heard to great advantage in "Quila voce." Mr. Manvers' style of singing improves every year; Duggan's song of "Madelina," was excellently interpreted by him. There were only two instrumental solos in the programme, viz., Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccio in E minor, beautifully played by Miss Kate Loder, and Oberthur's harp fantasias, "La Cascade," and his Nocturno, "Souvenir de Boulogne," executed in that finished style for which that gentleman's performance is already generally appreciated. "La Cascade" being but a short prelude was encored. Of the fair *beneficiaire* we have but to add that she sang all her songs in a very chaste and finished style, as we naturally might expect from so popular a singer as Miss Steele. We trust this lady will often afford us the pleasure of listening to her charming voice.

FISCHOF.—This celebrated critic, philosopher, composer, and pianist of Vienna, has arrived in town, being selected by the Viennese government as one of the jurors for the awardment of the prizes in the Austrian department of the Grand Exhibition.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Perhaps the institution to which the Great Exhibition of all Nations has been the most propitious is the Sacred Harmonic Society, which during the last two months has been crowded to suffocation at every performance. The reason is sufficiently obvious. The performances at Exeter-hall are not only to the taste of our provincial friends, to whose grand musical festivals they bear a close resemblance, but are something quite new to our continental visitors. At no other city in Europe, except at stated intervals—once in three years, for instance, as at the festivals of the Rhine towns—can such an assemblage of vocalists and instrumentalists be heard as in London. The twenty annual concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society must be ranked among the greatest art attractions of this vast metropolis, where so many things worth seeing and hearing are to be seen and heard. The *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and *Elijah* have been the oratorios most frequently played since the opening of the Crystal Palace. On Friday night, in last week, *Elijah* was performed for the last time but one. The principal singers were, Misses Catherine Hayes, Eliza Birch, Dolby, and Williams; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Novello, and Herr Formes. The execution, under the able direction of Mr. Costa, was one of the most effective and striking we remember. The hall was absolutely crammed, and among the audience was observed an immense number of foreigners, upon whom the grand ensemble of seven hundred singers and players, employed upon the sublime choruses of Mendelssohn's greatest masterpiece, appeared to make a profound impression. The principal singers were quite as excellent in their way as the chorus, which seemed to be moved to unusual exertion. We have rarely heard Miss Catherine Hayes and Herr Formes more effective, Misses Dolby and Williams more perfect, Miss Eliza Birch more intelligent and careful, or Mr. Sims Reeves (whose last air, "Then shall the righteous," was faultlessly executed) more entirely at home with the music. In short, the performance was worthy of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and of the music of Mendelssohn. *Elijah* was repeated last night with equal effect.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—Mr. Osborne, one of the pianists and composers for the piano who have done most honour to the English school of music, gave his annual *matinée* on Tuesday in the Hanover-square Rooms, before a crowded and fashionable audience. As usual, Mr. Osborne's programme was chiefly formed of classical materials. He was assisted in the performance by Signor Sivi (violin), Signor Piatti (violinello), and Miss Catherine Hayes and Herr Stockhausen (vocalists). Mendelssohn's first pianoforte trio, by Mr. Osborne, Signors Sivi and Piatti, was a vigorous and animated performance; and not less effective in a different way was another trio, in A, by the same executants, a graceful and ably written *concertante*, the composition of Mr. Osborne himself. Besides these, Mr. Osborne introduced other works of his own—a brilliant and clever *fantasia* on themes from *Don Giovanni*, and an elegant *caprice*, entitled *Inquietude et Bonheur*, to which he united a *nocturne* study of Chopin, all of which were played in a highly finished manner, and elicited the warmest applause. Miss Catherine Hayes was unanimously encored in the air, "Ah mon fils," from the *Prophete*, and Herr Stockhausen exhibited his accustomed taste and intelligence in two of Schubert's prettiest *lieder*—"Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark the lark," both from Shakspeare. Herr Heinrich Bohrer accompanied the vocal music in a very satisfactory manner.

MR. SZEKELY'S SECOND EVENING CONCERT was given in the New Beethoven Rooms, on Friday, June 27th. Hummel's Quintett for pianoforte—M. Szekely; Violin—Reményi; Viola—Witt; Violoncello—Piatti; Contra Basso—Bottesini; was played very charmingly, the solos of Piatti and Bottesini eliciting the loudest applause. Herr Stoffreger sang Fesca's "Der Wanderer" in a praiseworthy manner. M. Reményi gave the 1st part of Vieuxtemp's concerto in E major. His style of playing is somewhat forced and his bowing not remarkable for elegance; nor is his intonation at all times perfect. Nevertheless, Herr Stoffreger was applauded liberally. Miss Steele sang Haydn's "Fidelity" and Molique's delightful song, "If o'er the boundless sky," with much expression and feeling, and, in consequence of Mlle. Lavina not making her appearance (for which an apology was made), "Where the bee sucks," in which she received a hearty encore. Mr. J. Thomas played a fantasia on the harp and displayed his usual good taste, expression, and clear execution. M. Szekely played a fantasia solo, also one with violoncello obligato accompaniment with Signor Piatti, both of which were much applauded. Miss Annie Pélzer's fantasia on the concertina pleased generally. The great lion of the evening was, of course, Bottesini, whose contrabasso solo, as usual, created a *furor*. Herr Stoffreger sang Cristell's "Mien Wunsh," and the concert concluded with the last movement of Hummel's quintett.

MESSRS. H. AND R. BLAGROVE'S THIRD QUARTETT AND SOLO CONCERT took place in the Concert-rooms, Mortimer-street, on Thursday morning, the 3rd instant. It commenced with Mozart's quartett in F major, which went off with great *éclat*. Schubert's ballade, "Le Berger sur la Montagne," sung by Mrs. Endersohn, with clarinet *obligato* by Mr. Lazarus, was charmingly executed; and Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, for pianoforte (W. S. Bennett), violin (H. Blagrove), and violoncello (Mr. Hancock), was an equally striking performance. The brilliancy of the *Allegro*, the expression of the *andante*, the playfulness of the *scherzo*, and the energetic and classical character of the *finale* was such as to elicit the warmest applause. Mr. R. Blagrove's fantasia on the concertina was received with much favour. The Romance, by S. W. Waley, and two melodies, by Molique, for violin, by Mr. H. Blagrove (accompanied on the pianoforte by W. S. Bennett), were performed in the most delightful style. Mrs. Endersohn gave much expression in Mr. W. S. Bennett's lovely song "To Chloe in sickness," and the fresh beauties of the "May dew," by the same composer, were well brought out. Time will not allow us to give a more lengthened account of this excellent concert, still we cannot omit to mention a great treat in a new Nonett, by Onslow, which, by its great excellence and the exquisite performance of the artistes, riveted the attention of the audience to the last moment, and was rewarded by the greatest applause.

NEW SYSTEM OF SINGING.—The first of a series of four Lec-

tures on the art of cultivating the voice was delivered at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday, by Signor Anelli, late singing master to the Princess Augusta. The Lecture was illustrated by Miss Livingstone and Miss Menville, who after performing a series of graceful exercises explanatory of the method, gave most satisfactory assurances of its excellence: the former by singing some ballads very sweetly, and the latter by her forcible delivery of "Nou fu Sogno" and the "Il Segretto" from Lucrezia. Although pupils of but eight or nine months, the young ladies exhibited great fluency of execution and a great appreciation of the music.

REUNION DES ARTS.—The usual weekly meeting of this society was held on Monday last, at the New Beethoven Rooms, at which the following artistes, amongst others, assisted: Mesdames Verdavainne, Goffie, Lemaire, and Rummell; and M. M. Goffie, Tourneaux, and Day. The concert went off with its accustomed *éclat*, and amongst the principal features may be mentioned a duet of Osborne and De Beriot, from "Guillaume Tell," in which Madame Verdavainne and her "partner" at the pianoforte displayed much ease and grace in the course of their performance. The rooms were well attended.

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BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

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MUSICAL UNION.

EIGHTH and LAST MATINEE, TUESDAY, July 8, at half-past 3 o'clock. Quartet, E flat, No. 10. Beethoven. Duet, in D, piano and violone llo, Mendelssohn. Quintet, A minor, No. 12—Onslow. Pianoforte solos—C. Hallé. Solo, contra basso—Bottesini. Executants—Laub, Deloffe, Hill, Webb, Piatti, and Bottesini. Pianoforte—Charles Hallé. Visitors' tickets, half a guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Co's., Regent-street. Members desirous of subscribing for a proof copy of M. Baugniet's picture, containing portraits of eighteen artists, are requested to give their names to Mr. Ollivier, at the rooms next Tuesday.

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Favilla ...	Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Munusza (the Moorish Chief) ...	Signor COLLETTI.

In the Third Act a Divertissement (Mauresque et Espagnol) arranged by M. Paul Taglioni, executed by Mlles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoreaux, Dantonie, Esther, Pascals, &c.

The Opera to commence at Eight o'clock.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the box-office of the theatre.

EXTRA NIGHT.

First appearance in England of the Twenty-eight SPANISH DANCERS,

ON MONDAY, JULY 7, when will be produced (for the first time) the favourite ballets of

LA FERIA DE SEVILLA, CURRA LA GADITANA, LA JITANA IN CHAMBERI,

In which will be introduced the following celebrated dances:—El Vito, La Manola, El Jaleo de Teres. La Fan ansia Espanola, La Seguidillas Jitanas, La Jere, sana, El Jaleo de la Pandenta, and the celebrated Pas La Danza Valenciana, supported by Ben rita Don Apetra Camara, Lenora Dona Adela Equerre, Lenerita Dona Dolores Ruiz, Lenerita Dona Concepcion Ruiz, Lenerita Dona Susana Aguader, Lenora Dona Francisca Bueone. The whole under the direction of Don Antonio Ruiz, Maître de Ballet of Il Teatro del Cico, Madrid. Leader of the Ballet—Don Hippelitte Erudis. To commence at 8 o'clock.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

PROGRAMME OF

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'

Second and last performance this Season, of

CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC,
ON WEDNESDAY MORNING JULY 9th.

To commence at Three, and terminate at Five.

PART I.

TRIO IN B FLAT MINOR.—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello
—Messrs. BRINLEY RICHARDS, ERNST and PIATTI
(Dedicated to Beethoven)..... Cipriani Potter.

Allegro con Brio.

Adagio.

Scherzo—Trio.

Rondo allegro moderato.

ARIA—"Ahl mon file"—Miss CATHERINE HAYES..... Meyerbeer.

SOLO, PIANOFORTE—Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Moonlight Serenade (by desire)..... } Richards.

Caprice in F Minor..... } Sternale Bennett.

Study in E Major..... } Heller.

SOLO—Contra-Basso—Signor BOTTESINI.

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI—Pianoforte and Violoncello—

Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn.

PART II.

GRAND SONATA IN E MINOR—Pianoforte and Violin—Mr.

BRINLEY RICHARDS and Herr ERNST..... Steibelt.

Allegro Agitato.

Adagio.

Rondo.

ARIA—Miss CATHERINE HAYES..... F. Mori.

SOLO, PIANOFORTE—Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Souvenir de Bellini (MS)..... } Richards.

Study in F Sharp..... } Chopin.

Danish National Air (by desire)..... } Richards.

(Den tappe Landoldat)..... }

DUETT—Zweis innige Lieder Mendelssohn

"Grus"..... }

Magnöckchen..... }

MI'S CATHERINE HAYES and Madame MACFARREN

Duo CONCERTANTE—Violoncello and Contra-Basso—

Signor PIATTI and Signor BOTTESINI

Conductor—Mr. FRANK MORI.

Broadwood's Patent Grand Pianofortes will be used at these Concerts.

Reserved seats Twelve Shillings. Single Tickets, Eight Shillings.

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Portman-square.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

BY COMMAND.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 10th, will be performed, by command of Her Majesty, Mozart's celebrated Opera,
IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

Her Majesty having signified her most gracious intention of visiting the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in State on that occasion. The principal characters in the Opera will be performed by—

Madame GRISI,
Madlle. ANNA ZERR,
(Being her first appearance on the stage in England),
Madlle. MORRA,
Madlle. BERTRANDI,
Madlle. VINTALE,
(Her first appearance in England), And
Madame VIALDOT.
Herr FORMES,
Signor STIGELLI,
Signor SOLDI,
Signor MEI,
Signor POLONINI,
Signor RONCONI, And
Signor MARIO.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF I PURITANI.

GRISI, TAMBURINI, MARIO.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 8th, will be performed for the first time these three years, Bellini's favourite Opera,

I PURITANI.

Elvira	Madame GRISI.
Henrietta	Mdlle. COTTI.
Valton	Signor POLONINI.
Georgio	Signor TAMBURINI.
Arturo	Signor MARIO.
Riccardo	Signor RONCONI.

(His first appearance this season.)

Bruno ... Signor SOLDI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.
Commence at Eight. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET.

MADLE. ELISE KRINITZ'S MATINEE MUSICALE

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, JULY 7TH, 1851,
TO COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES,

MADLE. ANNA ZERR, MADLE. GRAUMANN,

MISS BINKES.

MISS OCTAVIA FRASER,

HERR REICHART.

SIGNOR MARCHESI. SIGNOR CIABATTA,

MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM.

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Pianoforte, MADLE. ELISE KRINITZ.

Harp, MADAME PARISH ALVARS,

Violin, MR. LEON REYNIER, Violoncello, MR. ROUSSELOT

CONDUCTORS, MR. LAVENU AND MR. FRELON.

TICKETS 10s. 6d. RESERVED SEATS, 15s.

To be had of CRAMER, BEALE, and Co, 201, Regent Street; at the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries; and of Mdlle. KRINITZ 7, Great Marlborough Street.

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No. 28.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

ALBONI.

The great *contralto soprano* has arrived in London, and will commence her engagement for the season at Her Majesty's Theatre this night, with *Cenerentola*, one of her most striking and exquisite performances. The recent triumphs of Alboni at Madrid, and the French capital, will no doubt tend to increase her popularity with the London public, who, to a certain degree, are ever biassed in their estimation of artists by the opinions of continental audiences and critics; although, to do them justice, they were not slow in finding out the extraordinary merits of Alboni at the outset. If report be correct, Alboni has made wonderful advances as an actress since last season. Until she came to England she depended almost entirely on her singing for effect, and rarely essayed characters that require dramatic power and energy. This must be greatly attributed to her playing *contralto* parts, which generally demand the smallest amount of histrionic capability. Since she has undertaken the impersonation of characters pertaining to the *soprano* register, she has displayed a real talent for acting in the higher walks of the drama. This has recently been evinced in a very striking manner by her representation of Fides, in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which the French critics universally eulogised as a masterpiece of simple pathos and expression; and by her Leonora, in Donizetti's *Favorita*, which created the same *furor* in Madrid as in Paris, and elsewhere. Alboni was always charming in the lighter parts of the lyric drama—such as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, and Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro*. The effect which these produced cannot have escaped the recollection of the visitors to Her Majesty's Theatre during the last two years. Her performance of Maria, in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, at Madrid, has created an indescribable sensation; and more lately, in the *Corbeille d' Oranges*, written especially for her by Auber, and performed at the *Academie Royale*, she excited an enthusiasm unparalleled in the French Grand Opera since Duprez first astonished the *habitués* with his “*ut de poitrine*.”

Alboni has not improved in her singing. Perfection cannot progress.

The *Corbeille d' Oranges* is in rehearsal, and will be produced forthwith. Alboni's engagement cannot fail to prove one of the great points of the current season. She will sing in all her best parts, and renew all her old triumphs. She will be received, as usual, by the public, not as a spoiled child, but as a deserving favourite.

A BELGIAN CRITIC IN LONDON.

Even Belgium has sent us a Critic. M. Jules Lecomte de Camp, the Paris correspondent of *L'Independance Belge*, a paper which circulates freely among the ups and downs of the metropolis of Brussels, and is read at Tirelemont and Verviers, has been in London, to see and report upon the Great Exhibition of all Nations.

M. Jules Lecomte de Camp is a critic by nature, and *homme d'esprit* by profession. The severe taste which in the land of his birth, the ghost of old Flanders, he has imbibed with his mother's milk, has strongly influenced him in his views of England and the English—or, rather, of London and the cockneys, since M. Lecomte has not stirred out of the capital, except to eat white-bait at the “*Trafalgar*,” or stewed eels at the “*Star and Garter*.” It will be guessed at once that M. Lecomte, being a Belgian—as much as to say an excellent judge of beer—finds everything in London very bad, and everybody in London, except himself and his compatriots, very stupid. We are not disposed to quarrel with his verdict, but we put it to M. Lecomte, whether he has not been, on the whole, rather hard upon us. We have done our best to entertain him, and the other half dozen individuals who represent the vast plains and upendous hill of the boundless and magnificent country of Belgium; and if we have failed, it has not been for lack of good-will. Every one has not, like M. Lecomte, the luck to be a native of Flanders and speak Wallon. Satisfied with his good fortune, the critic of the *Independance Belge* should have been more charitable to those less blessed than himself. It is a sad thing to know that the inhabitants of Tirelemont must henceforth look upon us as barbarians. It is a sad thing to feel that, throughout the length and breadth of Belgium, we have no longer a name to be proud of. M. Jules Lecomte de Camp has utterly extirpated us, in the columns of the *Independance Belge*. The people of the plain, and the people of the hill (Belgium may be divided into a hill and a plain), must alike regard us with contempt, and laugh at our manners and institutions. In the enclosed acres of that favoured land, which may be intitled the pound of Europe, our fame as a nation has withered into a dried stick. M. Jules Lecomte has done it. Let any man now take up the country of Belgium between his finger and thumb, carefully distinguishing the hillocks from the vales, and, applying the strongest microscopic power, he will be unable to discover a single Fleming, or a single Wallon, whose judgment has

not been soured, in our disfavour, by the sarcasms of M. Lecomte, Paris correspondent of that very Belgian and independent journal, the *Indépendance Belge*.

It is a terrible thing, for a nation as for an individual, to be "cut up" in the *Indépendance Belge*; and while we are suffering from the repeated blows of M. Lecomte's candour, and the keen incisions of his searching irony, let us look about us, and make concessions, or we shall have the *Manx Herald*, and the *Hong-Kong Express*, about our ears, ere we can get upon our feet again. We beseech these respected contemporaries of the *Indépendance Belge* to spare us, until the wounds inflicted by the sharp stylus of M. Lecomte be healed up and cicatrised. We count upon their mercy, not to hit us while we are down—not to insert fresh weapons into gashes that still bleed and fester.

To quit metaphor—we are really amused with the letters of M. Jules Lecomte, *à propos* of London in 1851, or rather *à propos* of M. Jules Lecomte at London in 1851, a far more promising head for a chapter. It was our misfortune, until the year of our Lord which is now half way on to its extinction, never to have heard of the *Indépendance Belge*, or of its Paris correspondent. Had we been previously informed that such a paper and such a critic were afloat, we should have taken precautions. We should have warned parliament that M. Jules Lecomte de Camp was coming to London, on purpose to write about us in the foot columns of the *Indépendance Belge*. Parliament would, doubtless, have passed a bill to lodge and nourish the critic according to his deserts. Lord John might have consulted with Her Majesty the Queen, about the expediency of offering him apartments at Buckingham Palace, with a *suite* of rooms at Windsor Castle, when M. Lecomte should feel disposed to snuff the country air. This, with the ample fare provided at the Royal table—the cates and wines—a pinch of snuff, with Lord Palmerston—a cigar, with the Prince—a ride in the park, with the Duke—a consultation, with the editor of the *Times*, as to what colour of politics, morals, and humanity it would be advisable to maintain in the leading articles of that respectable journal, in order that M. Lecomte might be enabled to speak of it encouragingly in the *Indépendance Belge*—these, and other not less prudent attentions, would have made the days of the critic pass more smoothly, and probably have kept his bile from exuding, in the shape of inky diatribes and animadversions too fierce to be endured. There was clearly an oversight. M. Jules Lecomte de Camp arrived in London, and the fact was not noticed at Court, or published in the press. The only excuse for such neglect must be pleaded in the unhappy ignorance of the English nation as to the important fact of M. Lecomte's existence. True, a copy of the *Indépendance Belge* is taken in by M. Delizy, at his reading-rooms in Regent-st.; but, however eager the desire to peruse, learn, and inwardly digest the articles of that animated journal, it was impossible for M. Delizy to accommodate in his *salons* the entire populace of London. Thus it happens that the articles of M.

Lecomte—brilliant, spiritual, sarcastic, playful, learned, *veracious*, comprehensive, and entertaining as they are—have neither been read by any one, nor quoted by any one. Had the *redacteur en chef* of the *Indépendance Belge* shown enough of Belgian independence to send over, by the Ostend packet, half a dozen copies of every paper containing a letter of M. Lecomte—a copy for each of the morning papers, one for the *Musical World*, and one for *Punch*—they would no doubt have been swallowed and commented upon according to their deserts. This, however, was not undertaken by the *redacteur en chef*, and the consequence was that the articles of M. Lecomte remained unread; while to the probable astonishment of the critic, the Great Exhibition of all Nations went on as regularly and as merrily, at the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, as though M. Jules Lecomte were not. That this was humiliating we allow. M. Lecomte's fight was against a shadow—a *sciomachy*—and his critical blows fell upon the empty air; his good things went undevoured, and his pleasant strictures only served to enliven the pipes and beer of the netters of Malines and Tirlemont, the brewers of Louvain, the gunners of Liege, the blacksmiths and coal-heavers of Charleroi, the gamblers at Spa, the bathers at Chaudefontaine, and M. Fétis and Madame Pleyel at Brussels—where the Belgian "lions" live, and attempt to do as they do at Paris.

M. Jules Janin, another critic of note, came to London, as well as M. Jules Lecomte, to write about the Great Exhibition. He wrote, and described everything in glowing, kindly, and enthusiastic terms, like a hearty and well-natured critic as he is. Jules Janin came to see, and learn, and enjoy, and help in the great fraternization of the nations. He did all he came to do, and wrote letters about it in the *Journal des Débats*, which have been read by Europe with delight, and have been translated into every language. True, when J. J. arrived, all London—literary, artistic, noble, rich and poor—cried out, "There is J. J. ! he has come to talk about us in his own genial and inimitable way; welcome J. J. ! thrice welcome !" This was the feeling of the united community of Britain. Thus, J. J. had an advantage over his cotemporary of the *Indépendance*. The *Journal des Débats* is seen by every one in London, who desires to know what goes on in Europe, and what our neighbours say and think of it. The *feuilletons* of J. J. were universally read, and every one admired them, not more for their brilliant style than for their genuine feeling of benevolence. Every one spoke of them, and every one quoted them. The *Times* translated whole columns of them. *Punch* "pitched into" them, with kindly buffets—buffets that a playful uncle would bestow upon the cheek of his little nephew, or niece, of three summers—rather pats than buffets. *Punch* fenced with J. J., but, as he fenced, there was a large piece of leather on the point of his foil, so that it could not hurt. Who, indeed, could bear malice against J. J. Who does not love him as he reads him?

Under these circumstances, we are disposed to forgive M. Lecomte de Camp for his fierce attacks in the *Indépendance*

Belge. Had they been read they might have roused ill feeling against the pocket-country, which would have looked ridiculous—a lion roaring at a gnat. But as no one saw them, no one read them; no ill feeling was aroused, and the entire realm of Great Britain, with all its provinces and dependencies, on which the sun sets not, remained in serene ignorance of what M. Jules Lecomte de Camp thought, did, and wrote about, "London in 1851"

Our copy of the *Independance Belge* (the only one in England—therefore we set a price upon it) was due to the politeness of M. Jullien, whose life and adventures in Paris and London occupy at least one half of the last letter, *à propos* of the Great Exhibition of All Nations—the importance of which never to be forgotten festival can hardly be over-estimated, on reconsideration of the fact that *even Belgium sent us a critic.*"

FIDELIO.

(Continued from Page 418.)

We enter upon the second act with feelings in every way prepared for the highly dramatic and most impassioned scenes that are to follow, by the gradually growing excitement of the first act, which is to be considered essentially and particularly as a preparation and an introduction to the grand action of the drama. This is confined to the one great scene of the prison, wherein the only real incident of the whole piece is transacted. Florestan, the hero of the opera, has not yet appeared; more than this, he has not yet been named; but still we have been so much interested in this character by the many various allusions to him of Leonore with her devoted and heroic love, of Rokko with his severe and unwelcome duty, of Marzelline with her natural curiosity, arising from her concern for Fidelio, and of Pizzaro with his fiendish hatred, and his fearful delight in the expectation of immediate vengeance, that we are ready to receive him with the most cordial sympathy. This is the long lost husband, so eagerly sought, so earnestly desired, and so steadfastly struggled for, by the noble woman whose character of patient constancy fulfils all that is most real in the highest poetry, all that is most poetical in the loftiest reality. This is the wretched captive whose sufferings have touched the tenderest sympathies of his warm-hearted though stern-dutied jailor, whose food has been from day to day diminished, who "hovers like a shadow" rather than lives as a man, and whose threatened murder is regarded as a kindly relief from his seemingly unmitigable misery. This is the mysterious prisoner for whom Fidelio evinces such ardent interest, and in whose destiny, therefore, at least in so far as regards her lover's, Marzelline, shows not much less concern. This is the once hated rival, now intended victim, against whom to wreak his irresistible and monstrous vengeance, the all-powerful tyrant looks forward with longing inhuman, as it seems superhuman. We have been no less familiarised with the horrors of the secret dungeon than with the sufferings of its protectless inmate, and we come thus upon the scene as upon the fulfilment of a foreboding that has grown upon our sense from the vagueness of indefinite supposition up to the distinctness of the too obvious reality.

From first to last this scene in the prison is most skillfully contrived by the dramatist, and its musical treatment is so near

perfection as to leave it impossible for anything to be wished either of addition, or curtailment, or alteration. The *Entr'Acte* that introduces the great air of Florestan—the air itself—the accompanied dialogue of Leonore and Rokko, the extraordinary duet of the gravedigging, the trio of Leonore, Florestan, and Rokko, the tremendous quartet, and the most impassioned of all exciting music, the duet of the two recognised lovers, each a perfection in itself, gather all additional interest from their relationship as parts of a gradually developed whole, and complete a series of dramatic effects that have indeed no parallel.

What can surpass the gloomy solemnity of the opening bars of this *Entr'Acte*?—the poignancy of those two forced notes to which the expressive tone of the acute part of the bassoon gives such powerful colouring?—the exquisite pathos of the melodic phrase for the violin, oboe, and bassoon, supported by the figure for the second violin, the viola, and violoncello, that has been vaguely foreshadowed in the first finale, and is so effectively mixed up with the subsequent recitative? Let us now notice another coincidence with a most prominent feature in the opera of *Der Freischütz*, occurring in the opening movement of the overture, and subsequently whenever Samiel, either in person or by allusion is brought before the minds of the audience. The very chords, even the instrumentation is the same. There is the tremolo for the string instruments, and there are the mysterious notes for the drums, tuned *Fidelio* to the unusual interval of a diminished fifth—A natural E flat; everything shows the identity of the idea of the two composers. Much difference there is between the coincidence here, and in two previous situations pointed out as they have successively occurred, in which the expression, the phrase, the harmony, and even the key are the same; and such general resemblance of style as have, in some parts of this opera and in some of the earlier works of the same master, been traced to the general style of Mozart; these last appear to be what might have been the thoughts of Beethoven's great predecessor, had he, instead of his unconscious imitator, by accident expressed them; while those are such evident repetitions as even an author might not have made in his own works without laying himself open to considerable censure. An unexpected enharmonic change to E minor introduces a new beauty in the piercing cry of intense anguish that seems to express all that can be felt of the word "lonely" in its most desolate, most hapless meaning. The iteration of this point, with each time a change of harmony, and the response of the violins, that may be supposed an echo in the dungeon answering to the voice of despair in its own accents, which thus repeated assume a double intensity, and piercing to the inmost heart, make one know the extent of a feeling that else one had not dared to fathom; these are wondrous master-strokes and assist immensely in the powerful colouring of the whole scene. The almost imperceptible modulation into the key of D flat, depicts most poetically the gradual sinking of the overwrought feelings into a state of resignation if not of peace, and this the beautiful phrase of melody which here ensues fully embodies. Then we have again an outbreak of the wildest excitement, expressed in an impassioned passage of rapid notes, that conveys the idea of an uncontrollable impatience—The agony that *will* be, against all faith, all hope, all religion, all philosophy. This subsides again into that other and worst phase of a desperate soul, the awful condition of reckless indifference that comes upon us when all hope, and all regret are quite benumbed, and the heart is as though stunned by the ceaseless violence of its own throbbings. This remarkably graphic piece of instrumental music, is perhaps to be regarded as a general representation of the successive emotions that alternate each other in the heart, and

in the mind of the captive, rather than as a portrayal of the particular train of thoughts and feelings that may be supposed immediately to suggest the opening words of Florestan, which burst not from a sudden impulse, but are the result of long and weary, and fruitless reflection. The Entr' Acte, if considered alone, that is, separately from the sequel, might have the appearance of incoherence, of containing an extravagant profusion of unconnected ideas, of being, in the original acceptance of the term, a wild fantasia; but it is not complete in itself, and, as a matter of musical construction, the recapitulation of some of the chief phrases in the subsequent recitative (which is indeed the continuation and the completion of the movement), gives coherence, purpose, consistency, regularity to the whole, while the words of the recitative throughout which these phrases are interspersed, afford an unmistakeable clue to the expression intended in the instrumental prelude that introduces it. Florestan exclaims in the anguish of his soul, "God! what a gloom is here." Then have we that most pathetic phrase of melody which touched us so keenly, near the commencement of the movement, and which was so appropriately anticipated when Rokko speaks of his reluctance to his painful duty in the first finale. "What awful stillness," and the sensible shudder which, transplanted into the *Freischütz*, contributes so greatly to our feeling of terror, in some of the most fearful situations. "An empty void is all about me, —nothing lives besides myself," —the same musical idea is prolonged. Now a calmer feeling steals upon us, for which we are imperceptibly prepared by a most charming enharmonic change, into the key of B natural. "O heavy trial!" is uttered with resignation, not with bitterness. Then in this key of B we have again that beautiful phrase which occurred before in D flat, giving so exquisitely the impression of the gentle purity of the character of Florestan, of the great susceptibility, the boundless capability of love that chiefly composes it. "Yet just is the will of heaven!" A phrase of most tender beauty, given now for the first time, introduces the words, "I murmur not;" then with more energy than has yet been called into play, and with firmness that indicates the sense of a high, a noble resolve, the recitative closes on the words, "The measure of my sorrows stands with thee!"

In the Adagio, Florestan, musing on his past fortune and his present, exclaims, "In the springtime of life is my happiness fled. Truth have I boldly dared to utter and fetters are my reward. With willing patience I endure each anguish, with resignation I shall fulfil my course. One sweet consolation lies in my heart—I have done my duty!" The calm and noble sentiment that this English rendering fails to convey is most beautifully embodied in the music. The melody is unimpassioned, but of so broad and clear, and earnest and dignified a character, so continuous in all respects, and so truly beautiful, as to enchain the attention of all hearers, and to excite their deepest feeling; added to this, it is so perfectly vocal, that no singer of intelligence can deliver it without pleasure to himself and without producing a certain effect upon his audience.

Abstract beauty is unsusceptible of critical analysis, for the ideal is ever so closely identical with the indefinite that it admits not of particular description, and degenerates into the contrived, the mechanical, and artificial from the impulsive, the spontaneously natural, whenever it can be dissected and explained. So it is with this exquisite Adagio, and we can therefore only speak in general terms of the continuous excellency of the whole, and of the softness and roundness of the colouring given to it by the employment of the most congenial combination of clarionets, bassoons, and horns, in the accompaniment. We can particularise only the fine effect as a musical

relief, and the force as a point of expression of the modulation into C flat, on the words, "Und die Ketten sind mein Lohn." We have only one exception to take against this exquisite movement, and this is the somewhat abruptness of its termination; which, to a certain extent, annuls the impression that must surely be made by the one continuous beauty that precedes it. Had the penultimate bar of the voice part been extended to two bars, the effect of the whole would, we believe, be enhanced.

In the allegro we have an entire change of sentiment. The captive in a half-delirious trance imagines gentle murmurs in the air—imagines that a light shines over his grave—that an angel stands consolingly beside him—that the angel bears the form of his wife, his Leonore, who bade him to peace in the kingdom of heaven. The manner in which this rhapsody is musically rendered is one of the most remarkable examples of musical expression the art possesses; so powerful is its effect, and so extremely simple are the means employed to produce it. We have an accompaniment of most exciting character that scarcely varies throughout; there is a ceaseless cantabile part for the oboe, the streaming character of which and the bright clear tone of the instrument imparts an extraordinary effect of dreamy unreality to the highly impassioned music. The transition from A flat to F major that introduces this movement (the only modulation, excepting the natural and easy progression into the key of the dominant and back again, throughout the whole), has an effect of surprising brilliancy. The panting, restless agitation of the voice-part, and the powerful excitement with which it closes make a most impressive and touching rendering of the words, such as carries the sympathies of the hearer so entirely with it as to compensate the singer for the great exertion that its competent delivery must always demand by reason of the fatiguing strain upon high notes and the rapid enunciation it requires. Overexcited by the wild enthusiasm into which his thoughts have raised him, Florestan falls exhausted, and the concluding symphony of the song dies away gradually into a stilly repose, which conveys to us the more contented, if not the more hopeful visions that fill the place of the feverish unrest that made our hero seem at first so utterly a blank within a blank—the most barren spot in a vast desert.

(To be continued.)

MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S MATINEES.

The second and last concert of the present series took place on Wednesday morning, at the New Beethoven Rooms. Successful as the first *matinée* proved, the second was more successful in every sense of the word. The Rooms were crowded with one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences we remember to have witnessed. It must not be forgotten that the music selected by Mr. Richards was of a classical character, and although unquestionably of a more rigid class than the usual music of the aristocratic world, we have seldom witnessed such earnest and unabating attention. One of the principal features in the Programme was the grand Sonata in E minor, for the pianoforte and violin, of Steibelt. So rarely has this work been heard in public, that we may almost consider it new to the present generation, or at least unknown. Interpreted by such artists as Mr. Brinley Richards and Ernst, the effect was decided. Seldom have we listened with greater pleasure to any similar composition. The first movement abounds with melody, exquisitely contrasted by bold and artistic phrasing. The recitative for the

violin in the first movement was splendidly given by Ernst, with all that breadth and depth of tone so peculiar to his style of playing. The second movement in E major contains some charming ideas, arranged with great simplicity. The pianoforte and violin seemed to converse together most "lovingly," and we regretted that this movement was not repeated. The finale in E minor is the weakest of the three movements, although it contains ample room for displaying the resources of each instrument. Mr. Richards repeated his "Moonlight Serenade" by desire. It is one of those compositions which gain upon the auditor; gracefully written, and melodious, it cannot fail to become popular. The *caprice*, by the same author, is one of his best works. Although published some years since, we have never before heard it in public. It is in F minor. Its execution demands no ordinary command of the instrument. The unexpected modulation to D flat, and the return to the original key are very effective, and the climax before the *finale* is characterised by great brilliancy.

Ernst's "Elegia" is too well known to require any comment from us. We can only add that his performance of this admirable composition was the universal theme of admiration. Bottesini's marvellous solo on the contra-basso, and his duet with Piatti created as usual an immense sensation. Mendelssohn's lovely duet—the *andante* in D, was a most acceptable introduction: we do not know any composition of a similar kind, so exquisitely written as this duet for pianoforte and violoncello; adding that the performance by Mr. Brinley Richards and Signor Piatti was worthy of such a composition, we think we cannot well say more. Miss Catherine Hayes sang with infinite expression the "Ah! mon fils," and an aria by Frank Mori. The latter is well worthy the reputation of the composer, who may be justly pleased in having such an interpreter as Miss Hayes. Mendelssohn's lovely duets afforded the most sincere pleasure. Seldom have we listened to such perfect vocalisation as that of Miss Catherine Hayes and Madame Macfarren. High as our esteem of the last named vocalist is, we were certainly still more gratified by the artistic way in which the voices were blended. The only thing for regret was the brevity of their duets. The second solo of Mr. Brinley Richards consisted of three compositions of his own; the first a romance called the "Angel's Song," is a very elegant addition to the list of those publications which have already obtained for the author a well-earned reputation: the second composition, or rather arrangement, was new to the public—the "Souvenir de Bellini," is a most effective illustration of the well known air, "A teo cara." It abounds in brilliant and well written phrases, the execution of which would test the capabilities of the most intense devotees of the Thalberg school. The "Danish National Air" created a sensation: it is a work of great energy and admirably adapted to develop the resources of performers. Each of these compositions was much admired, and in the hands of the composer obtained a well-deserved reception. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied the various morceaux, vocal, and instrumental with his usual good taste and judgment. The success of these *matinées* must be most gratifying to Mr. Brinley Richards, and we only regret that he does not afford us another opportunity of hearing his performances this season.

Among the distinguished visitors at the second *matinée*, were the Right Hon. the Ladies Pelham Clinton, the Right Hon. the Lady Augusta Seymour, the Right Hon. the Lady Sophia Windham, the Right Hon. the Lady Alfred Hervey, the Right Hon. the Countess of Beauchamp, the Right Hon. the Countess of Dungarvon, the Countess Reventlow, the Right Hon. the Lady Robert Grosvenor, the Baroness Bray, the Baroness de Rutzen, Lady Moreton, Lady Sidney

Morgan, Lady Atkinson, Lady Talfourd, Lady Taunton, Lady Congreve Whiting, the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Yelverton, the Hon. Mrs. W. Chetwynd Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. H. Wilbraham, the Hon. Mrs. Wyatt Edghill, the Right Hon. the Earl of Westmoreland, the Right Hon. the Earl of Beauchamp, His Excellency the Count Reventlow, the Hon. J. Fortescue, M.P., Sir Arthur de Capell Broke, Sir Jasper Atkinson, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Miss Grosvenor, Miss Congreve, Mrs. Newton Scott, Mrs. W. King, Mrs. Lionel Welles, Mrs. T. Page, Miss King, Miss Clara King, Miss A. King, Mrs. Fred. Salmon, Mrs. Robert Raikes, the Misses Solley, the Misses Banting, Miss H. King, Mrs. Horace Twiss, Miss Peddie, Miss Bowling, Mrs. J. Pilcher, Miss Pilcher, Mrs. J. Somes, Miss Saxton, Mrs. Gilbertson, Miss Bentley, Mrs. Fred. Somes, the Misses Gadsden, the Misses Bullock, Miss Rawlinson, Mrs. Ackers, Miss Dundas, Miss Clayton, Miss Stanfield, Miss Partridge, Miss Cuff, the Misses Macdonnell, Miss Major, Mrs. Stocker, Mrs. T. Morris, Mrs. T. Raikes, Miss Raikes, Miss Healy, the Misses Talfourd, the Rev. Wyatt Edghill, W. King, Esq., Fred. Salmon, Esq., Newton Scott, Esq., Lionel Welles, Esq., Robert Raikes, Esq., — Lutwidge, Esq., Fred. Genet, Esq., Pryce Major, Esq., Dr. H. Morris, Cockburn Hyde, Esq., W. Banting, Esq., Edward Gilbertson, Esq., T. Banting, Esq., John Masson, Esq., John Parker, Esq., Henry Leslie, Esq., St. Vincent Jervis, Esq., F. Johnson, Esq., G. Bentley, Esq., Fred. Somes, Esq., — Somes, Esq., Edward Micklam, Esq., Thomas Reed, Esq., George Reeve, Esq., Edward Reeve, Esq., George Wilson, Esq., Rev. W. Cazelet, Henry F. Gadsden, Esq., Edward Bullock, Esq., — Cuff, Esq., Eneas Macdonnell, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Major, H. Roberts, Esq., H. Broadwood, Esq., Dr. Burslem, H. Loughnan, Esq., — Stocker, Esq., T. Morris, Esq., T. Raikes, Esq., Joseph Somes, Esq., Walter Broadwood, Esq.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Queen gave a concert on Monday morning in Buckingham Palace. About 400 invitations, comprising the Royal family, the Diplomatic Corps, and foreigners of distinction, and a large party of the nobility and gentry, were issued for this reception.

The general company, on their arrival were ushered to the Picture Gallery.

About 10 o'clock Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Cambridge, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to the Saloon, which was fitted up as a music-room. The general circle of visitors followed the Royal party into the Saloon.

The concert, the singers in which were selected from the two Grand Operas, then commenced.

The following was the programme:—

PARTIE PRIMA.

Quartetto, "Di Pafo il Dio," Mesdames Castellan e Viardot, Signori Gardoni e Herr Formes (Eco e Narciso)	Gluck.
Air, "Della sua pace," Signor Gardoni (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Trio, "Dolce ne' guai ristoro," Mdlle. Cruvelli, Mdlle. Castellan, e Signor Mario (Faniska) ..	Cherubini.
Air, "Du frommes Bild," Herr Formes (Der Mönch)	Meyerbeer.
Duo, "D'unbell' uso di Turchia," Signori Lab-lache e Tamburini (Turco in Italia)	Rossini.

Air, "Prendi per me sei libero," Mdlle. Cruvelli
(Elisir d'amore) De Beriot.
Quintetto, "O Dio di pietà," Mesdames Castellani e
Viardot, Signori Gardoni, Tamburini, e Lab-
lache (Il Diluvio) Donizetti.

PARTI SECONDA.

Quartetto, "O Nobile Signora," Signori Mario,
Gardoni, Tamburini, e Lablache (Comte Ory) Rossini.
Airs Espagnolles, Mde. Viardot.
Trio, "Giovinetto Cavalier," Mdlle. Cruvelli, Mes-
dames Castellani e Viardot (Il Crociato) Meyerbeer.
Duo, "Far caizette," Mde. Castellani e Signor
Lablache (La Sciocca per Astuzia) Mosca.
Air, "Connais-tu la chanson?" Signor Mario (Le
chant de Mai) Meyerbeer.
Duo, "Ich wolt' meine lieb," Mdlle. Cruvelli e
Mde. Viardot Mendelssohn.
Finale 2de, "Pian pianin in questo seggio," Mes-
dames Viardot, Castellani, e Mdlle. Cruvelli, Sig-
nori Gardoni, Tamburini, Herr Formes, e Sig-
nor Lablache (Nozzo de Figaro) Mozart.

Her Majesty most graciously entered into conversation with Mademoiselle Cruvelli for nearly a quarter of an hour, and appeared in the highest spirits.

Mr. Costa presided at the pianoforte.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The first appearance of Mdlle. Rachel in a new character—the first production in London of a tragedy which has obtained so considerable a name in Paris as *Valeria*, were events to rouse the curiosity of all the world of taste, and Mr. Mitchell's theatre was accordingly crowded on Wednesday night by a brilliant and anxious audience. This work, the joint production of Messrs. Maquet and Lacroix, is a strong instance of the audacity of invention reached by the modern French dramatists. No other class of authors would have thought of taking for a subject the ancient scandal of Messallina *Valeria*—would have dared to rip up that foul story, and to give it a flimsy new face of calumniated virtue and sentimental magnanimity.

It may be imagined that a picture of the age and court of Claudius does not, even when lightened by the most artful of devices for whitewashing the character of the Empress, afford a wholesome or an edifying spectacle.

The motives—the actions—the sentiments of the characters are low and base. The incidents, through which the foul intrigue runs heavily, are exaggerated and inconsistent, the dialogue flat and insipid. The following slight sketch contains as much of the story of the piece as we shall venture to bestow on our readers. The action turns on the rival ambition of *Valeria* and *Agrippina*, each seeking to establish her own sovereignty through her son—on the alternations between success and failure, through which the latter, under the direction of the freed-man, *Pallas*, conducts to her own triumph and the death of *Valeria*. The intrigue, whose invention gives its peculiar character to the play, affords Rachel the opportunity of displaying that wonderful power of contrasted impersonation, which, in spite of its faults, has won for it a signal success, and makes what the authors seem to have thought an honest woman of Messallina. The Empress has the misfortune of having a sister strikingly like herself, who, stolen in infancy, has become a courtesan of singular habits and great fame. This woman, *Lycisca*, is seized on as an instrument by *Agrippina* and her satellite, and exhibited to Claudius sharing a voluptuous orgie with a dancer. The

Emperor, touched in his only vulnerable point, signs a decree for the divorce and death of *Valeria*. She summons *Silius*, a young Patrician, with whom she has at the commencement of the piece established a love affair, and having already secured the army, takes advantage of the divorce to proclaim him her husband and protector of her son, who is declared Emperor in lieu of the deposed *Claudius*. In the moment of success, the friend of *Silius*, deceived by the fatal likeness, denounces the empress as the infamous *Lycisca*. Roman virtue is shocked. All fall away from her. Alone she awaits death in the garden of *Lucullus*. But *Narcissus*, the freed-man on her side, *pendant* of *Pallas*, arrives in time to untie all the knots of error and calumny in which her reputation is involved, and with her lover and his friend, her character is set right; but for the world it is too late, for *Agrippina* and *Pallas*, as a desperate resort, destroy the last evidence of the truth by decapitating the courtesan. Brought to bay by her enemies, *Valeria* slays herself with the sword of *Silius*, prophesying to *Agrippina* that her son shall be *Nero* and shall kill his mother. This, it may be judged, is sorry stuff, and we turn willingly from its demerits of composition to speak only of her who can charm us even through this dense medium.

True genius hallows and elevates whatever it approaches, and from this strange mass of mangled history and false sentiment Rachel extracted images of beauty and of truth worthy of the noblest poetry. Her portraiture of *Valeria* and of *Lycisca* are her own. In her hands they assume a life, a vigour, and a consistency, with which the authors have failed to endow them. Any one who was so fortunate as to witness the career of the empress, as represented on Wednesday night on the stage, without previously toiling through the tedious lines which pursue their sluggish course over the pages of Messrs. Maquet and Lacroix, must have gone home with the impression, that an immortal addition had been made to the great tragic drama of France. He must have blamed himself that he had not already purchased the volume and placed it in his library between the works of *Corneille* and *Racine*. Such will find that the excellence which he admired, and knew not how worthily to applaud, was exclusively histrionic, and his estimate of the wondrous powers of Rachel will rise with the disappointment with which he reads the tragedy of *Valeria*. If any one wish to test the justice of this observation by an easy proof, let him (bearing in mind the singular grace and fervour of the great tragedian in the seventh scene of the second act, between *Valeria* and *Silius*) peruse that brief passage in the play. He will certainly fail to recognise in the dialogue anything of the ease, fluency, and indescribable eloquence with which it was spoken. The whole character of the empress, as delineated by Rachel, is subject to precisely the same remark. It lies on the surface of the piece a series of disjointed fragments, ill-proportioned and inconsistent each with itself, and with all the rest—at the touch of the enchantress, it is gathered into a shape of faultless beauty and perfection, glowing with varied passions, and harmonised by uniform individuality. Her dignity, her sarcasm, her tenderness—each how true to universal nature! yet how finely discriminated from similar traits in any other of her creations! They are the dignity, the sarcasm, the tenderness of a woman; but in no phase of them is the spectator permitted to forget that that woman is an empress, and that empress *Valeria*. The last scene of all is portrayed with exquisite truth. The mortal agony, how different from that of *Adrienne*! Not poison, but the dagger, is the fatal minister here, and instead of the usual stage death, with its studied attitude, we see the greedy instrument drink the life-blood, and then increasing feebleness

spreading itself over the whole frame, the form changes into clay, and lies in piteous helplessness before us.

But the most remarkable feature in the performance, is the concurrent personation of Lycisca, a character so different from that of Valeria, that the assumption of both, even during the same evening, though not in the same piece, would be a miracle of histrionic art. We have heard of, and wondered, at the versatility of Garrick, who could play Hamlet and Abel Druggier on the same night. What would Garrick have said had he seen Rachel changing, in the same scene, from Valeria to Lycisca, and from Lycisca to Valeria? If the empress was a character definite and perfect in its kind, not less so was the courtesan. The gay, joyous, and even voluptuous carriage of the latter, was sustained with a spirit which afforded the most striking contrast to Valeria. And here it were most unjust to omit the wonderful skill by which all this was given, without the slightest taint of indelicacy. The Bacchanalian song was sung with a jovial recklessness which defies all description; and as we listened to the wondrous melody of that deep, rich, sympathetic voice, we felt inclined to say with the lover in *Shakspeare*—

"When you sing, I'd have you do
So ever."

The whole play was a new triumph, such as Rachel only knows how to achieve. She was recalled at the end of every act, and again at the end of the tragedy. On every occasion the applause was enthusiastic, universal, and deafening.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The opera produced on Monday night under the name of *Son and Stranger*, was composed by Mendelssohn, when in London, in the year 1829, about the same period at which the second symphony in A major was written for the Philharmonic Society. It was first executed at Berlin, on the 25th anniversary of the wedding of the father and mother of the great musician, for which occasion it was specially dedicated. The performance, which was private, took place in the family residence, before a select party of friends, relations, and acquaintances. The work was never published during the lifetime of Mendelssohn, and has only now been given to the world by the proprietors of the posthumous copyrights, Messrs. Ewer and Co.

The *libretto* of the *Son and Stranger* was written by Mr. Klingemann, an intimate friend of Mendelssohn's. The English adaptation is from the pen of Mr. Chorley. The story is very slight. The mayor of a certain village, with Ursula, his wife, have been deprived of their only son by conscription, and have not heard of him for years. When the piece opens, the inhabitants of the village celebrate a jubilee in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the mayor's appointment. Two strangers arrive—a pedlar and a musician. The first, who exults in the name of Kauz, insinuates himself into the favour of the mayor. The latter, through some secret communication, appears to have engaged the interest of Lisbeth, the mayor's ward, and the *belle* of the village. This excites the jealousy of Kauz, who, disguised as a watchman, dogs the steps of his adversary, at night, and catches him serenading Lisbeth. The entrapped serenader makes his escape, but soon returns, dressed in the habiliments of Martin the real watchman, who, in a state of intoxication, had readily ceded his place and duties to Kauz. Finding Kauz employed in the very business in which he himself had been surprised, the unknown musician collars him, cries out "thieves," and awakes the mayor, who from his bed room window recognises Kauz, whom he imagines to be the watchman, and orders the other to liberate him. The following morning, the day of the jubilee, Kauz, who has been informed of the

incident of the mayor's long-lost son, attempts to pass himself off as the individual so anxiously desired, but is unmasked by the stranger, who himself turns out to be the person in request, a fact which he had already disclosed to Lisbeth, to her entire satisfaction, since it leads to the revival of an old affection. Slight as the materials are, this little piece is by no means destitute of effect. True, the fun of Herr Kauz is not of the best, nor is there anything either striking or new in the magniloquence and affected pedantry of the mayor; but as a vehicle for music, it is sufficiently lively and stirring.

Even in his earliest opera, the *Wedding of Camacho*, (written at the age of fourteen), which was brought out at Berlin, and almost immediately suppressed by the wish of the composer himself, Mendelssohn betrayed evidences of decided talent for the theatre. Some five or six years later the *Heimkehr* (the opera now under consideration) developed that talent in a still more remarkable light, and there can hardly be a doubt that his early death deprived the world of a very great and original dramatic composer whose works would, in all probability, have constituted as remarkable an epoch in the history of the art as those of Mozart, Beethoven, and Rossini. Those who are intimately acquainted with the compositions of Mendelssohn, great and small, and who have recognised in them the dramatic element in such a large variety of forms, will be less astounded than others, only partially acquainted with his works, at the simplicity, freshness, well sustained gaiety, and genuine humour exhibited in the music of the *Son and Stranger*.

The opera of such a composer as Mendelssohn, however, must not be dismissed with generalities; and a short account of the several pieces of which it is constructed will not prove unacceptable. The overture opens with a quiet pastoral movement in A major, 6-8 measure, leading to a vigorous *allegro* in the same key, in which are foreshadowed some of the main points of a more recent and masterly effort—the concert-overture, entitled *A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. The characteristics of the overture to the *Son and Stranger*, are transparent clearness and symmetry of outline. The score abounds in the most sparkling orchestral effects, among which we must especially signalize the introduction of a counter theme, on the violoncello, which interrupts the second subject of the *allegro*, and mixes with it so agreeably, and with such a fine feeling of contrast. The *coda*, as in all Mendelssohn's overtures, is brilliant and exciting. The opera commences with a romance, "There sate in the gray times of old," for the *contralto* voice, in E minor, an old legend, in which Ursula prefigures her sentiments of anxiety for the fate of her absent son. This is a plaintive melody of three couplets, in the ballad form, the last couplet being gratefully varied by a new figure of accompaniment for the orchestra. A duet (in G), "Now here, now there, with laugh and jest," for *soprano* and *contralto* (Lisbeth and Ursula) follows. The young girl endeavours to chase away the gloom that weighs down the spirits of the forlorn mother, and the opposite sentiments of the two are developed in the music with exquisite art. Without entering into technicalities, we may pronounce this duet beautiful, from the first bar to the last. The next piece, a song in G minor, "How oft the young have wandered," shows Lisbeth falling into the same train of melancholy as Ursula. The style is passionate and appropriately different from the sentiment of the old woman's lament. It finishes with a phrase for the voice, unaccompanied, on the third of the key, which has a peculiar and novel effect of quaintness. The song in D, of Kauz, "I am a roamer bold and free," in which the pedlar gives a glowing description of the pleasures of a vagabond existence, is as overflowing with animal spirits

as any of the *airs de caractère* of Rossini and Auber, while at the same time the distinctive peculiarity of Mendelssohn is preserved by means of an instrumental colouring that cannot be mistaken for any other master. The melodic phrases, however, are so totally unlike Mendelssohn, and present so few traces of his ordinary train of thought, that, on a first hearing, it is difficult to believe he wrote the air, and only the most attentive examination can lead to that persuasion. One of the most striking passages is the *maestoso*, in 3-4 measure, near the end, in which the charlatan sets forth his own merits with a pomposity which the music paints to admiration. A song for Hermann, the stranger, in G and B, is remarkable for the very forcible manner in which two sentiments are contrasted. It is a description of the life of a soldier, who, when all the world goes to rest, is compelled to keep watch at the tent—who, when the hearth burns brightly at the home of his fathers,—and in the midst of an interview with the girl of his affections, is suddenly called to arms. Mendelssohn has expressed this most poetically in the music; the interruption of the tranquil melody, devoted to the scenes of peace and repose, by the rude sound of the trumpet, testifying the opposite phase of the soldier's existence, declares a fine dramatic conception. The end, in the major key, suggests the faith of the soldier—who cherishes the image of his beloved amid all the vicissitudes of his career—in the subtlest spirit of poetry. In the concerted *morceau* that follows, for Lisbeth, Hermann and Kauz—a masterly and elaborate piece—Mendelssohn again exhibits his facility of conveying, simultaneously, in music, the conflicting sentiments of opposing personages. The jealousy and rage of Kauz, at observing the intimacy between the two young lovers, stands out with striking effect, and contrasts admirably with the flowing melody, given alternately and in combination, to Lisbeth and Hermann. In length and structure, this piece which begins with a flowing *terzetto* in A, and ends with a bustling and vivacious movement in D, first in the minor and then in the major key, must rank as the most important composition in the work. The *terzetto* in F, for Ursula, Kauz, and the Mayor, besides being flowing, dramatic, and beautiful, has another notable characteristic. In the performance of the *Son and Stranger*, at the house of Mendelssohn's father, the part of the Mayor was allotted to a gentleman who could not sing. To overcome the difficulty, Mendelssohn, whose humour was as genial and true as his genius, confined the music of this individual to one note. All through the *terzetto* the Mayor's observations are set to the bass note F, the monotony of which is relieved, when the other voices are silent, by graceful phrases in the orchestra. The *terzetto* concludes with a series of reiterated F's, in which the Mayor, by the words—

"In vain you would with tales deceive me,
Hermann is, sure, a general now,"

expresses his belief in the prosperity and advancement of his absent son. There is the true *vis comica* in this *terzetto*, of which the composer of the *Barbière* himself might have been conceited. Another thoroughly comic *morceau* succeeds. Hermann entertains Lisbeth with a quaint serenade in G minor, "'Tis now the hour when spirits rise," accompanied by a *pizzicato* of the violins, &c.; but before he arrives at the end of each couplet he is interrupted by Kauz, who proclaims the hour of the night upon certain notes entirely foreign to the key of the serenade, enforcing his information with a strange and unmusical sound on an instrument which stands substitute for a watchman's horn. After repeated interruptions Hermann goes away in disgust and leaves Kauz to sing a serenade of his own and in his own key (B flat), "Hear, ye neighbours, hear me singing"

—a thoroughly grotesque effusion. This in its turn is arrested by the reappearance of Hermann in the costume of the real and *bona fide* watchman. The duet in E between the two rivals is full of vigour and depicts the contending passions of the angry disputants with graphic earnestness. The introduction of the mayor, who in spoken dialogue commands the liberation of Kauz, has a very excellent effect, and the resumption of the duet, elaborated by florid passages for the violin and other orchestral devices, is accomplished with increasing spirit until the climax, when, the combatants separating, the whole dies gradually away into stillness. A charming orchestral interlude is now supposed to represent the tranquillity of night, when a fragment of the opening movement of the overture introduces Lisbeth, who has provided herself with flowers, for the jubilee on which the morning is about to break. The ballad in A, "The flowers are ringing their bells of gold," in which the young girl apostrophises her fragrant treasures, is one of the freshest and sweetest melodies in the opera, and the subsequent chorus in D, expressing the united congratulations of the inhabitants of the village on the happy and auspicious day, emulates it in tuneful and unaffected beauty. The delicate and masterly manner in which both these pieces are accompanied cannot fail to be appreciated by the attentive hearer. The finale in which the imposture of Kauz is exposed, and Hermann claims the recognition of his parents and the love of his faithful Lisbeth, is as unambitious as it is charming. It commences and concludes in A, the key of the overture. The introduction consists of a quartet for Hermann, Ursula, Lisbeth, and Kauz—a *souvenir* of whose first air is pleasantly introduced—and a chorus in four parts, voiced with consummate effect, richly accompanied by the orchestra, and bringing the whole to a close with a flow of genuine and happy melody.

Considering its character and pretensions, Mendelssohn has written few things more entirely beautiful and engaging. That it places beyond all doubt the fact of his genius as a dramatic composer, is quite enough to make it interesting to all lovers of music. For freedom, spontaneity, and fluency of counterpoint, it does not yield even to the operas of Mozart—with which, however, it must not be compared, since its brevity and unambitious proportions place it out of the pale of larger and more comprehensive dramatic essays. Nevertheless, a more complete and highly finished work of its length has, perhaps, never been written; and if Mendelssohn was able to do so well for the momentary amusement of a private circle, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that, had he lived to carry out his plans, he would have equalled the greatest composers for the lyric stage.

The execution did not do justice to Mendelssohn's music: considering the means of the establishment, it was however, respectable. The opera was produced at the suggestion of Mr. A. Mellon, the musical director. The overture was tolerably well played. The choruses went satisfactorily. Both chorus and band should be doubled in number and quadrupled in efficiency. Miss Pyne, Miss L. Pyne, Messrs. Donald King and Weiss used their best efforts. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss (Lisbeth and Kauz) were familiar with the music, and sang their airs and concerted pieces with correctness. Miss Louisa Pyne gave the music as it is in the score, and did not alter a single passage. Miss Pyne, who made her first appearance on the stage, and Mr. Donald King were unequal to the parts of Ursula and Hermann, which are of essential importance to the *ensemble*. Mr. Lambert was quite at home in the Mayor and in the *terzetto* in F managed to give the single notes accorded to him with undeviating *aplomb*. As far as acting was concerned the most legitimate performance was that of Mr. Brindal as the drunken Watchman. Never-

theless, we never remember a musical piece to have gone off with more *eclat*. The applause was incessant and hearty, and there was an evident desire to encore everything. The presence of real genius must always be felt, even through the mist of inefficient performance; and a much inferior company to that at the disposition of Mr. Webster would have been insufficient to hide the beauties with which the opera of the *Son and Stranger* is crowded. We hail its production at the Haymarket, and its genial and unanimous reception by the public, as events of the highest significance. With better means of execution its effects would of course be much greater; but, taken as it is, it will amply repay a visit to the theatre.

ADELPHI—"Paul Pry" is having a new run here in the absence of Mde. Celeste; Mr. Wright performing the immortal Paul with his usual pungent extravagance of humour. Miss Ellen Chaplin, who plays the heroine, has little to do but what Nature has done for her,—that is, to look extremely pretty and lady-like. The Phoebe of Miss Woolgar is unquestionably one of her most charming impersonations. She is the very quintessence of a sharp-witted, saucy, meddling abigail. We would once more caution her, however, against a tendency to over-acting in parts of this sort, by which she injures some of her best points. The burst of laughter which follows her claim to the anonymous letter addressed to "The loveliest of her sex," is elicited by the perfect coolness and nonchalance with which she puts forth her impudent pretensions. This highly popular artiste will take her benefit next Wednesday, when she will appear as Sophia in Holcroft's comedy of "*The Road to Ruin*," a part very happily chosen for the display of the mingled simplicity and humour in which she excels. As this is the only opportunity that this lady's engagement at the Adelphi will give her of appearing in legitimate comedy, for which her talents so well fit her, we trust that the public will respond to the call by giving the fair artiste a bumper.

OLYMPIC.—The popularity of the French drama in London not only supplies us with constant novelty, but has lately given occasion to some friendly competition between the French and English artistes. Mrs. Charles Kean has "tried a fall" with Rachel—and with some success too—in Dumas's translated play "*The Duke's Wager*," and we have had Mrs. Stirling in "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," although here all comparison with the French actress would be impolitic, the part of Adrienne not coming within the range of characters in which we have been accustomed to look for first-rate excellence in Mrs. Stirling. As our readers are already familiar with this lady's performance, we will say merely that, as is usual with the English actresses, the colloquial and domestic touches were given with the most truth and effect, the closing scene evincing considerable power. Her appearance and demeanour in the first scene were the very epitome of social dignity and ease, and her dress the superlative of classical grace and appropriateness.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday her Majesty visited this theatre in state, and commanded Thalberg's new opera, *Florida*; or, *the Moors in Spain*, which was the second performance. The royal box presented a most magnificent and striking appearance. The two large boxes on either side that of her Majesty were taken to form one grand section, and were decorated with hangings of crimson and gold, and blue and silver, which were brilliantly and effectively contrasted. The Queen's box constituting the centre one of the three, was brought forward some feet into the pit, and made to form a curve. The interior was hung with white satin and gold, and decorated with wreaths

of various flowers. The ceiling was curiously fashioned with fluted silk and cloth of gold, while wreaths of roses and camellias, suspended from the extremities, were joined in the centre by a golden Cupid. The anti-chamber was beautifully fitted up, and brilliantly lighted by transparent lamps. The sides of the grand private entrance were festooned with blue and scarlet hangings of cachmere cloth, and vases of flowers of the rarest kind were arranged on either side, and emitted a refreshing and delicious perfume. In front of the grand state box, two beef-eaters were stationed on a platform erected for the purpose, in full uniform, as customary on such occasions.

Her Majesty was superbly attired and jewelled. Indeed, she appeared one blaze of diamonds, and never looked handsomer, or seemed in better spirits. Prince Albert was dressed in Field Marshal's uniform.

Precisely at eight o'clock, her Majesty entered the box, and came forward without an instant's delay to the front. The whole house rose to receive her, and a heartier burst of applause than that which immediately followed we never heard inside a theatre. Her Majesty bowed most graciously to every part of the house. The curtain being drawn up, discovered the whole company on the stage, and the National Anthem was sung, Mr. Sims Reeves taking the first verse, and Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli the last, a quartet of voices accomplishing the intermediate verse. The last verse was encored with acclamations which we did not consider loyally polite, seeing it kept her Majesty standing so long. But loyalty, like love, is sometimes blind, and must be pardoned for acts of inconsiderateness.

The National Anthem was repeated at the end of the opera, with the same enthusiasm, and her Majesty retired amid the most uproarious demonstrations of loyalty and liking.

On Monday an extra night was given for the purpose of introducing the celebrated twenty-eight Spanish dancers, who lately created so great a sensation in Paris, at the Gymnase. The patrons of the choregraphic art all assembled; nevertheless, the entertainment, which gave nothing but dancing all night, was found in the end something too monotonous. The dancers themselves obtained an unequivocal success, creating a *furor* in almost every *pas*. With one or two exceptions, the principal merit of the Spanish dancers consists in their ensemble, which for precision, novelty, and picturesqueness of effect, we have never seen surpassed, if, indeed, equalled. The most surprising and complicated evolutions are performed with a certainty quite extraordinary, while each artist seems to possess an individual and isolated interest in the scene, which is never lost sight of. Then, again, how wonderful is their castanet playing—as perfect as if it were accomplished by machinery! To be sure there is too much of it, and after two or three hours, the incessant clatter of ivory, however admirably in time, is apt to become fatiguing.

The performance was divided into four scenes or acts, indicative, we imagine, of Spanish mountain life in festival season. Groups of peasants assemble, and go through sundry national dances, and this is enlivened by some dramatic action, the purport of which we could not make out. Programmes, explanatory of the various scenes, should have been distributed in the theatre, which would have helped greatly to advance the interest of the entertainment.

The *premiere danseuse* is La Senora Dona Petra Camara; she is exceedingly handsome, with a Moorish cast of features, and

"Large, dark eyes that flash on you a volley,"

and a person altogether highly interesting. She is very

young, her years, apparently, not numbering twenty. With regard to her dancing, it is somewhat difficult to describe, being entirely of a special kind. There are no *tours de force*, properly so called, no *points a la Rosati*, no *Gazelle* boundings *a la Carlotta*, no iron-footed *poses a la Amalia Ferraris*, no *pirouettes a la Marie Taglioni*—in short, there seems no art, no effort, no intention. Every *pas* appears as though it were spontaneous, every movement improvised. What the Senora can do we have no means of estimating, for what she accomplishes is evidently within her means, so natural, easy, and unforced is every thing she does. Nevertheless, some of her *pas* are quite enough to stamp her as a *danseuse* of the first class, as one who has immense command of physical resources, who possesses inimitable grace, and whose every effort is obviously regulated by a superior mind.

The Spanish dances are nearly all of the Bolero, Gitana, or Cachuca character. They are variously named in the bills, but, we believe, they will be found referrible to that class of *danses caracteristiques*. The performances are exceedingly well worth going to see, and, from their novelty, the perfection of their ensemble, and the beauty and special attainments of the *prima donna*—if we may so call the first dancer—to say nothing of the *stellas minores*, who are by no means devoid of personal allurements and attainments, cannot fail to prove attractive for a time. Mr. Lumley possesses the most perfect and attractive *corps de ballet* in the world, but, as the twenty-eight Spanish dancers cannot possibly interfere with them, seeing that their accomplishments are totally distinct and special, we do not consider he has been unwise in engaging them for a limited number of performances.

After each act, all the dancers were recalled and received with hearty applause, and Dona Petra Camara created a perfect *furor* in all her *pas*. Nothing could be more genuine and unequivocal than the success of the Spanish dancers.

On Tuesday, *Florinda* was repeated for the third time, and with *La Sylphide* attracted a numerous audience. Cruvelli distinguished herself more than on the two former occasions by her admirable singing and acting, and Sims Reeves, Calzolari, and Lablache did all in their power to sustain the reputation of the opera. The applause, however, was not extravagant.

Masaniello and the *L'Isle des Amours* constituted an extra night on Wednesday. In addition, Paul Jullien, the boy-violinist, whose name has already appeared in this journal, performed a fantasia and obtained a most rapturous success. We shall not term little Paul Jullien "a prodigy"—there is something suggestive of ephemeral success in the word—but we may pronounce him a most wonderful player for his years, and, irrespective of his years, an admirable violinist. Paul Jullien is only ten years of age, and he has already mastered many of the greatest difficulties of his instrument. His intonation is faultless, and would shame that of many players of high pretension. His tone possesses an extreme delicacy, and a roundness so finely adapted to *cantabile* playing. His touch is firm and crisp, and his manner that of a practised performer. His execution is remarkably true and finished, and altogether his playing is satisfactory to an astonishing degree. It may be too much to assert, that he has already enrolled himself among the first violinists, but most assuredly he is not far from the first rank, and gives forth plentiful promise of being one of the most accomplished violinists of his time. The applause was uproarious from beginning to end, and at the close he was received with a perfect *furor* of applause, the whole of the orchestra joining lustily in the demonstration.

The *Nozze di Figaro* was revived on Thursday for Signor Fuzzi's benefit. The cast was good—it was as follows:—

Countess—M^{de}. Fiorentini; Susanna—M^{de}. Sontag; Cherubino—M^{lle}. Cruvelli; Count—Coletti; Figaro—Ferranti; Basilio—Mercuriali; Bartolo—Lablache. In addition, Carlotta Grisi danced a favourite *pas* between the acts; and *Les Trois Graces*, the popular ballet *divertissement*, was resuscitated for Rosati, Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. This was a "long Thursday" in reality, and a "good Thursday" to boot, since it attracted one of the most crowded audiences of the season.

The opera was on the whole well given, although we must confess we have been more impressed by the performance. Cruvelli's Cherubino was the great feature of the cast, and, as far as the acting went, we certainly never saw the Page before. The animation, life, buoyancy, and *espièglerie* infused into the part was inimitable, and not a scene passed without some novel and striking point being made, which showed the artist's dramatic intelligence in a most unmistakeable light, and went, beyond the possibility of contradiction, to prove that Cruvelli is as great a comic as she is a tragic singer. Cruvelli's singing was also admirable, and would have been as unexceptionable as her acting, if she refrained from certain alterations in the "*Voi che sapete*," to alter a note of which we cannot help deeming an act somewhat reprehensible, and moreover impolitic, as the song requires no addition whatsoever, so satisfactorily demonstrated by Alboni when she played Cherubino. Independent of this, Cruvelli sang the "*Voi che Sapete*" magnificently, and created a *furor*, which terminated in an encore. The first song of the page, "*Non so piu Cosa*," although sung as finely, and acted with indescribable tact and animal spirits, did not tell so well. Perhaps it was taken a little too fast.

The music of the Countess is extremely well suited to Madame Fiorentini. The plaintive "*Porgi amor*," and that tenderest and most affecting of laments for past happiness, "*Dove sono*," were charmingly given, and produced a marked sensation. The favorite duet "*Sul'aria*" was sung to perfection by Mesdames Sontag and Fiorentini.

Sontag was never more irreproachable. With the exception of a cadence out of place in the "*Crudel perche*" duet, we have not a fault to find with this accomplished vocalist who is never more at home than in German music.

Ferranti's voice has not weight or depth enough for Figaro. No one on the present stage can do rigid justice to Mozart's Ex-barber but Formes. Ferranti acted capitally, and sang meritoriously, but his voice did not tell, and Figaro's music should tell.

Lablache was as glorious as ever in Bartolo, and the "*Vendetta*" song as grandly given. Coletti was impressive as the Count, and sang with vigour. Count Almaviva, however, does not belong to the *repertoire* of this gentleman.

All the artists were recalled at the end and received with great favour.

Between the acts Carlotta Grisi, who was engaged expressly for the occasion, danced one of her most enchanting *pas*, and was received with acclamations, and applauded throughout with enthusiasm. The return of Carlotta to the scene of so many of her glories, was an event in the evening not to be overlooked.

Les Trois Graces is a very pretty *divertissement*, and served to exhibit Mr. Lumley's three Graces—Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni—under the most amiable and fascinating phases. Nor should the fair and elegant *Coryphées*, who, like spirits of light, hover round the Graces, be omitted from our notice. They served in no small degree to add to the beauty and lustre of the scene. Talking of the Graces, we have a hint for M. Paul Taglioni. Let him compose a *divertissement* on the subject of "*Venus attired by*

the Graces." The Graces are already at his hand. Who but Carlotta Grisi could realise the Venus.

Last night—a grand extra night—the performances consisted of the Spanish Dancers, *Fidelio*, two solos by Sivori, and *Les Trois Graces*. We have only to record our admiration of everything.

To-night the glorious Alboni appears in *Cenerentola*, and will once again take London by storm. The whole opera world will rush to hear Alboni.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Roberto il Diavolo attracted a crowded audience on Saturday, and the performance was thoroughly good, if we except the choruses occasionally, and the dances in the incantation scene, which might have been considerably better. The applause and recalls were liberal, and the principal artists sang and acted with more than usual zeal and effect. Although Roberto is not one of Tamberlik's greatest efforts, inasmuch as the part does not admit of any extraordinary display, vocal or histrionic, it exhibits the powerful voice and energetic style of the admirable tenor to singular advantage in several instances. Bertram, on the other hand, is one of Formes' very best parts, and brings out in the fullest light his capabilities as actor and singer. A better Rambaldo than Stigelli could hardly be desired.

The revival of the *Puritani* (first time for two years) on Tuesday, introduced Ronconi in Tamburini's part, Riccardo, Tamburini assuming Giorgio, Lablache's original part. The selection was not a happy one for the great little barytone, who requires a character with more metal in it than may be found in the compromising lover of Elvira, to set off his peculiar talents and powers to advantage.

Ronconi obtained a most flattering reception, and gave the popular romanza, "Ah! per sempre," with artistic feeling and skill, and made several points which were loudly applauded. But for various reasons, the impression he created in Riccardo was not particular. The music is too low, and the character too much wanting in dramatic points, to befit an artist who depends for most of his effects on displays of passion under its most salient and striking phases. Two years since, Ronconi was announced for the part of Giorgio, Tamburini reserving his original character, Riccardo; but, for some unexplained reason, Ronconi did not appear, and Tamburini undertook the part of Giorgio at a moment's notice, Tagliafico appearing as Riccardo, a part which he had previously sustained at the *Italiens*, in Paris. Had this distribution been observed on Tuesday—Tamburini for Riccardo, and Ronconi for Giorgio—we have reason to think there would have been a double gain. Tamburini, who always exhibits the accomplished artist, was excellent in the elder Puritan; but we missed him in Sir Richard, a part which, in every respect, he has made entirely his own.

Mario was not quite up to the mark in Arturo. Occasionally he sang with the utmost sweetness and power, always with inimitable taste and expression; but his voice has not yet freed itself from the fell grasp of the influenza. We were glad, however, to find Mario singing in an opera which cannot injure his organ, and would pray him, as he regards the preservation of one of the most divine voices that ever gratified human ear, to forego French operas until such time as he shall have been reinstated in his full powers.

Grisi was the queen of the opera. She sang now delightfully, now touchingly, and now magnificently, and created

a profound sensation in the mad scene, in the second act, and the scena "Qui la voca," which she executed better than we have heard her for many years. The famous polacca, "Son vergine vezzosa," if it did not exhibit all the ease and fluency of the old time, was an admirable instance of brilliant and graceful singing. Grisi, in short, was all but Grisi in her best days, and in her own line she still remains the "incomparable."

Bellini's *Puritani* has seen its last days. The inimitable quartet, for whom it was especially written, and who sang and acted in it to absolute perfection, are no longer available in its representation—and if they were, they are not what they have been. One has retired from the stage for ever; the others have been sundered. Grisi alone retains her original character. The days of the *Puritani* have passed away with the separation of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. The opera on Tuesday produced little or no effect compared with that of former times. But one encore, and that by no means unqualified, was awarded. The favourite quartet, "A te O Cara," could hardly have escaped a repetition under any circumstances.

The Queen's state-visit took place on Thursday night, and presented a very splendid and animated scene. The preparations for Her Majesty's reception were magnificent. The royal box occupied a large space in the centre of the grand tier, and was surmounted by a richly ornamented canopy which reached to the height of the second circle. The Queen and Prince Albert, with a numerous suite, entered the box precisely at eight o'clock. "God save the Queen" was sung; and Her Majesty was received with demonstrations of enthusiastic loyalty, which she acknowledged with her usual grace of demeanour. Similar marks of enthusiasm attended Her Majesty's departure at the end of the performance.

The piece commanded was *Il Flauto Magico*, the Italian version of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. This opera, in its Italian dress, had not been performed here for more than thirty years, and was but slightly known to the public by means of an English adaptation brought out some ten or a dozen years ago at Drury-lane, and a few very lame performances by one or two of the German companies who have visited London. Its present revival, therefore, excited no ordinary interest.

The *Zauberflöte* is remarkable for containing some of the most elaborate and some of the lightest music of Mozart. Of the former we may cite the overture, which as an example of free counterpoint cannot be surpassed, and the chorale for the two armed men, in C minor, with a skilfully-wrought fugal accompaniment in the orchestra; of the latter, we need only refer to the first song of the birdcatcher, to the duet between him and Pamina, and indeed to all the pieces in which Papageno is concerned. There is also not a little music which possesses neither the exquisite melodious beauty that characterises this latter class, nor the scientific gravity that distinguishes the former—such are the march with flute solo while Pamina and Tamino pass through the several ordeals of fire and water, and the flute solo near the commencement of the first finale; these may be called trifling, and give one the idea of the author's contempt for the absurdity of the dramatic situations he had to illustrate. The *libretto* affords but small scope for dramatic effect—where any opportunity for the exercise of his great dramatic power presented itself, Mozart availed himself in that masterly manner which has so often proved the unfathomable greatness of his resources. A powerful example of this is the introduction when Tamino is struggling with the serpent, and the monster is slain by the three attendants on the Queen of Night. In the style of impassioned declamatory music, Mozart, the greatest master of this branch of the art,

has never surpassed the adagio of the first aria of the Queen of Night, the song of Pamina, and the opening of the second finale, namely the quartet of Pamina and the three boys of the Temple. Mozart's remarkable power of imparting difference of character to the music of his different personages is remarkably shown in this opera—nothing, for example, can be more distinct from each other than the solemn purity of the music of the priests, and the playful lightness of the music of Papageno. Notice again how differently has the composer treated Tamino and the Queen of Night, Pamina and the Moor. The many trios of the three attendants of the Queen are essentially different in character from those of the boys of the temple.

The overture needs no comment, yet one cannot let pass an opportunity of offering one word of homage to the greatness of its author, which it so powerfully manifests. There exists not (even in the last movement of the so called Jupiter symphony, that wonderful example of this style of writing) a more perfect example of florid fugue, and there is not in music a work in which the skill of the musician is so completely masked under the beauty of his ideas. So incessant is the melodious flow of this most elaborate allegro, that those are charmed with it who are indifferent to the profound contrapuntal contrivance which forms its chief characteristic. The only point that appears to illustrate the subject is the short adagio in the middle consisting of the three chords of B flat thrice repeated. The instrumentation is most masterly and most modern—in especial may be noticed the fine effects produced by trombones in the introductory movement. The sparing manner in which these instruments are employed throughout the opera is worthy of remark; as in *Don Giovanni*, Mozart has recourse to them not for noise, nor even for power, but for the sake of giving peculiar colouring to the music of peculiar characters. In this earlier opera, Mozart uses the trombones only for the music of the ghost, although with less good taste than bad effect, it is the custom for them to play in the overture and other parts of the opera; in the *Zauberflöte* they are employed for the music of the priests only (besides in the overture), which has in consequence a different effect to any of the other music in the opera.

Of the introduction we have already spoken as a fine piece of dramatic writing. The opening movement is a thrilling embodiment of the anguish of terror. The simple but startling modulation that introduces the three attendants of the Queen of Night has a noble effect. The charming distribution of the three ladies' voices in this and all the pieces for these characters, as the other choir of three ladies, is equally individual and beautiful.

The little song of Papageno, "Gente è qui l' uccellatore," is one of the most capital tunes ever written; it is and will always be a popular favourite all over the world. It has the peculiarity (at least Frederick Schneider, the theorist and composer, thinks it worth while to point it out as such) of modulating into the keys of the dominant and subdominant, though the voice-part has no note foreign to the original tonic.

The most beautiful air of Tamino, "O cara immagine" needs but to be named to call up recollections of pleasure in the mind of every frequenter of our best concerts. It is a most glowing expression of passionate transport full of strong relief but making one unbroken continuity. The most beautiful interrupted cadence near the close of the chief melody with the piercing effect of the acute notes of the bassoon can only be imitated to be repeated. On the other hand, the panting, anxious, rapturous feeling conveyed by a passage later in the song, where the wind instruments accompany a passage of the violins coming always on the unaccented notes of the measure, has suggested many a point in later composers, we may speak

of Spohr in particular, where the same happy orchestral distribution has been differently applied.

The recitative and aria of the Queen, "Non paventar" are remarkable, first for the all-engrossing beauty of the adagio "Infelice, e Consolato" (already alluded to), and next for the extraordinary compass of the last allegro which makes the song a musical curiosity, and the few singers who can satisfactorily execute it are phenomena in natural history. This movement has, however, little musical interest.

The quintet in which Papageno begins with the padlock in his mouth, and afterwards the prince and his attendant are dismissed on their adventurous mission, is one unbroken chain of beauties. The passionate character of Tamino and the pleasantry of the birdcatcher are well distinguished all through. The last andante is another of those world-received natural melodies that must last so long as time endures.

The little trio "Colomba mei venite qua" is a pretty trifle, chiefly to be noticed for containing the anticipation of one of the most popular melodies Mozart (who has written melodies more popular than anybody) ever wrote, the melody known as "Away with melancholy" which is given entire late in the opera.

The duettino "La dove prende amor risetto" is as well known as the first of May, and no less fresh and springy and pretty and ever welcome.

The finale of the first act is for Mozart, who has in *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan Tutte* produced such masterpieces of this class of composition, certainly a weak effort. In the opening movement, where the trio for the three boys is accompanied by the muted trumpets, the effect is very ethereal. Later, when Papageno sets Minostatos and his attendant slaves dancing to the sound of his magic bells, we have entire the now household melody, "Away with melancholy" to the words "O cara Armonia" the effect of which is irresistible on the audience as on the enchanted negroes. The preponderance of recitative, the absence of passion, and the paucity of action in the rest of the finale renders it to a certain extent dull if not wholly uninteresting, and the echo duet between the panpipes of the birdcatcher and the magic flute of the prince borders very closely on the ridiculous.

The march of priests that opens the second act is very solemn and impressive—still and passionless as the lives of the conservators of the Egyptian mysteries were supposed to be, if, as the stage experience of Auber's grand opera indicates, they were not. The three times protracted cadence at the conclusion is very grand and simple. We have then the three repeated chords that make so prominent a feature in the overture, which are supposed to be played by the priests on their horns. (Strange things did the Egyptian priests.) This is said to be (we are not of the initiated) a masonic symbol, and this proves first, that freemasonry is supposed to have prevailed in the temple of Isis; second, that Mozart was a freemason, of which there is the further evidence of his having written an ode for a Masonic lodge immediately before he was seized with his last illness. We have now the grave and beautiful song with chorus of Sarastro "Possenti Numi" in which the very original treatment of the trombones has an effect of prodigious beauty.

The short duet of the two priests, in which they admonish their disciples against the fascinations of woman, is simple and cold, but not otherwise noticeable.

The quintet for the same characters as in the first act, where the three ladies of the Queen of Night tempt the two postulants to break the law of silence that has been imposed upon them, is natural and melodious, but not conspicuous for any of

those beautiful points that are in the other quintet so abundant.

The song of Menostatos is full of character, and another of those all powerful melodies that seizes the ear at once never to quit it again. A particular effort is made throughout this by the omission from the score—or only sparing employment—of the double basses, and the incessant iteration of semiquavers throughout the accompaniment.

The grand aria of the Queen "*Gli angui d'inferno*" fully makes up for the weakness of the last allegro in the first song of this character. The Queen offers her daughter a dagger with which she requires her to assassinate the high priest, and calls upon the Gods to punish her in case of her failure. The awful grandeur of a mother's curse is magnificently conveyed in this fine conception, and we are in this instance more than reconciled to the almost unnatural effect of the excessively high notes of the voice-part,—we forget that it is unnatural, and, so applied, we feel it to be supernatural, that such a power, when only such a power could possibly express what this music purports, should be employed to this noble effect. The thrice repeated exclamation, "*hort!*" when she appeals to the gods of vengeance (which is very inefficiently and ineffectively rendered in the Italian version) is superbly conceived. This may be esteemed one of the most successful pieces in the whole work, and cannot fail to make a deep impression.

The air of Sarastro "*Qui Sdegno*" is another of the many movements in this opera, that are familiar to everybody. Beautiful as it is however in a concert-room, it loses half its effect by being deprived of all its purport, when separated from the situation in which it occurs, and here its calm and broad, and peaceful effect, is the nearest possible approach to sublimity. Such a representation of the greatness of peace creates the reverent awe that it is intended to describe, and proves for the time of its performance the meek magnanimity of the human soul in the consciousness of all who hear it.

A most lovely little gem is the terzetto for the three boys, when they for the second time meet Tamino and Papageno. It is all that can be conceived of exquisite prettiness and graceful simplicity.

"*Ah! lo so, più non m'avanza,*" the passionate lament of Pamina to which we have already alluded, is worthy of Mozart's best moments, (and what have all these moments produced?) is worthy of the adagio of the Queen's air in the same key (G minor), is worthy of the symphony in G minor; of the string-quintet in G minor; the key in which especially this true musician of the passions seemed to revel, whenever he meant most of intense passionate expression.

The chorus of priests and the trio of Pamina, Tamino and Sarastro are smooth and placid, but not remarkable for any particularly striking beauty.

The charmingly pretty song of Papageno, with the accompaniment of his magic bells "*Colomba or Tortorella,*" is another of the many regularly rhythmical tunes in this opera, that taught us to declare while cataloguing them, that it contains more melody than any work in existence. As in the song of Rokko in *Fidelio*, we feel not in this that the change from 2-4 to 6-8 measure breaks up the unity of the effect.

The last finale is full of beauties, and contains no single movement (notwithstanding its very extraordinary length), excepting only the flute solo already cited, that has not its particular attraction. The action is however so entirely without unity, it is so broken and divided, and the music accordingly so often comes to full closes, and recommences with such change of character as is an interruption rather than a relief to the general effect, that it is entirely wanting in the con-

tinuity and connection that so eminently characterises Mozart's great finales. Let us consider then the several portions as distinct from each other, not as a whole, to the making of which we cannot feel them to be in any respect combined, and we shall find in them endless matter for admiration, though we cannot place the entire finale among those great works in which Mozart himself is his own only rival. The beautiful trio for the three boys with which it opens, and the passionate music of Pamina when she comes into dialogue with them, forms one exquisite morceau. The elaborate movement with the chorale has nothing to do with the preceding, but has enough in itself to awaken and to satisfy the most powerful interest. The duet of Pamina and the Prince has little to touch us; then comes that foolish march, and then the chorus of triumph which is again of small importance, so that this scene of the finale loses its character after the first movement. The long scene of Papageno, his meeting with the three boys, his invocation of Papageno and their irresistibly comic duet, form another extensive section of the finale which is equal in its way to anything in the whole work. The next movement in C minor, with the Queen and her attendants and Menostatos, is another movement of marked character abounding in interesting features. Then comes Sarastro and the priests, and the gravity and the explanation, and the moral, and, finally, a cheerful brilliant tuneful movement that finishes the opera and sends everyone home with a happy recollection.

Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, Formes, Stigelli, were included in the cast; and the small part of Papageno had no less a representative than Madame Viardot. Madlle. Zerr, whose extraordinary performance of the great bravura air of the "*Queen of Night*" at several concerts during the season had attracted much notice, was engaged expressly for that part. The choruses and orchestral accompaniments were magnificently performed, and the spectacle was splendid and beautiful. The audience were frequently roused by the charms of the music to vehement expressions of delight, but it was evident that no sustained interest was excited by the performance, which, as it went on, moved more and more heavily. In short, the *Flauto Magico* is a proof that the finest music in existence is insufficient to support an insipid drama; and this music must continue, as it has done for half a century, to be enjoyed in the concert room and the chamber, not on the stage.

Reviews of Music.

"**GRAND FANTASIA,**" FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—HENRICH WEBER. Charles Jefferys.

This fantasia is quite remarkable as a specimen of precocious talent. The facility, part-writing, and imitation it displays would seem to augur much more profound knowledge of the art than could possibly be attained at so early an age. The most striking part of the fantasia is the second movement of the introduction, *andante quasi allegretto*, in C minor, and the *allegretto con moto*, in B flat, which follows it, a really clever and elaborate piece of writing, *a la fuga*, against which no reproach can be made but that so frequently attaching to fugal compositions, a confusion of keys, and a certain prevalent dryness. The last part of the fantasia, an *air varié*, in E flat, the theme of which, *à la marcia*, has already been foreshadowed in the *fugato* alluded to, is principally to be noted for the ingenuity and brilliancy of the variations. Altogether, however, the piece is highly creditable to its young composer, who, if he keeps the promise here held out, cannot fail to become an ornament to his profession.

"**THEY MURMUR A WORD OF FAREWELL.**" The Poetry by C. H. R. The Music by EDWARD HOWELLS. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

This ballad is sweet and tuneful. Not its least remarkable

characteristic is its extreme simplicity. A child could sing it, and a child could play it. It is essentially a *zimmer-lied*. It is in E flat—an unadulterated ballad—and can be sung by a contralto, or a mezzo-soprano, with equal effect. We recommend it strongly to Miss Messent, Miss Bassano, Miss Eyles, and, in short, to any of our popular vocalists who are in want of something plaintive and touching, without being difficult, and addressing itself to that class of auditors who would pay unwilling attention to an aria of Mozart or Handel. The words are pretty and unaffected.

"THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN POLKA."—Composed by JULLIEN.—Jullien and Co.

This dance tune has already obtained a great popularity, and has been introduced at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, with eminent success, by the composer. The theme is quaint and melodious, and is carried out with unflinching spontaneity to the end. But what we most particularly admire is the imagination and ingenuity shown in the imitation of the tremulous sound of the falling waters, and the transparency, as it would seem, of the crystal sparkling in the light, and reflecting the prismatic colours in innumerable tints and hues. How Jullien has effected this is a mystery beyond our fathoming. But that he has effected it may be ascertained any night in the week, Saturday excepted—provided it be played on that night—by a visit to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, when the hearers, as it were, seem to fancy themselves within the precincts of the Crystal Fountain. Each night the Crystal Polka excites the audience to enthusiasm. A capital bit in the trio for the cornet-a-pistons, inimitably played by Koenig, helps to increase its popularity. To all lovers of dance music Jullien's last polka must prove welcome.

HANDEL'S "JOSHUA," AND HANDEL'S "SOLOMON," IN VOCAL SCORE—(Nos. 119 to 124 of Monthly Series).—Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO.—J. A. Novello.

The success attending the hand-edition of the oratorios of Handel and others, in vocal score, has been well merited. The utility of the publication is unquestionable, and by the able manner in which the orchestral accompaniments have been compressed, for organ or piano, by Mr. Vincent Novello, one of our most competent musicians, we need not reiterate our opinion. Not the smallest advantage in this hand-edition of the great oratorios is its cheapness, which places it within reach of every one. No one should attend a concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society, or of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, without his copy of the work in progress of performance, which Mr. Novello has made so easy, and shown it to be so advisable, to possess.

Joshua and *Solomon*, now issuing, are among the most remarkable of Handel's works. This, however, is not the place to speak of them. It is enough to call attention to the fact, that Mr. Novello's publication goes on steadily and prosperously.

NO. 2 OF SIX PROGRESSIVE PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—Dedicated to his pupils by WILLIAM SPARK. R. Addison.

The first of this set of pieces—"A Romanza"—if we be not mistaken, we have already noticed in terms of eulogy. The present number contains a graceful, smooth, and cleverly written *rondo* in G, which Mr. Spark modestly entitles "Rondo Grazioso à la Dussek," although it is entirely and unconditionally Mr. Spark's own property. The theme is flowing and pretty, and the passages afford excellent practice for the pupils. We recommend it without hesitation to our readers.

Provincial.

MANCHESTER.—On Friday evening last, a new organ, built by J. and W. Holt, of Bradford, Yorkshire, for Christ Church, Heath Field, was opened by Dr. Gauntlett, who found assistance in other portions of a musical performance, from the choir of the Cathedral, with Miss Shaw as the leading soprano. Among the performances we noticed the "Andante" from the "Pastorale" of Beethoven; "Anthem No. 4," by Dr. Gauntlett, and the grand chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb." The singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Miss Shaw presented further proof of the vocal qualities of this young lady,—who wants nothing but earnest

application, under judicious tuition, to give her a place. Mendelssohn's quartet from *Elijah*, "Cast thy burthen," gave so much satisfaction as to gain an encore. The admission was free, but a collection took place in the course of the evening.

Miscellaneous.

MISS KATE LODER'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—Miss Kate Loder, whose very great merit as a pianist has been for a long time generally acknowledged, gave a morning concert on Saturday, at the New Beethoven Rooms, at which she appeared most advantageously in the new character of a composer, in its most ambitious and pretentious light. The important work she submitted on this occasion to her audience was a violin quartet in E minor, which derived great advantage from the masterly performance of Ernst, with Mr. J. Day, Mr. Dando, and Mr. Hancock for coadjutors. This work evinces a judicious study of the best masters. We thought the first movement the most successful portion of the quartet. It is no mean merit to attempt a composition of this high character. It is no matter of wonder, however, that, in her lighter efforts, the fair musician should have been more entirely at home. To a recitative and air sung by Miss Hill, a charming little romance sung by Miss Dolby, and two melodies for the pianoforte executed by herself, we accord our unqualified praise, as being each excellent in its respective style. Miss Loder has been rarely heard so effectively upon her instrument as on this occasion. She played with Messrs. Day and Hancock Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, with all the feeling for the author that a player of such talent might be expected to display; in a fantasia of Schulloff she evinced equal command of a widely different style. We have only further space to mention Miss Catherine Hayes's exquisite singing of the pathetic ballad "The Lonely one," Miss Dolby's clever delivery of a highly interesting song of Mr. F. Mori, and Madame Macfarren's much admired rendering of a song from the *Sleeper Awakened*. Herr Reichart, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Williams and his sister, Miss M. Williams, were among the other vocal performers. Mr. W. C. Macfarren officiated as conductor. The room was crowded by an elegant and fashionable audience.

MIDDLE E. GARCIA AND M. F. DEMUNCK'S CONCERT.—Middle E. Garcia called her patrons and friends together, conjointly with M. Demunck, to an entertainment at the Hanover Rooms, on the 26th ult. The vocalists who rendered their assistance were Madame Sainville, Herr Pischek, and Signor Montelli. The instrumentalists consisted of M. Lavigne (oboe), M. Magnus (pianoforte), and M. Deichmann (violin). Middle E. Garcia's execution of the "Nel cor piu," with variations by Vaccai, a favourite display of Madame Persiani, was rendered with skill and considerable effect. Madame Sainville, in a duet with Signor Montelli, and in an aria from *Torquato Tasso*, acquitted herself with much dexterity, and Signor Montelli was applauded in "Largo al factotum." Herr Pischek was encored in the popular song of Proch, "The Alpine Horn." We remember having heard this sung with Mr. Jarrett's horn accompaniment, a very desirable one too. The German vocalist returned the compliment by giving "The Standard Bearer," a song now too hackneyed to afford much gratification. M. Magnus played a piece of his own composition with no small effect. He also gave Schulhoff's adaptation of the everlasting "Carnaval." M. Lavigne narrowly escaped an encore for his masterly performance on the oboe, and M. Deichmann, a very rising player, was highly successful in a violin solo. M. Demunck performed a solo on the violoncello with much taste, and displayed a good round tone, which was heard to great advantage, not only in his solo, but in a trio by M. Schimon, a clever composition, in which the composer took the piano part. H. L.

REUNION DES ARTS.—On Sunday last, this Society gave its 10th soiree at the Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Ann-st. Haydn's quartet (opera 81), was ably executed by MM. Goffme, Steinberger, and the two brothers Herren Lutzen. Madame Verdavainne played Bertini's *Norma* on the piano and a fantasia on the guitar, with remarkable energy and taste, and was deservedly applauded. Madame Lemaire and Middle E. Johannsen were the vocalists, and acquitted themselves very creditably. Mr. Chatterton (harp) and

Mr. Steinberger and a juvenile performer, Mons. Rancheray (violins), elicited well deserved plaudits. The rooms were crowded.

SIGNOR ANGELO BARTELLONI'S CONCERT.—This Concert possessed a feature more common than desirable, viz. a total absence of anything like order set down in the Programme, and consequently there was much confusion pervading the minds of the audience, more particularly as the singers were not all well known, and it was extremely difficult to know whether Miss such-a-one was ravishing our ears with soft melody, or Signora something else was the sweet songstress, and so on.—The most important feature for those who paid one guinea for a reserved seat was the appearance of Signor Tamberlik's name, which, however, was all that did appear, for the Signor remained away. Bottesini's, nevertheless, double bass sang as magically, and spoke as eloquently as usual; and Briccialdi's flute discoursed most satisfactory music; (by the way the Signor's slow movements upon that instrument are clever in the extreme); and Signor Bartelloni himself played well on the violin. He wants a little more variety with the bow, a little more certainty of intonation. One fine feature of the Signor's Programme was its reasonable length, for which he is entitled to commendation.

H. L.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—The eighth and last meeting of the present series took place on Wednesday night. It was for the benefit of M. Rousselot, the director, and the audience was the fullest of the season. Being an extra night the programme was miscellaneous, and only one of Beethoven's quartets was played—that in C major (No. 9), dedicated to Prince Razumowsky—executed by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. The other quartet was Mozart's, in E flat, performed by Messrs. Cooper, Ernst, Hill, and Rousselot. A quintet, the composition of M. Rousselot (No. 3, in D), with Ernst for the first violin, and Bottesini for the contrabasso, excited considerable attention. It is a very artistic work, and the perfect manner in which it was rendered brought out every point to advantage. M. Rousselot is thoroughly acquainted with the qualities and capabilities of instruments, and has displayed his knowledge to eminent purpose in this quintet, the *obligato* solos and the *ensembles* being equally well written and effective. The performance was unanimously applauded. A new duet for violin and contrabasso, composed and executed by Signors Sivioli and Bottesini, made a great sensation. It was rather a duo-solo than a duet, each instrument being provided with an alternate succession of *bravura* passages of the most brilliant character. Beethoven's pianoforte trio in C minor, exceedingly well given by Mdlle. Coulon, Sig. Sivioli, and M. Rousselot, completed the number of full pieces. Mdlle. Coulon, though one of the youngest, is one of the most promising of our resident pianists. The programme was varied by songs of Mendelssohn and Rousselot, charmingly sung by Miss Delby, and much applauded. M. Rousselot deserves credit for the spirited manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the Beethoven Quartet Society through the present (the 8th) season.

MR. DISTIN AND HIS SONS will leave town on the 2nd of August, for Jersey and Guernsey, Southampton, Isle of Wight, Weymouth, Limeridge, Sidmouth, Exeter, Teignmouth, Plymouth, down to Truro, Penzance, up by way of Bristol, and return to London about the middle of October.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Beethoven was not blind as well as deaf.

Advertisements.

DR. HENRY WYLDE.

THE following SELECTION OF MUSIC, by DR. HENRY WYLDE, will be performed at the Grand Concert, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Monday evening, July 14th:—A Sacred Work, for full orchestra and chorus; Pianoforte Concerto in F minor; Overture in E major; Andante and Scherzo, from a symphony; Scenes and Duet, from an opera. The orchestra and chorus will consist of upwards of 100 performers. The chorus selected from the Sacred Harmonic Society. Vocalists, &c.—Mrs. Sims Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. Durrant, and Herr Stigelli; Pianoforte, M. Billet. Leader, Mr. Willy.

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THE TONY-WALZER. By Labitzky.—Her Majesty's State Balls.—The following beautiful Compositions were performed by Mr. Boose's Band on the above occasion, and were evidently fully appreciated:—Labitzky's Morning Star and Tony Walzes, also the Leipzig Galop—Strauss's Swallow Waltzes and Kathinka Polka—and Musard's Champagne Quadrilles. Price 2s and 3s each.—N.B. The above Dances were also performed by the Brothers Labitzky and their celebrated Band, at Cambridge House, on the 6th instant.

THE GREAT GLOBE QUADRILLES. By Stephen Glover, Piano, 3s, Duets, 4s. Also, by the same distinguished Author, Mamma's Quadrille, Papa's ditto, 8-los, each, 3s; Duets, each, 4s.—Mamma's Galop, 2s; Papa's Polka, 3s.—Osborne's Quadrille, 3s; Duet, 4s.—The Six Palace Band March, each, 2s.—Royal Hyde Park March, 3s.—Home March, 3s.—Alpine March, 2s 6d.—Prince Arthur's March, 3s.—The Retreat March, 2s, and Fantasia on Airs of All Nations, 4s.

STEPHEN HELLER'S latest PIANOFORTE PIECES.—Students of the pianoforte will find in the following works of the above distinguished author an unusual degree of merit, suited alike for the saloon and the practice room, viz.:—Chant du Chasseur, 2s; L'Adieu du Soldat, 2s; Chant du Berceau, 2s; Arrangement of Mendelssohn's Chant d'Amour, 2s; ditto Parting Song, 2s; ditto Chant de Fête, 2s.

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NEW PIANO MUSIC, by Brinley Richards.—"The Vision," "The Angel's Song," each 2s; "The Sturm Marsh Galop," "Poor Mary Anne," "The Ash Grove," and "The Rising of the Lark," each 3s.

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It is respectfully announced that this evening, SATURDAY, July 12, will be presented Rossini's celebrated Opera,

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Angelina (under the name of Cinderella) ...	Mdlle. ALBONI.
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Clorinda ...	Mdlle. GRIMALDI.
Don Ramiro ...	Mdlle. FELLER.
Dindini ...	Mdlle. CALZOLARI.
Aledoro ...	Signor FERRANTI.
Don Magnifico ...	Signor F. LABLACHE.
AND	
Don Magnifico ...	Signor LABLACHE.

Between the acts of the opera, a new Grand Pas (composed by M. Gosselin) by Mdlle. Carolina Rosati, Mdlle. Rosa, Esper, Julien, and Lamoureux. To conclude with the admired divertissement, entitled

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On Tuesday, July 15, Thalberg's new grand opera, FLORINDA, the SPANISH DANCERS, and LES GRACES.

Wednesday, July 16, and Thursday, July 17, Two Grand Extra Nights, comprising the talents of Mde. Sontag, Mde. Fiorentini, Mde. Giuliani, Mdlle. Sofie Cruvelli, and Mdlle. Alboni; Signori Gardoni, Calzolari, Pardini, and Mr. Sims Reeves; Signori Lablache, Mascol, F. Lablache, Casanova, Scapini, Lorenzo, Ferranti, and Colletti; Mdlle. Carolina Rosati, Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris, and Mdlle. Marie Taglioni; M.M. Charles, Ehrick, Gosselin, and Paul Taglioni.

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Iperethusa, ...	Signor F. LABLACHE.	
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Two men in Armour, ...	Signor RONCONI.	Signor MARIO.
Deonofantes, ...		
Papagena, ...		
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GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LE PROPHETE.

On THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 17th, will be performed, for the third time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LE PROPHETE. Principal characters by Madame Viardot, Madame Castellan, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Soldi, Signor Mei, Signor Stigelli, Signor Polonini, and Signor Mar o.

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THE SEASON, 1851.

Since we last alluded to this topic there has been a wonderful change. The Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park, still remains the cynosure of attraction, still swarms with visitors from all parts of the globe, still excites, surprises, and delights the multitude; but it is no longer exclusively patronized by the public, to the neglect of every other object of interest in the metropolis. The theatres, musical and dramatic, and indeed almost every place of entertainment, in and out of doors, have for some time been doing flourishing business. Our prophecy of a reaction has been fulfilled, like our prophecies in ordinary.

The two Italian Operas are reaping a large harvest of support. Mr. Lumley, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has added Alboni to his company, and has evinced unprecedented rapidity in the production of novelties. Mr. Gye, at the Royal Italian Opera, has satisfied himself with repeating the most attractive works from the stock repertoire, Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* being the solitary exception. Both houses deserve more than a visit from our foreign, colonial, and provincial friends. No one should leave London without hearing the young and promising Cruvelli—the genius—in *Fidelio* and *Norma*; no one should depart without paying homage to the glorious Alboni; no one should go until he has listened to Rode's air *varié* by Mlle. Sontag, and seen the great Lablache dance the polka.

At Covent Garden, on the other hand, there are the big operas of Meyerbeer, *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*—the two greatest tenors of the world, Mario and Tamberlik—the barytone *buffo-serio incomparabile*, Ronconi—the deep German basso, Formes—the admirable and ever verdant Giulia Grisi—the studied and artistic Pauline Viardot. There is also Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, which, if only for Anna Zerr's "*Gi angui inferno*," Formes' "*Qui sdegno*," and Ronconi's *glockenspiel*, is well worth seeing.

At the Haymarket Theatre Mendelssohn's operetta, *Son and Stranger*, draws crowds every night. Mr. Webster is, we understand, so thoroughly pleased that his whole heart is now set upon an English opera. *Tant mieux*.

At the Adelphi there is still Mr. Wright, who makes everybody laugh whether they understand his vernacular or not; and charming Miss Woolgar, who gives everyone the heart-burn.

The Philharmonic Society, the Musical Union, and the

Beethoven Quartet Society have all closed an unusually prosperous season. It is, therefore, useless recommending them to the attention of strangers. But there yet remains the Sacred Harmonic Society, with the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn—the greatest musical institution in the world, and the worthiest. To tell every one to go there is needless, since every one goes so often, that it is always a chance whether a seat can be obtained, or even a corner to stand upright in.

Meanwhile Albert Smith has set off for Mont Blanc, on the peak of which cool hillock he intends to add another chapter to his *Overland Mail*. We trust to see him back again before the multitudes have dispersed and vanished.

CRUVELLI'S CHERUBINO.

From *Fidelio* and *Norma* to *Cherubino* is a long journey. Sophie Cruvelli has, nevertheless, accomplished it without peril. Florinda was the bridge over which she was compelled to pass. She traversed it safely. It did not break down in the passage, although there was considerable risk. The ordeal of Florinda, for Cruvelli, was like the ordeal of fire and water, for Tamino and Pamina, in the *Flauto Magico*. Cruvelli was Tamino, and her art was the Pamina of her love. She went through the fire and the water, strong in faith, and her escape may be regarded as a new triumph of that genius which bears her, on the wings of resolution, to the goal of her aspirations. The public was her Sarastro, and awarded her the prize of constancy and fearlessness.

Without trials there is no real merit in success. A life of unchanging ease leaves no trace of its passage. A sky that is ever serene and blue becomes, in the end, oppressive and monotonous. Cruvelli had her trial in the first dramatic work of Thalberg. The task of supporting the opera of *Florinda*, during four representations, was the task of Atlas, who bore the globe on his shoulders. Cruvelli achieved it, however, aided by the mighty Lablache, and the indomitable Sims Reeves. Lablache, always kind and encouraging to artists of talent, would not allow his young protégée to sink under the burden, but put his overpowering weight into the balance. Sims Reeves, the best and most warm-natured of *camarades*, came also to the rescue. The most arduous and difficult of operas was saved from ruin, by the enthusiastic *prima donna*, the gigantic *basso*, the energetic English tenor, and

Balfe, the *chef d'orchestre* who never sleeps. Though a work of labour, it was not the less a work of love; since every one likes Sigismond Thalberg, and every one admires his genius. The magnificent pianist, however, in composing his first dramatic effort, overlooked the fact that the human voice was not an instrument of brass, or wood, or catgut—but a thing to be fostered as tenderly as the drooping flowers by the lady in the *Sensitive Plant*. Another time Thalberg, with more experience, will do better. There is quite enough of dramatic feeling, quite enough of artistic ambition, in *Florinda*, to hold out a promise of something really good. Let Sigismond try his hand again, think less of the orchestra and more of the voice, less of combinations of harmony and more of melody. It is well to be original; but to be truly so depends rather upon first ideas than on the manner of their treatment.

Cruvelli has now played four parts—Leonora, Norma, Florinda, and Cherubino. The mere fact of having succeeded in them all establishes the question of her genius beyond further controversy. What can more differ from Leonora than Norma?—what can be more antagonistic to Norma than Florinda?—what more opposite to Florinda than Cherubino? Compare any one of the four parts with all or any of the others, and not the slightest resemblance will be found. Cruvelli is, therefore, not merely a genius, but her genius partakes of that universality which only belongs to the highest. We have said quite enough of Fidelio, Norma, and Florinda, to render further allusion to them superfluous; but about Cherubino we have a few remarks to offer.

Cherubino, as Cruvelli represents him, is a new character—the mischievous Page of Beaumarchais, idealised by the music of Mozart. Those who are intimately acquainted with the comedy of the French dramatist cannot fail to acknowledge that Mozart has elevated a set of commonplace individuals into the highest regions of poetry. What is the Countess?—a disappointed wife, who finds her Lindor anything but the perfection she once imagined him. What is Susanna?—a flippant, saucy, chambermaid. What the Page?—a naughty boy, with ideas beyond his years. The Count?—a vulgar seducer, jealous of his wife in the bargain, but jealous from vanity, and no higher feeling. Figaro and the rest?—except Antonio, the gardener, who is simply a toper, a parcel of unredeemable intriguers. All this leaven of worldliness and poverty of spirit—all this *gachis* of vice and heartlessness—has, by the force of Mozart's genius, been lifted into another and a purer sphere—idealised, as we have already said. Mozart touched this dross, and turned it into gold. The Susanna we love—the Countess, with whom we sympathise—the Cherubino, whom we pat on the head, and look upon as a poet in embryo—are Mozart's. Beaumarchais supplied nothing but the effigies and masks; Mozart blew on them with the breath of inspiration, and they became endowed with life, and soul, and heart. It is especially in her singing that

Cruvelli discloses this view of the character of Cherubino. Her reading of the first song, in E flat, "Non so piu cosa," perhaps the most beautiful ever written, is perfect. She adheres to the *tempo* of Mozart—quick, restless, and full of animation. The only alteration she introduces—the high B flat at the end, which she takes with brilliant effect—is quite legitimate. We cannot think that Mozart himself would have objected to so evident an improvement on the original climax. A song so crowded with musical beauties—an aspiration to the unseen, but not unfelt, from first to last—a poem in which is foreshadowed a whole world of passion—a longing of the young heart after the infinite and unknown—such a song should not end tamely, which, with the low B flat of the score, it certainly would. We cannot defend, on the same grounds, the ornaments which Cruvelli introduced into the other, and far less pretensive air of the Page, at the first performance. The beauty of "Voi che sapete" lies in its simplicity. As the poet says, "when unadorned it is adorned the most." We cannot find a bar in this lovely flowing melody that is not injured by the slightest change or the slightest interpolation. Cruvelli sang it divinely; as far as mere vocalization went we could have wished for nothing better. But this was not all that we required. "Voi che sapete" is a tender flower that shrinks at the touch. Take away but one of its petals, and it withers. Place as much as a leaf upon it, and it sinks under the weight, and dies. As Cruvelli and the rest (all excepting Alboni) sing it, it is no longer itself, but the ghost of an Italian melody dressed out in gaudy colors of *bravura*. Mozart would not have tolerated this; and Cruvelli, who has the sentiment of music as profoundly as any singer who ever lived, appeared conscious of the error she had committed. At the second representation (on Thursday night), she sang it quite in another manner—preserving all its purity, and all its touching simplicity. This genuine reading, allied to the exquisite beauty of the singer's voice—the tones of which, high and low, must win their way to the most obdurate heart—made a deep impression. An encore followed, as usual. Mozart was not the less appreciated because he spoke in his own beautiful and unadulterated language. Here Sophie Cruvelli delighted musicians and connoisseurs as entirely as she pleased the general public; but what could have induced her, on the air being repeated, to resort once more to the ornaments and changes of which we have complained we have not the wit to find out. As this is the first time we have had to rate Cruvelli for want of taste—a quality which she eminently inherits—we trust it may be the last. We admire her too sincerely not to tell her when she is wrong; but we would fain have the earnest and impassioned representative of Fidelio as perfect as lies within the limits of humanity.

Cruvelli's acting in Cherubino is delicious. The first night there was a little too much of the *gamin*; and we objected to a pair of *moustaches*, pretty and impertinent as they

looked. The second night the *gamin* was toned down, the *moustaches* were abandoned, and the whole was mellowed into something, if not so saucy, still more agreeable and fascinating, with a dash of *reverie*, which is essential to Mozart's Cherubino, if not to the good-for-nothing Page of Beaumarchais. In short the performance was pretty nearly faultless—as admirable in execution as in conception. We could scarcely believe that in the restless, fidgetty, adventure-some and amorous page, we were beholding the same young actress, who was but now the sublime Norma, the heroic Fidelio, the hard-worked, ill-used Florinda.

To conclude, Sophie Cruvelli has added another laurel to her wreath; and it depends upon herself to render this as bright and unfading as the rest. She has yet to sing "Voi che sapete," as Mozart composed it, and as real musicians love to hear it. Cruvelli, who did so much to satisfy musicians in Fidelio, who is cited by them in terms of such genuine and special admiration, must, in the midst of her brilliant successes with the uninitiated public, consent to please them in this matter. If the worst happened, and the general audience failed to appreciate a reading, wholly pure, of a melody which is in itself the essence of purity (Alboni has incurred the danger), Sophie Cruvelli could surely afford to dispense with an *encore*. Her name and reputation would not suffer one iota.

THE RENTREE OF ALBONI.

(From the Times.)

The return of Alboni, in her favourite part of Cenerentola on Saturday night, was equally a pleasure to the audience, and a triumph for the singer. The house was crowded to suffocation, and the enthusiasm of the public recalled the most memorable performances of Jenny Lind.

The career of Alboni, though short, has been remarkable. It is scarcely more than seven years ago that a young girl of seventeen attracted the attention of Rossini at Bologna. The celebrated *maestro*, struck with the singular beauty of her voice and its extraordinary compass, took an immediate interest in Alboni, and devoted considerable time and pains in giving her advice, which the result has shown to have been invaluable. The idle and apathetic nature of Rossini is well accredited. His attentions to his youthful *protégées* were, therefore, the more to be prized, and can only be accounted for by the probability of his foreseeing, in her person, a new and a great representative of many of his most admirable creations. The sequel justified his anticipations; not only has Alboni proved herself a perfect executant of some of the most striking parts in Rossini's operas, but, what is more, she is the last of a glorious race, the last legitimate singer of the real Italian style, now on the point of dissolution. The decay of the Italian school of singing is traceable to several causes, the chief of which, unhappily, is the dearth of composers, which has made the last quarter of a century the most barren in the history of Italian opera. The last great genius, the last great composer, of Italy was Rossini. Bellini was a plaintive echo of his saddest strains—Donizetti a vigorous imitator, in whom everything was found but the "divine fire." Rossini, disgusted at the growing apathy for his works in the land of his birth, went to Paris and composed French operas. He altered his style entirely, and gave the deathblow to the true Italian school. This was his revenge for the neglect of those who should have cherished him as their only hope. To

Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti succeeded Verdi. Verdi exhibits all the worst faults of his predecessors, exaggerated one-hundred-fold, with none of the genius of Rossini, little of the tenderness of Bellini, and less of the facility and *savoir faire* of Donizetti. Nevertheless, Verdi has his merits—viz., occasional facility of tune, considerable energy, and a dramatic fire that cannot be denied. But these are not enough to sustain a tottering edifice, rapidly crumbling into dust. The Italian school has seen its best days; its decline is near at hand; and it is doubtful whether anything can restore it. *C'en est fini*. There are no composers, no orchestras, no chorus, no librettists in Italy. The youngest and the last of Italian singers is Marietta Alboni, but even she has been compelled to succumb to the capricious changes of taste. Acknowledged the finest *contralto* singer of her day, the only competent representative of Arsace, Malcolm, Tancredi, and a host of other characters, she was nevertheless persuaded that she was not in her proper sphere. While the mere tones of her voice held the crowd in the spell of their enchantment, while the "Brindisi" was cheered, the "In questa semplice" apostrophised—and none denied her to be in her own peculiar way incomparable, Alboni was yet not in the first rank—not what she felt internally convinced Alboni ought to be. Silently, in secret, and without disclosing her intentions to any one, she began to study another kind of music—the modern dramatic, and when few expected what was going to happen, appeared suddenly before a Parisian audience on the stage of the Grand Opera, as Fides, in Meyerbeer's opera of the *Prophète*. The astonishment of the public when the announcement was first published may be easily imagined. "Alboni, the *contralto*—the calm Arsace, the lively Orsini, the imperturbable Malcolm—Alboni, the *cantatrice par excellence*, who had never given any indication of dramatic power, was going to attempt Fides, the most arduous part in the most difficult opera of the most exacting and restless of composers! Absurd!" This was the unanimous sentiment, which, however, was unconditionally reversed after the first performance, one of the most memorable events in the archives of the Grand Opera. Previously, however, Alboni, not trusting wholly to her estimate of her own powers, had been diligently practising in Belgium. Her Leonore in *La Favorite*, and other characters in the grand operas of the Académie, created a *furor* at Antwerp, Liege, Ghent, and Brussels; and by this means she acquired a command of the French language in singing which induced the severest of the French critics to pronounce her accent irreproachable. Whether in partially abandoning that particular school of which she was the greatest ornament, Alboni will add to her reputation in the end, has yet to be established. That she has quadrupled her professional emoluments, and materially shortened the road to competence and fortune, is unquestionable; but this can interest herself alone; the musical public of Europe has nothing whatever to do with it. One thing speaks in her favour. At the Grand Opera of Paris, where Alboni is engaged four months in the year to play French parts exclusively, she has sustained the falling fortunes of the theatre, and her name is the only sure means of attracting the public and ensuring good receipts.

Meanwhile it is gratifying to know that, while Alboni has succeeded in attaining the highest position as an exponent of French dramatic opera, while she has undergone the trying ordeal of Meyerbeer, Halevy, and Auber, she comes back again to the school in which she was tutored and brought up with a voice unimpaired in every respect. This must be traced to that unflinching method of training and employing the voice—the Italian method—of which she possesses the secret, and which she has known to employ to such good purpose. Alboni always *sings*—in French opera no less than Italian; she never forces her voice, never strains to reach what her natural register does not place at her disposal. Hence the unvarying freshness, strength, and mellow ripeness of an organ, in many respects unrivalled. No part better than Cenerentola serves to display the various gifts of Alboni to advantage. In the first scene, where, while her more favoured sisters are employed in discussing the artifices of costume, Cenerentola prepares her coffee at the fireside, the quaint romance, "Una volta c'era un Re," brings out low notes, as sweet and rich as the softest tones from the horn. Nothing can be more prepossessing than the simplicity with which Alboni says, rather than sings, this unpretend-

ing melody. In the *cabaleta* of the duet with Ramiro her flexibility is first denoted, while the infantine archness with which she addresses her unknown companion, in the words—

“Deh scusate, perdonato
Alla mia semplicità” —

has a charm that is irresistible. The last scene of the first act, where Cenerentola appears veiled, as an unknown guest at the Prince's ball, offers an example of the florid ornamented *largo*, in the pure Italian style, unexampled for breadth and dignity, combined with grace of style. In the delivery of such phrases, it must be admitted, Alboni stands without a competitor. The second act is chiefly distinguished for the celebrated *adagio*, “Nacqui all'affanno,” and the brilliant *rondo*, with variations, “Non piu mesta,” which terminates the opera. Alboni's execution of these movements realises the *beau ideal* of the vocal art. When we hear her pour forth, with a wealth of tone and a style of phrasing, which, lavish in graceful ornament, is the essence of artistic finish, the large and flowing melody of the *adagio*, we cannot but lament that such a simple and expressive style of writing should be hopelessly on the wane, and that a voice and method like Alboni's should be exhibited—to satisfy the eternal craving for novelty, to which the diverse transformations in the forms of art are attributable—in performances, perhaps, more vehemently exciting, but assuredly less natural and pure. The *rondo*, “Non piu mesta,” in the hands of Alboni, as a feat of mechanical execution, has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled. It is not merely the faultless correctness with which the scales, intervals, and divisions are taken, nor the roundness and satisfactory *aplomb* of each particular note, nor the fluent ease with which the rapid melody flows from the lips of the songstress, that calls for admiration; but more than all, a certain unconsciousness of the effect she is producing, a child-like innocence that plays upon her features while in the act of accomplishing the most extraordinary *tours de force*, and which, while it would plead successfully for a multitude of errors, exercises an indescribable influence when allied to such absolute perfection.

The reception of Alboni was such as is only accorded to the most favoured artists. The first tones of her voice in the romance, “Una volta c'era un Re,” fell upon the ear like some cherished melody of early days, and at once aroused the feelings of the audience. After the florid *cabaleta* of the duet she was unanimously recalled. The grand *largo di bravura* of the first *finale*, “Sprezzo quei don che versa,” was enched with acclamations. The enthusiasm created by the “Non piu mesta” and the preceding *adagio* we shall not attempt to paint. The encore and the double recall were but commonplace matters when compared with the breathless interest and the suppressed murmurs of delight which accompanied its execution from beginning to end. Suffice it, Alboni never more triumphantly sustained her reputation as one of the greatest singers of the age, and, in her own especial style, the greatest.

(From the Morning Herald.)

Alboni, after a two years' absence in Madrid and France, made her re-entrée at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday night. What better character could be selected for this interesting occasion than the Cenerentola, in which this fascinating syren has been in former seasons so triumphantly successful? She was received with the applause commensurate with her reputation, and no one ever enjoyed the public favour more unequivocally than herself. It will gratify her admirers to be told that she has lost none of her personal characteristics; her figure being as comfortably round as it ever was, and her countenance as declaratory of simplicity and goodness. Best of all her voice retains all its original beauty; and it was a delight not easily to be measured to hear once again those pearly notes, which can scarcely be said to have their equal in ringing sympathetic loveliness. Every one remembers the exquisite way in which this gifted vocalist executes the pretty melodies of the *Cenerentola*. Indeed, how can such things be forgotten? Alboni never sang them more ravishingly than on Saturday night, and when we say this, we exhaust all ordinary terms of praise. In the highest graces of style and finish this accom-

panied artist may, with but an exception or two, be pronounced unrivalled. We have taste the most delicate, as well as that supreme condition of art when all apparent effort is thoroughly and completely subdued. Although she performs exploits which few besides herself would be capable of achieving, the hearer is less astonished than pleased, less impressed with the precision of the mechanism than with the voluptuous and playful lightness of the expression. Were we called upon to point to any public singer in whom vocal elegance was strongly and instructively visible, it would be to Alboni, who betrays the utmost excellence of practical cultivation, and who, without the slightest tincture of affectation “enchants the ear” simply by the purity and amiability of her method. The encores she obtained on Saturday night were extended to the “Sprezzo quei don” and the “Non piu mesta,” according to the prescriptive rule. The latter was a masterpiece of vocalization, and moved the audience far beyond the common bounds of enthusiasm.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from Page 436.)

The accompanied dialogue that follows straight upon conclusion of Florestan's song is an admirable thought for combining the intensity of musical expression with the rapidity and clearness of spoken enunciation. There is very much in this brief colloquy between Rokko and Leonora of feeling to express, but the words are ill-adapted to musical declamation, they are of too conversational and familiar a character, and they require for the sake of all dramatic propriety to be too quickly uttered to be in any respect suitable for singing; thus the employment of the present form of composition, a kind of spoken recitative, is most judicious in this situation, in saying which we make a commendation of the principle which the effect fully justifies. The idea of combining spoken dialogue with orchestral accompaniment was not new in this situation; it seems to have been the custom of a somewhat earlier period in Germany to employ such a form of musical illustration in the performance of certain of the spoken dramas,—so at least we learn from a biography of Mozart, where there is an account of the composer having been most successful in a work of this character. The effect of such treatment of an entire dramatic work is questionable to us, who have never heard it, but we may reasonably suppose that had it been good, some specimens of the form of composition would have remained for us to judge from. Its successful application to a single scene in a long work is amply proved in the instance under notice. There are some most beautiful examples of the partial introduction of musical accompaniment in the spoken drama in *The Antigone* of Mendelssohn, where the most impassioned portions of the dialogue are greatly idealised in purport, and equally intensified in effect by the addition of the third most powerful medium of expression, music, to the language of the declamation, which, by the excellence of the combination of the whole, are shown to have been, alone, inadequate to the rendering of the deep and poetical feelings that are thus all powerfully embodied. It has been long our wish to see a lyrical drama constructed in which this form of accompanied dialogue should take the place of recitative throughout,—not to speak of the propriety of alternating speaking and singing in the same work, which is matter for discussion irrelevant to the present papers, such a form of treatment would be, we imagine, a compromise between the composer, who is reluctant to forego the exercise of his powers in any portion of his opera that offers scope for their employment, and the public, who are from want of habit and from want of education, unable, in this country, to follow with attention and interest the ceaseless music of an entire performance on the stage, where different expectancies and different appreciative powers await the representation to those raised in the cathedral or in the concert-room.—Enough of digression—let us proceed with the scene in *Fidelio*.

The jailor and his assistant descend into the prison. The delicate Leonore shudders as she enters the living grave of him she believes to be her husband; the extreme darkness of the dungeon prevents her for some time from discovering him, then she doubts

whether he be in death or in sleep. There is a deep intention in the few bars that accompany her passing the lantern before the eyes of the sleeper, all that is uncovered of his face, to certify her apprehension; first for the practical—the wavy, streamy effect of a light passing and re-passing before a closed eye, is fully realised; then for the ideal—the dream, the happy dream, the life in death of the exhausted victim is suggested by the recurrence of a passage in the song of Florestan, on the words, “An angel so like to my wife Leonore.” The assumed indifference with which Rokko enters upon the fearful task in the ruined cistern, the gloom of the dungeon, Leonore’s terror, have apt illustration in recurrence to passages in the finale of the first act, where the same train of thought prevailed with the same characters. All this is thoughtful, and conduces greatly to the general unity of the whole effect. This is a happy appropriation of previous ideas to a present purpose, the merit of which, however, lies much more in the conception than in the execution, as is proved by the many also happy examples of the same musical treatment in the works of dramatic composers of very various excellence, which are all, doubtless, more or less, to be ascribed to this scene in *Fidelio* as their original; such are the introduction of the same passage, whenever Samiel appears personally or by allusion in *Freischütz*, of the fragment of the laughing chorus, when Max hesitates to descend into the glen; of the drinking song, when Caspar prevails over him, in the same opera; the recapitulation of all the phrases belonging to the most important situations throughout the opera in the mad scene of *Masaniello*; the continual recurrence of the bridal chorus throughout the *Mountain Sylph*, and the similar examples of musical memories in madness in the *Lucia* and the *Linda*.

The last phrase of this melodramatic music leads into the very unique duet in A minor. This is one of those pieces of music in which the actual as well as the imaginary is thought to be imitated, in which not only the thoughts and feelings of the singers are meant to be expressed, but the positive sounds produced naturally, or by the action of the characters such as the singing of birds, the rushing of water, the howling of wind, the turning of a spinning wheel, and the like. It is a question for much discussion how far such matters are proper objects of musical imitation; still more, how far it is in accordance with dramatic propriety to embody such imitations in compositions the chief aim of which is to depict the passions of those who are surrounded and, possibly, have their thoughts if not their feelings coloured by such real sounds. Without a doubt, this practice in music belongs to the same class of art as the employment of imitative syllables in descriptive poetry. The “Hop, hop, hop” in Bürger’s marvellous description of the windswift ride of Leonore with her phantom lover; the “Trab, trab,” in the account of the horseman’s approach which a popular songstress has of late made most familiar; and many other like examples that are much more frequent in German than in English verses—but we willingly concede that in music we find a much more poetical application of the artifice. The discussion which this suggests is far too extensive for the present situation, but a future opportunity may enable us to enter upon it at some considerable length, till when we shall dismiss it, with the acknowledgment, that in defiance of the many beautiful specimens of the application of this kind of imitation to musical illustration, in spite of our unqualified love for many of the compositions in which they occur, notwithstanding our compelled reverence for many examples of the practice, we are by intuitive feeling, no less than by studied judgment, opposed to the principle.

Be the principle to which we have alluded, right or wrong, the application of it in the duet before us is one of those entirely successful efforts of a powerful imagination which so completely enslaves our passive admiration, as to supersede all exercise of judgment, and to annul the capacity for comment, excepting in the terms of commendation. There is imitated in the accompaniment of this duet the constant action of digging and the rolling of the earth under the implements of the labourers; in one place particularly we have the falling of a large stone, the removal of which has cost the greatest exertion. Superficially considered, we can suppose nothing less suggestive of musical beauty, or poetical expression, than such

thoroughly material employment as the action of digging, though it be the digging of a grave, or the noises of falling stones and rolling earth; but we have here something deeper to consider than the mere sacrifice, something that qualifies not only the feelings of the anxious wife and the honest jailor, but endues the very stones upon which they work with a personal interest, if not with a supposed consciousness. This something, be it merely the naturally gloomy associations of the place with the employment that is being fulfilled, and the purport of this employment, or be it that feeling of presentiment which poets have so fondly loved to depict, and Campbell has so epigrammatically expressed, when he says—

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

This something, however it may be defined, however understood, certainly justifies the poet musician in making it the material object of his illustration, and as certainly separates his illustration from that class of commonplace musical description or attempted imitation, which equally degrades the art, and burlesques the object it is intended to portray. We have to think that the mass of earth and stones which is being removed from the ruined cistern has been the gradual accumulation of many years, and has, therefore, been the silent witness of the many successive horrors that have been enacted in this the deepest cell of the state prison of a tyrant governor under a despot monarch: that the unheeded sufferings of each after other of the members of the dynasty of misery who have in turn succeeded to the sorrows of this cell, have filled not only the dank and poisonous air with the unwilling utterance of their sighs and groans, have invested not only the walls which enclose the captive, confine the sounds they utter, annul their aspirations for liberty, and limit everything but their thoughts, with so much of the living principle as to make each separate stone the emblem of a dead joy, the everduring presentation of a living sorrow; have magnetized this most desolate of destructions the debris of a dungeon, with the sadness that nought else could share, with which nought else could sympathise, that nothing else could know, and quickened it with a tardily developed sense of ill that nothing which is mortal could tolerate: but that this receptacle of remorse, this sanctuary of sorrow is now disturbed, and for what?—to be made the last hiding-place of the latest inmate, and, perhaps, the most forlorn of all those the influence of whose sorrows has been their only legacy to such as were to share with them this posthumous sympathy. We are to think of all this, and the supposition is then most natural that there is sentience in the stones, and that, though they be inert, they are not unconscious agents in the scene that passes. We are to think that Rokko has been for a lifetime habituated to the stern duties of his antipathetic office, in all which time, although his heart has not been hardened, his most sensitive susceptibilities have been blunted, and he has become careless, if not indifferent to the sorrows which, although he has not had the power to relieve, he has not had the will to inflict. That in all this time he has been the neutral instrument between the oppressor and the oppressed, uninquiring, if not unconscious, if the sentence of which he has been the agent have been just or tyrannous: that he has seen the arrival of many prisoners, and their departure perhaps through the gates of freedom, perhaps through the gates of death but always in the face of heaven: that he has often dug, perhaps, the graves of his own captives, but always as an officer of the law, never as the menial of a murderer: that his sympathies have been especially excited by the singular sufferings of this captive of two years, whose food has been from day to day diminished; who less lives than “hovers like a shadow;” whose murderer he has been vainly tempted to become, the indignity of which temptation still rankles in his heart, and whose death he has learned to regard less as an evil than as an entire release: from worse evils: that, although unconscious of the motives, he cannot have been uninfluenced by the earnestness of Leonore’s conduct, unmagnetized by the strength of will which equally supports herself through all her trials, and enables her to modify the minds of others to her purpose. We are to think of all this, and the supposition is then most natural that the jailor regards every object that surrounds him as a witness of his very thoughts, every sound that meets his ear as the

echo of his own consciousness, the reward to all his dubious forebodings. We are to think that Leonore has been for two years deprived of her all of life, her only of happiness, her husband, who was torn from her in the springtime of their passion, before the rapture of a young love had been tempered down into that sobriety of affection which is the favourite theme of the moralist as the safeguard of the social system, but which comes not with enthusiastic temperaments until its vital principle be extinct, until the powers of passion has died out: that she has for eighteen dreary, weary months mourned in hopeless and inactive sorrow the loss that she could form no plan, make no effort to recover: that the obtaining some vague clue to the place of Florestan's incarceration aroused her from the numbness of her despair, aroused her from the trance into which her whole being had been thrown, and kindled in her the energetic, the heroic purpose to seek him, and to save him at all hazard and at any—we are to think that for six months she has foregone not only the honors and the comforts of her station, but the respect, the rights, the usance, the sympathies, and the semblance of her sex; that for six months she has foregone the dear consolation of a suffering heart, the indulgence of her sorrows; that in the most cruel incertitude as to the vicinity, the fate, even the existence of her husband, she had, as a part in her great purpose, gone through the mockery of the betrothal to Marzelline; that she has, from step to step and from stage to stage, learned more and more to confirm that vague, that undefining and indefinite feeling between hope and apprehension as to him, her son, who is the centre of all her motions, the motive of all her thoughts; that she is at length here, in the very presence of him whom all her preternaturally excited senses assure her must be the object of her long and anxious search, but whom the peculiarity of her own situation and the unfavourable position in which he lies prevents her from positively recognising, and so compels her reason to doubt that of which her instinct assures her; that she is engaged in a labour alike unnatural to her sex, to her educational refinement, and to her natural organisation, and repulsive to her feelings: that she is digging a grave—that she believes its intended occupier is the man she loves;—loves! O word enfeebled by its familiar usance, how thus made all inadequate to the expression of that all in all of a life, that utmost exaltation of every thing which is of best, and noblest, and most passionate and most sublime in our being, that more than any spoken language can utter, that everything the most enthusiastic kindred feeling can suppose, which is the feeling and which makes the life, and which impels the actions of this most devoted woman,—but that she knows, from the intuitive conviction induced by the sovereign power of her own will, this intended occupant of the grave, be he whom he may, must be and shall be saved. We are to think of all this, and the supposition is then most natural that the whole being of our heroine, physical and metaphysical, is so extraordinarily excited that there is not a breath that stirs but finds a vibrating echo in the pulsations of her heart. It is with the feelings that are here most imperfectly expressed that one must listen to this Duet, to be able to do ourselves justice with the deep intention of the composer, and then, indeed, with how very much of mighty and mysterious meaning do we find the work is fraught.

The plan of the music is very simple, but admits not of definite verbal analyses. The part of Rokko is always very different from that of Leonore as are the feelings expressed in the two; he uncertain, wilfully resolute to brave an involuntary want of resolution, sings always in broken irregular phrases. She determined, with a great purpose that shall, despite all obstacles, be carried through, and sings a clearly defined, rhythmical melody, that is always as clearly, as definitely, as rhythmically resumed, after each of Rokko's several interruptions. Thus is the Duet conducted so long as it consists only of Rokko's requiring Fidelio to participate in his labour, and Leonore's replying with double meaning as to her strength of purpose. There is a passage of great energy and brilliancy for Leonore, when she exclaims in the full confidence of her enthusiastic heart, and all unmindful of her companion, "Whoever thou be, I will save thee, I will loosen thy fetters, I will set thee free," which gains especial brightness from its being the only phrase of any long continuance in a major key throughout

the whole composition. There is a point of much beauty in what we may regard as the coda of the Duet, where the voices respond to each other in phrases of contrary motion. Lastly, there is a prodigious mystery in the effect of the concluding phrase, which is given by the two voices in octaves with the pianissimo accompaniment of the whole orchestra, also all in unison. The orchestral arrangement of this duet is entirely unlike anything else in music, and beautiful as singular throughout. There is not a note in it but has its meaning; the exquisite refinement of these minute details must be left, however, to speak for themselves in their contribution to the general effect—we may only distinguish the whispering, hushy sound of the muted violins, with their constant iteration of triplets, and the strange, the unearthly, the preternatural effect of the two trombones that play almost throughout, and always pianissimo. There is an effect in the score which in this country cannot be realised, because we possess not the instrument by which it is intended to be produced, which is, namely, the contra fagotto, a wooden wind instrument, of pitch an octave lower than the bassoon, the character of which must of course bear the same relationship to the tone of this instrument as does that of the double bass to the tone of the violoncello. This is written to play always with the double bass in those rolling passages of six notes that form so prominent a feature throughout the whole of the composition, and it must, we are convinced, add greatly to the sound of depth, and to the roundness of tone, and to the power of the double basses, while it takes not from their softness of character, and gives nothing to their loudness. That we are unable here to realise the intentions of the composer is in so far excusable as it is not to be helped, but that we should wilfully pervert them (by the substitution of another instrument than that for which he wrote, the effect produced whereby must be, and we scruple not to say is, unlike that intended as it is possible for dissimilarity to reach) is in the highest degree offensive to all sense of propriety, to all veneration for the greatness of a conception which even this violation, how materially soever it may injure, cannot entirely destroy. The musical nuisance of which we here most feelingly complain, is to be found otherwheres in the perversion of the scores of Beethoven, and we cannot forbear a momentary digression to express our unqualified abhorrence of the substitution also for the contra fagotto of that most excellent instrument in its proper place, the ophicleide, in the last movement of the symphony in C minor, at the most important performances of this noble work that take place in this country. We may suggest that, as we cannot here have the instrument for which our great master wrote, the serpent would be a substitution that would certainly approach the effect intended, since this being also a wood instrument, cannot have a remotely different quality of tone, and we should from this obtain the volume, the roundness, the power, if not the positive depths that the composer desired to have.

(To be continued.)

HERR REICHART.

This popular German tenor, who has been one of the vocal stars of the present season, singing with invariable success at a large number of public and private concerts, is about to take his departure for the continent.

On Saturday, Herr Reichart gave a *matinée musicale* at the residence of Mrs. Shelley of Avington, (in Belgrave Square). The attendance was fashionable and brilliant. The estimation in which Herr Reichart is held by the fashionable world may be imagined from the following list of personages who were the Lady-patronesses of his *matinée* :—

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Montrose, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marchioness Dowager of Downshire, the Marchioness of Breadalbane, the Marchioness of Ely, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Lady Emily Foley, the Countess of Jersey,

the Countess Powlett, the Countess of Beauchamp, the Baroness of Brunow, the Lady Alice Peel, the Viscountess Combermere, Lady Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley.

The programme was interesting and judiciously varied. Herr Reichart shewed the diversity of his powers in the *aria*, "Ah come mai," from Rossini's *Otello*, a *lied* by Schubert, the trio, "Zitti zitti," with Mdlle. Johannsen and Signor Marchesi, and two duets by Nicolai, with the charming and accomplished Mdlle. Anichini, for a history of whose last musical *fete* we are still in debt to our readers. The *lied* of Schubert was encored. Herr Reichart was further assisted by Madame Parish Alvars (harp), Herr Laub (violin), Signor Bottesini (contra-basso), Miss Dolby, Herr Formes, Herr Stockhausen, Signor Marchesi, and Mdlle. Graumann (vocalists).

The concert pleased the audience, and Herr Reichart retired covered with laurels. He leaves this country, regretted by his English friends, and will return next season, doubly welcome.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ALBONI.

Alboni's *rentrée* on Saturday night, in her favourite part of Cenerentola, was one of the great events, if not the greatest, event of the season. The doors were besieged by vast crowds for more than an hour previous to their being opened, and the rush to gain admittance when they were at length opened, was such as brought to mind the most attractive performances of Jenny Lind. It is needless to add that the theatre was filled in every nook and corner, and that no standing room could be obtained in the pit and galleries a quarter of an hour after admission.

How may this prodigious success be accounted for? Does Alboni sing more exquisitely and more marvellously than ever? No. Is she handsomer or better formed? No. Is she younger? On the contrary she is some moons older. How then may the riddle be solved? It is certain Alboni was received with a fervour, and applauded with an enthusiasm on Saturday night, which she never obtained before in England, although the public were no niggards of their praises and their plaudits when she appeared before them. Alboni neither sings better—that were impossible; nor looks handsomer—that were hardly to be desired; nor has grown younger—of that there was no need; but Alboni has been at the Grand Opera at Paris, and has brought the entire public of the French capital captives to her feet: and Alboni has shaken the walls of Madrid with the echoes of her triumphs; and has thrown sundry French and Belgian states into commotion by the magic effects of her transcendent talents; and the English public read all this in the French and English journals, and they are impressed more than ever with Alboni's greatness, and recall the exquisite tones of her voice with rapture, and wonder why they were not more excited, why not more infuriated, when they heard her last. But if untaught they be slow to appreciate, once convinced the English public are staunch and enduring admirers, and cannot be easily turned away from their idols. Alboni now occupies the place in their esteem she should, by right of talent, have occupied when she first came to London. But "better late than never," is a good maxim, and we will not quarrel with their cautiousness, or, it may be, dullness, perhaps, obstinacy, seeing that their ears have

been at length opened to some purpose. We claim to ourselves no small credit, that after hearing Alboni one night in Arsace, we proclaimed her "one of the most gifted and accomplished singers Italy ever produced." As usual, the opinions of the critics at first were divided, but we have lived to see the opposition benches deserted, and the non-contents come over to our side.

When the curtain rose on Saturday night, and Alboni was discovered seated at the fire-place, one general and deafening shout rung through the whole house, and was kept up for several minutes. Alboni at last rose and came forward, and this was another signal for a second demonstration, if possible, more enthusiastic and exciting than the first. Far more interesting and complimentary were the suppressed murmurs of delight and astonishment with which her first song, the quaint and melodious "Una volta c'era un Re," was received. The entire audience seemed to recognise an old delight in those delicious and melting tones which enchanted them so oft, and the echoes of which still lived in their recollection. If there were any fears entertained as to Alboni's voice being what it was, it arose from the fact that she had within the last twelve months been performing soprano parts; and this might have led to an apprehension as to the retention of its purity and freshness. But that Alboni's voice was as fresh, as pure, as limpid, and as enchanting as ever, was proved in the first scene, and dissipated the doubts of her admirers. Those who knew Alboni must have been aware that in her new *repertoire* she ran no risk of sacrificing her voice. Carefully eschewing the bell-cose school of Verdi, she confines herself to the pure Italian *repertoire*, and in that no music is too high for her. The soprano parts in the operas of Mozart and Rossini are entirely within the means and resources of Alboni, although, critically speaking, her voice is a pure *contralto*, but an exceptional one.

In the charming duet with Calzolari, "Un soave non so che," Alboni produced an immense effect, and was encored, but she chose instead to come on and make her acknowledgements. She made several admirable points, and all without the least effort. Among them let us note the exquisite tenderness and simplicity infused into the couplet,

"Deh scusate, perdonate
Alla mia semplicità."

The other features in this act were the "Una parola," made famous by Alboni, and the grand *morceau di bravura* in the last scene, "Sprezzo quei don che versa," which was encored so vehemently and persistently, that Alboni could not well refuse to comply with the demand. At the end of the first act Alboni was recalled, and received with immense enthusiasm.

Cenerentola's efforts in the second act are chiefly confined to the last scene, in which occur the fine expressive largo, "Nacqui all'affanno," and the celebrated rondo, "Non piu mesta." In both of these movements, the one, large, flowing, and measured, the other, brilliant and daring, Alboni was equally great, and excited the audience to a perfect *furor*. She was encored in both, but the effect produced in the "Non piu mesta" absolutely beggars description. She was not permitted to finish the rondo either times. Her hearers could not contain themselves until the end, but broke through all bounds, and became, as it were, maddened into ecstasy. We do not think we ever heard so extraordinary an effect produced by any singer, not excepting Malibran's rondo finale in the *Sonnambula* at Drury Lane. After this

display, enough one would imagine, for any single occasion, Alboni was recalled twice, and overpowered with plaudits and expressions of delight.

We can hardly praise the general performance. There seemed to have been no rehearsal, and in one or two scenes all the performers appeared to go astray. Mademoiselle Feller, a most excellent artist if she would take pains, and Madame Grimaldi, played the two sisters, but not with perfect satisfaction. Signor Ferranti has some humour, but not sufficient for Dandini, and his voice is wanting in flexibility. On the other hand Lablache was inimitable in the Magnifico, one of his greatest parts, and Calzolari was excellent in the Prince. The chorus and band were tolerable.

On Tuesday *Florinda* was given for the fourth time, and the Spanish dancers made their third appearance. The Opera excited no furor, but the dancing of Dona Petra Camara, the ebon-eyed and the nimble, with her semi-bronzed coadjutors, created the utmost enthusiasm. The Dona was still more applauded and admired than at her two previous performances, and looked handsomer and more attractive, whereby she won more hearts. The Spanish dancing of the Dona is really inimitable, and, being novel as well as excellent, is well worth seeing. Nevertheless, we say as we said before, Mr. Lumley requires no addition to his choregraphic troupe. They are already the *troupe par excellence*, which even the assistance of the twenty-eight Spanish dancers would fail to improve.

On Wednesday,—a grand extra night,—the *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated, with the ballet of *Les Trois Graces*. Sofie Cruvelli's Cherubino was a decided advance on the first night. The "Non so piu cosa," was admirably sung, and the "voi che sapete," first time, given without a note being altered. In the encore, however,—the universality and enthusiasm of which ought to have satisfied the singer she had produced an impression, which it might have been politic not to attempt to improve,—she made the same, or something like the same, alterations we found fault with the first night. If Mademoiselle Sofie Cruvelli do not avail herself of the gentle and well-meant hints proffered her by the gentlemen of the press, so much the worse for her future career. She alone will be the sufferer.

Her Majesty and the Royal children visited the theatre on Thursday, when *Il Prodigio* was repeated by special desire. The Spanish dancers also appeared, as was announced, for the last time. We trust the fair dark Dona Petra Camara, and her brunette companions will not leave us thus abruptly.

Alboni's second appearance last night—an extra night—in *Cenerentola*, attracted an overflowing audience. If possible the applause and excitement were greater than on Saturday. The opera altogether went better, and was much more satisfactory. Still we should have liked something nearer perfection at the first lyric theatre in the world. *Cenerentola* was followed by *Les Trois Graces*.

To night *Ernani* will be produced for Cruvelli. It was in this opera, it may be remembered, that Cruvelli took Paris by storm some few months ago. Elvira is allowed to be one of the *prima donna's* most striking and finished performances. The opera is well cast, comprising the names of Sims Reeves, Coletti, Sofie Cruvelli, &c.

MR. GRAHAM, the tragedian, formerly of the Surrey and Marylebone Theatres, and who belonged to Macready's company at Drury Lane, died a short time since in America.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico* was postponed, owing to the indisposition of Mdle. Anna Zerr. The *Prophete* was substituted, and the house was crowded.

On Tuesday, Mdle. Zerr being still indisposed, the part of the Queen of Night was assumed by Miss Louisa Pyne, and the opera was played a second time with increased effect. Miss Pyne experienced a very flattering reception. She is not equal to the dramatic exigencies of such a character as *Astriffamente*. When cursing her daughter in the grand air "Gli angui inferni," she displayed an amount of indifference which almost made a burlesque of the words and the music. Nevertheless, her vocalization, both in this and in the other air of the Queen of Night, was exceedingly neat and distinct, the voice never failing her except when she had to touch the F in alt, which unfortunately happens several times. The opera went off with immense *eclat*. The house was completely crammed. On Thursday the *Prophete* once more, and another bumper house.

To-night *Il Flauto Magico*, for the third time; and then, we trust, *Sappho*. M. Gounod, the composer of that remarkable production, is already in London.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Wednesday Mr. Mitchell took his benefit, on which occasion an excellent selection was presented to his patrons, consisting of a new Comedie-Vaudeville entitled, "*La Petite Cousine*," the subject of which turns upon the endeavours made by a young lady to save her friend's husband from carrying elsewhere the affection which he owes to his wife. The idea was neatly carried out and the piece was cleverly played by Mademoiselles St. Marc and Bilhaut and M. Tetard, who was very amusing in the part of a lover, obliged to pay his court to another woman, being all the time in the dark as to the plot in which he is a principal personage. This piece was followed by a classical comedy, at least so it is called, in one act, written by M. Ponsard; but which is in reality nothing more than an elegant illustration of the amours of Horace and Lydia, consisting of a declaration of love in the first instance, a quarrel in the next, and lastly a reconciliation. In "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," Mascarille boasts that he has turned into Madrigals the whole Roman history; if M. Ponsard goes on turning all the odes of Horace into comedies like the present—and there are some four books averaging about five and twenty odes per book, not to mention the *Epodon*—we shall have upwards of a hundred comedies of the same stamp; the women loved by the Roman poet form a goodly collection of themselves, and we may thus hope to see on the stage, Chloe, Neera, Phyrre, Lydia, Leuconoe, Tyndaris, Glycera, Barina, Lycea, Neobule, Chloris, Galatea, Phylis, Phryne, together with a few matrons and a decent supply of sorceresses, magicians, poison-distillers &c., &c. Seriously we cannot call this trifle a comedy, not even a classical comedy, it is a misnomer—a dramatic or colloquial ode or charade is the most we can do for it. Of progressive action it is absolutely devoid, and we are more disposed to look upon it as a literary curiosity than as a dramatic composition, illustrating to a certain extent the manners of the Roman Court—tezan as we find her depicted in the odes of the poet, in which

by the bye she occupies a very prominent position. The language is choice, and M. Ponsard has done as much as his subject would permit him; he evidently has well studied his personages and they move about and talk much as we may fancy they did in the golden age of Roman literature. The effect produced is not of a very exciting nature; the expressions are more refined than suits our ideas of the tender passion, and compared with the sample given in *Valeria* by Mademoiselle Rachel of Lycisca, another lady of the same class, we must pronounce the present scene somewhat slow. Yet Mademoiselle Rachel declaimed in her very best style, and almost created a sensation when on reading the verses which she had supposed addressed to herself, she finds the name of Chloe inscribed on the tablet. M. Jouanni failed to give us any idea of our favourite Horace, of him who wrote to this same Lydia—

"Tunc nec meus mihi, nec color
Certa sede manet; humor et in genus
Furtum labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Tarpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam."—

ODE 1. XIII.

Mademoiselle Rachel was recalled after the curtain went down and was warmly applauded. Corneille's play of *Les Horaces* followed, in which the great tragedian created her accustomed sensation, excelling even herself in the great scene of the fourth act, in which she calls down the vengeance of the immortal Gods on Rome. Alfred de Musset's petite comédie, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, was delightfully done by Mademoiselle St. Marc and Mons. Lafont; this is a style of writing which will always please from its very simplicity, but when elegance of diction and purity of language are combined we do not despair of rescuing the stage from the licentiousness of Messrs. Lacroix and Maquet, and others *ejusdem farinae*. The house was filled in every part. In justice to Mr. Mitchell we cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without tendering him our most sincere congratulations on the success which has attended his efforts this season, at the same time that we acknowledge our gratitude for the efficient manner in which he has managed the affairs of the theatre. Every promise made has been religiously kept; a rapid succession of new actors and new pieces has been furnished, and if some of the novelties produced are of a quality not to command our unqualified approbation, they at least serve to evince the zeal of the manager and his earnest desire to produce the best fare in the market for the gratification of his supporters. J. de C—.

ADELPHI.—On Wednesday evening this theatre was crowded to excess to witness the comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, for the benefit of Miss Woolgar. This play, although vapid in the perusal, ranks deservedly high among our acting comedies. The character of the elder Dornton is the only one that shows any ingenuity in the conception or drawing, nor does the dialogue, although occasionally pointed, and sometimes forcible, contain any superfluous quantity of wit, or strength, yet, from the perfect knowledge of the stage shown in the choice and development of the incidents, and in the discrimination and contrast of the characters, the comedy continues to stand the test of time, and never fails, when well acted, to justify its claims to attention.

Sophia, the heroine, who is little better than a simpleton in reading the play, becomes, when transferred to the stage, full of natural simplicity and graceful *naïveté*, nor have we often witnessed a more charming portrait of her than was given by Miss Woolgar, who, moreover, looked as young and as pretty, and exhibited as rounded, fair, and eloquent a pair of shoulders as any nymph of eighteen. In a performance where all was excellent we scarcely need particularize. The early scenes were full of vivacity and *esprit*, and her by-play excellent without being overwrought, a fault which study and experience are evidently amending. Miss Woolgar never loses sight of the serious side of her portraiture, and hence the scene of reproach to her lover in the fourth act, was admirable. Here the pathos and humour were charmingly blended, and the touch of self-pity with which she gathers up the fragments of her lover's letter, just before passionately torn in pieces, was worthy of any actress. At the fall of the curtain Miss Woolgar was called forward to receive a shower of bouquets which absolutely scented the whole house.

The other parts of the comedy were well sustained. Mr. Woolgar surprised us with his graphic picture of old Dornton. Mr. S. Emery's Silky deserves particular mention as an excellent and well studied sketch, Mr. Webster was the Goldfinch, and Mr. Leigh Murray the young Dornton for the occasion, and the rest of the characters were well filled, not omitting Miss Ellen Chaplin, who, in the little part of Jenny, looked quite as handsome and saucy as ever.

On Thursday evening, Madame Celeste made her first appearance since her return from the continent, in her favourite character of Miami, in the *Green Bushes*. During her absence the entertainments at the Adelphi have been more of a comic description than usual, and *Paul Pry* has been a standing dish. With her return the house resumes its old peculiarity as the region of *drame*. A crowded house signalized the return of this popular actress and manager.

Original Correspondence.

ALBONI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

The Editor of the Musical World would greatly oblige several subscribers by stating what Alboni's compass is. There is an impression abroad that it, like a circle, has neither beginning nor end—one part running into the other—is this a fact?

[What Alboni's compass is we never can make out, the highest notes she sings being attacked with so much ease, and the lowest with so much power. Alboni's voice having a middle must have a beginning and end, argal Alboni's voice though round is not a circle. Ed.]

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This institution held its adjourned general meeting, on the platform of the Large Hall, Exeter Hall, on Monday evening last.

The Rev. George Roberts, the president of the Society occupied the chair: in opening the business of the evening, he explained to the members assembled that the committee had to report the proceedings of the past fifteen months, it having been thought advisable to carry the accounts up to the 30th June last, the adjournment having also been suggested that they might be enabled to place before the meeting the *real* state of the Society's affairs.

In the absence of the Rev. Mr. Austin, the secretary and the Rev. F. J. Stainforth, who had assisted in discharging the duties of the office, the acting secretary, Mr. Williams, was called upon to read the report.

This document, after detailing the difficulties with which the Society had had to contend, expressed a hope that those difficulties would cease, and claimed credit for having given the oratorios of last season with unexampled breadth and grandeur. It set forth a letter from Dr. Elvey, thanking the orchestra for the performance of his anthem. It stated that the Society had, during the past fifteen months, given twelve concerts; and although it might have appeared desirable to some to have given a more extended series, yet, as the concerts were very expensive, if such course were pursued it would soon result in an empty exchequer.

The report then informed the members that a debt of £700 had been incurred in addition to another contingent claim of £480. An arrangement had been made with Mr. Surman, by which he was to take the whole of this responsibility upon himself for the present; the Society undertaking to repay him when it had any surplus funds, in addition to which contingency, they were to allow him (Mr. S.) 4½ per cent interest, until such time as it was repaid. Mr. Surman had also relieved the Society from any charge for the loan of music, which he would continue to supply gratuitously.

The closing paragraph stated that the Committee did not feel justified in appropriating any of the funds of the Society as prizes for Orchestral Anthems, but recommended a special subscription for the purpose.

The Treasurer's account having been read, explanations were given by the Secretary as to the mode of effecting the contingent loan, and Mr. Surman having been called for by the President, stated his views. The report was then adopted.

In accordance with the recommendation in the report, resolutions were then passed by which the two sums of £700 and £481 17s. 6d. were acknowledged as contingent loans by Mr. Surman to the Society, leaving interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum; the principal to be repaid from the future profits of the Society.

The ordinary complimentary votes of thanks were then duly recorded to the officers of the Society, &c.

The President in returning thanks for the honour conferred upon him, in alluding to the admixture of amateurs and professionals composing the Society's Orchestra, jocularly likened the conductor to a Welsh coachman who was told he must drive a team of four horses down a Welsh mountain. One of the four was blind, one a "jibber," one kicked over the traces, and one would not go at all. Yet this team he had to drive down hill, and he did it, although he (the President) would defy the Queen's Coachman to have done it.

After a few more general observations the President concluded by expressing his belief that next year more cheering results would be manifest, after which the meeting separated.

Reviews of Music.

"THE THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION."—By GOTTFRIED WEBER; translated, with notes, by J. F. Warner; edited, with additions from the original German, by John Bishop.—R. Cocks and Co.

The catalogue of Messrs. Cocks is rich in elementary, theoretical, and philosophical works on the musical art, and the spirit and disregard of expense which have enabled them to place the longest and most comprehensive treatises at the disposition of the public, are worthy the highest commendation. Gottfried Weber's *Theory of Musical Composition* is one of the most renowned of the German essays, and well merits its celebrity, since—as the title justly claims for it—it presents a "naturally consecutive arrangement of topics." Some will complain of its enormous length and diffuseness; but we think the American translator, Mr. J. F. Warner, has fully set forth in an elaborate preface, that to be concise is one thing, and to be explanatory another, and that in discussing the theory and practice of such an art as musical composition, which contains such a multitude of branches, and, to use Scriptural language, so many wheels within wheels, the brevity, which is "the soul of wit," would be altogether out of place. It is very well that a sonnet should be confined to fourteen lines, and equally advisable that an epigram or a *bon mot* should be as

curt as possible. But a philosophical treatise is quite another matter. Every fact, rule, analogy, or comparison omitted for brevity's sake, is no better nor worse than a fact, rule, analogy, or comparison lost, which should have been made known, where it is requisite to acquire not merely a general view of a subject, but a familiar intimacy with its details. On this principle, Gottfried Weber has compiled his *Theory of Musical Composition*, in which he has set forth everything that he himself knew on the subject. His book is as good as a whole year's conversation with the author—a chapter *per diem*. At the same time, be it understood, the treatise is purely a philosophical treatise, and must be read, learned, and inwardly digested, before attempting to apply its principles to practice. We must know all of it, or the labour is lost. One link of the chain abandoned, and the whole falls to pieces. An attentive study of the work, however, if the intellect of the learner be sufficiently keen and capacious, will almost make a musician. The greatest possible care must be taken not to get confused in the multitude of rules and explications. Page by page—nay, we may almost say line by line, or at least paragraph by paragraph—the whole must be placed in the store-house of the brain, in as orderly and progressive a manner as it is found in the book itself. Thus only can the *Theory of Musical Composition* be made available; but thus studied, thus acquired, its utility will be unquestionable, its influence immense.

We shall not attempt an analysis of such a work as that of Gottfried Weber. Its wide and deserved celebrity, moreover, absolves us from the necessity. Long before the death of the author (in 1839), it was acknowledged in Germany as a standard treatise, and the greatest musicians have regarded it with respect and admiration. Our present purpose is simply to call attention to the fact, that the Messrs. Cocks have enriched their already wealthy catalogue with a splendid edition of this very admirable philosophical work; and that Mr. John Bishop (of Cheltenham), the English editor, has performed his task with the utmost care and ability. One thing, however, we should have greatly preferred. Instead of the lengthy, high-flown, and rambling preface of the American translator, which is printed without curtailment, the preface of Gottfried Weber, of which only extracts are presented, might have been given entire. This would have made the *Theory of Musical Composition* still more complete and acceptable.

"THE ORGANIST'S MANUAL"—CONSISTING OF SELECT MOVEMENTS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.—Edited by GEORGE COOPER, Organist of St. Sepulchre and Christ's Hospital.—Addison & Co.

The utility of this publication must be seen at a glance, and the well-known ability of Mr. Cooper may be accepted as a guarantee that the selections are made with judgment. The first number contains a *larghetto*, in F, from Kalliwoda's second symphony, a somewhat feeble imitation of Spohr.

No. 2 comprises an *andante*, in the same key, from one of the pianoforte sonatas of Mozart; and a "Benedictus," also in F, from Schubert's Mass, in B flat, which might easily be mistaken for the same master, but for the somewhat forced manner in which the subject is resumed, and for a subsequent transition into the subdominant, which, though bold, is not Mozartian. This movement has also a peculiarity in which Mozart never indulged—it ends in the subdominant of the key.

No. 3 contains another weak imitation of Spohr, in the shape of an *adagio*, in C, from Kalliwoda's first symphony.

No. 4 is much more interesting, consisting of the *andante*, in F, with variations, from Mozart's fifth violin quartet, a masterly movement.

No. 5 is an arrangement of Hummel's beautiful and well-known "Quod in Orbe," in F, one of the best specimens of the master's Church Music.

No. 6 contains the *andante scherzetto* from Beethoven's fourth quartet, which requires great fluency of execution.

The first five numbers are arranged by Mr. Cooper himself; the last by Mr. W. T. Best, from Liverpool, one of the ablest organists in this country. Both gentlemen have performed their tasks in a highly skilful manner.

In proceeding with the Organist's Manual we strongly recom-

mend Mr. Cooper to make fewer selections from the wishy-washy symphonies of Kalliwoda, and more from the really great masters, of some of whom that German composer is but a mere parody.

"THE AMATEUR PRELUDIST" (Book 1st.)—A collection of Preludes for the Organ or Harmonium—Composed and selected by EDWARD TRAVIS.—Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

This collection of fifty-three preludes will be found both useful and agreeable to the organist and harmoniumist. It consists of short pieces, like voluntaries, with the advantage of compact form and finish, which saves them from having the air of impromptus. They are completely in the ecclesiastic style, and most of them are nicely harmonised, and evince an agreeable flow of melody. We have, however, to make the same protest as against another work of Mr. Travis—which, if we mistake not, we reviewed about three months ago—namely, that the distinction is not shown, which are the preludes composed, and which selected, by Mr. Travis; until which oversight be rectified we cannot enter into a separate analysis of the individual pieces.

"ROUND AND ROUND THE CORAL BOWER"—Fairies' Song—Written by G. L. Banks, Esq.—Composed by MINIMA.—Cramer, Beale, and Co.

A very pretty song, somewhat original in form, and rather diffuse in modulation, but betraying decided talent and a good deal of fancy. The key is F minor, and there is an episode in E major. These keys have no relationship, and the introduction of the latter is somewhat forced. The accompaniment, however, is ably written, and there are some nice harmonies.

"THAT IS NOT HOME WHERE DAY BY DAY"—Song—Music by MINIMA.—Cramer, Beale, & Co.

A plaintive sentimental ballad in E flat, set to very well written verses by "Conder." The taste for harmony is again evident; but we advise "Minima" to reconsider the progression contained in page 2, bar 3 of line 3, and bar 1 of line 4. The chord of the 6-3 in E flat (the second position of the common chord of C minor) does not follow the chord of the 6-3 on D flat (the second position of the common chord of B flat minor). Nor does the chord on A flat and A natural (C E flat, F sharp), which succeeds and conducts to the 6-4 in E flat, improve the progression. The melody is broken, but expressive.

"WHERE'ER THOU TREATEST AN EDEN BLOOMS"—Sacred Song—Words from the "Messiah," by MONTGOMERY—Music by MINIMA.—Cramer, Beale & Co.

This song, is a great deal more gloomy than its fellows, and less to our liking on the whole. The opening *largo*, in F minor, &c. is mere rhodomontade, and the half close in C, the dominant of F major, the key of the song, very awkwardly managed. There are some nice points in the melody, but it is too much tormented, while the accompaniment is unnatural and deficient in neatness. Page 2, line 2, bar 3, there is a disagreeable feeling of consecutive octaves and fifths between the bass and the accompaniment, where the chord of the seventh on G follows the common chord of F.

"INTRODUCTION TO THE ORGAN."—GEORGE COOPER—Addison & Hollier.

If any one has a right to speak about the organ it is Mr. George Cooper, who, organist of St. Sepulchre's Church, and Christ's Hospital, assistant organist of St. Paul's Cathedral and her Majesty's Chapel Royal, illustrates the title of his work with a portrait of Westminster Abbey.

Mr. George Cooper is not only one of the greatest masters of the "king of instruments," but an excellent musician into the bargain. Both a knowledge of his subject, and a learned exposition were to be expected at his hands. Nor has expectation been disappointed. Although the "Introduction to the Organ" is but a brief compendium, as much as can possibly be comprised in a space so confined has been supplied by Mr. Cooper, in a lucid and orderly manner. In the introduction Mr. Cooper, for evident reasons declining going into a history of the construction of the

organ, proceeds at once to the manipulation and pedipulation, commencing with a catalogue of the stops and their use, followed by the scales and intervals, exercises in two or three parts, &c., &c., until he arrives at the pedal exercises, which are comprehensively described and clearly elucidated. The remainder of the book is devoted to a number of movements from Gibbons, Rinck, Sechter, Dr. Miller, and last not least, Sebastian Bach. A psalm tune in E flat, entitled "St. Agnes," by Mr. Cooper himself, is by no means the least interesting piece in the selection. The driest piece of all is a five-part prelude in B major, by the celebrated contrapuntist, Sechter. There are some pretty smooth pages of Rinck, the Weigl of the organ, whose harmony is sweeter than strong. There is also an interesting example of Adolphe Hesse—a prelude in C minor—not very masterly, however, for a master of his reputation. The magnificent fugue, in E major, of Sebastian Bach, a fugue on a chorale in D minor, by the same master, and his celebrated exercise in F, with double pedal part, form the *pieces de resistance* of the selection, which is tastefully and judiciously made. We recommend without hesitation the "Introduction to the Organ" to all amateurs of that instrument. The name of Mr. Cooper is a guarantee of its value; and the contents are worthy of his reputation.

JENNY LIND.

(From the Boston Bee, June 21.)

BOSTON—Jenny Lind was honoured with another brilliant audience, at her second concert, last evening. Every seat was occupied. Mdlle. Lind was in excellent voice, and it was generally admitted that she has never sung so well in Boston. The pieces which were most admired were "Casta Diva," "The Bird Song," "The last Rose of Summer," and "The Echo Song." In each of these pieces Mdlle. Lind was enthusiastically applauded and encored. The trio from *Il Barbiere*, with Salvi and Belletti, was also encored. It was exquisitely given. Signor Salvi sung in a duet with Beletti, the trio, and the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, which was complimented with an encore. Signor Beletti executed the Cavatina from *La Sonnambula* in excellent style. Mr. Otto Goldsmith's performance on the piano was duly appreciated by the audience. On this occasion he played upon a grand piano which was presented to him by Mdlle. Lind, another token of her generosity. The orchestra is an attractive feature at these concerts. The Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed in a style never approached by any orchestra ever heard in Boston. Mr. Benedict should indeed be proud to be at the head of such an orchestra.

On Monday next, Mdlle. Lind gives her third concert in this city.

It is probably well known to our readers that Mdlle. Lind gave a concert in New York, the proceeds of which were appropriated to the benefit of the orchestra. Feeling a deep sense of gratitude for this act of generosity, the members have drawn up a Diploma for Mdlle. Lind, Signori Salvi, Belletti, and Benedict, who all volunteered their services on the occasion. These Diplomas were presented yesterday forenoon after the rehearsal at Tremont Temple. Mr. John A. Kyle, chairman of the committee of presentation, made an appropriate address to each, which was responded to with much warmth and sentiment. The Diploma of Mdlle. Lind contains the following.

"To Mdlle. Jenny Lind.—At a meeting of the members of the Jenny Lind Orchestra, in New York, convened on the 6th day of June, 1851, John A. Kyle in the chair, it was—

"Resolved, That the members of the Jenny Lind Orchestra in New York consider it their duty to return their sincere and heartfelt thanks to Mdlle. Jenny Lind for the unexpected offer of her

services for a concert given for their benefit on Wednesday evening, June 4th, 1851.

"They would also give expression to their high appreciation of her talents as an artist, and of admiration of her noble disinterestedness in having so repeatedly deviated from the usual paths of artistes in devoting the gift which *God has blessed her* to the improvement of the great and glorious art of which they are but humble followers, while gladdening by her many acts of benevolence the hearts of the poor and friendless.

"This resolution being carried unanimously, was ordered to be engrossed, signed and presented to Mdle. Jenny Lind, by a committee appointed for such purpose.

"JOHN A. KYLE, *Chairman*.

"JOHN C. SCHERFF, *Secretary*.

"Signed by Joseph Burke and eighty-one others."

Mr. Benedict's diploma has the following:—

"Resolved, That our respectful and cordial thanks be tendered to Jules Benedict, Esq., for his kindness in volunteering to conduct a concert given by Mdle. Jenny Lind for the benefit of the orchestra, on Wednesday, June 4th, 1851.

"The members of the orchestra feel unable adequately to express how much they are indebted to Jules Benedict, Esq., not only for this act, but for his uniform kindness to them whilst under his direction. It has been a pleasure to them all to be under such an able conductor, who has done so much to improve the taste for classic music and to raise the profession to its proper position in the eyes of the people. They feel that the lovers of music throughout this vast continent owe him a debt of gratitude for his untiring zeal in giving them an opportunity of hearing Concerts hitherto unequalled, and which will be remembered for years to come by all true lovers of art.

"Signed, and so forth, as above."

The diplomas of Signori Salvi and Belletti contain the following expressions of regard:—

"The members of the Jenny Lind Orchestra in New York, desire to tender to you their sincere thanks for the handsome manner in which you volunteered your invaluable services at the Concert of Wednesday evening, June 4th, 1851, devoted to their benefit by Mdle. Jenny Lind.

"With the best wishes for a long continuation of your triumphant career, to which your splendid talents as well as your untiring efforts to please so justly entitle you.

"We beg leave to subscribe ourselves

"Your ob't servants,

"Signed, &c., as above."

Mr. Barnum is on his way to London to engage Grisi and Mario for America.

JENNY LIND'S LIBERALITY.—The Swedish Episcopal church in Chicago has great cause of gratitude to Jenny Lind. The rector, Rev. Mr. Unonius, has published a statement, from which it appears that, beside the 1,000 dollars given by her to the church last year, she has contributed 1,000 dollars partly to aid in building a parsonage, and partly for the poor of the parish. She has also promised a communion service of silver, and has given the rector 2,000 dollars to pay some debts, to furnish the parsonage, and to effect an insurance on his life.—*American paper*.

JENNY LIND IN BOSTON.—Jenny Lind's concert last evening was all that we anticipated. The house was full, completely full, and yet there were seats for all. Settees were placed in two of the aisles, but no cross seats were allowed, and the passage-ways were unobstructed. The slips were not excessively crowded, as at previous concerts under Mr. Barnum's régime; and though the house was full in every part—above, below, and all around—yet the audience was seated without the slightest trouble or confusion, and good humour seemed to reign all around, ladies being heard on all sides congratulating themselves on the excellence of their seats. The whole arrangement of matters last night must have satisfied the public that Miss Lind has those about her who are abundantly competent to manage her concerts in a way that will not only be profitable to her, but, what could never be said of Barnum's

arrangements, agreeable to all who wish to attend them.—*Boston Traveller*, June 19.—Mr. Barnum acknowledges to a friend who is not given to exaggeration, that he has made 500,000 dollars by the Jenny Lind concerts, and says that Jenny has realised not less than 350,000 dollars in this country. The net proceeds of the ninety-four concerts do not lack above 25,000 of a million dollars.

BOSTON.—(JUNE 26th).—It was announced the morning previous to yesterday evening's concert, that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was about to conclude her present series of musical entertainments in this city. Possibly, however, we may hope for one or two other concerts, when she returns from Canada. The concert last night comprised the two Overtures in "*Le Jeune Henri*" by Mehul, and Flotow's *Stradella*. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt played *Les Arpeges* on the pianoforte ably, yet we confess we would sooner have heard Benedict's fingers touching the keys of the instrument. Mr. Joseph Burke is a far better performer on the violin at present than when we heard him some three or four years since. We accordingly again remonstrate with Benedict. He may choose to fly from the public himself, and leave Mr. Goldschmidt to pluck the laurels which by right ought to be his—but let him not place Mr. Burke in a box, and screw down the cover. The public pay for these concerts, and their predilections, ought certainly to be consulted. *Tyrolean Duets*, sung by Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti was an exceedingly pleasant bit of music, and was ably rendered, giving us pleasant reminiscences of those fine airs of the same composer, which were sung by Jenny Lind during her former visit to Boston, under the management of Mr. Barnum. The most exquisite portion of the concert, was the Prayer from Weber's *Der Freischütz*—"Und ob die Wolke." This prayer but requires the lips and voice of such a *soprano* as Jenny is to make one almost inspired. "Come per me sereno," and the Trio for voice and two flutes from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* are as nothing when weighed in the balance with it.—After this Jenny Lind gave Bishop's "Home sweet Home" from the opera of *Clara*, and "Comin' thro' the Rye," of which we have already expressed an opinion sufficiently strongly to dispense with our doing any further justice to the admirable manner in which it is both acted and sung. Salvi gave us the duet from the *Barbiere* of Rossini with Belletti and the Recitative and Scena, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Belletti gave "Sulla Poppa del mia brik," from the *Prigione d'Edimburgo* with *verve* and force.

JENNY LIND IN SPRINGFIELD.—We are happy to learn that Miss Lind has made arrangements to give one or two concerts in Springfield, the first to take place on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. The First Congregational Church has been engaged for these concerts. No building in Springfield, probably, will be sufficiently large to accommodate all who will wish to attend these concerts. Large parties from the towns in the vicinity are preparing to be present. Hartford takes 200 tickets, and other towns in proportion.

All the reports about Jenny Lind's marriage with Belletti and with Mr. Wood, &c., &c., are false.

Miscellaneous.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE.—Among the artistes who have taken an honorable position in the London season of 1851, we must notice Madame Verdavainne who, in a series of fashionable concerts has displayed the qualities of an able pianist and an excellent professor. Beethoven's trio in B flat; his favourite *andante* in F; Bach's prelude and fugue in C sharp; Cramer's *Etude mélodique*; "Homage à Mozart;" Mendelssohn's first grand concerto; Weber's concert, Stück; Thalberg's "Russian Airs;" Bertini's *Grande polonaise*; and *Norma* fantasias have been the principal pieces Madame Verdavainne has played this season; and it is but just to say that we have rarely found in the same artiste a larger amount of energy combined with grace, correct execution, and intelligent rendering of original ideas of the composers.

MR. JOHN THOMAS'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—Mr. John Thomas (of Pen-y-Bout), principal harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, and

professor at the Royal Academy of Music, gave, previous to his departure for Germany, a *Matinée Musicale* on Wednesday the 9th inst., to a fashionable audience, by permission of Lady Benjamin Hall (of Llanover), at her Ladyship's residence in Great Stanhope Street. The Programme was unusually varied and attractive, containing the names of the following eminent artistes:—Mrs. Anderson (Pianiste to Her Majesty), Mdle. Lavinia (Pupil of Sig. Garcia and a most rising young vocalist), Miss Bassano, Miss M. Williams, Miss H. Chipp, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Frank Bodda, Herr Laub (the celebrated violinist from her Majesty's Theatre), Mr. Cipriani Potter (principal of the Royal Academy of Music), and the students of the Academy (by the permission of the Committee). Among the principal features of the concert may be named, a duet from *Semiramide* for pianoforte and violin (Mrs. Anderson and Herr Laub); Blargini's Quartet for harp, pianoforte, violin, and voice (Mdle. Lavinia, Mr. Cipriani Potter, Herr Laub, and Mr. John Thomas); "Che farò," Miss M. Williams; "Sulla Poppa," Mr. Frank Bodda; "They murmur a word of farewell," Miss H. Chipp; "Dove Sono," Mdle. Lavinia, and some Welch melodies sung by the students of the Academy with great effect, accompanied on the harp by the *Beneficiaire*, who also performed several fantasias, in which he fully maintained his position as one of the most accomplished harpists of the day. We wish Mr. Thomas a most hearty reception in Germany, whither, we understand, he intends proceeding immediately after the termination of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre. The concert passed off altogether in a manner which must have been equally gratifying to Mr. Thomas and to the assemblage of beauty and fashion who were present.

MISS ELLEN DAY AND MR JOHN DAY gave their third *Matinée Musicale* on Wednesday. The list of performers comprised among the vocalists, Mdle. Lemaire, Mdle. Lavinia, and Miss Henderson; the instrumentalists, Miss Kate Loder and Miss Ellen Day (pianists), Mr. J. Day (violin), Mr. Williams (clarinet), Mr. H. Chipp (violoncello), and Mr. Gerhard Taylor (harp). The most noticeable points in the concert were a duet concertante, by Weber, for pianoforte and clarinet, performed by Miss Ellen Day and Mr. Williams; Madame Lewaire's "Nel dolce incanto"—well sung, though somewhat beyond the powers of the singer; the "Dove sono" by Mdle. Lavinia; Mr. Horatio Chipp's solo on the violoncello; Mr. John Day's "Tremolo;" pianoforte duet *a quatre mains*, by Kate Loder and Miss Ellen Day; and Mr. Gerhard Taylor's fantasia on the harp. The concert was fashionably attended. Herr Adolph Gollmick and Mr. John Day conducted.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Messiah* was performed last night to the usual crowded audience. Madame Clara Novello, who only arrived from Lisbon on Monday evening, made her first public appearance, of which full particulars in our next. Considerably over £1000 has already been realized to the Society by the extra performances given since the termination of the ordinary season. Upwards of 2300 persons attended the performance of the *Creation* last Friday.

MR. STOCKING'S CONCERT.—At a concert in Harley-street, given by Mr. Stocking to a fashionable audience on Friday the 11th, the principal features were several favourite airs by Miss Bassano. Mr. Regondi's performance on the concertina, and the re-introduction to the public of a young lady, Mrs. Saville Wallack, who, under another name, we remember to have met with a most favourable reception a few years since. Mrs. Wallack's voice is extensive in compass, and is effective in the lower register. The correct method and flexibility of her execution she owes to that excellent *maestro*, Crivelli—and to her own intelligence the feeling and expression which characterizes her singing. The songs she introduced on this occasion were, "In questo semplace," from *Betty*, and Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingara." In both she was much applauded. Miss B. Williams performed some pieces in an excellent manner on the pianoforte. Mr. Benithin and Mr. Stocking conducted the concert.

ENGLISH GLEES AND MADRIGALS.—The Right Honorable the Speaker entertained a distinguished assembly at his mansion in Eaton Square on Wednesday. In the course of the evening, a selection of English glees and madrigals was sung by Mrs. Endersohn, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Land, and Mr. H.

Phillips. This style of music, so peculiarly English, is now attracting great attention and patronage in the highest circles. The perfect manner in which the glees were performed on this occasion re-called to many present the peculiar charm imparted to them by Bartleman, Vaughan, Harrison, and Knyvett, in the palmy days of the Vocal Concerts.

ORGAN PERFORMANCE AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—On Saturday last, July 12, the organist, Mr. J. T. Cooper (of St. Paul's Church, Islington), performed the following selection of classical music on the large organ built by Henry Willis, in the western gallery:—Part I.—Praeludium et Fuga, in E flat, J. S. Bach; Andante (Symphony), Haydn; Overture (Athalie), Mendelssohn; "Oh had I Jubal's Lyre," Handel; "Awake the Trumpet's lofty sound," Handel; Quartett in G minor (1st movement), Spohr; March, J. T. Cooper. Part II.—Overture (*L'Italiana in Algeri*), Rossini; Air with variations, Mozart; Overture (*Fra Diavolo*), Auber; "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel; Overture (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), Rossini. After the performance, at the request of Lord Westmoreland, Mr. Cooper played Mendelssohn's March in "Athalie."

MADAME CHARTON, the popular *prima donna* of Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique*, left London for Paris on Tuesday morning. Madame Charton is engaged for the winter at Marseilles.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL, ADELAIDE STREET.—The first of twelve concerts to be given by the Distin Family, at the above-named Hall, took place on Monday evening, before a crowded audience. The programme was selected with good taste, and the concert seemed to give general satisfaction. Mr. Henry Distin's performance of "All is Lost," from the *Sonnambula*, on the Alto Sax Horn, was one of the chief features of the evening; and amongst the encores may be mentioned the glee, "Down in a Flowery Vale," well sung by the Brothers Distin and Miss O'Connor. The new Cuckoo Galop—which is likely to become a popular morceau—was included in the programme. On Wednesday evening the second concert took place, and last evening the third was performed with equal success, and the concerts will be continued every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday until the twelve have been completed; after which the Distin Family leave London on their provincial tour.

MADAME PARISH ALVARS.—The *Matinée Musicale* of this artist took place on Wednesday, at No. 11, York Place, Portman Square, the residence of Miss Howard. The vocalists were Mdle. Johannsen, Madame Macfarren, Herr Kruger, Herr Reichart, Herr Stigelli, Herr Stockhausen, and Herr Formes:—the instrumentalists, Mdle. Elise Krinitz (piano), Herr Laub (violin), Madame Parish Alvares (harp), Signor Bottesini (contra-basso). The entertainment was undeniably good. It opened with the "Dungeo son" duet, from *Il Barbiere*, capably given by Mdle. Johannsen and Herr Stockhausen. The lady's voice is clear and her execution good. The gentleman has a fine voice, but not exactly suited to basso singing. Herr Stigelli sang a barcarole of his own composing, which displayed a nice feeling for tune and for characteristic writing. Herr Stigelli has a smooth and pleasing tenor voice, which he exhibited to advantage in his own song. Madame Parish Alvares next performed a grand fantasia for the harp written by Parish Alvares. She was warmly applauded, and deservedly so, her playing giving evidence of many excellences. The favourite song from the *Sleeper Awakened*, "Forget it not" was delivered with true artistic skill, and fine expression, by Madame Macfarren, who was in a peculiarly happy vein, both as to voice and singing. Mdle. Krinitz performed on the piano, in a highly efficient manner, Chopin's Nocturne, in B flat, and Stephen Heller's "La Truite." The most striking performance in the whole concert—we always except Bottesini, in whatever entertainment he may be, when we speak of excellences—was Formes in the grand aria, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"—the "Qui Sdegno" of the Italian version, from the *Zauberflöte*, a magnificent specimen of large and expressive singing, which was loudly applauded. After Madame Parish Alvares performed another piece on the harp, and Mdle. Johannsen sung a Swedish song, Herr Laub, the talented violinist from the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, and who has lately been heard at some of the principal concerts in London, executed a "fantasia caprice" of Vieuxtemps.

in a most admirable manner, and produced an unmistakeable effect. Herr Kruger commenced the second part with two songs, not given together, but one after the other. The first was Mario's song from the *Favorita*, "Ange si pure;" the second was entitled in the bills, "Caprice sur le Sturmmarsch." Herr Kruger is not Mario, no more than the "Caprice sur le Sturmmarsch" is the "Ange si pure." Nevertheless, Herr Kruger showed himself no despicable interpreter of tender strains and sturmmarsches, and obtained a favourable reception from the audience. Madame Macfarren and Herr Reichart introduced two duettos of Nicolai, "L'Addio," and "Un Mot," and sang them pleasingly and tastefully. The duettos are mere trifles, but received new graces at the hands of the clever artists. Madame Parish Alvars played a third solo on the harp, and a third time gratified her hearers, who, at the end, were not scant of their demonstrations in her favour. Signor Bottesini's miracles on the contra-basso renewed the same excitement which follows them whenever they are submitted to the public. To understand the prodigious power and effect of Bottesini's playing, he must be heard. No words can do his performance adequate justice. A song, called "The Norman," written by Alfred Tennyson, and composed expressly for Herr Stockhausen, brought the concert to an untimely end, seeing that a German song for Herr Reichart, and the chorus from *Nabucco*, "Va pensiero," were announced in the bills. Mdlle. Anna Zerr was also announced, but was prevented from attending by indisposition. Messrs. Frank Mori and Dugger conducted.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON and Miss ELIZA WARD's third and last Chamber Concert was given, as before, at the residence of Mrs. Newton, 5, Percy Street, Bedford Square, on Monday evening, the 30th ult. The programme was longitudinal and multifarious, including no less than twenty-six pieces, with a serious apology for three more. The fair twain were determined that their visitors should have sufficient entertainment, and, as far as quantity was concerned, the concert must have satisfied the heliogaboli of musical feasts. But let it not be inferred from what we have said that the *soiree* of the amiable and accomplished twain was deficient in quality. This could hardly be advanced, seeing that the programme, among other pieces of choice music, contained Rossini's "Carita" chorus, Hummel's grand sonata, (Opera 104) for pianoforte and violoncello, and several songs of Donizetti, Bellini, Howard Glover, Desanges, &c., &c. The vocalists numbered Miss Mary Farrier, Miss Ward, Miss Laura Baxter, Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Mr. Benson, and the Signori Marchesi and Salvatore Tamburini. Instrumentalists, Miss Eliza Ward (piano), Mr. W. F. Reed (violoncello), Mr. Horton (oboe), Master John Ward (concertina), Mr. Maycock (clarinet), and Master Alexander Rancheraye (violin). The points of excellence in the concert were Mrs. Alexander Newton's "Casta diva," and "Home of Love," by Kalliwoda, Miss Mary Farrier's song "Calm as a Child," by Schubert, Hummel's Sonata, played by Miss Eliza Ward and Mr. W. F. Reed, Mr. Maycock's clarinet solo and airs from *Der Freischutz*, &c. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, also, is entitled to honourable mention, for the manner in which he assisted Mrs. Alexander Newton in the duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, "Da quel di che," and the duet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "Sofriva nel pianto." Both duets went admirably, the more especially as Mrs. Newton was in first-rate voice, and sang with great power and effect. Mr. Bridge Frodsham must be also praised for his expressive rendering of a serenade by Howard Glover, "Love wakes and weeps," a composition of unusual merit and character, which promises to become popular. From the rest of the performance, we must single out the violin playing of Master Alexander Rancheraye, which possesses a great deal of merit, and met with loud applause. Madame Parish Alvars and Mademoiselle Johannsen were both announced, but were kept away by illness. Mr. Howard Glover and Mr. G. Lake officiated as conductors. The room was quite full.

JENNY LIND.—A correspondent of the *Sun* stated that it was generally understood on the other side of the Atlantic that the fair songstress was at last likely to be bound in the soft bonds of Hymen; that the gentleman whom rumour pointed out as her fortunate husband is Mr. Frederick George Wood, who has for several months had the arrangement of her business matters in

America. The *Sun* has since stated that the correspondent has been misinformed.

ON POETICAL AND MUSICAL EAR.—Some years ago a controversy was carried on in a periodical publication upon this question: "Whether there was a necessity of a musical ear for an orator?" Both parties were obstinate in their respective opinions. Let us examine them. Those that hold a musical ear to be necessary for an orator, support their opinion in this manner:—Every voice has its proper key, from which, though the speaker may wander for sake of expression, yet he must return to it again. The different modulations of the voice must be either a little above, or a little below the key, in which it should always close. Any thing out of the key of the voice offends as much in speaking as in singing. Music, besides tune, having rhythms, so also is there a measure in oratory, which we cannot falsify without offending the ear. As there are rests in music, so are there pauses in speaking. From all these considerations it is evident that a good ear is equally necessary for an orator and for a musician. To this the other party replies:—As all persons speak, but have not all a musical ear, it is evident that if the latter were necessary for the well doing of the former, those who have no ear would speak in a manner peculiar and disagreeable. If the assessor says that it is not in common speaking, but in oratory that a musical ear is requisite, the other answers, That as oratory is but the perfection of speaking, there is nothing in oratory that has not its foundation in common speech.

EXTRACT OF A JUDGMENT OF CARPANI ABOUT ROSSINI.—The power and potency of music is not in the learned accords, it is in the mysterious charm of the melody. The accords remain in the orchestra, the melody crosses the world, naked and lovely, like Venus who arises out of the ocean and submits the earth to her resistless charms. Nature has for civilized people only one language, if *this* language is spoken, the natives of all countries comprehend it, and all adhere to its charms. If now this beautiful language of nature has only an idea of novelty, if it abstains from those renewed and turned up many a thousand times, then the charm of novelty is associated to the beauty of the melody, and the effect is grand, sublime, and wonderful! This is the history of Rossini's music!!

MENDELSSOHN'S OPERETTA continues to draw crowded audiences to the Haymarket. It is the most decisive hit that the lyrical drama at the English theatres—we regret that we cannot say "English Opera"—has made for some time. The gems of the work, destined to certain and lasting fame, are the opening romance, "There sate in the gray Times,"—the first terzetto, and the song "I am a Roamer." This last, a fine and graceful effusion of animal spirits, is destined—or we are much mistaken—to share in the concert-room, as well as in the theatre, an immense popularity. Among the performers, Mr. William Harrison will take the place of Mr. Donald King next week, and it is, we believe, in contemplation to find a more experienced contralto. While Miss Poole is at the Surrey, and Sarah Flower at the Antipodes, we can hardly recommend a more efficient vocalist to the choice of Mr. Mellon, than Madame Macfarren, or in case of not procuring her, Miss Bassano, who with a purely dramatic style, is an excellent musician and a good actress. In expressing our gratification at these changes, we willingly admit that Mr. Mellon—who, we well know, has had more than the usual number of obstacles to surmount in his arduous and self-imposed task—has availed himself to the utmost of the materials at his disposal.

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No. 30.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
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THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The programme of the One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Eighth Festival of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester has been forwarded to us, which will take place at Worcester this year. The dates of the performances are Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, from the 26th to the 29th of August inclusive. The morning performances, as usual, will take place in the nave of the Cathedral, and the evening in the College Hall.

The Stewards on the present occasion are, The Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, Sir Charles Hastings, M.D., W. S. P. Hughes, Esq., Mayor of Worcester, Rev. E. H. Cradock, Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Rev. A. Wheeler, Precentor of Worcester Cathedral, Rev. C. Crewe, Vicar of Longdon, J. Benbow, Esq., M.P., J. P. Brown, Esq., M.P., George Rushout, Esq., M.P., Robert Clive, Esq., W. E. Essington, Esq., and W. Hancocks, Esq. The Bishop of Worcester is the President.

The programme is a strong one. The list of singers on the female side, contains the names of Madame Castellan, a universal favourite at the Triennial Festivals; Miss Dolby, a favorite every where; Miss Birch, whose soprano voice needs no commendation; Miss Williams, the contralto, whom to name, is to raise a smile of complacency on the face of every citizen of Worcester; and Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, the young singer whose recent operatic successes have been the town-talk, and whose name alone would render the programme attractive. On the male side, the catalogue is equally strong. The great English tenor, Sims Reeves, leads the van, and the gigantic German basso, Formes, closes the rear. In the middle phalanx we find the judicious and admirable Lockey, and the pains-taking and correct Machin.

The band is powerful in names that promise efficient execution, selected from the flower of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, and led by the English Blagrove. The choral department has been selected from the London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Worcester, and Gloucester Choral Societies. The entire orchestra, vocal and instrumental, will comprise a force of 300 performers.

The conduct of the musical performance, is vested, as heretofore, in the hands of the Organists of the respective cathedrals, Mr. Townsend Smith, of Hereford, officiating as pianist, Mr. Amott, of Gloucester, as organist, and Mr. Done, of Worcester, as conductor.

The morning performances in the Church will consist of, on Tuesday, a full Cathedral Service of Tallis's "Preces and Responses," Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and "Jubilate," and a selection of anthems; on Wednesday, *Elijah*; on Thursday, Handel's *Samson* and the second part of Spohr's *Last Judgment*; and on Friday, *The Messiah*.

At the evening performance in the College Hall, the chief attractions will be the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, on Tuesday; a selection from *Jessonda* and a new cantata called *Fridolin*, by Mr. Frank Mori, on Wednesday; and on Thursday, a selection from *Euryanthe*.

Among the pieces likely to excite curiosity are the air, "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah*, and "Let the bright Seraphim," both to be sung in English by Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli.

The direction of the most laborious duties of the festival will, as usual, devolve on the Rev. Robert Sarjeant, Hon. Secretary, who will, doubtless, fulfill them as heretofore, to the satisfaction of every body present.

CRUVELLI'S ELVIRA.

WE mean the Elvira of Victor Hugo—Dona Sol—the heroine of Verdi's *Ernani*, in four acts.

Talk of bridges to get over—here was a bridge, with scarcely a stone safe, although built but a few years since by the architect and mason, "Young Verdi." If Sophie Cruvelli was to be congratulated for having passed safely over the "Pont de Florinda," how much more for having flitted across the "Pont d'Ernani," without leaving the vestige of a foot fall: Carlotta, herself "the ethereal," could not have tripped more lightly over a dangerous pass. The truth must be accepted. Sophie Cruvelli is protected by the stars; and even the envious archer, who, like the silly judge in "Lempriere," prefers the pipe to the lyre, Pan to Apollo, and who merits the same sort of appendages which the God of Music caused to grow from the head of Midas, in vain directed his arrows against her. The bow, unwilling to its duty, refused to bend; the shaft, robbed of the impetus which should have urged its course, fell to the ground point foremost; the soil, loathing its unexpected burthen, would fain have jerked the arrow upwards, but the air, respected the law of gravitation, and snapped off the lighter part, restoring the headless wood to the hands of the deluded

bowman. The steel was left to rankle in the earth, which, vexed at its pestilential presence, struggled convulsively. The Sun took pity on his suffering satellite, and caressed it with his hottest beams: a vapour, floating near, robed in the colours of the prism, sucked up the waters of the hills, and big with rain, dropped a compassionate shower upon the burning spot. Conception came, and the earth was consoled by the rejection of a weed; a rainbow, circling half the sky, looked on, the while, serenely. The weed was a figure of the bowman's envy, the rainbow of the singer's genius, which rides high and holy in the heavens, while the weed sheds poison on the ground worms. When the rainbow has vanished into the bright home of its eternity, the weed will be a dry and prostrate stalk; the venom, which was its life, extracted by the husbandman—to kill the flies and beetles, mice and rats—enduring as an emblem of its office when it grew apace.

Ernani was indeed a bridge to pass; but Cruvelli has passed it, as she passed *Florinda*. The critic in the *Post*—a poet no less than a critic—has described, in glowing prose, the perilous descent from *Fidelio* to *Ernani*, from Beethoven to Verdi. *Per Hercole!*—the opposite poles are not wide enough apart to symbolize the distance between two such creations, two such men. Between *Fidelio* and *Norma*, Beethoven and Bellini, the disparity is of another kind. Poor Bellini had real sentiment—even genius; a feeble tendril, which the mighty German oak, spreading his frowning branches over the face of the land, would gladly have allowed to fold its fragile arms around his impenetrable trunk—a wild flower, shadowed by the generous tree from the burning beams of the sun, which would smite and utterly destroy it, scorching up the sap of its existence, and consigning its odour to the wind, its colours to the night. We can well imagine Beethoven, the giant, taking Bellini, the weakly child, under the shadow of his love—a lion that caresses, not devours, a tender doe. But Beethoven could not have tolerated Verdi. The stern republican (who allowed himself to be crowned King of the Realms of Harmony) would scarcely have condescended, like the sarcastic Rossini, to pierce the composer of *Nabucco* and *Macbeth* with epigrams; a growl, a scowl, and a shrug of the shoulders, would have sufficed to express the magnificence of his disdain, the infinity of his contempt. We shall not, however, attempt to describe the difference between Leonora and Elvira; the *Post* has done it better than we could hope to do it; and to the *Post*, which we have quoted in another column, we direct the attention of our readers. Our task is confined to a commentary on the new success of Sophie Cruvelli, who, after entering the innermost recesses of the temple, has now been satisfied to wave her handkerchief on the steps of the portico. For, no more than the steps of the portico may have power to enter the church, can "Young Verdi" hope to approach that altar, where the lamp of genius burns eternally. But Sophie Cru-

velli is an eloquent advocate, and her appearance at the vestibule is likely to tempt many to come out of the temple, and watch what passes. Let us, then, for a moment, emulate the half-faithful, and, quitting the shrine of Beethoven, listen to the syren outside, who,

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"

fills the air with a ringing sound—which must be called melody, since her voice is all melody—and draws the unwilling echoes from the hills. She is not to be resisted. Close the doors of the temple, ye who would remain steady to the cause; shut up your ears; be lashed to a pillar, as Ulysses to the mast, or this Circe will be your undoing. If you listen to her in the *cavatina* "*Ernani involami*," you are lost; you will begin to relish Verdi; and later, in your moments of repentance, you must hate Cruvelli—like the envious archer, whose arrow-point was turned into a weed. If you hear that marvellous *cadenza*—embracing nearly three octaves of compass, from E flat in alt, to F below the lines—you are bewildered; your judgment fails; your zeal for the true and the beautiful evaporates in smoke; and even the very learned and impartial critic of the *Athenæum*, triply armed, with power, independance, and resolution, will be unable to convince you (as he has been unable to convince his readers) that Sophie Cruvelli is no singer. Take heed, then, speedily, lest it be too late; go not to the theatre when *Ernani* is performed; secure your places at once for M. Gounod's new opera; and, revelling in the strains of the "new Beethoven," bless your stars that you have escaped undefiled, and that when you cannot have *Fidelio*, you may comfort yourselves with *Sappho*.

On reflection, we shall follow our own counsel—which is good and honest. We will not attempt a comment upon Cruvelli's new success in Verdi's opera—preferring to retain our simple creed, unshaken. Cruvelli made her first appearance in Venice, in *Ernani* (1847), her first appearance in London, in *Ernani*, (1848), and her first appearance in Paris, in *Ernani*, (1851)—triumphing over the convulsive menaces of Signor Verdi's ill-conditioned muse, on each and every occasion, as completely as on Saturday night. Against such an advocate we cannot wage a war of words. Like Gandelyn of the Golden Tongue, Sophie Cruvelli, with her voice alone, would make any human creature believe that black was white. We shall not stand the test.

"Waiter, bring the *Athenæum*."

(WAITER—in reply:—"We don't take it in, Sir.")

VERDI AND THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

OUR columnar cotemporary, the *Chronicle*, has lately taken to be unusually critical on musical matters. To this there can be no objection, since, if the critic be competent, his strictures not only instruct the public, but benefit the artist

stricken. No aspirant to public favour should despise honest and straightforward remonstrance on the part of those whose duty it is to "tell the truth and shame the devil." But alas! this telling the truth and shaming the devil is a maxim oftener outraged than practised; and the poor artist, wishing to profit by good counsel, finds himself lost in a dense mist of words.

The *Chronicle*, whose title is "Columnal," has recently taken up a pair of cudgels. With the right hand he smites Verdi, with the left hand he smites his detractors. We have nothing to do with the opinions of the writer, which, in truth have nothing to do with the matter; but we have to do with the style in which they are delivered.

He who walks in the dark may hold his head erect, and proceed boldly; but the chair he overturns is the worse damaged, and the knock on the elbow from the door-edge the harder. We make so bold as to say, with deference, that the *Chronicle* is not exactly the authority to be relied on in any musical question; and that the article on Verdi, which appeared in its Monday columns, leaves Verdi precisely where it found him—*id est*, where Aristotle leaves the soul of the universe—*UBI*. Verdi's exact position, in the intelligence of the musical *Chronicle*, is *UBI*: and the exact position of the musical intelligence of the *Chronicle* is *UBI*; the one may stand for the other, since either stands for nothing.

We admit everybody's right to lay down his opinion, as much as we admit everybody's right to lay down his pen. It would be well sometimes, however, if the last could be first. It would have been well if the *Chronicle* had laid down his pen before laying down his opinion, that "it would be absurd to deny that Verdi possesses a dashing audacity of style, which he turns to excellent account." It is not "absurd to deny" anything except eternal truths and self-evident axioms. We deny, then, that Verdi turns a style "to excellent account;" and we are not absurd in denying it—since Verdi has *no* style, and there is no excellence in his music to account for. We also deny, and in denying are not absurd, that "*no modern composer* deals more boldly with dramatic points;" and we deny that "he is thoroughly master of the orchestra," since his instrumentation is meagre, commonplace, and boisterous, without the slightest pretensions to artistic finish; and we equally deny that "he has an undercurrent of real musical feeling"—simply because he has no such thing; and our denial is at least as good as the assertion of the *Chronicle*.

But all these assertions, and all these denials—which may be made on either side, without exposing either side to the charge of absurdity—amount to little more than the "tu quoque" of the ancients. What we object to is the sentence where the *Chronicle*, in a grave and magniloquent tone, *ex cathedra*, says—"With the *CLIQUE* that would *ostracize*, as with the *CLACQUE* that would *deify* Verdi, we have no com-

munity of judgment." The style of this sentence is by far too magniloquent for the tribunal whence it issues. The voice of an Oracle could hardly have spoken with more entire self-satisfaction. Why those, who are not prepared to agree with the *Chronicle* about the merits of Verdi, should be snubbed as a *CLIQUE*; and why those who, on the other hand, are equally unprepared to consent with the *Chronicle*, on the point of his deficiencies, should be dismissed as a *CLACQUE*—we leave the *Chronicle* to explain. We are satisfied with protesting.

With much of what the *Chronicle* says about Mdlle. Cruvelli we wholly agree. The following sentence should be written in letters of gold—framed and glazed, and hung up in the study of the young artist, for her daily admonition—"We have often recorded our unfeigned admiration of Mdlle. Cruvelli's high talents, and feel that those who counselled her not to make her *debut* this season in her opening part of 1848, counselled well. *Had she reappeared as Elvira, instead of Fidelio, she would scarcely have occupied that eminent position she has honourably won, and which she will, we are assured, permanently retain.*" This is as true as a book, and we trust may make due impression in the quarter to which it is addressed. It is genuine and wise counsel, and inclines us to shake hands with the *Chronicle* on the other points at issue—the "*Clique*," the "*Clacque*," and the "absurdity."

VIVIER.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

M. Vivier, who had not until yesterday been heard in public this season, fairly took the auditory by storm by one of those extraordinary successions of feats upon the French horn for which he seems to have alone the patent. Every now and then a prodigy turns up in the musical world, who has tamed and made perfectly submissive some hitherto untractable instrument, pronounced by all its professors to be only capable of doing the little which they do with it. M. Vivier is one of those instrument tamers who some years ago astonished all the French horn players of Europe; while this season a German gentleman has given a similar shock to the nerves of the good old school of contre bassists. M. Vivier was applauded to the echo.

[This performance took place at Mdlle. Rachel's *Matinée Dramatique*, in Willis's Rooms.—ED.]

CRUVELLI IN ERNANI.

(From the Times.)

The appearance of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, on Saturday night, as Elvira, in the opera of *Ernani*, the part in which she first appealed to an English audience (in 1848) imparted unusual interest to the performance of Verdi's *chef d'œuvre*, as it is entitled by his admirers. The immense progress which this young singer has made within this last three years could not have been more satisfactorily tested. The well known *cavatina*, "*Ernani involami*," was given with a power and brilliancy of execution that reached the highest standard of *bravura* singing. The *largo*, which, lavishly ornamented, displayed the whole compass of a voice rarely matched for extent and quality of tone, was brought

to a close by an elaborate cadenza, as much to be admired for its originality as its elegance, and the extreme neatness with which it was accomplished. The *Cabaletta* "Tutto Sprezzo," was remarkable for the spirit and animation of its delivery; it was vocalised to perfection, one of the most striking points being a long and powerfully sustained shake, followed by a graceful *fioritura*, which anticipated each *reprise* of the theme in a novel and effective manner. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was enthusiastically applauded in both movements of the *cavatina*, and was recalled unanimously after her exit. With that good taste for which she has more than once been praised, however, she modestly declined the encore. It is unnecessary to enter into details about the rest of the opera, of which the "Ernani involami" is the chief vocal feature. Suffice it that Mademoiselle Cruvelli's performance throughout was remarkable for the finest dramatic sentiment. Her acting and singing in the trio of the last act were equally good. Her rush upon the stage, and her exclamation of the words, "Ferma crudele," when Ernani, in fulfilment of his pledge with Don Silva, is about to plunge the dagger in his breast, made a forcible impression; and few could have remained unmoved by the passionate energy with which she poured forth the denunciation against her aged and unrelenting persecutor ("Quale d'Averno demone"). The sudden impulse which arrests her hand at the instant when she is about to strike Don Silva threw her into one of those natural and imposing attitudes for which her acting has been so justly admired. Within the late short period Mademoiselle Cruvelli appears to have acquired additional mastery over her resources. In her impersonation of Elvira we observed none of those exaggerations of posture and gesticulation, the offspring of enthusiasm and inexperience, which occasionally perilled some of the grandest passages in her Norma. The only fault we could find was a tendency in her declamation to abuse the employment of the lower notes of the voice, which, beautiful as they are, lose much of their effect by being too frequently forced into notice. Mademoiselle Cruvelli must endeavour to conquer this defect, which is purely one of impulse. She is very young, and severe and unrelenting study can alone enable her to attain a thorough command over her rich natural endowments. Genius is a great bequest, but it is not all; without art to tutor and restrain, it is but a wild horse that spurns the curb and bridle. We have little apprehension, however, about the future career of Mdlle. Cruvelli, who is already beyond comparison the most gifted and promising young dramatic singer at present upon the stage. She has every thing in her favour—intelligence, physical aptitude, and genius—and it depends upon herself alone to reach the highest position in her art.

The opinion we have more than once expressed of the merits of *Ernani* (and of Verdi's music in general) remains unchanged, and the favour with which it was received on Saturday night must be mainly attributed to the talent, zeal, and well-earned popularity of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli.

(From the Morning Post.)

From Beethoven to Verdi is a gigantic stride in a downward direction, and the admirers of Mdlle. Cruvelli could not but deeply regret that she should so soon desert the banner of the classic muse, fighting in whose sinking cause she nobly earned the greater portion, if not the whole of her fame, and waste her fine genius upon such common-place stuff as that of which the part of Elvira in *Ernani* is made. Our young singer's performance of *Fidelio* proved her to possess a subtle appreciation of the most profound beauties of her art.

With the power of an inspired pythoness Mdlle. Cruvelli interpreted to admiring multitudes those signs and symbols of lofty thought which since the days of Malibran had remained mere lifeless hieroglyphics. Invoked by a sympathetic soul, the spirit of the mighty Beethoven descended upon her, and she became at once not only the best but the only exponent of the great ideas embodied in the heroine of his wondrous opera.

After such a glorious and two-fold triumph—for in this instance Mdlle. Cruvelli vanquished not only the difficulties of a most arduous part, but also the rooted prejudices of our operatic public—we did think that it would be unnecessary for her to "stoop to conquer" in any character belonging to the modern Italian *reper-*

toire, and least of all in such a one as the Elvira of Verdi's *Ernani*.

The honours of Saturday evening's performance were wholly due to the leading artists, who by the alchemy of genius, succeeded in converting basest metal into purest gold.

(From the Morning Herald.)

Mdlle. Cruvelli made her first appearance before a London audience in the character of Elvira, in Verdi's *Ernani*, three years ago. Although then very young, she created an impression which even now is not forgotten. Her re-appearance in this part on Saturday night naturally excited curiosity, and her performance demonstrated in a striking manner the vast improvement she has made. Mdlle. Cruvelli's general conception of Elvira evidences, in a strong light, the dramatic genius which has been unanimously allowed her; while her execution of the music proves her to be a perfect mistress of the modern Italian style. As an example of declamatory bravura singing we have heard few things more impressive than her rendering of the well-known *cavatina* "Ernani involami," in which the singular extent of her register, the great power of her voice, its evenness of tone throughout, and the fine contrast and equal command of the soprano and contralto notes, were displayed in a manner that elicited the enthusiasm of the audience, and, at the end of the quick movement, a unanimous recal for the singer, whose steady refusal to accept the encore betrayed as much good sense as her vocalisation evinced accomplishment and natural facility. In the subsequent scenes—the duet with Ernani, the quintet in the finale to the third act, which was encored, and the popular trio in the fourth, involving the catastrophe of Ernani's death—she was equally successful. Her acting in these was wonderfully passionate and real, and her delivery of the phrase in which she reproaches Silva was instinct with energy, force, and meaning. Her gesture when she lifts the dagger to stab Silva, and the quick revulsion of feeling which induces her to refrain from giving the blow, was finely assumed. But still more striking was the point she made at Ernani's death. Raising her arm in a menacing posture, she is about to plunge the dagger in his breast, but, as though suddenly deprived of all physical power, her action is instantaneously checked, and she falls prostrate at the feet of her lover. By the performance of Elvira, Mdlle. Cruvelli has sustained, if not exalted, her reputation. In her vocalisation we recommend her, however, to be less lavish in the display of peculiarities which render her voice almost an exceptional one. She uses the *contralto* register too often in the climaxes of her cadences, and thereby incurs the risk of endowing her performances with a certain effect of monotony. But this error is very easy of rectification, and it can hardly be expected that Mdlle. Cruvelli, with all her genius and natural gifts, should, at the age of twenty-two, be faultless. Were she so, she would be greater than Malibran. The audience summoned Mdlle. Cruvelli and her associates before the curtain, after the first and fourth acts.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Florestan awakens. Leonore recognises first his voice, and, later, when he turns towards Rokko to enforce his complaints with all that looks can add to speech, she sees and knows his face. Overcome by this thrilling conviction, the fulfilment of her long forebodings, which have supported her from step to step in her most anxious and perilous career, she sinks senseless on the edge of the grave where still she has been obliged to continue her labour. The helpless, but even yet, not hopeless captive, demands who is the governor of the prison in which he is confined. Rokko, knowing that the deed this tyrant purports to enact in the dungeon will release him from the bonds of secrecy which have hitherto restrained him, hesitates no longer to acknowledge to the victim of his stern master that the governor of the prison is Don Pizarro. The sound of this name, now too much hated to be dreaded, revives at once all the energies of Leonore. With what impassioned interest does she overhear the entreaties of her husband lover that Rokko will send to Seville for Leonore Florestan. What a reward to such a heroine to find that the ardent feeling, the *innere*

Trieb, which here stimulated her exertions and supported her through them, has had the magnetic sympathy of him she loves, who, with the truly kindred feeling to her own, has shared with her love for love, hope for hope, thought for thought; to find that his confidence in her support is the first idea to which he gives expression, when he first knows the real imminence of his danger! Florestan begs for a drop of water. The tenderest sympathies of the kindly jailor are touched. He has no water, but the remains of some wine in his flask. With the wildest eagerness Leonore springs from the grave and rushes with the flask to Rokko. This attracts the prisoner's attention, and he enquires who is the new visitor to his dungeon—to which the hearty old jailor replies with self-satisfaction, that his assistant will in two days be his son-in-law. The wine is handed to Florestan, and Rokko and Leonore are each conscious of the other's emotion in watching the effect of this timely assistance.

Thus is introduced the trio, "Euch werde lohn," the most continuously melodious piece in the opera. Here we have from first to last no cessation of rhythmical tune, the unbroken flow of which proves no less the luxuriant invention of the composer than does its great variety and the simple, clear, yet still ingenious plan through which it is conducted, evidence his complete mastery of the subtlest resources of his art and of his imagination. Florestan thanks his friends for the welcome relief they have afforded him. How lovely is the melody in which this free outpouring of a trustful heart is expressed, the pleasurable memory of all who have with feeling heard it cannot fail to testify. Immediately on the close of this we have a new phrase, given first by the violoncellos, that from hence forms a very principal feature throughout the movement; this, for distinction's sake, we call a counterphrase. A short solo for Rokko brings us to the key of E, the dominant of the original; then we have again the counterphrase, and then beginning like that of Rokko, there is a more extended solo for Leonore. A short ensemble grows out of this, in which Florestan's anxious observation of the stranger youth is delicately and feelingly embodied; and we have also the growing anxiety of Leonore and the irrepressible good will of Rokko unmistakably expressed. This brings us to a full close in the fifth of the original key. A short symphony brings us back to the key of A, and introduces an entirely new feeling—to at least our experience in hearing it, and believe we exaggerate not the composer's intentions in supposing that he would here convey the fluttering hesitation that delays one who wills what he dares not, and is withheld by a power within, yet not of himself, from seizing that which he desires when it appears to invite his very grasp—a feeling most rarely acknowledged, but, surely, at some or other time familiar to the experience of us all. Then, in broken phrases and with a reluctance that grows out of the ardour of her purpose, Leonore tells Rokko how she has for two days carried a piece of bread concealed, hoping for such an opportunity as this to give it to the prisoner. Her ardour kindles the sympathy of her companion—what she so strongly wills, yet scarcely dares to ask, he as strongly wills, but no more dares to do. Thus we have the same fluttering, hesitating symphony (leading us now into the key of D), that makes us feel as when the blood rushes to our cheeks, while the words will not part from our tongue; the same broken phrases for Rokko, till, summoning his sense of duty to the conquest of his tenderer inclinations, he declares "Das hiesse zu viel wagen," with the bold bluntness that makes perhaps this character of the jailor more particularly individual than any other of the dramatis personæ. A phrase of insinuating tenderness brings us back from the half close on F sharp, on which Rokko concluded, to what we have named the counterphrase in the key of D. An alternation of attempted persuasion on the part of Leonore, and unwilling refusal on the part of the jailor, leads us through a somewhat extraneous, but highly graphic series of modulations, the change of key being made more striking and the accompaniment becoming more and more excited at each repetition of her seemingly irresistible entreaty, and of his evidently difficult-to-enforce denial. At length she prevails, and with a modulation still more startling than any of the preceding (from C sharp minor, namely, into C natural major), Rokko of the rough duty, but of the tender heart, exclaims "So be it—thou canst venture it." Most loving tender is the charming passage in which

Leonore offers the treasured morsel to the captive. We feel that her whole heart is in the gift, which must be so intensely magnetised with the Almighty influence of her deep love, that it cannot but possess a quickening power beyond all that the most skilfully prepared physical nourishment could impart. Our old counterphrase now in the key of E, expresses the thanks of Florestan, the words of indifferent conventionality upon his tongue, but how deep, how true a feeling at his heart—the feeling thus fully appreciates all that is ostensibly done for him, but forbodes, if not definitely, what, surely that there is something felt for him, more than the simple act, however gently acted, fulfils. A passage for wind instruments that seems to convey the heaving of a joyously dilated heart, brings us to a reprise of the opening melody in the original key, when Florestan resumes his expression of gratitude. This same melody is then given in ensemble, Leonore and Rokko variously expressing their sympathy with the prisoner, she obscurely warning him that deliverance is at hand, he owning his self-satisfaction at being able to ameliorate the present sufferings of the victim, while Florestan calls down the blessings of heaven on them both. This time the music assumes a different and more excited character from the increased motion in the accompaniment. Now once more our counterphrase, with Florestan's irresistible interest in the jailor's young companion, and the continually growing compassion of the other two. This leads to a dominant cadence and thence begins a stretto in an accelerated tempo, which introduces an entirely new musical idea that is concisely, but completely developed—and this brings the trio to a close. Leonore scarcely capable of enduring the anxious interest in her husband and his fate that momentarily grows upon her, Florestan vainly trying to give words to his gratitude for the first sign of sympathy he has known since his imprisonment, and Rokko reflecting with half regret and half compassion that the captive's sufferings will soon be ended. The phrase that commences this stretto has a somewhat singular passage for Florestan, which becomes still more so when on its repetition by Leonore a C natural is substituted for a C sharp. A singular passage that follows upon this derives great interest from its happy prolongation upon its repetition; and here we have an example of the successive employment of the minor ninths upon the supertonic, the dominant, and the tonic that is worthy the examination of those concerned in musical theory. The conclusion of the trio is worthy of the whole, and the never absent predominance of an evident and interesting melody continues with a wondrous charm until the very end.

A mysterious figure wrapped in a large dark cloak descends into the dungeon. Rokko explains that everything is prepared, "The boy must leave us." Leonore, compelled to retire, remains so concealed that she can observe the gloomy stranger who has just entered, which she does with the most intense attention. Rokko proposes to strike off the fetters of the prisoner. An abrupt negative is his answer. Drawing a dagger, the mantled figure approaches Florestan, who is thus, reduced by long privation of sustenance, and exercise, and air, to a state of weakness, that renders him incapable of resistance,—who is thus, further enfeebled by the weight and by the hindrance of his chains, an easy victim to the ignoble vengeance of the dastardly tyrant who has mastered rather than conquered him.

We are thus prepared for the great quartet, which, as an illustration of most powerful dramatic action, has perhaps no parallel in the whole scope of the lyric drama. The opening unisonous passage, for all the string instruments may be called the *subject* of the movement, as it gives the character to the whole, and recurs frequently with eminent effect. The mantle thrown aside discovers to the dauntless Florestan his implacable enemy, Pizarro. Exulting in the ascendancy over his purposed victim, which their relative position gives him, the tyrant pauses before his feast of bloodshed to exaggerate its horrors by the utterance of a grace of execrations. Here have we a vague passage after the manner of the solos of Pizarro in the duet for the two basses, where the key is undefined, and a certain figure in the accompaniment is carried through a series of harmonic progressions, that keeps the ear in a state of continual expectation and disappointment as to what will be the ultimate resolution of the long protracted uncertainty. This preserves well the personality of Pizarro's music, and is, therefore, dramatic.

Finally, we come to a very decided full close in D, the original key of the piece, and then a passage for horns and trumpets and drums introduces, with an open brightness of colouring and clearness of purpose that is an admirably appropriate opposition to the gloomy mysteries of what has preceded, the few words of manly disdain in which the prisoner replies to his persecutor. The opening subject now recurs in the key of A, and is repeated in sequence. Pizarro continues his merciless tauntings, until, when raising the dagger against his powerless victim, he is interrupted by Leonore, who springing before her husband, so as to shield him with her body, bids the murderer retire with a startling tone of defiance. The sudden change of key at this place, and the particular manner in which the voice is introduced, realises the intense interest of the scene. A few bars, the last of which is remarkable for the singular treatment of a tonic pedal, introduce what, in order to be able to distinguish it when we have occasion to refer to it hereafter, we will call the *second subject* in F sharp minor. Leonore continuing her tone of defiance, declares to Pizarro that he must penetrate her breast to reach his victim, that death is sworn to him as the price of his murderous lust. Through all this we have the astonished exclamations of Florestan and the earnest efforts of Rokko to restrain his assistant, who, he believes, but throws himself into the danger of him whom he rashly endeavours to protect, without lessening that of the captive. With a contemptuous exclamation of Pizarro, we have a brief recurrence to the opening subject, and this brings us to the key of G, where we have a repetition with considerable extension of the second subject. Pizarro attempts to move with violence, that could only be repelled by the superhuman efforts to which it excites her, the devoted Leonore from his path, and this leads to the chief point of the whole quartet, indeed of the whole opera. Abruptly we come upon the first inversion of a chord of E flat, and, the voice left wholly without accompaniment, Leonore exclaims, in firm and measured tones, that fully embody the greatness of soul that empowers her to make the declaration, the greatness of purpose thus requires her to make it, "Kill first his wife!" We must leave off here from the attempt to analyse, and stand still to wonder at the prodigious effect which these four notes produce. The situation is perhaps the most powerful that exists upon the stage, and the musical rendering which Beethoven has given to it does not only everything to realise the all-exciting interest of the scene, but heightens its thrilling intensity. Here is the glorious privilege of love, incapable of sacrifice to know no danger, no shame, in the defence of the all and only that fills up our consciousness, that incites our feelings, regulates our thoughts, necessitates our actions, and is our being. The composer has felt all that the most ideal, the most impassioned, the most devoted heart could feel in circumstances to stimulate the most exalted, the most ardent of feelings; and he makes us feel the full power of his great conception whenever we witness the representation of this wondrous scene. The recognition of the lovers, the astonishment of all, even of the murderous tyrant, at the wondrous courage of the devoted heroine, and her continued defiance of Pizarro, who stands disrobed of all his power before her steadfast energy, are expressed in a long agitated passage, which paints not only the general excitement of the situation, but conveys well the various feelings of the several characters by the excellent declamation of the words they have respectively to utter. We come back now to the original key, when the original subject is resumed with an accelerated tempo, which adds not a little to its excitement. After this, we return to the second subject, first in the key of G, and then repeated through a series of modulations. During this, Leonore continues still her defiance of Pizarro, who, shamed at the mastery of a woman, resolves that she as well as her husband shall be a victim to his fury, "Shared hast thou with him life, now share thou also death with him!" He advances upon Leonore with his sword, when she, still shielding her husband from the approach of his enemy, draws a pistol from her bosom and points it at the head of Pizarro, crying at once, with a firmness that shows the full force of her resolution, "One sound—and thou art dead!" At this time the action is interrupted by the distant sound of a trumpet from the watch tower of the castle, announcing, according to the order of the governor, the arrival of the minister. The resolution of a

dominant seventh in A upon a chord of B flat introduces this distant trumpet with startling effect. Then, in the key of B flat, we have a phrase of melody of such exquisitely heavenly beauty as to compensate to those who find no other charm in music but its tune, for the absence of cantabile phraseology (which would elsewhere have been so wholly out of place) in the rest of the movements. This illustrates the impulse of thanksgiving for their unlooked for deliverance that stimulates the enraptured lovers, which is shared by the honest Rokko while Pizarro, in a more broken measure, makes his apostrophe to the infernal agents that have thwarted his design. We could have wished that this beautiful passage had been differently disposed in the orchestra,—as it stands in the score, with the lovely melody, to which we have endeavoured to do justice in our praise, assigned to the two flutes and the violoncello in triple octaves against the sustained harmony of the voices, the melody, which should rarely be the chief feature, is not, we think, sufficiently prominent. The trumpet sounds again, now nearer than before, and in the pause of breathless anxiety, which this occasions, Jacquinno descends to an opening of the dungeon and in a few hurried words summons Rokko, whom alone he supposes to have entered this secret cell, to return and give suitable reception to the minister. The truly appalling effect of this short spoken sentence, occurring as it does in the most exciting part of the most exciting piece of music in this at least, if not in any work, exceeds the reach of any verbal description. The speaking here forms a most important feature in the musical design; and, so introduced as it is here introduced, aids in bringing out the thrilling excitement of the dramatic situation more than any music, even of Beethoven, could possibly have done. In counting the resources of this great composer we must, from the present example, esteem as one of the very greatest, the happy knowledge of when to let his music cease, and by this momentary interruption to invest the whole with a new feeling that no notes could possibly convey. The first inversion of a minor ninth on E (a natural though unexpected course of transition) brings us back to the key of D. Here, after some preliminary bars on a dominant harmony that introduce it, we have an entirely new subject that portrays well the violent feelings that convulse the character. We have to remark in this, first, the strange and to us disagreeable effect of an extra fifth bar in the rhythm of the first phrase, which has nothing to correspond with it in the counterphrase which follows it, nor even in the repetition of the whole passage that subsequently occurs. We are much disposed to regard this as one of those accidents such as the superfluous three bars in the slow movement of the G minor symphony of Mozart which the composer could not have intended, and which it is the duty of a conscientious and careful editor to correct. Experience in composition has made us familiar with the kind of inconsideration that may have led the composer to write a bar which is several times repeated, once more than he designed, and we feel that he is no more to be judged by the evidence of his manuscript in such a matter than should a literary author, who had by a similar accident twice written an unimportant word. Next, we may remark upon this passage as a striking instance of our composer's habit of great, and, as some may not unreasonably consider, useless elaboration in his scores. We have the repetition of some ten bars of musical matter, which, for all the idea that it contains, is nothing more nor less than a repetition, but the orchestral distribution is changed for the second time, and this is, as far as we can observe, more for the sake of making a difference than of producing variety, for the change of effect is scarcely appreciable, except to one who would listen to the performance as a student, in order to understand how diversely might be applied the same orchestral resources. We can understand how a young practitioner in the art of instrumentation, who might have few opportunities of making experience of his orchestral effects, would take advantage of the repetition of a passage to experiment upon which of two forms of orchestral arrangement might better realise his idea; but such we cannot suppose to have been the case with Beethoven at the time he wrote this opera, and indeed the present is by no means a singular instance of the same kind of thing in the course of his work (we may adduce a prominent passage in the scherzo of the Pastoral Symphony as another, and more are within re-

collection if it were desirable to name them), and we wonder more at the needless pains such needless re-arrangements must have cost him, than admire at the misapplication of powers which we cannot but think might have been better employed. This is the exercise of ingenuity that wantons away the time of genius. Immediately upon this follows a passage of four bars, which is repeated notation; and then another four bars, repeated in like manner. The first of these phrases shows us how very much care Beethoven bestowed upon his instrumentation, husbanding the resources of his orchestra with an almost miserly economy, but making such important use of them when he brings them all to bear, as to draw at least double the effect from them that they yield to an ordinary writer. We have for two bars of the repeated four a first inversion of the chord of the minor ninth on F sharp; and for this single chord occurring twice, for this point only in the whole movement has the composer introduced two trombones, which appear nowhere else throughout the entire score. A somewhat unusual application of the time pedal brings to a close the vocal part of the movement; and then we have a symphony, with another recurrence to the opening subject, in a still more accelerated tempo; and this is remarkable for the introduction of two extra horns, expressly to obtain a particular distribution of one chord, the first inversion of a minor ninth on E, that stands out prominently immediately before the end. This is very different from the method of writing for the orchestra in the present day, but it produces an effect that is well worthy the attention of the *dilettanti*, and the examination of the student.

G. A. M.

(To be continued.)

CRUVELLI'S FIDELIO AND NORMA.

A fluent writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* has apostrophised in befitting terms of praise these very remarkable performances of the youngest and most promising dramatic singer of the day. The extract is from a paper entitled "Notes of the Opera."

"Night after night we hear *chef d'œuvres* of the greatest masters, and we feel that true music, from a source 'pure and undiluted,' is now appreciated—that it is not mere light and airy strains, captivating and catching, which are required to fix the attention of a refined audience. Beethoven's sublime conceptions are no longer listened to with apathy. Their grandeur is understood and felt; and like those who once know their strength, the instructed auditors will never fall back into weakness. They know what is best; they have felt it; and they will, in future, have it. And is it not provided? The beautiful young Cruvelli, priestess at the shrine, was waiting for the propitious moment, and, as the divine flame awoke, took advantage of it. In Italy and in Germany she had already found the reward of her enthusiasm and the due acknowledgment of her genius; but the world pays us cold English the compliment of allowing our decision to prevail; and it was reserved to us to confirm her fame.

Cruvelli's Leonora is without a rival, for her power as an actress is scarcely surpassed by her magnificence as a singer. The unapproachable Rachel appears to enjoy her performances. The dark expressive eye of the Queen of Tragedy may often be seen and felt, glancing approval from the recesses of her box, as she follows the movements of her fair contemporary. Cruvelli's Norma, in spite of the inevitable comparison with more experienced artists who have achieved triumphs in that glorious part, stands the test, dangerous though it be; and if Cruvelli's youth and softness render it more than usually difficult for her to produce the Pasta thrill, expected from those who personify the majestic priestess, yet nature, having gifted her with a person of singularly commanding grace and dignity as well as loveliness, has helped her more than most of those who aspire to fill the place left vacant by genius passed away. Cruvelli need not strive overmuch—need not study her poses, or elaborate her action; she may leave to nature what the "nursing mother" has provided, and she will gain, not lose, by allowing art to interfere with her native feeling. The drapery

must fall well on such a form as hers; let her give herself no care about it. She could not be ungraceful if she would; let her not think twice about her attitudes or gestures.

We will but repeat what has been the general theme of the month—that her "Casta Diva" is the perfection of tenderness, freshness, and brilliancy. We will not dwell on the power of her scorn, on the agony of her remorse; we will only say one word of the beauty of the duet with Adalgisa, charmingly supported by Madame Giuliani.

These are strong words, but not too strong. We cite them with pleasure, since, though written with enthusiasm, their aim is truth, and the homage they convey is addressed to a worthy object.

Reviews of Music.

"TROIS MAZURKAS"—Pour le Piano.

"LES DEUX ANGES"—(Op. 8.) Morceau Caractéristique, Pour le Piano.

"NOCTURNE"—Pour le Piano.

"LA SOURCE"—(Op. 1.) Caprice, Pour le Piano.

"MARCHE MILITAIRE"—(Op. 17.) Pour le Piano.

"CONSOLATION"—(Op. 14.) Fantaisie, Pour le Piano.

"NOCTURNE IMPROMPTU"—(Op. 19.) Pour le Piano.

"DEUX CAPRICES"—No. 1, Le Reve—No. 2, La Brillante—(Op. 2.) Pour le Piano.

"LA PLAINTÉ"—Ballade, Pour le Piano. (Op. 14.)

"JEAN DORMANT"—Reverie Nocturne. (Op. 15.) Dedicé au the Earl of Belfast.

"MARCHE FUNÈBRE"—Pour le Piano. (Op. 17, No. 2.)

"SCÈNE DE BALLET"—Fantaisie, Pour le Piano. (Op. 18.)

"TROIS MAZURKAS"—Pour le Piano.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

The author of these pieces possesses one desirable quality—viz., that of fertility, if not of invention, at least of production. His works have obtained a degree of popularity more than commensurate with their intrinsic value, their chief characteristic being a certain *ad captandum* prettiness, which recommends them strongly to the *beudoir*. They are equally favourites with young ladies who can play a very little on the pianoforte, and old professors who cannot play at all. They give no trouble to either, and require but a small amount of attention from the hearer. They are, nevertheless, as we have hinted, decidedly pretty, and their author evinces a considerable degree of musical experience and taste in the arrangement of his passages, which, though rarely new, are frequently graceful, well selected, and effective.

M. Jacques Blumenthal's style is a sort of *melange* of Thalberg and Rosellen, the two most popular composers for the piano of the present day. He steers entirely clear, however, of the childish triviality of the one, and the awkward elaboration of the other. Though occasionally on the extreme verge of simplicity, he rarely falls into absolute commonplace; and, though often brilliant and showy, he never runs into outrageous difficulties. In adopting the mannerisms of the two composers above mentioned he has carefully avoided appropriating to himself any of the real beauties of Thalberg; while, in respect to Rosellen, his abstinence must have cost him no trouble, no violent exercise of modesty, no rigid application of the law of *meum* and *thum*, since, in the music of that gentleman, there are no beauties to steal, and, had M. Blumenthal searched never so diligently, he would have been at a discount for his trouble—like Diogenes with his lantern, he would have sought in vain, since, among the innumerable specimens which M. Rosellen has submitted to the world, there is not one honest idea to be found. The best description that can be given of Rosellen's music is that it is the sweepings from the dust hole of Henri Herz. M. Blumenthal is certainly better than this; and in his Mazurkas, of which two cahiers are before us—Nos. 3 and 11—he has shown

himself capable of imitating Chopin without caricaturing the eccentricities of the great Polish pianist, out of whose ashes Franz Liszt, with the powerful aid of M. Escudier of the *France Musicale*, is convulsively endeavouring to raise a Phoenix. We wish him joy of the task. If Franz Liszt fail in persuading the world that Chopin was a Phoenix, he may perhaps succeed in convincing posterity that he himself was a Goose.

In his imitations of Chopin (Mazurkas, books 3 and 11—which we can recommend as really pretty and sparkling pieces) M. Jacques Blumenthal has successfully avoided the forced originality, the harmonic oddities, the intervallic crudities, and the moony melancholy of his model.

In his imitations of Thalberg (from among which we can cite "La Source," a very sweet compound of tune and arpeggio, which has already attained a wide popularity), M. Jacques Blumenthal has strongly rejected the peculiar manual difficulties, harmonic perplexities, abrupt modulations, and other ingenious devices by which the music of the redoubtable Sigismund is invariably distinguished. In his imitations of Rosellen (take the Nocturne in A flat, Op. 10, No. 2, as a favourable example—which we can also recommend as an excellent teaching piece, calculated to form the hand if not the taste of the pupil), M. Jacques Blumenthal has soared to a greater height than the weak wings of his puny prototype are enabled to carry him; while preserving in a great degree the infantine simplicity he has walked wide of the insipidity of Master Rosellen, of whose numerous compositions we would gladly assist in making a general bonfire—unlike the licentiate and the barber in the conflagration of Don Quixote's library, making no exceptions whatever.

In his imitations of other authors, such as Gorja, Gottschalk (the new deity of *La France Musicale*), &c. &c., M. Jacques Blumenthal has been equally discreet. The "Marche Militaire," Op. 17, which resembles everybody and everything, while actually suggesting nothing, may be recommended as a good, dashing, showy, selling, music-publishing, boarding-school piece, of which we lay a wager that Messrs. Cramer and Beale will sell some hundreds of copies, if only on the strength of this favourable notice. M. Jacques Blumenthal's longer pieces we do not pretend to admire. "La Consolation"—dedicated to Miss Flora Macdonald—is chiefly remarkable for being fifteen pages in length, and for beginning in D minor and ending in F major.

Without going further into the evident merits of M. Jacques Blumenthal's compositions, we must render him the justice to add, as a corollary to this flattering estimate of his powers, that he has made his way more rapidly, and won the notice and the patronage of the aristocracy, wealth, and fashion of this country, more extensively and in a briefer period of time than any pianist who has visited England since Henri Herz in his palmy days, and John Cramer when he drank brandy and water with Dussek; and it is not merely probable but true, that while an English musician of genius, learning and accomplishments might present, in vain, at the door of every musical publisher in alternation, the manuscript of a new composition, and be successively contumelied, M. Jacques Blumenthal will grow fat and prosperous upon the weeds that he has plucked from the gardens of other musical nursery-men. This is a sad conclusion to arrive at; and we beg M. Jacques Blumenthal's pardon for recording it to his advantage. Our journal is a small looking-glass of the times which we are paid for holding up, that the musical world may see its face in it, and know whether it should blush, or look healthy and confident. In plain words, we are obliged—and not against our will, be it understood—to tell the truth, for the exercise of which office our subscribers disburse to us, each, per week, four pence. Content with this remuneration, and fierce in the exercise of the authority conferred upon us, we candidly declare that a faithful, close, and assiduous examination of M. Jacques Blumenthal's compositions does in no wise enable us to answer logically for the reputation and position he has acquired in this country. We, therefore, honestly and strongly, recommend him to throw aside all selfish considerations, and despising the pelf and eminence too often awarded without accompaniment of desert, set sail for Paris, where such music as he writes is held in greater esteem than in London, and where he may divide the chair of honor, at present wholly and solely occupied by

his rival and cotemporary, Rosellen. With the perfect conviction that M. Jacques Blumenthal will not adopt our advice, we take our leave of him for the present with the profoundest good will.

"THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING"—Ballad.—The poetry written by ELIZA COOK—Music composed by J. P. KNIGHT. Z. T. Purday.

Mr. Knight has long ranked deservedly among our most popular ballad writers, and the present ballad is one of the happiest that has for some time proceeded from his pen. The words by Miss Eliza Cook, a poetess whose name alone recommends her effusions, are sentimental and well written, and the melody of Mr. Knight, at once vocal and simple, fully express their meaning. The accompaniment, though entirely unpretending, is written with care and ability, and sets off the melody in the best colors. The song is suited to the register of ordinary voices, and under the protection of a concert singer of any repute, can scarcely fail of obtaining the popularity to which it is justly entitled.

"THE IGNIS POLKA"—J. J. JOHNS. C. Jefferys.

A very lively specimen of the polka class, easy to play and easy to hear. The first theme bears a kind of mixed resemblance to the march in the overture to *Guillaume Tell* and Jullien's "Row" Polka. This, however, will be forgiven, if not overlooked, in the enthusiasm of polka performers, at once roused by the jollity of the strains, and the facility of the passages. Mr. J. J. J. (J. J. and a half—Jules Janin must mind his P's and Q's, or rather his J's) may wend his way blithely; his "Ignis" is not likely to be quenched until polkas are repudiated.

"NEVER MORE"—British Vocal Album, No. 29—Written by H. W. BELLAMY, Esq.—Composed by JOHN BARNETT. Wessel and Co.

Messrs. Wessel & Co. have enriched their *British Vocal Album* (the most complete and interesting series extant of original songs, by modern English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh composers) by another contribution from the celebrated pen of Mr. John Barnett. The present song was first set to Uhland's pretty poem, "Lebe wohl," which Mr. Bellamy has translated in a very able, free, and poetical style. With the music, a kind of canzonet in two verses, the accompaniment of the second verse elaborated into triplets, we have not a fault to find. It is one of Mr. Barnett's most expressive and perfect songs. It is in the key of A flat, and may be sung by lady or gentleman, although the poem speaks in the masculine gender. The melody is flowing and vocal, and the accompaniment musician-like in the extreme, rich in harmony, and written with unusual care.

"THE FALSE HEARTED"—Ballad—Sung by Mdle. Jenny Lind—Written by HENRY HOWARD PANE, Esq.—Music composed by T. EHRLICH. T. E. Purday.

As we have never heard the present ballad sung by the "Swedish Nightingale," we cannot answer for the "triumphant success" which the title-page assures us attended it throughout the length and breadth of the United States. A more bucolic ballad, if bucolic imply simplicity and innocence, we never saw. Melody and accompaniment are equally unassuming. The words, however, are extremely pretty, and the ballad itself, sung by a competent vocalist, would, in all probability, be found attractive.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Some few weeks back you honoured me by the insertion of a brief series of letters, upon the above subject, in the course of which I ventured to hope that three or four individuals might come forward with their personal assistance in a matter which so nearly concerns the profession at large. Such, Mr. Editor, has been the case in a certain measure, yet, for reasons rather difficult to be understood, the response has been made privately rather than pub-

lily, one single voice having been all that answered my appeal through its proper channel, all else having chosen the medium of personal application through having recognised my style of address. Be this as it may, great progress has been made, public opinion has been roused, and the matter has been discussed in quarters never dreamt of by myself when this agitation was commenced. Notwithstanding all which, the cause itself, if not in danger of premature decay, is yet in want of proper stimulus, owing to the utter absence of all "esprit de corps" whereby ALONE something might and MAY be effected.

In my former letters the desire of not trespassing too much on your indulgence led me to be brief, so much indeed as to fall short of what was necessary for the proper explication of the desired object; my intention having been with a view to arouse some abler spirit than my own to the task, rather than from any expectation of working it out myself: since, however, none has come forward, and since also considerations of much import have arisen to urge me on, I feel compelled, despite all seeming vanity, to assume the vacant championship, and accordingly, once more crave your assistance in giving publicity to the means whereby it is probable a National Opera may be established.

The plan (or means) to be adopted must form the subject of a distinct letter, previously to which it should be understood that it is not in contemplation to effect the desired object by a "coup de main," persuasive steps being the sole available method whereby any important aim can be effected. Let but one step be made in advance, and all the rest will follow easily, so the true route be taken.

The first step to be made is one of considerable difficulty, viz. to secure the perfect co-operation of so many artistes, both vocal and instrumental, as should form a body at once RESPECTABLE and UNANIMOUS. This done, there would be a reasonable probability of effecting an arrangement with the shareholders of Drury Lane Theatre, for the purpose of making a *probationary (or trial) season*, which, if successful, would invest the musical body with a "locum standi" whereupon it might be recognised and respected, whereas now, if seen at all, it is only to be sneered at, or what is worse, to be pitied. The means are open. The time auspicious, and very many of the "craft" are ready with their unselfish aid, if but a few others will combine to equalize the labor.

My next epistle shall contain a brief but concise abstract of the "PLAN OF MANAGEMENT," which I believe it necessary to adopt, in order to secure the real object in view, namely FAIR PLAY TOWARDS ALL PARTIES. A plan, the main features of which have suggested themselves out of the experience of time past, and, although somewhat unsophisticated in appearance, the result truly of practical knowledge. If in it there shall prove to be ought objectionable, it may hereafter be amended, if ought fatal, it may be expunged. But as a PLAN, I believe it to be worthy of consideration, such as could well be given at a sitting of some half dozen business men, previously to becoming a document whereon to act.

I will now, Mr. Editor, conclude, by stating to my brethren of the profession, that it behoves them to succumb to the necessities of the times, to throw aside old prejudices, to adopt broader views, to think less of themselves individually, and more collectively, above all, to accept that which may be within their reach, and not grasp at that which is impracticable of attainment, lest, like the dog in the fable, they let go the substance in pursuit of the shadow. The meaning of this hint will be seen hereafter.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant, PHILO MUSICA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—I am the leader of a party of amateurs, who wish to get up a scene or act from an opera. Will you favour me with the name of some piece which would suit the following company:—two tenors, baritone, bass, contralto, soprano, and chorus.

Your obliged Subscriber,
AMATEUR TENOR.

P.S.—The other tenor and the soprano can act very well.

[Try "La Donna del Lago."—Ed.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The revival of *Ernani* for Cruvelli on Saturday attracted an overflowing audience. The cast was strong, but might have been much stronger.

The part of Silva—one of the most powerfully dramatic, and magnificently conceived characters in the whole range of the lyric drama, thanks to Victor Hugo, and not to Verdi and his librettist—was but indifferently represented by Signor Scapini, who wants voice and energy of style. This gentleman is a great falling off from Signor Belletti, the last representative of Silva, whom we hope to welcome back next season to his proper place in the corps of Her Majesty's Theatre. Massol was intended to have played the King, but, from some cause or other, the part was assigned to Signor Coletti, who, nevertheless, did it ample justice. Indeed, Coletti always appears to advantage in Verdi's music, for which the power of his voice, and his forcible and emphatic style admirably suit him. Nothing of its kind could be more effective than his rendering of the music of the King. It was bold, telling, and peculiarly loud, the latter quality being especially necessary to enhance the effects of Verdi's bellicose strains. Signor Coletti's singing helped in no small degree to procure the encore awarded to the finale of the third act.

The *Ernani* of Sims Reeves is so full of excellence that we deem it worth our while to point out the only serious defect which struck us in his conception of the character. Perhaps no human being was ever placed in a more terrible position than that in which the circumvented unfortunate Ernani, or more properly Don Juan, finds himself, when, on the very day of his marriage, when his whole soul is given to love and wrapt up in the fullness of contentment which admits of no fear, he suddenly finds himself called upon to sacrifice himself on the altar of his honour, and bid farewell at once to life and love. When the dread blast of the inexorable Silva sounds, which calls him to death, does Mr. Sims Reeves appear overwhelmed with the sudden and unexpected blow? Are his looks, actions, and words such as we might expect from one in his situation? No! We witnessed neither surprise, nor horror, nor despair; we discovered no frightful pause which under such circumstances would speak more than phrases and bars; we saw a very excellent tenor and good actor endeavouring his best to make his notes tell, and to fix himself in admirable attitudes.

Mr. Sims Reeves, we have no doubt, has his precedents for his acting in this tremendous scene, but he has talent enough to act on his own views and impressions, and we should prefer seeing him create the part, which has yet to be done, to adhering to feeble traditions, and following in the wake of doubtful authorities. Disregarding this scene, *Ernani* is decidedly the best part in which we have yet seen Mr. Sims Reeves. His singing on Saturday night was entitled to the highest praise, and his acting not less commendable.

Of Cruvelli's *Elvira* it is hardly possible to speak in terms of over-praise. That it was faultless we do not aver, but that it was distinguished by beauties of the highest order, and marked by strokes of the finest genius, we think few—and that few of no consequence—will venture to dispute. The scene, "*Ernani involami*," was one of the most splendid instances of bravura singing we ever heard. Some of the cadences introduced were such as few singers since Malibran have had the power to effect or the courage to attempt. Among them we may notice a chromatic descending passage from E flat in alt to F below the lines, rendered with the

utmost precision. A shake, too, from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, and an ascending cadence, given with amazing rapidity, preceding the *reprise* of the *cabaletta*, must be noticed for their exceeding brilliancy, and the effect produced. We may state, in short, that the power of Cruvelli's voice, and her brilliant style of vocalization were more amply demonstrated in Elvira than in any character she has yet appeared in since her return. Her acting, also, went far to advance her in public estimation. The part taxes the strength of the artist to the uttermost, but Cruvelli retained her power and energy to the last scene. In the well known trio in the last act, Cruvelli created a *furor*. Here her acting and singing were magnificent, and she was recalled twice, after most pertinaciously refusing the encore awarded to her efforts. This tampering with the enthusiasm of an audience will not always escape so easily.

We have only to add in this brief summary of Cruvelli's Elvira, that, in our estimation, Verdi was never so honoured before by a singer who could so wonderfully and forcibly interpret his overpowering strains; and that Verdi himself never appeared to us under so favourable a guise.

On Tuesday, the long-talked-of *Corbeille d'Oranges* was produced for Alboni. The rumours respecting the success of this new work of Auber's at the Grand Opera of Paris, were various and discrepant; some affirming that the opera was a *chef-d'œuvre*, and the success triumphant; others insisting that the music was unworthy of Auber, and the success *nil*. Neither of these reports, however, were correct. The real truth is, that the opera obtained little or no success at the Académie, whilst Alboni's singing created a *furor*. Alboni alone saved the *Corbeille d'Oranges* from utter condemnation; and perhaps the greatest achievement of her glorious career is that she has done so. Never did two huge mountains—Scribe and Auber—bring forth so very little a mouse as the *Zerlina*; ou, *La Corbeille d'Oranges*. The story is entirely devoid of interest, and absolutely deficient in skill and ingenuity. There are not incidents enough contained in it to make a decent vaudeville; there is no action, excepting what is feeble and forced; no character, excepting what is trite and common. The personages and the movements of the plot are equally insignificant. To afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself of the merits of the libretto, we shall print the argument entire from the "Opera-Box"—that useful and neat little *brochure* which is presented nightly to the visitors of Her Majesty's Theatre. Thus runs the argument:—

ACT I.—The scene is in the market-place at Palermo. A vessel has just arrived bearing Zerlina, a seller of oranges, who was once carried off by Corsairs, and who has been no sooner set at liberty than she has returned to her original trade. The appearance of a new competitor in the market excites the jealousy of the Sicilian fruit-women, and she would be forced to fly in consequence of the tumult that arises, did not Rodolfo, a young officer, come to her rescue, and repel the persecuting *Lazzaroni*. The hour of promenade arriving, the princess leaves her palace, and receives from the hands of a page a note, in which the writer asks for a flower or a fruit, as a sign that an interview is granted. She accordingly buys an orange of Zerlina, who is now quietly stationed at her stall, and giving it to the page, tears the note to pieces. Zerlina collects the fragments, and sings an old song, by which she has hoped to recover her long-lost daughter, Jemma. Before she was carried off by the pirates, she was the mistress of a young man named Roccanera, but during her twenty years' absence, the lover of her youth has greatly risen in the world—has become prime minister, and has married the king's sister. Therefore, when Zerlina finds Jemma as a young lady of rank, she dares not reveal herself as her mother, but merely asks the favour of carrying oranges daily to the palace.

ACT II.—Jemma, though destined by her father Roccanera for

the Marquis Buttara, really loves the young officer, Rodolfo, and meets him in a saloon in her father's palace. Zerlina, who has come with her oranges, hears the lamentations of the lovers, and promises her protection. Then going to Roccanera, she reveals herself, and threatens to claim her daughter, if the hated marriage is not broken off. Roccanera, to appease her, promises to intercede with his wife, the princess.

ACT III.—A *bal masqué* takes place in the gardens of the palace, and every one seems joyous, with the exception of Rodolfo and Jemma, for all the efforts of Roccanera to prevent the marriage have been in vain. Fortunately Zerlina recognises in the Princess the mysterious lady who gave the orange to the page. She accordingly persuades Jemma to attire herself as an orange-girl, and to present an orange to the princess, with the words "I know all." The device has its effect. The terrified princess consents to the union of Jemma and Rodolfo, and Zerlina preserves her secret.

By such materials it was not likely that Auber should feel himself inspired, and accordingly we find throughout the opera the absence of that prodigality of invention, that melodic flow, and, to coin a word, that extemporaneity of thought, which so remarkably develop themselves in most of his works, and which have won for him the high name of the greatest master of the French school. Auber's apology is, that the *Corbeille d'Oranges* is a mere *pièce de circonstance*, written in an unprecedented short space of time even for him, one of the most rapid and facile of composers, to exhibit Alboni in a new character on the French stage. Scribe has the same excuse for dashing off his book, which we dare say he did at a sitting; but like Dr. Johnson with the brother of the Baronet, we "could wait" for something better, and not hurry the gentlemen. Had it not been for the *Prodiço*, written so lately, which betrays in an unmistakeable manner the genius of the composer, we should feel inclined to say that Auber's inspiration had passed away never to return. But although devoid of new ideas, there is no mistaking the music of the *Corbeille d'Oranges* for that of any other writer besides Auber. It bears undoubted evidence of his hand in its peculiarly felicitous orchestral treatment, and in several of the subjects which have acknowledged Auber for their author in other operas. The duet for Zerlina and Jemma in the first act, "Nell'alma or qual risveglio," is but a second version of the barcarole duet in *The Crown Diamonds*. The most pleasing tune in the opera is the aria of Jemma in the second act, which forms the leading subject in the overture.

It appears to us that Auber was too bent on writing displays for Alboni's voice to give his inspiration full scope. But even in writing for Alboni, Auber has not exhibited any unusual amount of skill and tact. Overlooking the fact that Alboni's voice is perfect and available throughout and equally delicious in every part, his endeavour seems to have been to render conspicuous only the upper and lower registers. A strange mistake or oversight in so great a master of the voice! Surely Auber must have heard Alboni's "Nacqui all'affanno," the "Una Voce," and indeed nearly all the music, as sung by her, in the *Cenerentola* and the *Barbiere*, and having heard it, how could he have fallen into so grave an error, and by so doing circumscribed his own inspirations. In fact Auber was in a hurry and did not weigh considerations, and this is the only way we can attempt to account for what's unaccountable. Having thus disposed of Auber,—with whom for the first time in our lives we have found cause to quarrel—we will proceed to the more agreeable task of noticing the glorious Alboni, whose singing in the *Corbeille d'Oranges* has been—vide all the morning papers—universally pronounced a masterpiece of pure and brilliant vocalisation.

But the task is brief and easy when there is nothing to do but praise. Alboni's singing was never more perfect, her voice never more delicious, her phrasing never more charming, her cadences never more astonishing—perhaps never so astonishing—and yet did Alboni sing throughout the whole opera without an encore, and that opera written expressly to suit her style and voice. Auber is certainly not a Rossini in writing for the voices, and Auber was never less himself than when he measured Alboni's voice for a new suit of his own notes. In tailor phrase, we never knew a looser mis-fit. The rondo finale comprises some amazing stretches, which proved that Alboni's throat was made of India rubber; and some *tours de force*, which proved that Alboni had the most wonderful voice in the world; and some pleasing bits of *cantabile*, which proved that Alboni had the most delicious voice that ever was heard—but—and mark the exception—Alboni did not obtain an encore, which proved—that the Parisian critics adore Alboni and reverence Auber, with which mythic inference we close our notice of the *Basket of Oranges*, and are only sorry that the fruit is not more palatable.

On Wednesday *Ernani* was repeated, and received with even more favour than on Saturday, and Cruvelli created an immense impression.

On Thursday, the *Corbeille d'Oranges* a second time, with the second act of *Prodiço*.

Last night *Florinda*.

The ballets of the week have been *Les Trois Graces*, *La Sylphide*, *Le Diable à Quatre*, &c., &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Il Flauto Magico*, was repeated, and Mdlle. Anna Zerr, having entirely recovered from her indisposition, resumed the part of Astriffiamente. Her singing of both airs was magnificent—especially of “*Gli angui inferni*”—and her reception was quite enthusiastic.

On Tuesday the *Huguenots* was given, and on Thursday the first act of *Norma*, and *Il Flauto Magico* entire.

The houses have been on each occasion overflowing. Such prosperous business, and so continual, was never before known at the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye will make a fortune by the Crystal Palace which has injured so many others.

The engagement of Mdlle. Anna Zerr having terminated, she leaves London this morning to resume her professional duties at Vienna. Her success has been as great as it was well deserved.

On Monday an extra night will be given, as a subscription night, in lieu of the last on September 18, which would have interfered with the shooting season. The opera announced is the *Prophete*.

Meanwhile where is *Sappho*?

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The production of a drama by Victor Hugo would of itself be a sufficient attraction to command a large audience, but when the heroine of the piece was to be interpreted by the greatest *tragédienne* of modern times, it may be supposed that the interest was considerably heightened, and was equally divided between the author and the actress, who has succeeded so admirably in expressing his sentiments and elaborating his ideas. The

drama of *Angelo* is far from being the poet's best production; it cannot bear comparison with *Ernani*, *Ruy Blas*, *Le Roi S'amuse*, or *Marie Tudor*; but it still possesses considerable dramatic interest and bears the peculiar stamp of the romantic school of which Victor Hugo was the founder, and of which he is the most illustrious exponent. In eschewing the traditions of his classical predecessors we fully coincide with the objection raised by the modern dramatist, we fully agree with him that all such imitations must perforce be bad from the fact that our manners, our customs, our religion, are essentially different from those of the ancients, and, if we take away the supernatural agency which prevades Greek drama we shall have nothing left but a body without a soul, to which the galvanic battery may communicate the semblance but cannot infuse the reality of vitality. Uninfluenced by the grosser elements which composed the religious pantheism of the Greeks and Romans, our own faith discards any attempt to introduce as performers in our dramas the objects of our worship or veneration, and any effort to effect such an object would be regarded as bordering on impiety; were it not, as is the case with some of our epic poets, considered little short of ridiculous. But in endeavouring to establish a new order of things, to found a school in France which should be eminently French, taking Shakspeare as his model as far as possible, the author seems to us to have outstepped the bounds of his own mission, and, in his attempt to escape from the hero-worship of the school of Corneille and Racine, he has established the idolatry of an inferior order of beings, exceptional as regards their relations to society—robbers, assassins, courtizans—all false idols, with whom we should refuse to hold communion at all hazards. Ruined spend-thrifts, princely poisoners, bandits, and *filles de joie* are not exactly the personages we would place on the pedestal from which M. Victor Hugo has precipitated Andromaque, Phédre, Camille, Chimene, Pauline, Roxelane, &c., &c.; we therefore submit that Mr. Victor Hugo has attempted too much, or rather that he has been guilty of an error of judgment, still more open to exception than that which he wishes to supplant. It is true that we have little sympathy with the rant of the classical imitator, but we have a most invincible disgust for the canonization of Marion de Lorme and Thisbe. We smile at the high-flown sentiments of the Cid and the ferocious virtue of the Horatii, yet we may learn a lesson of honour and self-abnegation from them, while the feeling evoked by that worthy couple—Don Cesar de Bazan and Ruy Blas, Homedei, Ernani, and others of the same stamp—is degrading to humanity and provokes no better feeling than a compound of horror and morbid discontent at society in general. And yet, with all these drawbacks upon the productions of M. Victor Hugo, we must not be supposed to be indifferent to his great merits either as a poet or a dramatist. We are firmly convinced that he possesses, to an eminent degree, the mysteries of his craft, and that a better application of them would have ensured him the high position to which he aspires, but which he has not yet attained, nor ever will attain as long as he continues to view history and society through the distorted medium of a feverish imagination and mistaken sympathy. We pity Thisbe and Marion de Lorme, and we compassionate Don Cesar and Ruy Blas, yet we would advise the ladies to retire to a convent, and the gentleman to list as soldiers, for we have no tear to spare, there is too much real suffering and struggling virtue in this world, far more deserving of our sympathy than the two virgins above-named, or the titled beggars and vagabonds of the Spanish drama.

The drama of *Angelo*, now under consideration, although as we have said, not one of the best specimens of this new school, calling themselves imitators of Shakspeare—(save the mark!—the great English poet would certainly not be flattered by the affiliation; he whose creations are types of purity and loveliness, whilst on the other hand theirs are chosen from the veriest dregs of society, reeking with vice, lewdness, debauchery—and this is called human nature—doubtless it is human nature, such characters unfortunately do exist, but we have no more pleasure in dragging them forth to the light of day than we should have in bringing forth a leper or one possessed of catalepsy)—we say then that this drama of *Angelo* is a fair specimen of the school, but beneath the other productions of Victor Hugo. What the author might have produced we may infer from what he has produced, had his notions of dramatic art not been distorted by a false appreciation of its great aim and end. The moment of the raising of the curtain the interest of the story commences, and is steadily carried out to the very last scene. There is no flagging, not even for a moment, scene follows scene in such rapid succession, a master-hand is evidently at work moving the invisible threads; the characters are but sketched in, yet they have a distinct individuality; the two women are well contrasted; the *podesta* Angelo stands forth as the centre around whom all the others move. Homodei is the hand of destiny urging them on to their fate; it is true we scarcely know why he hates all these people, but he does his work conscientiously, and he faithfully represents the author's great world, which pervades all his writings and which he invented for *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Ανταχ*, fate. It is worthy of remark in this play there is not one decent character, all are tainted with vice or gross immorality. Angelo is a tyrant, and eventually an assassin; Homodei, the Venetian spy, is a villain of the blackest dye, who thinks no more of cutting throats than a butcher does of dispatching a sheep or a lamb; Rodolfo is in love with Catarina, and yet he is the lover of Thisbe the courtesan; Catarina is married to Angelo, and yet she swears eternal love to Rodolfo, and meets him regularly—to save appearances she is supposed to be pure, pure as an angel, says the text—our ideas of purity are essentially at variance with M. Victor Hugo's; and last, not least, we have Thisbe, the great card of the piece, who has run the gauntlet of debauchery from her youth upwards, who is represented as enamoured of Rodolfo, whom she however sacrifices to a reminiscence of filial piety. When we add that the *denouement* of the play consists in the death of Thisbe by the hand of Rodolfo, we shall have a worthy climax to all this association of horrors and crimes of every description. In justice to the author, we must admit that the piece was very successful; that it has some excellent situations; that our attention was captivated to the last; and that the language was at times powerful, and the sentiments choice and worthy of a better cause, and certainly of better company. The piece was well acted. Mdlle. Rachel, in the part of Thisbe, originally played by Mdlle. Mars in 1835, displayed extraordinary versatility of talent; her first interview with Angelo was a master-piece of bye-play; her indifference to his love was admirably conveyed by the nonchalance of her manner, arranging her dress while he is pleading his passion, and forming a strong contrast with the succeeding scene, in which she pours forth her love for Rodolfo with all the violence and tenderness of unlimited devotion. Nothing could surpass the rage and vindictiveness of her jealousy in the second act; there was a ferocity in

her looks, her words, her gestures, which no words can express. In the remainder of the piece the situations are not so strongly marked; but we may mention the dying scene of the last act as a fine illustration of all-absorbing grief and despair. The part of Catarina was well filled by Mdlle. Rebecca Felix. This lady evinces great talent, and although evidently brought up in the school of Mdlle. Rachel, she does not servilely imitate her, and gives hopes that with time and study she may occupy a high position on the stage of the French drama. The parts of Rodolfo and Homodei were well done by Messrs. Raphael Felix, and Jouanni; the latter more particularly pleased us much by his excellent make up and conception of the character. Mdlle. Rachel was enthusiastically applauded, more than we have ever seen her before, was recalled after each act, and on each occasion greeted with a shower of bouquets. J. de C.

MADLLE. RACHEL'S MORNING PERFORMANCE.—On Tuesday morning, at Willis's Rooms, Mdlle. Rachel recited portions of four of her most celebrated parts—Athalie, Celimene in *Le Misanthrope*, Pauline in *Polyeucte*, and Phedre. In each instance an entire act of the play selected was recited, the remaining characters being taken by members of the company now engaged at the St. James's. Unsatisfactory as these fragmentary specimens of an artist's powers necessarily must be to those who have had an opportunity of admiring an entire performance, they cannot but be regarded as an immense boon to such as, from one cause or another, are debarred from appreciating, to their full extent, the genius and the skill of one who has attained a mastery in the highest aims of her profession of which there are but few examples in any department of art. Even to those who have seen these detached scenes occupying their due place in a great conception, and rendered more significant and more transparent in their beauty by what preceded and followed, there is yet in these recitations an occasion for fresh wonder and admiration. Without scenery and dresses, without any of the adjuncts and accustomed circumstances which constitute the natural sphere of the actress, it might be expected that there would be a certain coldness and constraint in her delineations, marking the absence of the wonted stimulus. If anything, the contrary was the case, and the power displayed of suddenly calling together and embodying in herself all the attributes of each character, and their relative degree of permanence, at the exact stage in the action where she commences, afford a measure of Mdlle. Rachel's extraordinary command of her art, of which, but for this peculiar example, no adequate conception could be formed.

The intervals between each recitation were filled up by instrumental performances, one of the most effective of which was a solo on the horn by M. Vivier. The subject was a favourite romance from Benedict's opera of the *Gipsy's Warning*. The tone which M. Vivier produces from his very difficult instrument has often been compared to the human voice; but we believe the comparison rather holds in consequence of the peculiar manner of phrasing, and that exquisite finish and expression which elevate the performance of M. Vivier to the level of the most perfect achievements of the vocal art. The simple melody of Benedict was delivered with a sentiment so profound that words were unnecessary to convey its meaning; while the tone was the purest, and at same time the richest, that could possibly be produced from the horn. Nothing could have been more perfect in its way, and so much were the audience delighted that they unanimously recalled M. Vivier, who reappeared upon the plat-

form, but with his accustomed bashfulness declined to accept the encore. A pianoforte solo by Herr Blumenthal, and one of the marvellous executive displays, by Signor Sivori on the violin, which created a marked sensation, completed the musical part of the entertainment. M. Alexandre Billet accompanied the solos in a musicianlike manner.

The room was crowded to inconvenience, and the successful result of the experiment has induced Mr. Mitchell to announce a second performance of the same nature for next Tuesday, the last day of Mdlle. Rachel's sojourn in England.

Miscellaneous.

HERR FISCHOFF, having finished duties as one of the jurors at the Great Exhibition, has returned to Vienna.

EMER will shortly leave London for Paris, en route for Switzerland.

MDLLE. GEIGER.—Among recent arrivals is that of Mdlle. Geiger, a young pianist who enjoys a high reputation at Vienna. She is accompanied by her father, Herr Geiger, one of the composers and music directors at the Austrian Court.

ORGANIST OF ALL SAINTS, ISLINGTON.—A trial of skill took place a few days since for the situation of organist of All Saints Islington, which terminated in favor of Mr. Edward Deane. Dr. Bexfield sat as umpire.

VIUXTEMPS has left London to fulfil some further engagements in the provinces of France previous to his return to St. Petersburg.

NEW LITERARY PENSION.—It is with pleasure we record that Mrs. Jameson's name has been added to the pension-list—we believe for £100 a year. As one who, by her very careful works in the cause of the beautiful and poetical arts, has done much to adorn female authorship, this recognition of Mrs. Jameson is especially welcome, as occurring in the reign of a female Sovereign.—*Athenæum*.

FINE ARTS.—A number of portraits of artistes connected with the musical and theatrical profession have recently been published by Mr. C. S. Hervé, of 392, Strand, which, for their truthfulness of expression, in many instances, and the general ease with which the half-length figures are drawn, render them worthy of being placed in the collections of professional men. Amongst the most prominent for correct likeness may be mentioned Mr. E. L. Davenport, in the character of William in "Black-eyed Susan." The face is very animated, and the artist has invested the figure with just such a smartly cut sailor's jacket as to convey, through his pictorial taste, a good idea of the open-hearted and nimble British Tar. We notice, also, some very good copies from the originals in the likenesses of Signor Lanza, Signor Montelli, Herr Anschuetz, and Henri Drayton, and if these be specimens of the general artistic capabilities of Mr. Hervé, it may not be too much to infer that his gallery of professional portraits will receive such numerous acquisitions as will prove as remunerative to himself as they would be satisfactory to his patrons.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WILLIS'S GREAT ORGAN AT THE EXHIBITION.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria, H. R. H. the Prince Albert, and party, visited the Crystal Palace on Friday July 18th and examined this large Organ. Mr. J. T. Cooper, Organist of St. Paul's Church, Islington, was in attendance, and performed part of the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini. "Schlaf, Schlaf, mein Kindelein," a composition by H. R. H. Prince Albert. Also an air from "Il Barbiere," and by express command of Her Majesty the March in Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte."

THE DEATH OF MR. PIO CIANCHETTINI, the celebrated composer and pianist, took place on Sunday last, after a prolonged illness, at his residence Northwick Terrace, in the 52nd year of his age. He had resided a great many years in Cheltenham, and was well and extensively known throughout its musical circles, from which, however, his declining health, and pecuniary embarrass-

ments, had caused him of late very much to withdraw himself. He was generally respected by all his professional brethren, to whom he was ever ready to extend a friendly and an open hand. Many of the most accomplished musicians in the private circles of Cheltenham, have been Mr. Cianchettini's pupils, and owe their proficiency and skill to his careful teaching. Of the many public professors who have been his pupils, we believe Miss Le Grice is the only one now resident in Cheltenham. Mr. Cianchettini has left behind him an only child, now an orphan, aged eight years, wholly destitute. For the education and maintenance of this child, a few old friends of the father are anxious to provide—and appeal to those who respect his memory to aid them in doing so. A subscription for this purpose has been opened. Mr. Cianchettini was a nephew of the celebrated Dussek.—*Cheltenham Looker-On*.

M. GOUNOD AND M. EMILE AUGIER, composer and librettist of the forthcoming opera of *Sappho*, have both arrived in London.

VAUXHALL.—**BAL MASQUE**.—It would seem, from the number of persons collected together at this place whenever the entertainment of a masquerade is announced, that that sort of amusement had more attraction than any other for the inhabitants and visitants of the metropolis. On Thursday evening, notwithstanding the dampness, both moral and physical, that six and thirty hours' incessant rain must have thrown on nocturnal open-air pastimes, a host of people was congregated in the gardens, and the sports were as lively and as rife as if the weather had been as propitious as possible for the enjoyment of *al fresco* relaxation. The arrangements for the masquerade were as good as could be conceived, and, in addition to the great platform in front of the saloon, the circus and the large room beyond it were set apart for dancers. One great appliance to dancing was provided on a more than usually liberal scale by Mr. Wardell, viz., good music and plenty of it, the bands being numerous and the quality of the performance good. The grounds were well lit up, and the refreshment department on a scale commensurate with the almost incessant requisitions of hunger and thirst. There was the usual number of maskers, some of whom fulfilled their assumed characters tolerably well. The mirth was somewhat noisy, but decorum suffered no very palpable outrages, and all went off with sufficient good-humour, until daylight and the avocations of day warned the company to retire.

A **MATINEE MUSICALE** was held at Grosvenor House on Monday, July 21st, at which the following artistes assisted:—Messrs. Distin (sax horns), Miss Thornton (treble), Mr. Young (alto), Mr. Benson (tenor), Mr. Shoubridge (tenor), Mr. Whitehouse (bass), Mr. Benson (pianoforte). Several glees, quartets, trios, duets, and solos were performed in first-rate style, and the concert passed off with great *eclat*.

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THE CUCKOO GALOP.

MR. DISTIN and his Sons perform the Cuckoo Galop every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the Royal Music Hall, Adelaide Street, Strand. It is arranged for the Piano, and Cornet-a-piston, price 3s., post free, and may be had of the publisher, Henry Distin, Military Musical Instrument Maker, 31 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, London; also My Polka, price 2s. 6d., Our Polka, 2s. 6d., Your Polka, 2s. 6d., and the Hippodrome Galop.

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ON TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26th, AT THE CATHEDRAL,
A SERMON WILL BE PREACHED BY THE REV. E. H. CRADOCK, M.A., CANON OF THE CATHEDRAL.

PRECES AND RESPONSES ... *Tallis.* VENITE.—GRAND CHANT. PSALMS—CHANT ... *Rev. W. H. Havergal.*

GRAND DETTINGEN TE DEUM.—*Handel.* Principal Singers—Miss Dolby, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin.

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AFTER THIRD COLLECT.—ANTHEM, "In that day."—*Dr. Elvey.* The Soli parts by the CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

BEFORE SERMON—Ps. xviii., (o.v.) AFTER SERMON—ANTHEM, "When Israel out of Egypt came." (cxiv. Ps.—*Mendelssohn.*)

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING AUGUST 27th,

ELIJAH.—Mendelssohn.

ON THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28th,

SAMSON,—Handel. With selections from the CREATION.

PART II.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.—Spohr.

ON FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29th,

THE MESSIAH.

FIRST CONCERT TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26th,

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT. With a Miscellaneous Selection.

SECOND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27th.

Selections from **JESSONDA. FRIDOLIN, a Cantata, &c.**

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Selection from **EURYANTHE—Weber, &c.**

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MDLLE. SOFIE CRUVELLI.—NORMA.

IT is respectfully announced that this evening, SATURDAY July 26, will be presented Bellini's celebrated opera,

NORMA.

Norma	MDlle. SOFIE CRUVELLI.
Adalgisa	Mdme. GIULIANI.
Pollione	Signor PARDINI.
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AND

Oroveso	Signor LABLACHE.
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To conclude with the admired divertissement,

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Introducing the celebrated Pas de Trois. Euphrosyne, Mdlle. Carolina Rosati; Thalia, Mdlle. Marie Taglioni; Eglia, Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris; assisted by Mdles. Kohlenberg, Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Soto, Dantonis, Esther, Pascuales, Allegrini, Soldanaky, Emma, Eliza, Levinia, Beale, and the ladies of the corps de ballet. The opera to commence at 8 o'clock. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the box-office of the theatre.

On Tuesday next, (for the first time this season) Donizetti's opera,

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI.

Linda, MDLLE. SOFIE CRUVELLI

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IN compliance with the general wish of the Subscribers, a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT will be given on MONDAY, July 28, in lieu of the last Saturday of the Subscription (viz., Saturday, September 13). All Ivories and Tickets, therefore, for Saturday, September 13, will be available for Monday.

On MONDAY, July 28, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE.

The principal characters by Madame Viardot, Madame Castellan, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Mei, Signor Soldi, Signor Stigelli, Signor Polonini, and Signor Mario.

Composer, Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Applications for Boxes, Tickets, and Stalls to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre; and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.; Messrs. Bailey and Moon, and Messrs. Julien & Co.'s, Regent-street; Mr. James, St. James's-street; Mr. Mitchell's, Mr. Hookham, Messrs. Ebers and Co., and Mr. R. W. Olivier, Old Bond-street; Mr. Allcroft's, Messrs. Andrews and Co., Messrs. Leader and Cocks, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Chappell, Mr. Case, Messrs. Campbell, Ransford and Co., Mr. C. Olivier, New Bond-street; Mr. Dyte, Strand; Mrs. Ryan, Orchard-street; and at Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside.

FIRST NIGHT OF LA GAZZA LADRA.

On TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 29th, will be performed (for the first time this season) ROSSINI'S favourite Opera,

LA GAZZA LADRA.

Ninetta	Madame GRISI.
Lucia	Mdlle. COTTI.
Pippo	Mdlle. ANGRI.
Fernando	Signor TAMBURINI.
Giannetto	Signor CIAFFELI.
					(His first appearance in that character.)
Fabrizio	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Isacco	Signor STIGELLI.
Giorgia	Signor POLONINI.
Podesta	Signor BONCONI.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.—LUCREZIA BORGIA,
SCENE FROM LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA,—GRAND
ACT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Grisi, Angri, Castellan and Viardot, Mario, Tamberlik, Tamburini, Formes, and Ronconi.

On THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 31st, a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given; commencing with DONIZETTI'S Opera,

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Lucrezia	Madame GRISI.
Maffio Orsini	Mdlle. ANGRI.
Alfonso	Signor RONCONI.
					(His first appearance in that character in England.)
Don Gasella	Signor ROMMI.
Rustighello	Signor SOLDI.
Gubetta	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Astolfo	Signor POLONINI.
Vitelozzo	Signor MEI.
Gennaro	Signor MARIO.

The Grand Chorus of Masks in the Prologue will be accompanied by a Military Band in addition to the Orchestra, the principal Vocal Parts being sung by Signori Rommi, Mei, Soldi, Polonini, Tagliafico, and Mdlle. Angri.

After which the celebrated comic scene from

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA,

By Madame Viardot and Signor Tamburini.

To conclude with the grand act of Meyerbeer's opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Including the duet by Signor Stigelli and Herr Formes, the duet by Herr Formes and Madame Castellan, the duet by Signor Tamberlik and Herr Formes, the grand trio by Madame Castellan, Herr Formes, and Signor Tamberlik, and the celebrated scene of the Nuns, by Mdlle. Louise Taglioni and the Corps de Ballet in the grand Cloister Scene.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Stalls, Boxes, and Tickets for Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, may be secured at the Theatre, and of the principal librarians and music-sellers.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1851.

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"Herr Formes is alike unfinished and undevout in sacred music. After having shown promises of progress, we trust that he is not going to stop short."

(It is rumoured that Herr Formes has declined to play the principal bass part in M. Gounod's *Sappho*.—ED. M. W.)

A NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

This untiring question—now resumed at the eleventh hour by our correspondent "Philo-Musica"—merits the attention of all who interest themselves in the welfare of our native musicians. We need scarcely say that the columns of the *Musical World* are open to all who may desire (at reasonable length) to communicate their ideas on the subject. In a few weeks we shall be less crowded with Operatic and other notices, indispensable at this busy time of the year; and we trust that the autumn recess will be employed in such a manner as to lay the basis of some practicable scheme for the winter. That we are entirely favourable to the plan of a national lyric establishment, must be well known to all who pay us the compliment of reading the *Musical World*. What little influence we possess is placed at the disposal of those who have more time, if not more zeal, to devote to the cause than ourselves. For the present we can do no more than recommend our subscribers to peruse and give due consideration to the letters of "Philo-Musica."

ALBONI'S MARIA.

During Alboni's recent engagement at Madrid, no character which she sustained made so great a sensation as that of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. We can well believe that the fair Marietta, with her plump cheeks and saucy face, would look the devoted *vivandiere* to perfection. We can well also believe that she would act the part with the appropriate combination of jollity and sprightliness. About her singing we can believe anything—except that she should not sing well; that we could never believe.

Be it as it may, the Daughter of the Regiment at Madrid, became the Daughter of the Spanish Public, the charming Marietta was adopted by the *Hidalgos*, and the *Donas*, as a child of their own; and the enthusiasm of their love rivalled the ardour of their chivalrous ages. That in London the result would be similar, the triumph as complete, the affection

for the buxom *vivandiere* as genuine, spontaneous, and unanimous, we cannot doubt for one instant. Whatever Alboni proffers is accepted by her English admirers, without looking for the stamp. They are aware that her promises are as good as the Bank's, and her notes more precious than gold. The bruit of her performance of Maria has already gone abroad, and we have reason to presume that she is pledged, to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, to make it one of her series of impersonations, during her present short engagement.

May the pledge be fulfilled, and the subscribers and the public have a fresh occasion to appreciate and applaud the exquisite talent of the *Koh-i-noor* of song. The operas are just now in want of a "*furore*," as the term is, notwithstanding the heat of the weather; and this very remarkable season of 1851 should not be allowed to pass into a remembrance, without one more great stroke of novelty to impress it on the memory for ever. We have had *Fidelio*; and tears have been shed—tears of pity and sympathy. Why not Maria, for tears again—tears of laughter and delight? Melpomene and Thalia would both be propitiated, and the memory have two phases to dwell upon—matter for contemplation in its saddest and its merriest moods.

BALFE'S BENEFIT.

After the extreme labour of the present heavy season, which Balfé has undertaken zealously, and without a murmur, the subscribers to the opera, and the public in general, will not be surprised to find the name of the popular composer announced for a benefit. If not surprised, however, they will be pleased; and we have little doubt that the house will be a bumper, and the benefit a real benefit to the *beneficiaire*.

Of course the programme is a good one. The feature, however, which deserves particular mention, is the opera of *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, originally composed for the Opera Comique, in Paris, and since performed, with success, in most of the principal towns of Germany, France, and Belgium—not to speak of London, where its execution, at the Princess's Theatre, under the direction of the composer, cannot have been forgotten. An Italian version of this opera, under the title of *I Quattro Fratelli*, will be the chief point at Mr. Balfé's benefit; and the numerous admirers of his music will not be sorry to have occasion to welcome him, for the second time, in the arena of the Italian Opera.

Some are of opinion that *Falstaff*, having being composed for Her Majesty's Theatre, under the reign of Mr. Laporte

should have been presented on this occasion. We are not of that opinion; since, allowing *Falstaff* all its undoubted merits, we are anxious to hear *Les Quatre Fils Aymon* once again. Most of the principal artists of the establishment are announced in the cast; and they will best demonstrate the respect they entertain for their *chef d'orchestre* by bestowing all possible pains towards the realisation of a perfect *ensemble*. The date of the benefit is Monday, August 11.

CRUVELLI'S LINDA.

Linda di Chamouni is unworthy of Sophie Cruvelli. The sentiment is of the thinnest and most artificial French; the passion *flummery*. The characters that surround Linda are miserable commonplaces, or senseless abstractions. A more tawdry set of nonentities were never sent out from the workshop of the Minerva Press. Moreover, they are all positive bores—from the Marquis to the Prefect. Nobody cares a straw for any of them. The music of Donizetti does not help to elevate the drama, although the opera was composed for the Germans. To show his contempt for the Teutonic judgment, Donizetti has not introduced a single concerted piece of length and importance into the score. Yet the Germans are apt to boast of *Linda*, as a compliment to their nation, on the part of the popular author of *Lucia*. They pretend to find a greater amount of depth in it than in his other operas; and this, they presume, was the result of a nervous apprehension in the mind of Donizetti, that what might do for the Italians, and the French, and the English, and the Spanish, and the Americans, would *not* do for the Germans. Poor souls! They knew very little of Donizetti, who did not value their opinion at a pinch of snuff—as a proof of which, he prepared *Linda di Chamouni*, his weakest opera, and served it up for their especial edification. Donizetti judged the Viennese better than the Viennese judged Donizetti. The Viennese felt assured that Donizetti would come before their tribunal with fear and trembling. Donizetti felt assured that the Viennese were more conceited than profound. The Viennese reckoned without the host. Donizetti wrote a feeble opera, pocketed the money, and added a cubit to his Germanic stature.

All the *prima donnas* of Europe have played Linda, except a few of the wise ones. It is the easiest part to get applause, and the hardest to escape vulgarity. Persiani is one model, Tadolini the other, from whom the general tribe of Lindas have derived their inspirations. Sophie Cruvelli, however, with her accustomed independence and originality, has not taken a hint from either of them. She has equally avoided Madame Sontag—a mixture of the two—creating a Linda of her own, interesting enough to make the opera not only endurable but pleasant, and sufficiently artistic to be studied by some who already imagine themselves perfect. In the first scenes, before clouds have begun to lower over the fortunes of Linda, Cruvelli imparts to the character of the young village maiden all its joyousness and bounding life, without that obtrusive

boldness which rendered Tadolini's impersonation disagreeable. In the second act—where Antonio's curse and Linda's despair are the great incidents—we will not do Cruvelli the injustice to compare her performance with that of any other artist whom we have seen in the character. The truth is, this dramatic situation has never been filled out before. The last scene—in which the derangement and gradual restoration to sense of the heroine are the points—was equally unique, and superior to any previous attempt in the character.

Of Cruvelli's singing we have written so much, and so often, that to say her reading and execution of the music of Linda, on the present occasion, was in all respects worthy of her, is enough to convey the admiration to which we consider it entitled. Her "*Luce di quest' anima*," is not Persiani's, nor Tadolini's, nor Sontag's, nor Frezzolini's, but her own—Sophie Cruvelli's—as good as any, and in some respects better than most.

Nevertheless, in spite of this unqualified opinion of the merits of Cruvelli's Linda, we repeat that the part is unworthy of her. Her talent is of too poetical a nature to be thrown away upon such vapid stuff. To elevate Linda up to Sophie Cruvelli is beyond the power even of Sophie Cruvelli. We concur most heartily with the following observations, extracted from the notice of the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"Linda is no part for Mademoiselle Cruvelli. She is far too much in earnest to make triumphs out of trifles. She took the butterfly character in hand with a vigorous determination: applied herself conscientiously to the music, as if such music was meant to be treated conscientiously; and sought to develop passion where the composer had provided nothing but sentiment. Her energy was most praiseworthy, her acting most intellectual; but what could be done with such material?—the impassioned utterances of Cruvelli were simply felt to be lavished upon an unworthy theme. It is not in such parts that the young artist will sustain and extend her enviable reputation. We were delighted with her fervour, with her brilliant vocalisation, with her ardent and energetic acting; but we could not help feeling that in Bellini's real tragedy, or Mozart's real comedy, she would have been far better placed than in the hybrid sentimentalities—neither a laugh nor a cry—of *Linda di Chamouni*. The audience obviously shared this feeling, and the reiterated applause and repeated '*calls*' were homage, and deserved homage, not to *Linda di Chamouni*, but to Sophie Cruvelli."

We might say more, but it would be to little purpose. Suffice it, every new part Cruvelli plays makes her hold on the affections of the English public the stronger. The more *Fidelios* and *Normas*, and the less *Elviras* and *Lindas*, however, the better.

As appendix to the above, we may insert some extracts from the articles of our contemporaries.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

"Madlle. Sofie Cruvelli achieved a new and brilliant success as the heroine of Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. Every phase of the character of Linda was evolved by the gifted artist with perfect truthfulness and beauty. In the opening scene, where the light-hearted village maiden trips stealthily across the grove to meet her lover, and gives vent to her feelings in the pretty air, '*O luce di quest' anima*;' in the interview with the Marquis, where, with the dignified power of insulted virtue, the betrayed Linda humbles her insipid and insolent admirer to the dust; in

the unexpected meeting with Antonio, the subsequent madness and ultimate return to reason through the influence of the beloved one's voice. Mdlle. Cruvelli was equally faithful to nature. There were, however, moments when the greatness of the occasion caused the divine fire within her to glow with extraordinary intensity; and in no part of the opera were they so frequent as in the great scene with the Marquis to which we have already alluded. Here the impetuous energy which specially characterises her idiosyncrasy, and which, ennobled by her genius, produces the loftiest manifestations of tragic passion, found full scope; and it would be difficult to conceive anything grander, or more exciting, than her delivery of the lines commencing—

"E un tale
Che se mai giunge a scoprire,
Vostre infami, indegne mire
Ne dovrete ben tremar."

or the succeeding passage—

"Troppo omai mi cimentaste,
Ed in tutto voi mancaste."

"The highest praise we can bestow upon Mdlle. Cruvelli's singing throughout the opera is that it was worthy of her acting. She was enthusiastically applauded from first to last, called for after each important piece, and at the conclusion of the second and third acts. Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli, who personated for the first time, Pierotto, made a considerable advance in public favour on this occasion. She sang and acted with much taste and judgment, and was extremely well received."

(From the Times.)

"By her performance of Linda Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli adds one character more to her list of successes. The pretty air, 'O luce di quest' anima,' with which she enters upon the stage, was sung with all that playfulness which is required to denote the lightness of heart in the village maiden not yet involved in the troubles of the world. Her brilliant *roulades* are thrown off with ease, and she sports gaily with her subject. The intensity with which she represented her despair in the second act, where Linda has to encounter the wrath of her father, was so great, and was so much aided by her expressive countenance, that the audience called for her with enthusiasm as soon as the act-drop had descended. Carlo was played by Mr. Sims Reeves, whose impassioned and eloquent style is well suited to the beautiful duet, 'A consolarmi,' which is, as it were, the pivot of the whole opera, and which depends for its effect on the most violent contrasts of piano and forte. Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli played Pierotto, and sang the foreboding ballad with much unpretending pathos. The acting of this young lady was remarkably pleasing and unaffected, and her singing declared the artist throughout."

(From the Morning Herald.)

"Cruvelli, who seems anxious to vindicate her claim to versatility, appeared in another new character last night—that of Linda, in Donizetti's opera of that name. There was obviously nothing here in common with *Fidelio*, *Norma*, or *Elvira*, but this clever and original artiste invested the character with a colouring peculiar to herself, and achieved her usual success. Her representation of the unhappy heroine would naturally be the most striking in the parts more immediately dramatic. Thus her interview with her father in the second act, when the latter witnesses her in a position calculated to awaken doubts of her purity and innocence, was delineated with a more significant force than that to which we have been accustomed; while her exemplification of the surprise, affliction, and insanity, consequent upon his sudden malediction, was vividly and picturesquely effective. The return of the poor wanderer to her native village, heartbroken and travelstained, was also depicted with natural feeling, strongly expressed, but without extravagance. The vocalism of Mdlle. Cruvelli wore its customary features. The music of *Linda di Chamouni* is of a much lighter and less responsible class than any she has yet attempted, and hence the extraordinary powers of execution which belong to her were hardly so apparent as upon former occasions: nevertheless her delivery of the well-known 'O luce di quest' anima' was a brilliant triumph of art. The pretty melody

which forms the substance of this popular cavatina was never more broadly rendered; while the florid ornaments of the *cabaletta*, affording at all times a favourable opportunity for the displays of an ambitious executant, were conceived with unique variety, and executed with boldness and precision. The duet with her lover, 'Da quel ni che incontrai,' and that with the marquis in the second act, may likewise be recorded as efforts of ability. Clear and definite intelligence and uncompromising physical accomplishment were, in short, the characteristics of this assumption, as they have been in other cases; and though the part has but little real pretension in itself, Mademoiselle Cruvelli embodied it with a spirit and elaboration, the precise merit of which the audience seemed fully to appreciate. Marie Cruvelli was the Pierotto, which she sustained for the first time—we may add with considerable credit. Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli was called before the curtain after the second and third acts with great enthusiasm!!"

The next part of Cruvelli, after Balfe's benefit, will be, we understand, *Semiramide*.

VERDI AND HIS EXPONENTS.

The *Morning Post*, in its second notice of the performance of *Ernani*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, persists in attributing the success of the opera and the applause of the audience to the fine acting and singing of Sophie Cruvelli, Sims Reeves, and Coletti:—

"Is not the effect created by the performance of *Ernani* attributable to the executants? Are not the splendid voice and impassioned style of Mr. Reeves, the beautiful singing of Coletti, and the magnificent performance of Sophie Cruvelli, the real causes of this effect? Certes. The audience are applauding the performers, although they conceive the composer to be the principal object of their enthusiasm. In such applause, then, we could, and did, heartily join, for it was richly merited. The opening air, 'Come rugiada al cespite,' was delivered by Reeves with all that breadth, fervid expression, and physical power, by which his singing is ever honourably distinguished; and the well known 'Ernani involami,' was rendered by Cruvelli in the first style of excellence. Another exquisite performance was that of the duet, 'Tergi il pianto,' by Reeves and Cruvelli. Nothing could be more delightful than the blending of their voices, or more delicately sweet than the expression given to the whole. Signor Coletti's execution of the solo, 'Vieni Meco,' in the second, and 'Oh! Sommo Carlo,' in the finale to the third act, of which we have already spoken, left nothing to be desired; and the applause it elicited was a fitting tribute to the artist, who could make so much out of so little. In the last act the singing and acting of Mr. Reeves and Mdlle. Cruvelli are entitled to the highest eulogy, and to their executive genius alone must be ascribed the vociferous applause which followed the fall of the curtain; although we doubt not that the majority of the audience imagined that Signor Verdi's music was the principal cause of it."

Not being prepared to dispute the point with the critic of the *Post*, we have allowed him to state his own case.

Even our Sunday cotemporary, the *Weekly Dispatch*, has caught the prevalent enthusiasm for Sophie Cruvelli. He writes well, too, and reasonably:—

"On Wednesday last, Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli repeated the role of Elvira, in *Ernani*, which, be it remembered, introduced her to an English audience in 1848; and the occasion was interesting, inasmuch as it enabled us to make a comparison of her present powers with her ability three years ago. At that time we very warmly acknowledged the merit of her performance, which gave such promise of rapid improvement. Her Elvira now is more matured in detail, but its treatment is in all its leading features the same, and exhibits that dramatic power, and that compass and freshness of voice which are at present more justly appreciated than on her first appearance among us. Throughout the boldness and impassioned energy of her acting, and its originality, were

powerfully displayed; and in the great scene in the last act, where Ernani is compelled, by the implacable Don Silva, to fulfil his oath, and stab himself, Cruvelli startled her audience by the intensity of her passion."

Our largely circulated *camarade*, the *News of the World*, so often confounded with ourselves (by which we feel eminently flattered), wields a still more flaming pen:—

"Verdi's *Ernani* could have no more fitting representative of the part of Elvira than Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli; whatever amount of energy, fire, and impetuosity Verdi may impart to his music—whether he runs up to E flat in alto, or down to the F nearly three octaves below—Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli has commensurate power and energy to cope with them; and it is immaterial whether the brass peals forth in its extreme power, and that the whole resources of the orchestra are brought to bear simultaneously, as though every instrument were intended to display its individual capabilities at the same moment—the voice of Sophie Cruvelli rises above them all, and, soaring above the instrumental warfare, proves that, however trying Verdi's music may be for singers, that at least there are *artistes* able to cope with it. The French critics have stamped Cruvelli's Elvira as a great performance—and a very powerful one it certainly is. She gives the part with intense dramatic fire and energy, and brings out the music so as to win the heart of the most enthusiastic admirer of Verdi's music—if such an individual exists out of France, where audiences are more easily taken by storm than in this country—and with whom Verdi's music and its interpreters have charms that are not similarly appreciated in this country."

Thus much for Verdi, and thus much for Sophie Cruvelli, who, in becoming his champion, has rendered him a service which he can hardly repay.

ALBONI.

The *Literary Gazette* thus apostrophises the return of this superb vocalist to the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre:—

"The return of Alboni, after the absence of one season, was an event of great interest. She selected *Cenerentola*, the opera in which she first made her *debut* at this theatre in 1849. The success of Mdlle. Alboni in *soprano* parts bids fair to sweep away the dogma that a voice cannot be changed from one kind to another, so as to become available effectively for either *soprano* or *contralto*. That in her case the power of the lower register has been diminished cannot be denied; still the lower tones are available in addition to the higher, which have been acquired by clever practice. The precise effect of the experiment can hardly be made clear unless we could hear Mdlle. Alboni sing Arsace and Zerlina in the same evening. For our own part, we treasure two events connected with Alboni, marked by delight and astonishment—her first *debut* in Arsace, when not a breath of fame's trumpet had been blown, and the most *ennuyé* was startled with a new sensation at the sound of 'In si barbara sciagura'; and her singing of Amina, with all the *fioriture* of Persiani, at the Birmingham Theatre, in 1849. One more we look forward to, and that is in her Fides in the *Prophete*, about which we have heard no slight praise. Even Meyerbeer himself has expressed his good opinion of it at Paris; and this would be a test of the highest lyrical qualities. However, a more tasteful masterly singer of the florid style of Rossini, with a more delicate sense of the beauty of the true *cantabile*, than Alboni we cannot hope to hear. The 'Non piu mesta,' as usual, she sang with infinite grace and elegance, with a feeling of such perfect ease and buoyant freshness that created the greatest delight."

We entirely coincide with our illustrious and literary cotemporary.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has left London on a tour through South Wales.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Two lines spoken have a magical effect, not only in separating the quartet from the following duet, but in so completely preparing the hearer for the entirely new feeling this duet expresses, as to annul all the sense of monotony that must otherwise present itself from the close relationship of key and the similarity of *tempo* between these two movements. Nothing can be more at variance than the dramatic purport of the quartet with that of the piece that succeeds it—nothing could be more true to both than the rendering which our great master has given—yet, from the circumstance of these purely technical points of resemblance, the transcendent merit of the rapturous duet would be weakened in effect but for the few spoken words, which so much influence the impression created by the music, that they might be taken into count as portion of the musical design.

This interchange of exclamations of the new-united lovers—how much, how all does it convey in a few words! "Faithful wife, how hast thou for my sake endured!" and the thrilling reply of Leonore which, however facile of translation and however literally rendered into any other language, can never, out of German, have half the intensity of expression that the sound of the original words conveys, "Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan!" Here is the true heart language; not the flourish of words, the luxuriance of metaphorical figure, but, the concise, epigrammatic utterance of feelings, each word a heartfull, which identifies at once the hearer with the speaker and stops his consciousness to all emotions but those which are thus expressed. So, —an end to all the horrors of the last two years which have been accumulated to an awful climax in the action developed by the last quartet—all memory, all hope, are suspended in the ecstatic feeling of present possession. Leonore and Florestan feel nothing but the rapturous joy of their reunion, and we know nothing but this feeling.

The situation of this duet is one by no means unfamiliar on the lyrical stage—the happy meeting of two faithful lovers who have been separated by adverse fortune through the agency of melodramatic incidents. Several composers have in various styles sought to give expression to the rapturous outpouring of enthusiastic delight that we can all feel to be natural at such a situation; but the very incomplete approaches to success of the best of those endeavours that have come within our experience, prove how far more easy it is to suppose such a situation than to realise the expression of it. It would be from the purpose to adduce instances of what we esteem failure in the attempts to embody the feeling here supposed in dramatic music; it is all-sufficient to say that, so far as our powers of appreciation enable us to judge his treatment of the subject, we scruple not to declare Beethoven's rendering of it, in the duet under notice, entirely successful; so entirely successful as to stand aloof from all comparison with the various conceptions of other composers, and to be, in itself and of itself, a work of beauty, to that extent perfect, according at least to our vague ideas of perfection, that we make no exception in our unqualified eulogy of its merits. Wildly passionate, enthusiastic, impetuous, it fulfils all we can conceive in music (and we can conceive, or, as better said, suppose more in music than in any other art) of the expression of rapturous, unrestrained, unpremeditated joy, the unalloyed emotion of the heart from which, as we suppose, the capacity for regret has died out for ever. Thus much for the expression intended and so admirably fulfilled by the composer; the technical detail is subject to the most strict and at once the most simple principles of musical analysis. There is a chief subject which comes to a formal full close in G. Proceeding directly to the dominant of D, there is now a somewhat protracted passage previous to the introduction of a second subject in this, the fifth of the original key. A codetta, growing more or less out of this latter, brings us to the end of what, in symphony phrase, we may term the first part of the movement. We have then a short development of the chief subject, an admirably-contrived and wholly unexpected return to the original key, and a recapitulation of the first part, both subjects being now greatly condensed, and the second subject, or, at least, what portion of it is again em-

ployed, being given now in the original key of the movement. We cannot dismiss a piece that so wholly pleases us as does this short duet with making merely a dry catalogue of the outlines of its plan, and—though we know that all who can sympathise with the composer must entirely feel his intentions, and any, if such there be, who cannot so sympathise and so feel, are not likely to be excited to a feeling which is not intuitively natural to them by argument that appeals to the judgment alone, leaving the emotions untouched—we cannot forego the pleasure of expatiating to some short length upon the points of particular suggestiveness that especially strike us in this movement. The excited feelings to be expressed are the highest, the most refined, the most ideal of human emotions: the duty of the poet, therefore, through whatever medium, words, or forms, or sounds he express himself, is not to exalt, to refine upon, to idealise his subject in this as it is in almost every other situation that exercises the highest powers of imagination, but to elevate, to refine, to idealise his art by the adequate treatment of the subject; and the nearer his expression approach to truthfulness the better will this sacred duty of the poet be fulfilled. It is the truthful expression of this very unique duet that most of all moves us, more than the particular beauty of the melody, the richness or peculiarity of the harmony, or the effect of the instrumentation; and it is this truthfulness of expression that in our appreciation gives this duet so very distinguished a value. The passion of joy, unqualified and uncontrolled, is that in the expression of which music has been less frequently than with any other passion successful, and we are not disposed to give to either of the other imaginative arts a higher grade in the scale of success in this particular than to that of which it is our business to cultivate and our pleasure to enjoy the fruits. Gaiety has found many an exponent in all the schools of music; jollity, though perhaps less numerous, certainly not less successful interpreters; calm content, the cold water comfort of such as yield their impulse to their reason, and can measure illimitable ecstasy by the contracted confines of their passionless desire, finds expression in the conventional conversations of our daily intercourse, and however it may be idealised by the poet or the philosopher, it remains but a didactic piece of dulness at the best; but of joy, the pure passion that knows no bounds yet bounds all knowledge, we can in music, and we might, in either of the other arts, count the examples of truthful representation. The last movement of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, the conclusion of the overture to *Oberon*, will illustrate our meaning, and we think fully justify our assertion. Let us examine how this is fulfilled in the piece under notice. We feel the rapid and violent pulsations of the surcharged heart in the opening phrase that closes like the respiration of a long-drawn breath that has diluted the bosom with a pang of pleasure. The many repetitions of this enhance the intensity of its expression, and the phrase that follows it continues the same feeling under a somewhat gentler but not less rapturous phase. We may suppose in the two bars of adagio the characters suffused in tears of joy, the dew-drops of the heart, at the rapture they feel when they name the sorrows they have passed, their anguish each for other, not with regret but in exultation. The phrase that follows next renews the first excitement, seemingly to dash all moisture from the eyes, as though the symbol of sorrow, borne as joy's proudest trophy, were unworthy of this dimless sunshine of the heart since all untrue to it. Augmented by degrees to the utmost of enthusiastic ecstasy, the music attains the climax of passionate expression. The power of the human heart to feel, of the poet's art to embody feeling, seems to have reached its limit when the channel of emotion breaks into a new current; the unisonous passage in the orchestra that leads to the dominant of D conveys no less than all that has preceded it—the exultant feeling of the characters, but with an entirely new colouring. Then comes the loving, tender, coaxing fondness of these two commingled souls,—she, repeating with ever growing rapture, "Thou again in my arms!" the only and the whole knowledge that fills her consciousness; he, thanking Heaven for its great mercy, shows that his heart pours its emotions of more than gratitude all upon Leonore as Heaven's agent for his happiness. The last six bars growing out of this beautiful sequence, which introduce what we have spoken of as the dominant subject, form

another, perhaps even still more impassioned climax than the last. How tranquilly pure is the next passage in which the lovers mutually seek, in the terms of religious devotion, an escape for those overflowing raptures in each other for which they vainly strive to find the true expression. Then the old enthusiasm renews itself in all its fervour, when they proclaim exultingly that they press each other to their breast; most admirably is here conceived the exciting motion of the accompaniment, which enhances to the utmost the intensity of the vocal phrases. More and more beautiful is the passage we have distinguished as the codetta that brings us to the conclusion of the first part, with the transient recurrence to the key of G, and its infinity of touching melody and irresistible expression. How doatingly seem they here to revel in the recollection of those bright spots in their mutual happiness, to recal which in memory is to live again the whole delight of their original enjoyment! Their ejaculations of joyous expressions, "Tis thou!" "Tis I!" "Oh heavenly rapture!" lose themselves at last in the fond repetitions of each other's names, the dearest exclamation, because the all-comprising, that they can utter; and oh how lovingly do they linger upon this luxury of sound, so very dear to speak, so dearer far to hear from the lips of the one most dear! The transition to A major has wonderful brightness. The repetition of the same phrase in the minor of the same tonic, conveys that keen sense of joy which is so kindred-close to pain as to flutter in our anxious grasp, seemingly insusceptible of retention. Then comes the culminating point of the whole duet, the wonderful manner of the return to the subject in the original key. The ascent by semitones to the third in B, with the continual iteration of the prominent phrase of the subject, the exciting suspense of the long prolongation of this interval, and the transcendent power of the G bass, which establishes the original key, produce an effect that only the very highest genius could conceive, that only the most consummate art could accomplish. The recapitulation of the chief phrases of the first part takes nothing from their intensity of meaning; and the few bars of concluding coda for the voices suggests the exhaustion of the very capacity of delight in a delirium of ecstasy. The concluding symphony conveys the passing away of the sense even of our present happiness in the dreamy irreality of unconscious thought, and so is fulfilled a perfect masterpiece of poetical expression that has scarcely a parallel, and can never be surpassed. We descend, perhaps, to littleness in remarking upon what is still far from unimportant, as an indication of the composer's conception of his subject, and a clue, if any be wanting, to the intention in his treatment of it, or at least a confirmation of our interpreting of this, and we shall, therefore, not suppose ourselves to derogate in the least from the unqualified beauty of the design in particularising its minutest details. That to which we would call attention is the very singular treatment of the words, and unjustifiable except by the result, which is sufficient to justify any and everything. The first line of the text,

"O namenlose freude,
O nameless joy,"

is given not once, but repeatedly.

"O namen, namenlose freude,"

as though one should say in English "O name, nameless joy," which, if we mistake not, your strict grammarian would set down as indefensible, unmitigable nonsense. May we not be allowed, however, to regard it not merely as the prolongation of the metre for the convenience of the musical phrase, but as an intentional fondling with the syllables to signify a state of utter abstraction from all things tangible by the rules of reason, a forgetfulness, in the joyous transport of the moment, of the very terms in which to express it. This at least justifies that we speak of the delirium of ecstasy, and that Florestan, when summing up his whole power of fondest endearment in calling his wife again and again by the superlative of all love epithets, her own name, extends the title of tenderness to "Eleonore," with a note prefixed to the phrase, for the extra syllable shows with what toying earnestness of trifling, with what playful profundity of pleasure our hero is intended as giving himself up in reckless but wrongless abandonment to the always varying impulse of the ever-suggestive moment.

Here ends the dramatic action of the opera, and here is consummated the ceaselessly glowing intensity of the music, which to this point from the very commencement has ever increased and increased in interest and has now reached its climax. The wonder is now, not what new incident can rise to excite us in the action of the drama or to give fresh scope for the display of passionate expression for which the whole work is so obviously conspicuous, since the action is evidently complete, and the musical feeling that has progressed with the action can be no further developed, but what can be now done that will not pall upon the attention, which had been already excited to the utmost, and come as a platitude after the wondrous struggle for mastery between imagination and art, in which both win, that has been concluded in the last duet so worthy of the whole. This consideration, perhaps, makes what is to follow the most interesting portion of the whole opera, and it is decidedly not the least beautiful. G. A. M.

(To be continued.)

Reviews of Music.

"CECILIA"—Nocturne pour le Pianoforte.—W. E. JARRETT.—Weasel and Co.

Mr. Jarrett appears completely to have caught the nocturno tone. His "Nocturne" is by no means the most inelegant specimen of that class of pianoforte writing which has come under our notice; and though its peculiarity of form places strong originality out of the question, it is neither a copy from Chopin, from Dohler, from Henselt, from Field, nor from Thalberg, nor, indeed, from any of the Nocturno-wrights; but it is as much its author's own as if it were not a nocturno; that is, if a nocturno can be anybody's, which is doubtful. There is a certain flow of melody—nocturno melody—and a certain ease and grace in the arrangement of this flow of melody, which betokens solid acquirement and an unshackled grasp of the key-board, either and both of which are distinctions not to be held lightly. To produce a nocturno in 1851 which shall not be absolutely the pale shadow of five hundred others, is a feat of moment. Mr. Jarrett has achieved this feat, as may be gathered from what we have already adduced in consideration and in favour of his nocturno, which is in D, and which gives grateful exercise to the right hand and to the left, and which may be practised with advantage by those who would excel in the school of execution to which it essentially belongs—a school more modern than mischievous, more graceful than solid; nevertheless, a school which, if it permit its disciples to spend a larger portion of the day in the play-ground than in the study, at least does not lead them into hurtful gambols or injurious slothfulness. Mechanism is a great matter, and must not be despised. A school which tends to improve, if not to perfect that essential department of art, is at least entitled to respect; and though we never heard a nocturno that afforded us any strong musical sensation, with the exception of one by Mendelssohn in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—which, if Chopin's be nocturnos, is not a nocturno—we have no disregard, but on the contrary, an indulgent consideration for nocturnos in general, and have, therefore, less hesitation in recommending Mr. Jarrett's nocturno as a highly successful example.

"KATY DEAN"—Arranged as a rondo for the pianoforte—R. ANDREWS.—Rust and Stahl.

Mr. Andrews has shown his versatility in this arrangement of the popular ballad, "Katy Dean," which we can strongly recommend as a thoroughly available pianoforte piece.

"VOCAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED"—J. M. DEEMS—George Willig, Jun. Baltimore.

This little book is honestly what it pretends to be, "an elementary and progressive method of teaching vocal music in classes, with original exercises in *solfeggi* and vocalisation." Although there is nothing absolutely new in the system or its development, its conciseness and simplicity are sufficient to recommend it. Mr. J. M. Deems, the author, was a pupil of the well-known Dotzauer, of Dresden, and has made evident use of the instructions of his

professor. His idea of vocal instruction is thoroughly legitimate, and his rules are laid down with praiseworthy clearness. The exercises, for one, two, and three voices, are highly useful, and really progressive. In short, we can without hesitation call the attention of all those whom it may concern to the "Vocal Music Simplified," as one of the most complete, while one of the most unpretending, compendiums of vocal instruction which we have had the advantage of seeing.

"MARION"—BALLAD—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEORGE LINLEY.—Campbell, Ransford & Co.

A simple ballad, displaying the best characteristics of its author, Mr. George Linley, who has obtained considerable popularity in this particular branch of vocal composition. The words convey in smooth verse a story which, repeated *ad infinitum* from the birth of time, can never become old, so long as there be young persons in the world of both sexes. Although this ballad offers no new point for illustration, it is a fine specimen of its class, and thoroughly agreeable. By the way, though the title-page attributes the words to Mr. George Linley, we find them in the inner page subscribed Robert Gilfillan.

Mr. Linley's song is illustrated by an unusually pretty portrait.

"HANDEL'S NEW SACRED SONGS"—1 to 8—EDITED BY R. ANDREWS.—J. Willis.

A selection of airs from the operas of Handel, adapted to sacred words from the Psalms, and other parts of Holy Writ, dedicated to the members of the (late) Handel Society. Although an objection may be held against the practice of setting music to words for which it was never intended, there is such a strong homogeneity in all Handel's solo vocal pieces, that the discrepancy hardly appears, and the songs may pass as if they had been originally intended for the purposes to which they are now applied. Our concert singers, and the lovers of vocal music for the chamber in general, are indebted to Mr. Andrews for having opened for their use a new mine, whose treasures are well worth exploring. We doubt, however, whether the announcement on the title-page, "that these songs are now published for the first time in England," be strictly correct. We are much mistaken if we have not seen several of them in print with the original words.

Among the set before us, we may single out two as purely Handelian and eminently beautiful—No. 7, in E flat, "Plead thou my cause, O Lord," (Psalm 35) taken from the opera of *Orlando*, and No. 8, in E minor, "I will sing of mercy and judgment," (Psalm 101) taken from the opera of *Radamistus*. We trust Mr. Andrews will continue the selection.

"THE PHANTOM CANOE"—By G. A. HODSON.—D'Almaine & Co.

This American serenade is illustrated by a *tableau* of the seven Female American Serenaders. It is in B flat, and the words are by Renton Nicholson, Esq., very good and pungent of their kind, and smacking of more geniality than the music of Mr. Hodson, which, though decidedly pretty and catching, seems to be made up of shreds and patches from the remnant of fairer tunes of all climes and characteristics. As a Nigger inspiration, even female, we cannot recommend it, but as a lively *pot-pourri*, with no claim to originality, we can and do.

"I CANNOT CHANGE AS OTHERS DO"—WALTER MAYNARD.—Cramer, Beale & Co.

This is one of the most pleasing and melodious ballads from the pen of a very rising and promising composer. Mr. Walter Maynard has contributed many agreeable trifles to the concert and drawing-rooms, but not one which has more thoroughly satisfied us than this. Inspired by the hypocritical love-verses of the shallow profligate, but eminently social buffoon, the Earl of Rochester, the better part of whose life was passed in courting servant-maids, and enlivening the leisure hours of that exquisite idiot, Charles the Second—who, though according to his sleek slaverer, "never said a foolish thing," never said anything but "Ods fish!"—inspired by the stupid staves of this distinguished dangler on the crown that sat upon an empty pate, Mr. Walter Maynard has found a melody so genial and sweet, that the nauseous nothings of

the eager Earl, whose wit was to make straight truth crooked, the smooth sphere of wisdom angular, and the placid face of pure love blotched and pestiferous, are elevated into absolute sentiment. The song, however, was composed expressly by Mr. Walter Maynard for his friend, Signor Ferrari, and we are much mistaken if it were not rather the pleasant voice and manly style of that able and popular singer rather than the pert platitudes of the Earl, or the "Ode fish" of the rakish king whom he parasited, that helped our young composer to put a genuine flow of tune in G major. The accompaniment, which betrays throughout the careful and tasty musician, is due to that innate feeling for music which induced Mr. Walter Maynard to study with such ardour and success as to give cause for great hopes of his *avenir*. We recommend the ballad of "I cannot change as others do" without hesitation.

"GERALDINE"—Mazurka—THOMAS BAKER—Jullien and Co.

A Mazurka with a carefully-written introduction, with a pertinent F, which afterwards plays a prominent part in the theme. The Mazurka itself is sufficiently curt, buoyant, and rhythmic; but it is a pity that the second part in C minor, which is exceedingly pretty, should be spoilt in the last two bars at the foot of page 4, by an anticlimax, in which the dominant comes two bars too soon, and a cross relationship, in which F natural goes to G in the treble, while F sharp goes to G in the bass—an unhandsome concealment of consecutive octaves in the same direction. In other respects we have nothing but praise for "Geraldine," which is decidedly one of the most sparkling and danceable mazurkas which have for some time come under our feet.

"I CANNA LEAVE THE HIGHLAND HILLS"—Scottish song—Poetry by ANDREW PARK—Music by HENRY PHILLIPS—Charles Jefferys.

Andrew Park has given us one of his bonniest Scottish ditties. The music of Mr. Phillips is bold, and, like most of the music of the Pibroch school, wholly independent of harmonic restrictions; we must therefore accept the consecutive fifths in page 2 as characteristic of Highland notions of thorough bass. For its due effect the Scottish song should be sung by Mr. Phillips himself in his own popular and energetic manner.

"WINTER'S WARM FIRE-SIDE"—Written by E. S. H. B.—Music by W. F. WRIGHTON—Charles and Robert Ollivier.

A graceful ballad in A flat, with no peculiar characteristics to notice.

"SONGS OF HOME"—Happiness—Poetry by R. KITCHEN—Music by THOMAS BAKER—Jullien & Co.

If happiness and home be not wedded, then is happiness no happiness, but unhappiness. To be at home should be to be happy, or it were better to be abroad. If the husband be at home and the wife abroad, then is the husband unhappy, and *vice versa*. It is essential to make home absolutely happy, that every body should be at it—husband, wife, children, uncle and godmother. Therefore hath Thomas Baker, or rather Kitchen, the poet, in his verses, set forth with true judgment, that to be abroad is not to be at home; and Mr. Baker, on his part, with melody flowing and expressive, invented an attraction, in the shape of a "Fire-side song" (not Loder's), to keep every body in the house, supposing there be vocal talent in the family. That his object will be accomplished, and a wide spread of "happiness" ensue among a numerous class, who can afford to pay two shillings, we have not the shadow of a doubt. To conclude, we recommend the ballad of "Happiness" as a panacea for divided households.

"THEY TELL ME THAT THY HEART IS CHANGED."—Written by E. M. STENCHER, Esq.—Composed by THOMAS BAKER—Leader and Cock.

Mr. Baker has a decided feeling for melody and harmony, which this song indicates in more instances than one; but there is some-

times a want of finish which would seem to declare an absence of pains or inefficient musicianship. We cannot suppose the latter, knowing Mr. Baker to be an excellent musician; we must, therefore, presume the former, and give due warning in consequence.

In the song before us, there are many good, and some charming ideas, but there is too much—which, on the whole, is worse than too little. When Mr. Baker finds himself charged with a flux of musical thoughts, let him put some aside in the cupboard of his memory, and lock them up carefully to be taken out again on some future occasion, when invention lags. *Par example*, at the end of the *ritornelle* there is an idea which, being forced in for the sake of itself, and not of the song of which it forms a part, should be punched out from the plates when the next edition is being prepared. Mr. Baker, if he knows it not, must be told that means and end are distinct things; as it were, tools and the works; so to speak, chaos and the creation; and that to make the object subservient to the materials is to make the materials unsubservient to the object, whereby the materials are lost and the object not gained. With these reservations, or, rather, with this good counsel, or, better, with this exemplification of a philosophic maxim, to overlook, which is to look too far and grasp nothing—as one who would pluck a peach from this side of a wall, and extends his arm to the other, thereby getting the stem of the peach-tree in his abdomen, instead of grasping the fruit in his hand to be conveyed to the lips athirst for its ripeness.

Let this be a warning to Mr. Thomas Baker and other aspirants to the peach of perfection, and let us append for their benefit the inspiring precept, "Go on and prosper."

"GALOP DES PAPILLONS."—HARRY LEE CARTER.—Cramer, Beale, and Company.

A lively, pretty galop, far above the average of amateur efforts, introducing the popular air "I'd be a Butterfly."

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The plan of management which I would suggest, is based upon the following broad principles, namely:—

The production of the very best operas to be found in the manner best calculated to insure their successful representation.

This brief heading involves two points of the utmost consequence. Firstly—In the choice of an opera I feel a conviction that *professed criticism* and the *public taste* will be found at serious issue, very much to the real advantage of science, although the contrary might appear; inasmuch as it has been the fashion of late to hold "MELODY" as vastly inferior to "MUSICAL DECLAMATION"—a feeling in which the masses do not, at present, concur, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of music itself, never will. Hence the small success which has invariably attended the production of an opera in which the *publisher* has found nothing to "sell." Acting upon this conviction, I would, *firstly*, choose an opera for its practicability—*then*, for its melodious character—and, *lastly*, for its declamatorial properties—but always without reference to its composer's name; thereby avoiding to merit *ALONE* the precedence over others.

Secondly—In the production or representation of an opera, I would suffer not even its most insignificant "role" to be otherwise than most ably filled; would expend *less* than usual upon comparatively worthless decoration, and *more* than usual upon the perfecting of its usual development, feeling assured that the strong point of operatic representation must always be the perfectness with which its music is rendered, all else being secondary in a very inferior degree. The ear, rather than the eye, should be appealed to—and the judgment left untrammelled by the meretricious glare of obtrusive spectacle.

Having thus exhibited my principles of action, it remains to be seen how they shall be carried into effect with the greatest economy of material, commensurate with the prospect of success.

The formation of a company of artists would be dependent on so

many circumstances that its precise order can scarcely be determined on without special reference to some three or four individuals who would love to form its nucleus. If, however, the reader will turn to the number of the *Musical World* for the 24th of May last, it will be seen that I would place the controul (as I would also suggest the formation) of a company under seven principal officers, who should collectively form a committee, under the presidency of the general director.

This much effected, I would have drawn up, and embodied in one comprehensive legal agreement, a quantity of rules and regulations, upon the acceptance of which should depend every engagement to be made. This agreement should embrace the following propositions, together with some few only of the usual terms.

1stly. To abolish, *entirely*, the present mode of giving circumscribed "lines of business," excepting so far as must naturally arise out of vocal quality and compass.

2ndly. To insist upon an absolute and military obedience to the officers of the directors, who shall each be all powerful in his separate department.

3rd. To provide for the acceptance of a graduated scale of salaries, *less than their registered amount*, in the emergency of "bad business," &c., on its being made evident (*through the agency of auditors, appointed by the company*), that such is dictated by necessity, and not through arbitrary will or false pretence.*

4thly. To propose such a scale of "fines" as shall, for the common good, have the effect of rendering disobedience a too expensive luxury for every day use, &c.

The above, embodied in a legal (*stamped*) document would, under the supervision of the solicitor of the establishment, serve all the purpose of separate agreements, and should always be carefully digested by those who would seek to become members, as upon its adoption or rejection all engagements should depend.

It will be obvious, that many artistes of high merit and position may look upon the above suggested mode as somewhat derogatory to their acknowledged "caste." This I acknowledge to be true as matters now stand—but as matters now stand they cannot go on—for it is to the present system that we owe the non-existence of a National Opera. Such artistes will do best to consider that they stand alone at present, *ONLY because others lack the opportunity of becoming prominent*. Should opportunity offer, it will be abundant y seen that in default of Messrs. A, B, and C conforming to the rules above hinted at, Messrs. X, Y, and Z will be found both willing and competent to stand in their shoes, and what is still more, are now taking measures to do so. Yet, it must not be thence inferred that existing merit, or rather, that *popular* merit shall be cast aside, or even be permitted to be *undersold* by new aspirants; far from it; the proved worth of an appreciated name is always a tower of strength which no management would reject; but it is for the *old stager* to consider well his present position, lest the *young stager* should happen to be found in advance.

With regard to any rate of salaries—it would be both impolitic and unjust to attempt any scale with reference to the *PRINCIPALS*. Such will always have their market price, and should continue to do so; but it will be for them to propose, and for others to accept. With regard to subordinates, I hold that both the chorus and the orchestra should be better paid than is customary, and that in no instance should "*deputies*" be tolerated.

As a corollary to be inferred; in a company constituted as the above, the number of principals need not be so great as at present, because an artiste of good repute will never be permitted to rest idle whilst an inferior fills a subordinate part; on the contrary, whilst no leading artiste should usurp all the leading parts, no one should be at liberty to refuse a small part; it would then be for the leading artiste, *so placed*, to show what more he can do, than one of inferior merit; whilst his equal in position will have an opportunity of sharing the laurel crown, and the public shall become the gainers.

It is hard to express clearly and exactly any *RULE* by which the before-mentioned discipline could be enforced, otherwise than by

* The object of this clause is that, whilst honourable faith should be kept with the company, no litigious member should have power to sue the management for a violation of monied compact in this one respect.

a comparison of our now existing mode with that of the Italian operas. In the former, though *three or four* able "tenors" be on the establishment, and *one* only engaged in a principal part, the three remaining able "tenors" will remain idle rather than accept an inferior part. On the Italian stage no such folly exists; their rule is invariably to "use up" their highly competent artistes, and employ their inferior artistes only when the "cast" is very extended; within a certain limit, *of course*, but still to avoid, ever, the appointment of incompetency. Such, Mr. Editor, is a scanty outline of the main features of difference which I would endeavour to bring about between the system of managements hitherto adopted, and that which is advisable.

The *FINANCIAL* part of my system shall form the subject, with your permission, of a letter next week; for it is upon that, as much as anything else, that success will depend.

I have honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,
PHILO-MUSICA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Norma was repeated on Saturday, and attracted a brilliant and fashionable audience. Sophie Cruvelli, from the recitative, which precedes the "Casta diva," gathered power as she went on, and sang the aria, more especially the *cabaletta*, better than we have heard her yet. It was, in fact, a splendid display of vocalisation, and more than ever excited the enthusiasm of the audience, which at length exhausted itself in a double recall. The trio in the first act was as grand and powerful as before, and the whole of the second act, both in the singing and acting, betokened a larger amount of self-possession, and more control over "the magnificent natural gifts" (*Athenæum*) of the fair artist, than we have previously noticed. At the fall of the curtain, Sophie was compelled to appear twice, and each time was received with rapturous applause.

On Saturday *Linda di Chamouni* was revived, Sophie Cruvelli playing the heroine for the first time, and Marie Cruvelli making her real *debut*—her appearance in *Florinda* must count for nothing—before an English audience on the stage.

In each successive assumption of Sophie Cruvelli something new and entirely her own is sure to court admiration. Of the many Lindas we have seen, since Persiani first played the character at Her Majesty's Theatre, none has presented a complete and finished dramatic picture. This wanted vigour and buoyancy in the opening scenes; that was deficient in passion and earnestness, in the next act, where the character of the peasant of Chamouni rises to a tragic heroine; a third missed the quiet abstraction of the madness, and the thorough transformation of demeanor in the last scene, at the point where reason is restored; while some—the majority indeed—were remarkable for nothing but a general tone of insipidity, which, by the way, is not difficult to catch from the incongruous medley of incidents and sentiment of which the drama is composed.

Sophie Cruvelli readily avoided the insipid element of the character; and, in fact, it would have been far more difficult for her to have imbibed it; her fiercest opponents, whose lively fancies might enable them to charge her with every kind of fault of excess and short-coming, could not, by any stretch of imagination, be brought to picture her insipid. Sophie Cruvelli insipid!—as easily might fire be cold. In the first act the young *prima donna* wanted neither vigour nor buoyancy; on the contrary, she was overflowing with both; the pure heart and healthy spirits of the happy country maiden were emblemized to admiration in the physiognomy gestures, and tones of the songstress, whose voice, in the joyous air, "O luce di quest' anima," rang peals of rapture and delight. The second act brought out in strong relief the passion and earnest-

ness that belonged to it. Here, in the duet where Antonio curses his daughter, and in the subsequent exhibition of despair, the powers of the tragic actress awakened, and Sophie Cruvelli, all herself, was impressive, pathetic, and intensely true. In the last scene the madness was assumed to perfection, and the restoration to reason exhibited one of the most charming strokes of natural acting we have witnessed for many a day. The *rondo*, sung in the original key, was a genuine display of fluent execution; the notes were impelled from the throat of the fair singer, like spray from a fountain, made sparkling by the dazzling presence of the sunbeams.

The part of Linda, however, is not entirely suited to Sophie Cruvelli who requires a larger area and wider scope on which to exhibit her powerful talents, than that afforded by Donizetti's opera, of which the pretty and sympathetic heroine, as far as dramatic colouring and drawing are concerned, is the veritable sister of Lucia. We can no more fancy Cruvelli descending from her tragic throne to hold high communion with such love-sick demoiselles as Donizetti's two pale reflexions of humanity, than we could Malibran, Pasta, or Grisi. For such artists as Persiani, Jenny Lind, and Sontag, Donizetti's Lucias and Lindas are admirably adapted, because they do not require any extraordinary amount of histrionic force or energy, and depend almost entirely for their success on their singing. We certainly never saw Linda before presented to our eyes so vividly and with so much reality; but, nevertheless, we think a night expended by Cruvelli on Linda di Chamouni is a night lost, which might much more worthily, highly, and holily—that is as regards ART, which we denominate a *holy* calling—be devoted to Fidelio, Norma, Semiramide, Donna Anna, Ninetta, or Amina.

Still we must chronicle an unequivocal success to the charming Sophie, who represented each successive phase of the character of Linda with irresistible truth, and a novelty of manner quite refreshing, after the stereotype editions with which we have been favoured of late years. The natural vivacity and buoyancy of deportment in the first scene were perfectly delightful, and again reminded us of Malibran, not in Linda—which she never played, and which being out of her line, Malibran would not have coveted to play—but in Amina in *Sonnambula*, a part in which we hope, ere long, to hear and see Sophie Cruvelli; and in which, we have not the slightest doubt, she will create an enormous success. *Nous verrons*.

Sims Reeves was excellent in Carlo, both as singer and actor, and very nearly divided the applause with Cruvelli in the popular duet, "Da quel di," which was rendered to perfection by both artists. In the cantabile of the second act his expression and taste were exemplified in a most unmistakeable manner, and his forcible acting elicited loud demonstrations from all parts of the house. We could hardly desire a better Carlo than Sims Reeves, and if we desire it, we should find no small difficulty in obtaining it.

Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli made a highly favourable impression in Pierotto. Her song behind the scenes, previous to her entrance, displayed a voice of soft and mellow quality, perfect intonation, and evident flexibility. Pierotto's first ballad, "Per sua madre," at once confirmed the presence of those valuable gifts. Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli is a thoroughly educated vocalist. Her method and her style belong to the best school. A little more appearance of dramatic energy and further experience with the stage, indispensable to all young singers, will render her a decided acquisition to Mr. Lumley's establishment. The appearance of Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli is much in her favour. Few Pierottos we have seen make up better for the part, or look so well. We must not pass by the charming singing of the fair sisters, Marie and Sophie, in the duet in

the second act—the admired and familiar "Al bel destin,"—which was loudly applauded; and the elaborate *cadenza à due*, at the end, was greatly admired by the connoisseurs.

Coletti's Antonio has some fine points, and, although he misses the fine touches, and artistic *nuances*, we have seen given to the part, it is a manly and energetic performance throughout. Its roughness makes it all the better. The malediction derives additional force from the power of Coletti's voice, in which he is equalled by few barytones.

On Wednesday we had a grand miscellaneous performance—consisting of the first act of *Masaniello*; the second and third acts of *Il Prodigio*; a selection from *Der Freischütz* for Madame Fiorentini; and *La Sylphide*. This performance calls for no especial remark.

The *Gazza Ladra* was revived on Thursday for Alboni, who it may be remembered, played Ninetta with so much success, two years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Alboni's singing in Ninetta from first to last, is faultless, and her acting, in its simplicity and truthfulness, has a novel and inexpressible charm. Nothing could be more exquisite than the "Di piacer" on Thursday night, nothing more mellifluous than Ninetta's share in the beautiful quartet, "Mi sento p-primere," nothing more touching and expressive than the duet, "E ben per mia memoria." But what most surprised us was the power Alboni displayed in the concerted pieces, where the upper notes are largely taxed, and the voice on a continual strain. Here Alboni proved beyond a doubt that she could sing every note of Ninetta's music without altering it, which to have done, we affirm, would have rendered the performance still more brilliant and effective. The closing prayer in the last scene was given with irresistible pathos, and the finale warbled with an ease and sweetness, which belongs to Alboni alone. No success could be more decided and universal, and Alboni was recalled after each act, and received with tumultuous applause.

Calzolari's singing is always to be admired in Rossini's music. His voice is extremely flexible, and his mode of phrasing purely and genuinely Italian. His first song, "Vieni fra questa braccia," with its sparkling cabaletta, "Ma quel piacer," was a fine specimen of florid vocalisation, and was warmly applauded. A little more fire infused into the acting would not have endamaged the reality of Ninetta's lover.

Coletti makes always a good father, and his Fernando is not less estimable than his other male parents. Florid music, however, is not Coletti's forte, although he contrives to sing it with not indifferent effect.

Lablache has lost but little of the power and pungency which nearly twenty years ago made his Podesta one of his most popular performances. We should have liked a better Fabrizio than Signor Casanova, whose small still voice was completely lost in Rossini's energetic strains.

Mdlle. Ida Bertrand made a sensible and pains-taking Pippo, and played and sang very effectively.

The opera was given in a curtailed form, and there evidently had not been too many rehearsals for band and chorus.

Between the acts, the charming triad, Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni, danced a *pas* from *Les Trois Graces*; and after the opera, a scene from the *L'Île des Amours* was given by Amalia Ferraris, Rosa, Esper, Jullien, Lamoureux, &c., &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

After the first act of *Norma*, on Saturday, which, with Grisi and Tamberlik, could not fail of producing the usual excitement, the *Elisir d'Amore* was produced for the first time

this season, with the parts similarly distributed as last year, with one exception—but that an important one—viz., Nemorino, which was given to a new candidate for tenoric honours in the person of Signor Ciaffei, an importation from Peterburgh, Stockholm, and various continental States. The cast of the *Elisir d'Amore* last year, embracing the names of Viardot, Ronconi, Tamburini, and Mario, verged closely on perfection. Mario acted Nemorino with inimitable *gaucherie* and rustic *naivete*, and his singing was superlative, especially in the "Una furtiva lagrima," which, as we have said before, would be well worth while to walk twenty miles to hear. Now, with due allowance for Signor Ciaffei's qualities as an artist, he is no substitute for Mario, and the opera flagged in no small degree without its accustomed Nemorino. Indeed, who but Mario, with his divine voice and incomparable singing—Tamberlik excepted—could make head against the acting of Tamburini and Ronconi in Belcore and Dulcamara, which is quite unsurpassable. Signor Ciaffei was completely thrown into the shade, and cannot pretend, for the future, to be placed in a prominent position at the Royal Italian Opera. Why Mario resigned a part in which he was always so successful, and, resigning it, why he did not place it at the disposal of Tamberlik, or, in case of Tamberlik refusing it, of Signor Stigelli, who, at least, would not prove incompetent in its interpretation, is to us a matter of no small surprise. The *Elisir d'Amore* is one of Donizetti's most perfect works, and if it be worth giving at all, is worth giving in a complete form. Ronconi and Tamburini are both inimitable in their parts, and Madame Viardot, bating her fidgetiness and exaggerations, acts and sings like a true artist. Why should not Mario or Tamberlik render the *ensemble* as irreproachable as possible by assuming the part of Nemorino? Had Mario appeared in the cast the theatre would have been more crowded.

On Monday, an extra night, included in the subscription, was given, in place of the last night of the subscription, the 13th of September, by general request, as it was announced, of the subscribers. *Le Prophete* was the opera.

On Tuesday, the *Gazza Ladra* was announced, with Signor Ciaffei as Giannetto, but the sensation created by the new tenor did not warrant the management in entrusting to him so prominent a part as that of Ninetta's lover. The opera was therefore withdrawn, and *Semiramide* substituted, with Tamburini in his original part, Assur. The house was not full; and here we are led to believe that nothing will draw now-a-days, but the grand modern French opera with a perfect *ensemble*. By the way, why does not Mr. Gye try the *Zora* (*Mosè in Egitto*)? A Grand French Opera to all intents and purposes. Formes would be very fine, or we are greatly mistaken, in the bass part, in which M. Zelger comparatively failed last year. *Verbum sap.* At all events, we are convinced *Semiramide* would only prove attractive with Alboni in Arsace, which is, perhaps, that incomparable singer's most finished and exquisite performance.

On Thursday, the *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, but not with the usual *eclat*—that is, not with the *eclat* of last season. The chiefest drawback was Mario's illness, which incapacitated him from undertaking one of his greatest impersonations, Gennaro. Tamberlik was substituted at a very short notice, but, with all that admirable tenor's abilities he could not master the part at a short notice; and so, as an inevitable consequence, he did not produce his accustomed effect. We think it hardly fair to Tamberlik to put him in one of Mario's most perfect assumptions on a sudden, and afford the public an opportunity of drawing unfair comparisons, which must necessarily be the case, under the circumstances. We only wonder Tamberlik would appear in Gennaro without having given it time and

study. But the great tenor is ever willing to oblige, and does not always consider his reputation. Tamberlik's best excuse is, that he did not know the part.

Ronconi, who played Duke Alphonso for the first time, did not come up to all that was expected of him, and produced little or no effect. Neither the character nor the music suits him, and we should advise him forthwith to resign the part to Tamburini, in whose hands it has hitherto been recognised as a powerful and highly finished performance. No one has a greater admiration for Ronconi's talents than ourselves, as our readers must be well aware; but every artist has his specialty, and Duke Alphonso in *Lucrezia Borgia* is not one of Ronconi's specialties, in our opinion.

Grisi was as grand as ever in *Lucrezia*, and obtained the usual honours.

After the *Lucrezia* the favourite duet from Gnecco's comic opera, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, was sung and acted with roars of laughter by Madame Viardot and Tamburini; and the evening's performance concluded with selections from the last act of *Roberto il Diavolo*, for Castellan, Tamberlik, Stigelli, and Formes.

To-night the *Gazza Ladra*, with Mario (if he be well) as Giannetto; Grisi, Ninetta; Angri, Pippo; Tamburini, Fernando; and Ronconi, Podesta.

Sappho next week.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday last, the long series of Mademoiselle Rachel's triumphs was brought to a close, after an engagement which has lasted two months, during which she has played regularly four times a week, besides occasional morning performances. After a careful study of Mademoiselle Rachel in all her parts, we remain confirmed in the opinion we gave in our first notice, that she has made immense progress, both in her conception of character, and in the elaboration of details. During the long period of her present engagement we have had every facility for minutely analysing each phasis of character as developed by the actress, of weighing each word, each intonation, as it fell from her lips, and we were astonished to find that each successive performance of the same part was a manifest improvement on the preceding one! that some fresh trait of character was indicated, that some new working of the mind was elucidated. Mademoiselle Rachel is too great an artist, too conscientious an interpreter of her text, to trust to sudden impulses or to chance inspiration; all her characters are, on the contrary, marked by deep study and a perfect control over her voice and gestures, which, while they are in the highest degree emphatic and energetic, or tender and passionate as circumstances may require, are yet toned down to the proper medium which excludes both exaggeration and insipidity. Yet we see none of the trickiness of art in her acting, no settled devices for producing certain effects, no formal stereotyped gesture or intonation indicative of poverty of invention, and reducing the whole histrionic art to the level of an automaton, every trace of study is carefully obliterated, every effect seems spontaneous, and all we perceive is the perfect embodiment of the character, and a desire to bring to bear upon it all the resources which deep reflection and continual practice unceasingly develope.

Mademoiselle Rachel's acting, on Tuesday last, in the part of Camille, was an admirable proof of this improvement and of her wonderful versatility of expression. She may be said to have outdone all her former performances; new details were presented in rapid succession, new traits of character were

called into existence, a word accentuated in a different manner evoked a new reading and called up an association of new ideas, and gave a different colouring to the text. The general outline was the same, but it seemed more instinct with life and expression, it was more vividly coloured, more emphatic in its vigorous parts, more tender in its passionate scenes, in short the whole effect was greater than we have before witnessed. At the fall of the curtain one long burst of universal approbation, which lasted for several minutes, expressed the satisfaction of the audience, which was the largest we have seen this season within the walls of the St. James's Theatre. The stage was covered with bouquets, and the plaudits were continued long after the actress had bowed her farewell to the public. This series of performances has been more varied than on any other previous occasion. Besides the heroines of the classical drama an attempt has been made to gratify the public craving for novelty, in the shape of a new drama, entitled *Valeria*, and a piece by Victor Hugo, *Angelo*, and also a dramatic sketch, *Horace et Lydie*. In these pieces Mademoiselle Rachel played with her accustomed talent and was eminently successful; the fault of the choice was none of hers. Her principal attraction was, however, Scribe's play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which sustains its popularity.

The performance of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, on Monday night, was unexpectedly arrested in the most interesting part of the concluding scene. When, under the influence of the poison, the senses of Adrienne begin to wander, Mademoiselle Rachel tottered and fell back into the arms of Mons. Raphael, who luckily was near enough to interpose his aid and break her fall. The curtain dropped, and after an interval of a few minutes, M. Raphael came forward and explained to the audience that Mademoiselle Rachel had been taken suddenly ill, and that it was impossible for her to continue the piece. The admirers of the great tragedienne will be pleased to know, however, that the attack was merely a nervous one, and that no serious consequences have ensued. The immediate cause of this *contretemps* was sufficiently grotesque. Some person had introduced a small dog into the theatre, which began to bark just at the absorbing moment when Adrienne receives the casket containing the poisoned nosegay. This unseemly interruption took a peculiar effect upon the nerves of Mademoiselle Rachel, whose performance throughout the evening had betrayed an unusual degree of excitement, and disconcerted her so entirely as to lead to the result we have described. The audience behaved with the utmost courtesy and dispersed, after Mons. Raphael's explanation, without manifesting any expression of discontent. We hope that this incident, which deprived the audience of the most impressive scene of the evening, will serve as a warning both to the management and dog-fancying amateurs. Children in arms are not admitted into the theatre, and yet this cur was allowed to raise his discordant bark where the voice of an infant would be considered as a nuisance.

J. de C.

DRURY LANE.—No sooner had Mr. Anderson shut up "old Drury" than some other enterprising individuals have "come down with the dust" to open it again—the dust in this case being saw-dust; in other words, the late lessee has retired from the management to make way for an American and French Equestrian Troupe, under the direction of Messrs. Welch, M'Collum, and Co., who opened on Monday last, and no doubt believe that their horses, having four legs, will obtain a firmer footing in the theatre than their human predecessors, who, possessing only two, were ultimately left without even one to stand on.

The public are very fond of talking in a lamentable tone of the decline of the drama—the desecration of our National

Theatres, and so forth. Yet, who is really at fault? Managers who sacrifice all they possess in their endeavours to prevent so sad a state of things, or the many-headed monster itself, who is invariably ready, despite of all its pretended concern, to leave the stage for the circus—to give up the voice of the actor for the smack of the whip? Perhaps the reason of the public's preferring those accomplished animals, "Frisette," "Atar-gal," and "Jupiter," to Shakespere, Otway, and Bulwer, is because the horses are like themselves, of course, "fast," while it is the fashion to reckon the authors "slow." We will not, however, pretend to decide this much *verata questio*, but confine ourselves to stating that our Transatlantic directors have commenced their reign—we beg their pardon for employing a word so awfully redolent of the old country—we mean their undertaking—under the most brilliant auspices. The house was crammed to suffocation on the first night, and has continued so ever since. The performances themselves are very good, consisting of the usual tricks of dancing on large flat saddles, jumping over the never-absent scarves, standing on one leg, and managing to sit very uncomfortably on the side of a horse while the latter is in full gallop. By the way, we have often wondered whether insurance offices are ever rash enough to effect insurances on the lives of the ladies and gentlemen who exercise this very exciting profession; or whether the person wishing to ensure, is asked, after running up four or five flights of stairs, being poked in the ribs, and having double knocks, that would do honour to the most aristocratic footman, performed on his chest by the doctor, to see whether his lungs are sound—whether, we say, he is asked, "Do you perform the flying leap, or ride the wild horse of the Prairies?"

Besides the horsemanship, the programme offers a variety of other entertainments, such as the intelligent performances of Mons. Rocher's learned dog, the no less intellectual feat of walking up an inclined plane on a large globe, without the various countries marked on it, the supremely elegant spectacle of a man making himself as much like a frog as possible, and putting his head under his—we will not be particular in mentioning the exact place, but we do not believe that the position will ever become a very general one, until such time as people take to sitting on their heads instead of merely sometimes standing upon them. We could not help thinking, as we witnessed some of these daring gymnastic feats, that when the theatre is said to reflect Nature, "*veluti in speculum*," that the expression should, to suit the present times, be translated not "as in a glass," but, "as in a tumbler."

Among the performers we may mention our old favourites Mdlle. Caroline, and the little Loisset, who were very warmly received, and among those new to a London audience Mr. Eaton Stone and Mr. M'Collum, both exceedingly clever *artistes*. We are sorry to say that on the first night the former gentleman was thrown with great violence, injuring his shoulder very much, but are happy to add that he is now in a fair way of recovery.

To sum up, we think that Messrs Welch and M'Collum have a very good chance of success, and deserve it. They are perfectly right in taking the theatre for their performances if the public choose to support them, and should the said public still persevere in its lugubrious cant, and their conduct shows it is nothing else, about the before-mentioned "desecration of Old Drury," we shall simply reply in the words of Moliere—"George Dandin, tu l'as voulu!"

HAYMARKET.—By far the most numerous and fashionable audience we have seen at this house, since the final performances of Macready, assembled on Thursday night, to pay hom

mage to that popular and admirable actress, Mrs. Walter Lacy, who took her first benefit on the stage. The performances consisted of the *Hunchback*, in which the charming *beneficiaire* sustained her original part, Helen; *A Roland for an Oliver*, in which she played Maria Darlington; a farce for Buckstone; and a brief concert. Mrs. Walter Lacy's Helen is vivid in the recollection of many play-goers as a piece of genuine and racy comedy, amalgamating in the most artistic and telling manner the lady and self-willed country maiden. When the *Hunchback* was first produced at Covent Garden with its complete and admirable cast, the Helen was universally acknowledged to be one of the best conceived and most finished delineations of the whole performance. Mrs. Walter Lacy has for some few years past been coquetting with the stage, and it is to her own want of decision or determination alone must be attributed the fact that she is not at this moment occupying a prominent position at our first theatre. Now that she appears to have come back in earnest, such talent as she possesses cannot be suffered to rest unemployed. In her own line—a most important one—Mrs. Walter Lacy has no compeer on the present stage; while her versatility, independent of her specialty, must constitute her a most welcome acquisition to any dramatic corps. The crowd assembled on Thursday night, the uproarious reception awarded to her on her first appearance, and the cheers which followed her throughout the performance, to say nothing of the furor at the end when she was recalled, manifestly demonstrate the high degree of favour in which Mrs. Walter Lacy stands with the public, and is significant of their desire to welcome her back to the stage of which she was and is so decided an ornament.

We must dismiss the performance with a word. Mrs. Walter Lacy looked as handsome and lady-like as ever, and played Helen with all her old vivacity and piquancy. She was admirably supported by Mr. Walter Lacy (as Lord Tinsel), who stands by himself as a faithful interpreter of the germs of aristocracy, the fops and beaux of the old and new regime. Mr. Walter Lacy's Lord Tinsel is an exquisite picture of consolatory dandyism and possessive flippancy. Both Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lacy played in *A Roland for an Oliver* with immense effect. Mrs. Walter Lacy's Maria Darlington is the best we have seen on the stage since Miss Foote; and the Alfred Highflyer of Mr. Walter Lacy is as remarkable for its spirit and animation, as for the true gentlemanly bearing, which is so strong a characteristic of his style. The benefit could not have been more successful, seeing there was three hundred pounds in the house.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. Warner has returned to her old quarters here, to fulfil a short engagement before her departure to America, and the season has consequently begun—for we presume that this is to be considered as its real commencement—unusually early. Mrs. Warner's impersonations of Shakespeare are too well remembered by the visitors of this theatre, to need particular remark, especially as the public are testifying their opinion by flocking in increased numbers to witness her performances, the theatre having been crowded to excess every night. The fair artiste looks as young and well as ever. Her appearance and acting in the last scene of *The Winter's Tale*, one of the most touchingly beautiful of the kind in the whole range of the drama, would, of itself, repay a visit to the theatre. Her drapery and attitudes on the pedestal are a model of classical elegance and appropriateness. We observed some new engagements. Mr. Barnett was the Autolycas. Mrs. H. Marston has resumed her former situation, and amused the audience as much as ever in her performance of the deaf old Maiden Lady in the little piece of the *The Culpri*.

MARY-LE-BONE.—This theatre continues to thrive under its new management, the house being invariably well filled. Melodramas and farces are the main features of the performances. Mr. Wyld, in the little piece of *A Day at an Inn*, exhibits his versatility in the assumption of a variety of characters, and Miss Williams (the fair lessee) lacks nothing of her usual attractions to the eye, as well as the judgment of her patrons. We have also been presented with a novelty in the person of a Mr. Sambo, an Indian actor (whether from east or west we have not been able to ascertain), whom, we must content ourselves for the present, by recommending to the visitors to this theatre, as a dramatic curiosity.

ADELPHI.—If Nature does abhor a vacuum, she certainly does so at the above theatre, where it is about as difficult for a Christian to obtain a seat after seven o'clock as it is for a Jew to take one in the House of Commons, although the former be as lavish of his oaths as the latter is chary of them. No wonder that Madame Celeste obtains such favourable verdicts when her audience is so "packed." If anything could have injured this invariable prosperity, we should have said it would have been the absence of that clever actor, Mr. Wright, who, we regret to say, has been obliged, from severe indisposition, to retire for a short period from the scene of his triumphs. But the Adelphi management seems to be particularly favoured—it is never at a loss. Mr. Wright falls ill—"quick, presto, pass"—Mr. Honey is at hand to supply his place until his recovery. We always held Mr. Honey to be a very talented actor, and the event has proved that we were not wrong. His personification of *Muster Grinnidge*, in the popular drama of the "Green Bushes," a part that Mr. Wright had made peculiarly his own, proves that Mr. Honey can strike out a new path for himself, and discover fresh veins of fun in a mine which every one had imagined was long since exhausted. Mr. Honey is essentially *original*—he possesses the *vis comica* in the highest degree; and—what in an author's eye is quite as precious a quality—a thorough respect for the text. Let but Mr. Honey continue as he has begun, painstaking, careful, and *modest*—content with his fair share of applause, and not spoiling scenes of more serious interest for the sake of a misplaced laugh, as some actors too frequently do—and he will soon become what he deserves to be, one of the greatest favourites of the public, and best support of that popular place of amusement, the Adelphi Theatre.

Miscellaneous.

THEATRICAL COMPANY FROM SYRIA.—A company of fifteen persons, Syrian Lebanese, from Syria, have arrived in London for the purpose of giving theatrical representations of the manners and customs of Syria. The company have travelled through France, and have arrived in London, by the steamer Fame, from Calais, it being their intention to give performances for some time on their route to other places for a similar purpose. The company are accompanied by their theatrical exhibition costumes and other effects.—*Morning Post*.

SIGNOR BRICCIALDI gave his *Matinée Musicale*, in the new Beethoven-rooms, on Tuesday week, before a fashionable audience. Molière's quintetto was performed in a highly efficient manner by Signor Briccialdi (flute), Herr Molique (violin), Messrs. Hill and Mellon (violins), and Signor Piatti (violin-cello). Miss Bassano sang F. Ronconi's Romanza, "Il Giglio" and "Virginia," and Gabriel's ballad, "Weep not for me," with admirable taste and expression. Signor Calzolari sang an aria by Bellini, and the "Una furtiva lagrima," from the *Elisir d'Amore*, both with infinite feeling and point. Herr Molique played "Due Melodie," for violin, in his usual chaste style, and Signor Briccialdi, in two fantasias from *La Figlia del Regimento* and *Sonnambula*, displayed great execution and brilliancy with clearness of tone and expression, and was warmly applauded. The duo for violin e contra basso, by Signori Sivori and Bottesini, was one of the most astonishing performances ever heard, and created quite a furore.

M. ACHILLE DE VIGNE, the pianist, has left London for Ghent.

MESSRS. H. AND R. BLAGROVE's fourth Quartett and Solo Concert was given at the Concert-rooms, Mortimer-street, on Friday evening, the 18th ult. Veit's quartett, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Lucas, was played with excellent effect. The "Hymne Russe con variazioni" received marked applause. Mr. W. H. Holmes executed an andante, of his own composition, and Mendelssohn's capriccio with remarkable taste and finish, and his pupil, Miss Rushforth, took part in a quintett of Ries, for piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass, in a highly creditable style. This young lady is much improved since she first made her appearance at one of Mr. Holmes's *Matinées*, and gives promise of future excellence. H. Leslie's quintett, for two violins, viola, violoncello and double bass, was well received. Mr. R. Blagrove gave Regondi's popular Morceau de Concert, "Les Oiseaux," on the concertina, in his best style, and was ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Holmes. Miss Dolby sang two Nile melodies, entitled "The Almek are banished" and "My horse is of the Nedgi breed" in first-rate style, and in the last received a hearty encore. The concert concluded with Mayseder's solo quartett, charmingly executed, the points being admirably taken up. Mr. H. Blagrove was in fine play, and performed with more than his usual energy.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, old favourites in Liverpool, have, this week, appeared at the Royal Amphitheatre in a series of their favourite characters at this theatre, and have been welcomed by large audiences with that fervour which their talents merit. Mr. Vandenhoff has played Richlieu in admirable style, and his clever daughter created a perfect furor in the *Lady of Lyons*, but her greatest triumph will we think prove to be Parthenia in Mrs. Lovell's new play of *Ingomar*, which has been produced with the most signal success. It is long since we have enjoyed so rich and intellectual a treat at a theatre as this drama has afforded us; it is admirably written, poetically conceived, and will give to the most *blasé* playgoer a feeling of pleasure to which he has long been a stranger.

Miss LEY, one of our popular concert vocalists, gave a *matinée musicale* on Saturday last, at the New Beethoven Rooms. The programme was unusually simple and quiet. Unlike most other givers of their annual entertainments, Miss Ley remained modestly in the back ground, and appeared twice only during the evening. Her two essays were in an aria by Vaccaj, called "Va la reca," and a ballad by Mrs. H. Arkwright, entitled, "If you're waking, call me early." Her audience seemed to prefer Miss Ley in the English song, which they encored, and deservedly so, seeing that it was given with much purity and unforced expression. Miss Ley has a voice of no great power or compass, but she shows a good management of it, and possesses both taste and musical feeling. The performance commenced with the adagio and last movement of one of Mendelssohn's pianoforte trios, excellently played by M. and Madame Goffrie and Herr Hausmann. Mr. Williams followed in an aria from the *Clemenza di Tito*, and Mr. Goffrie in a solo on the violin. Madame Macfarren was much applauded in the ballad from the *Sleeper Awakened*, "Forget it not," and the duet "Ah! fatal are those charms," from the same opera, with Mr. F. Bodda, was also very charmingly sang. Herr Hausmann gave his fantasia for the violoncello, on airs from *Don Pasquale* in his usual energetic and forcible manner. Miss Kate Loder delighted the audience with Thalberg's fantasia, on airs from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, on the pianoforte, and obtained a rapturous reception. Miss Kate Loder never played with more brilliancy or more effect. Ricci's eternal—not immortal—barcarole "Sulla poppa del mio Brick," by Mr. F. Bodda was given with his usual graphic effect, although it always gives us wonder why this song should have attained to any degree of popularity; a more unmeaning composition we never heard, yet it is sung everywhere. Miss Birch sang in her most finished style Costa's aria, "Dall'asilo della pace." The concert concluded with the quartett of Biletta, "I Poveretti," sung by Miss Birch, Madame Macfarren, Mr. Williams, and Mr. F. Bodda. Miss Bassano was announced but did not appear.

CRUVELLI's NORMA.—On Saturday night Mdle. Cruvelli resumed the character of Norma, which she has not performed for a considerable period. On the young artist's first appearance in this part, we stated, unhesitatingly, that it was one of the finest personations we have ever witnessed upon the operatic stage, and we have pleasure in repeating the expression of that opinion. Mdle. Cruvelli, in Norma, displays not only wonderful vocal abilities, but she also evinces the possession of powers of self-government, and of self-restraint, in the presence of temptation to undue vehemence. Her performance of Saturday was an admirable and intellectual effort, and the applauses which she received were legitimately earned, and such as she may fairly regard as honours.—*Morning Chronicle*.

ERNST.—The celebrated German violinist left yesterday for Paris, in company with his friend Eckert, the well-known pianist and composer.

FERDINAND HILLER.—This highly-esteemed and learned musician has been in London during the last ten days. His stay must be necessarily short, since his duties as principal of the *Conservatoire* demand his almost constant presence at Cologne.

MADAME BARBIERE NINI.—This renowned Italian vocalist has been some time in London, and will shortly make her appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MADAME STOLIZ, the celebrated French dramatic *contralto*, is still in London.

MR. T. M. MUDIE has arrived in London from Edinburgh.

MESSRS. GRAY AND DAVISON's great organ in the Crystal Palace has attracted universal attention. The best organists, foreign and native, have played upon it; and there seems to be but one opinion about it, among competent judges—viz., that it is one of the finest instruments ever built by those eminent makers—which is equal to saying, one of the finest ever manufactured, at home or abroad.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.—This eminent musician, having fulfilled his labours as musical juror at the Great Exhibition, has returned to Paris.

THE DISTIN CONCERTS.—The twelve concerts given by the Distin Family at the Adelaide Gallery, were brought to a close last night, after a successful and well-deserved "run." Their receipt on has been highly gratifying, and the *encores* they have experienced nightly, especially as regards their judicious selection of good English glees, have been well merited. We have rarely heard glees so neatly sung. With respect to their execution on the Sax Horns, the Distins may be termed "exclusives" in their facile management of those instruments. The Euphonic Horns also (the Distins' own invention) are remarkable for their combined power and brilliancy of tone, and have been heard to much advantage in the hands of the inventors. The Distins leave town to-day for Jersey, where they will perform on Monday and Tuesday, previous to their tour through the English provinces; after which it is their intention to return to London, to give another series of concerts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Signor Anelli will be noticed in our next.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—G.'s letter arrived too late, but shall appear in our next.

Advertisements.

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FORTE, fingered by CHARLES CZERNY, twenty-second edition, large music folio, Four Shillings. This is the twenty-second edition, and a cheaper or more useful work was never published. Valuable as it has hitherto been to preceptors and students, the present issue is an improvement even upon the former ones, and such is the demand for it that the sale, we understand, now reaches the large number of five hundred copies monthly. It is complete in every point, and so simple and well arranged that a child might become proficient by attending to its directions. The exercises commence with standard melodies, and gradually go on increasing in brilliancy until the most sparkling music of modern composers is accomplished without difficulty. We are not at all surprised that the work should have become so popular, considering its merits and cheapness.—*Victorian North Wales Chronicle*, April 12.

NEW MUSIC.—Just published, a CATALOGUE of NEW

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GRAND DETTINGEN TE DEUM.—*Handel.* Principal Singers—Miss Dolby, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin.
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ON THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28th,

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. SOIREES EXTRAORDINAIRES.

IT is respectfully announced that the Week's Performances will be—

On TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1851,

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Lucrezia Madame BARBIERE NINI,
(Her first Appearance in this Country).

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6,

FIDELIO.

Leonora Mdlle. SÖFIE CRUVELLI.

AND SELECTIONS FROM

MUTA DI PORTICI

(MABIANTELLO).

THURSDAY, August 7, GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

Marie Mdlle. ALBONI.

To be preceded by the First Act of

NORMA.

Norma Mdlle. SÖFIE CRUVELLI.

FRIDAY, August 8, SOIREE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

DON GIOVANNI.

Mdlle. Albani, Madame Fiorentini, Madame Giuliani, Signori Coletti, Calzolari, and Lablache.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, AUGUST 8th, will be repeated Haydn's Creation. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 2s.; reserved, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 63, Charing Cross.

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LAST WEEK BUT THREE OF THE SEASON.

SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT—MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

I PURITANI. GRISI, RONCONI, TAMBURINI, MARIO.

IN compliance with the general wish of the Subscribers, a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT will be given on MONDAY, August 4, in lieu of the last Tuesday of the Subscription (viz., Tuesday, September 9). All Ivories and Tickets, therefore, for Tuesday, September 9; will be available for Monday.

On MONDAY, August 4, will be performed (for the second time this season), Bellini's favourite Opera

I PURITANI.

Elvira	Madame GRISI.
Henrietta	Mdlle. COTTI.
Valton	Signor POLONINI.
Georgio	Signor TAMBURINI.
Arturo	Signor MARIO.
Bruno	Signor SOLDI.
Riccardo	Signor RONCONI.

DON GIOVANNI. DONNA ANNA ... MADAME VIARDOT.

On TUESDAY next, August 5, in consequence of the numerous applications will be performed Mozart's Opera,

DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna	Madame VIARDOT.
Elvira	Mdlle. BERTRANDI.
Zerliner	Madame CASTELLAN.
Don Giovanni	Signor TAMBURINI.
Leporello	Herr FORMES.
Masetto	Signor POLONINI.
Il Commendatore	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Don Ottavio	Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Opera will be supported by a Triple Orchestra, and Double Chorus.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LAST NIGHT BUT TWO OF LES HUGUENOTS.

On THURSDAY NEXT, AUGUST 7th, will be performed (for the eighth time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

Principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Angri, Mdlle. Cotti, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polinini, Signor Rommi, Signor Mei, Signor Soldi, and Signor Mario.

First Night of Saffo. On SATURDAY NEXT, August 9th, will be produced a new Grand Opera, entitled,

SAFFO.

The poem by M. Augier, the music by M. Gounod.

Composer, Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets for Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, to be obtained at the box office of the theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music Sellers.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 32.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence

BADEN BADEN.

After such a season as this, who would not like to pass a quiet month at Baden Baden? A quiet month! That is not so easy in the midst of *fetes* set in motion by the indefatigable M. Benazet—M. Edouard Benazet, a worthy son of his father—and patronised, bodily and spiritually, by the Grand Duke Leopold, the Grande Duchesse Marie of Russia, and other very notable personages. No—a quiet month is out of the question at Baden Baden, unless in the winter, when its superfluous population has dispersed, and the number of its inhabitants reduced to something like half a dozen thousands.

After such a season as this, however, who would not like to spend a month at Baden Baden, the prettiest, and sunniest, and hilliest of spas? The present season, thanks to the exertions of M. Benazet—architect, embellisher, and sole director of that splendid palace, the *Maison de Conversation*—is more than usually brilliant—Baden Baden was never fuller, never gayer. A *parterre* of laughing villas, and sparkling fountains, and many-coloured gardens, whether by day, when the sky is as gold, or by night, when the sky is as silver—when the sun-beams dance, or the moon-beams play, upon the tops of the trees that cast their grateful shadows over the swardy environs—Baden is equally a little paradise. The women are butterflies, glad in fine weather; at night their eyes are glow-worms in mid-air; at noon they stroll to the *Trinkhalle*, luxuriously listless—

—“gorgeous insects, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day.”

People from all climes, and in all costumes—of all habits, and of all tastes—of all idiosyncracies, and of all followings—assemble at Baden in the summer months. From this large swarm of pleasure-flies, it is uneasy to discover the preponderance of any one race—though, perhaps, the English and French are just now in the majority, while there are also of “Yankees” manyer than customary.

Music is always a great feature in the *fetes* of Baden Baden. In this most popular and humanizing of recreations M. Benazet has afforded his patrons many a delightful treat. Last year he got up a famous concert for Vivier, when that most inimitable of humourists was aided by the magnificent and munificent Jenny Lind, and the audience was composed of one-third crowned heads, one-third scions of royalty, and one-third wealthy travellers, and Vivier left Baden crowned with

laurels and laden with 500 guineas worth of specie. This year we are promised something equally attractive, in the shape of the courtly Sontag, the superb Alboni, or the young and genial Cruvelli—Sophie, the fruit of whose *Fidelio* and *Norma* has sounded in every hill and valley, in every city, town, and village of the continent.

To reach Baden from London involves the easiest and pleasantest and dædalest of tours. Once at Ostend, and all the disagreeable part of the route is accomplished. You then visit old Bruges and its towers, Malines and its laces, Louvain and its *Hotel de Ville*, Ghent and its churches, Liege and its quays. You shoot through the hills to Verviers, by the many tunnelled railway, passing Chaude Fontaine, Pepinster, and many a charming spot. You sleep at Aix la Chapelle, with Carolus Magnus, not stopping to drink water at the Cathedral. You spend a night at Cologne, and pay homage to the supreme *Dome* by the light of the moon. You pass immediately to Bonn, dine at the *Golden Star*, with a real bottle of Geisenheimer; walk to the *Minster-platz*; glance at the frowning effigy of Beethoven, a giant in stone; and pass through the vines to Godesberg, where, if the weather be hot, you may repose under the hoary ruins of the Castle. A little boat now takes you over the Rhine to Königswinter, and, having climbed the *Drachensfels*, you row across to Nennenwerth, where Liszt did not come to dinner. Here you get at once into the *dampschif*, pass the Roman Andernach, Coblenz, and Ehrenbreitstein, the “fort of forts,” Stolzenfels, and the *Loneley-beg*, that inspired poor Mendelssohn with ideas for the stage; sweep by Mainz, with a sneer for its garrison; disdain the clean and straight streets of Mannheim, not even tarrying to pay homage to the statue of Goethe at Frankfort-Maine—until you find yourself at last safely sheltered under the crumbling walls of the magnificent *chateau* of the Counts Palatine. Here you confide yourself to Morpheus’s embraces; and the next morning, after a good breakfast and a bottle of *Hocheimer*, you proceed on your course, and in a brief interval find yourself at Baden Baden, the goal of your desires. At the best hotel you call for a bottle of Johannisberg, which will be brought to you in the shape of some first-rate Rudesheimer—note that Johannisberg is purely a myth—which well-flavoured beverage you quaff while ruminating retrospectively on the scenes and objects you have encountered on your journey.

Of Baden Baden more anon.

BARBIERI NINI.

The first appearance in England of this celebrated lady has been hailed by the press as an event of the highest importance. Our own opinion of her merits and pretensions will be found in good time. Meanwhile, we quote the articles of our chief cotemporaries:—

(From the Morning Post.)

The novelty at the above theatre last evening was the first appearance in England of Madame Barbieri Nini, a lady who for some time has enjoyed very great celebrity in Italy. The opera selected for her London debut was *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the admirable manner in which she personated the heroine fully justified the vast renown which had preceded her. We have seen almost all the famous Lucrezias both here and on the Continent, and assuredly never saw certain phases of the repulsive, but powerful character, more truthfully or grandly developed than they were by Madame Barbieri. The life-like reality and artistic beauty of her performance throughout the first act firmly established her in the good graces of the audience, who already felt that a great artist was before them. Her delivery of the opening recitative, "*Tranquillo si posa*," revealed declamatory powers of a lofty order; and the succeeding aria "*Com'è bello*," whilst it served to show the singer's perfect mastery over the mechanism of her art, was rendered with a touching expression, which went to all hearts. Nothing could be more true to nature than her look and manner where Lucrezia affectionately contemplates her son Gennaro, as he reposes in the bright moonlight. "How handsome he is!" exclaims the unhappy mother—what enchantment in that noble countenance! The pure stream of maternal tenderness swells up from the inmost depths of her guilty heart, and seems to quench for a time the all-consuming fires within her. She is filled with rapture; but anon returns the bitter consciousness of what she is, and, with a wild burst of anguish, she supplicates Heaven to spare her the unspeakable misery of being despised by her son, as she is by others. In the rendering of this passage Madme. Barbieri was very great indeed. The agonised tone of her voice fully expressed the terrible emotion of one who has reason to dread the loss of the only tie which binds her to existence. She carried the sympathies of the audience by storm, and thunders of applause followed this ebullition of histrionic genius.

Another beauty of a high order in this act, was her rendering of the solo "*Ama tua madre*," in which Lucrezia bids Gennaro love his unknown mother—pray for her—and hope that she may one day press him to her bosom. We never heard anything more exquisitely tender, more thrillingly pathetic. There was love in every note, but pure, holy, maternal love, rendered doubly interesting by the circumstance of its fearing to reveal itself to the being who should reciprocate it. The sweet mournful tones of the

'Prega' che l'ira placiasi,
Della sua sorte acerba.'

still haunt our memory, and we feel how inadequate are words to convey the effect they produced. At the conclusion of the first act Madame Barbieri was enthusiastically called for. In the second, we remarked many fine touches of nature, but there are certain points in it, requiring great force and energy, in which she did not quite equal certain celebrated representatives of the character whom we have seen.

Throughout the third act, her acting and singing were perfect, and never was an encore more richly merited than that which her beautiful execution of the solo, "*M'odi, ah! m'odi*," elicited. After the final fall of the curtain, Madame Barbieri was called for three times, and heartily cheered from all parts of the house. Nature has bestowed upon this lady a soprano voice of rich and sympathetic quality, combined with intense musical and dramatic feeling, and study, with experience, have enabled her to make a noble use of these qualities. Mr. Lumley, therefore, may congratulate himself upon the acquisition of another really great artist.

(From the Morning Herald.)

"Mr. Lumley has certainly done no unwise thing in securing an

engagement with Madame Barbieri Nini, the celebrated prima donna who, for some years past, has been well known here by name. Remembering previous disappointments under similar circumstances we apprehend the audience did not enter the theatre last night, when this vocalist made her first appearance in this country, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, with any great anticipations; but they were soon deceived. It was at once apparent that Madame Barbieri Nini was not unjustly entitled to the reputation which attached to her, and the wonder was that she had not been heard before. The advantages of youth, beauty, and stature, certainly do not belong to her, her features being large, and strongly marked with the Hebrew types, and her figure short and thickly set; but this was of little consequence. An artist in the best sense of the word, was present, and the impression upon the audience was unmistakable. The voice of Madame Barbieri Nini is a pure soprano, the middle of the register, exceedingly sweet and vocal, being the best portion of it, the lower notes wanting something in resonance and volume. Clearness and beauty are, however, the characteristics throughout, but few of the indications which but too obviously tell of professional wear and tear being perceptible. On the contrary, there was a sentiment of youth and freshness in the organ—at variance with appearances, certainly—which charmed while it astonished. The style of Madame Barbieri Nini put the spectator in vivid remembrance of Pasta, who probably has not been so nearly approached since she retired from the stage as in the present case. There is, perhaps, a leaning to a redundant form of elocution, but this is not felt to be inappropriate. To the principal dramatic situation in the opera, Madame Barbieri Nini gave a point and emphasis witnessed only in the performance of Grisi, breadth and grandeur of conception being as evidently visible, as firm, accurate, and well disciplined execution. Her delivery of the duet with Gennaro in the prologue, and that with Alfonso in the first act, were in every respect admirable—the dramatic feeling which animated each, receiving its crowning truth in the catastrophe, which was acted with a tragic spirit, forcible and interesting in the highest degree. We have never heard the pathetic aria, "*M'odi, ah! m'odi*," sung with such delicate and felicitous phrasing—with such finished and refined taste—and the ill-suppressed ejaculations of the audience prepared us for the encore which followed. The house, in a word, was lifted into an unexpected state of delight, by the ability they witnessed; and the recalls the *debutante* experienced after each act of the opera was accompanied by demonstrations too earnest and vociferous to be the result of intrigue.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

The vocalist who made her debut as *Lucrezia Borgia* last night, Madame Barbieri Nini, is no nervous and juvenile candidate for public approbation, having held the position of a *prima donna* in many of the Italian theatres for several years. Florence, we believe, has been her principal scene; but in Turin, Genoa, and other cities, she has been long and favourably known. We cannot but regret that a vocalist possessing so much merit should be introduced to the English public at so late a period of the season. Two months since Madame Barbieri Nini would have made a greater sensation here. But although the regular opera audience is beginning to disperse, we are satisfied that she will produce an impression amply sufficient to justify the liberal and spirited manager in the course which he has pursued. Madame Barbieri Nini's voice is of a charming quality, her power is great, her style thoroughly Italian, and of the best Italian school; and though time has somewhat touched a very fine organ, it is still of so high a quality as to give us ample reason for complaint that it was not introduced to us some few years since. Personal advantages the new singer has but few, her figure being very expansively developed, and her features strongly marked. But her voice is of an order that more than atones for any absence of external fascinations. Her action, though somewhat deficient in repose, is intelligent and appropriate; and in the painful scenes of the lyrical tragedy chosen for her debut she evinced an energy and an abandon which, coupled with her undeniably fine and telling style of vocalisation, obtained for her continuous and sincere applause. We have no hesitation in describing the first appearance of Madame Barbieri Nini as a most decided success.

(From the Daily News.)

Madame Barbieri Nini, who last night made her *debut* in this country, in the character of *Lucrezia Borgia*, is indeed a star of the first magnitude. She brought with her a great reputation; it being well known that she has long held the highest place in the principal theatres of her own country; but Italian reputation has so often produced disappointment of late years, that we have ceased to have much faith in it. In Madame Barbieri Nini, however, there is no mistake. Whether regarded as an actress or a singer, she possesses the gifts and attainments of a great and most accomplished artist. She seems to be a little turned of thirty, is somewhat short and stout in person, with features which, though not handsome, are capable of strong expression, and in her whole appearance has a general resemblance to Pasta, whom she likewise resembles in having more dignity and grace than one would at first expect from her figure. Her voice is a soprano, uninjured by time. It is at once powerful and sweet; pure, resonant, and possessed of that ringing, vibrating quality which is at once delightful to the ear and touching to the feelings. It is, moreover, extremely flexible, is emitted with great facility, and never fails, either in the most arduous passages of execution or the most violent bursts of passion. Her style belongs to the pure Italian school, rather of the past than the present day, exhibiting the most exquisite portamento, and that beautiful roundness and finish in every phrase which now-a-days is so very rarely met with. Add to all this that her singing is full of Italian fervour, and that music, in her mouth, is the very language of sentiment and passion.

Such being her qualities, it may easily be imagined that her *Lucrezia Borgia* was a splendid and triumphant performance. Before she had finished her first air—the cavatina, “*Com'è bello*,” sung by *Lucrezia* as she hangs tenderly over her sleeping son—she had quite carried with her the sympathies of the audience. The subsequent duet with Gennaro was full of pathos, *Lucrezia's* softness forming a striking contrast to the suppressed fury which distorted her features and smothered her voice, while she bore the taunts and insults of Orsini and his companions. The famous trio in the second act, while the Duke, in the presence of *Lucrezia*, administers the poisoned cup to Gennaro, made an extraordinary impression on the audience. At its close the curtain fell amid acclamations from every part of the house. In the last scene of all *Lucrezia's* frantic despair formed the climax of a performance which, for power and beauty, we have rarely seen surpassed.

(From the Times.)

Madame Barbieri Nini, who has been announced from the commencement of the season as one of the stars of Mr. Lumley's *troupe*, made her first appearance last night in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Her success was unequivocal. It is hardly to the credit of our two Italian theatres that a vocalist who has for a great many years enjoyed the reputation of being the first singer in Italy, and who divided with Madame Tadolini, when that celebrated *artiste* was in her prime, the sceptre of Italian song, should have been allowed to devote her talents so long for the exclusive advantage of her compatriots, while to the boasted emporium of London she was but a name. Madame Barbieri Nini is, perhaps, the only famous singer of modern Italy who has never, till now, been heard either in Paris or in London. Better late than never, however; and though the charms of youth, whatever they may have been in Madame Barbieri Nini, have almost departed, the manner in which she was welcomed last night by a crowded audience showed that the English public are disposed to appreciate and applaud real talent, in whatever form and at whatever period it may be brought forward.

Madame Barbieri Nini owes much of her fame to the operas of Verdi, for which her style and *physique* eminently befit her. The *Due Foscari* and *Macbeth* were composed expressly for her; and it is chiefly to her exertions that the success of these works in the principal towns of Italy must be traced. On the other hand, the renowned *prima donna* has paid the usual penalty entailed upon the exponents of Verdi's music. Although, unlike poor Abbadia, who three years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, exhibited the wreck of a fine organisation, she has not fallen a victim to her *penchant* for the favoured composer of “*Young Italy*,” Madame Barbieri Nini has

materially and irredeemably suffered. From what her voice is even now, however, may be easily imagined what it was years past, viz., one of the most magnificent ever heard. Some of the higher notes are still powerful and wonderfully brilliant; but the medium is worn, and the lower notes have a kind of sepulchral tone which is anything but musical. Nevertheless, Madame Barbieri Nini is a superb vocalist, and displays such an extraordinary degree of boldness, that the defects of a jaded organ are overlooked or forgotten in the daring impetuosity of her execution. It may be well accredited that at one period, as has been frequently recorded, the voice of Madame Barbieri Nini resembled, in a great measure, the scale of the clarinet, from its wide compass, its fulness of tone and mellow quality; and indeed, the peculiarities of that instrument, its faults as well as its beauties, are still to be remarked. The prominent characteristic of Madame Barbieri Nini's singing is its amazing energy. She dashes off her *roulades* with an *aplomb* and a force that leaves the ear no choice but to accept them, the momentary surprise arresting the desire to examine. Her expression is fiery and exaggerated, the feeling awakened by her finest passages being invariably that of astonishment, rarely, perhaps never, that of pleasure. In what may be termed the poetry of song Madame Barbieri Nini is altogether deficient. Throughout her entire performance last night, overpowering—*foudroyant*, to use a French term—as was its effect upon the audience, we candidly own that we were never once moved, as we have been moved a thousand times before in other singers, by one of those graceful, sweet, and tender touches which are the very essence and soul of the vocal art. Madame Barbieri Nini has none of those. Her talent, her style, her organisation are utterly opposed to them. The absence of charm is continually felt, while you are applauding her most skilful and original *tours de force*. The manner in which she hides the defects of her voice and sets the ravages of time at defiance, however, cannot be too highly extolled. Any singer in the world might take a lesson from Madame Barbieri Nini in this most important point. She has also an extraordinary facility in attacking the highest notes of the register. There is never the slightest hesitation. The power and certainty which the majority of singers can only attain by a gradual approach, Madame Barbieri Nini achieves without any preparation or artifice of mechanism. Her *cadenzas*, ornaments, and *floriture* are quite her own. They are more remarkable for independence than for grace, and are not always used with taste; but the unerring promptitude with which they are executed satisfies the ear so entirely that the judgment is left at a standstill. To sum up; with only a few notes, and those in the highest register, that have preserved their strength and freshness, Madame Barbieri Nini has studied to such good purpose, and pushed the resources of the art to such extreme limits, that to deny her to be one of the most admirable of vocalists would be to violate truth. As a counterbalance to this must be adduced certain faults in the manner of producing the voice, in the abuse of accent, and in the caricature of expression which, in a singer of her age and experience, render hope of amendment out of the question. We must take Madame Barbieri Nini for what she is, since she is not likely ever to be better or worse; and with this conviction we must pronounce her a great, a wonderful executant, in whom natural facility, an organ and a *physique* originally something far transcending the ordinary line, and a prodigious amount of courage and assurance, united to an ardent and unbending temperament, supply the place of poetry, grace, and legitimate sentiment, of which she is evidently destitute.

As an actress, we feel compelled to place Madame Barbieri Nini much lower in the scale than as a singer. Her person, her physiognomy, her carriage, are somewhat against her. She has the physical drawbacks of Pasta—being short, plain, and ungraceful—without the nobility of bearing, the sublimity of aspect and gesture, which, although nothing more than the result of intense application and consummate art, rendered that naturally ungifted woman one of the most perfect and unapproachable artists that ever trod the boards. The chief element in Madame Barbieri Nini's acting is a sort of vulgar energy, accompanied by an indomitable assurance, which carries her through in spite of everything, and cannot fail to be imposing at first sight. We are not used to indulge in comparison; but in the present instance we are compelled to break a rule which should never be lightly infringed. The model we have been used

for some years to look up to, in the great part of Lucrezia Borgia, is Madame Grisi; and with so ambitious, practised, and mature a rival as Madame Barbieri Nini, it is impossible not to be forced into a consideration of the respective pretensions of the two. Our honest conviction induces to declare that, as a histrionic effort, the Lucrezia of Madame Barbieri Nini is not to be named in the same day with the Lucrezia of Madame Grisi. If we look at the grand points, we find the inferiority of conception painfully conspicuous. For example, in the *finale* of the first act (or prologue), when Orsini tears the mask from the face of Lucrezia, who can forget the mingled feelings of outraged dignity, offended womanhood, and suddenly conceived revenge, that play upon the features of Grisi, und declare themselves forcibly in her attitudes and gestures? Madame Barbieri Nini contents herself with escaping suddenly through the crowd, leaving the audience quite in the dark as to the effect produced upon the stately Borgia by the insult offered to her person. Again, in the scene where Alphonso gives the poisoned cup to Gennaro, the subtle indications of feeling that make the impersonation of Grisi an unceasing source of interest of the most intense and painful nature, in the hands of Madame Barbieri Nini are exchanged for a mere *caput mortuum*—a common-place exhibition of anxiety, and nothing more. In the following duet, where Lucrezia persuades Gennaro to swallow the antidote, it would be absurd to make a comparison; the distance between the two is as the distance between the poles. The last scene is equally wide of the mark; but it must be taken into account that, besides the gift of genius, apparent in the one and absent in the other, the extraordinary disparity in the personal attributes of the rival artists cannot fail to have an irresistible influence. While Grisi appears, among the unhappy victims of the Borgia poison, as a revenging spirit, sublime in her reproaches, Madame Barbieri Nini gives you the notion of an angry scold—her elaborately measured declamation, accompanied by a lisp, which robs her enunciation of emphasis and dignity, verging on the bombastic rather than on the truly impressive. To conclude: as an histrionic effort, we can only accord to the Lucrezia of Madame Barbieri Nini the merit of earnestness and energy; in all that is poetical, and beneath the surface, it is wanting.

The above analysis, written with the best good feeling, leaves us but little to say of the performance of last night. The great vocal effects produced by Madame Barbieri Nini were in the *cavatina*, "Com'è bello," the *cabaletta* of the duet with Gennaro, "Ama tua madre," the duet with the same at the end of the second (first) act, "Infelice, il veleno bevesti," and the *cantabile*, "M'odi, ah! m'odi," where the despairing mother vainly entreats her son to take the antidote. The last, a beautifully expressive melody, was so buried in *bravura* ornaments, that, to our way of thinking, the intention of the composer was altogether frustrated. Nevertheless, it produced an immense effect, and was re-demanded with enthusiastic acclamations. In short, the impression produced by Madame Barbieri Nini upon the house was undeniable. She was recalled after each act, and after the last no less than three times. The general sentiment was, that a great singer had been heard for the first time in London. The opinions we have ventured, after a most attentive hearing, are sufficiently decided; we shall, nevertheless, return to the subject on the next occasion, and, should we find reason to modify what we have advanced, shall be ready and pleased to do so.

The other chief characters were supported by Gardoni, Lablache, and Alboni. The glorious *contralto* produced the accustomed *furor* in the "Brindisi," and we have not the slightest hesitation in declaring that, according to the ideas we have been accustomed to entertain of pure and masterly vocalisation, the "Il segreto per esser felice" of Alboni was the finest artistic display of the evening.

From which it may be gathered that Madame Barbieri Nini, in the opinion of our cotemporaries, is an artist of extraordinary talent.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

The finale forms what might well be called an epilogue to the opera, the action of the drama being so far completed in the previous scene that what remains to be developed in this might naturally be taken for granted as matter of course, and the exultant jubilation which is the chief feature, if not the prevailing characteristic of the composition being a musical rather than a dramatic effect, the proper and the truly poetic consequence of what has preceded it, but by no means a part, scarcely a continuation of it. The same is the case with the finale to *Don Giovanni*, in all that follows the chorus of fiends, during which the hero disappears, and with the finale to the *Freischütz*, in all that follows the death of Caspar, but there is this distinction between these notable works and the finale we are about to consider, namely, that in *Don Giovanni* the dramatic interest so entirely ceases when the libertine is carried away that the eminently beautiful music which succeeds is always omitted as being entirely incompatible with the modern requirements of stage effect, and in the *Freischütz* the musical and dramatic dulness of the greater portion of the finale goes far to annul the brilliant and very extraordinary and exciting effect of the whole of the opera, while in *Fidelio*, just when the interest of the action and of the music has attained its highest possible degree, the change of scene and the assumption of an entirely new character in the music, opposed in every respect to the gloominess or to the highly impassioned colouring of the music in the dungeon, the audience is inspired with a new feeling, and raised perhaps to a greater enthusiasm than by any other means they could be, by the very reaction of that powerful interest which it has been the fully successful aim of the whole opera gradually to stimulate to a most powerful climax. This is a great triumph of the genius and the skill of the musician over all the exigencies of theatrical custom, a custom grown out of the obvious necessities of the case, namely, that when the action of a drama has been developed to its crisis it is impossible to excite the interest or to retain the sympathy of an audience any longer; but, while we admire Beethoven for the powerful exception he has made to the general rules of reason and principles of propriety, and wonder at the means by which he has so gloriously succeeded in a situation, when Weber and even Mozart, the model for all time, have failed; we must ever bear in mind that this finale is a singular exception, and that it is so because it is this finale, since nothing short of what it is could be heard with patience, much less listened to with interest by any audience that can appreciate the prodigious beauties comprised in the rest of the work.

We are brought to the outside of the prison. The prisoners led forth by Jacquino are about to pass in examination before the minister, who had come with a state commission to investigate the condition of those placed under the governance of Don Pizarro. The governor attends upon him to give account of his charge, and the people throng in anxious multitudes to witness the ceremonial. Don Fernando, the minister, declares his mission to administer justice,—as a brother he visits his brethren, and whom his duty will allow him to help he will assist. Rokko brings forward Don Florestan and his devoted wife, and the threats and the insinuations of the governor have no effect to prevent his disclosing the history that had formed the action of the opera. Fernando recognises in Florestan his bosom friend, the champion of truth, who had been supposed dead, and placing Pizarro under arrest has him removed to await his time of judgment. He then orders Rokko to strike off the fetters of the unlawful captive, but, checking himself, he hands the jailer's keys to Leonore that she may personally complete the task she has so nobly undertaken, and thus far, so heroically fulfilled, of her husband's enfranchisement. Marcellino has one expression of surprise and regret at the disappointment of her hopes from Fidelio, but this feeling is absorbed in her generous sympathy with the rapture of the re-united lovers. All join in a prayer of fervent thanksgiving, and the whole terminates with a brilliant poem of joyous exultation, heaping honour and love upon the noble wife, whose constant firmness through all

her trials has met its full reward in the accomplishment of her great task of passionate affection.

The opening movement is a chorus of prisoners and people rejoicing in the day that brings justice in bond with mercy before the portal of a living grave. Broad and clear and excessively simple, the harmony being almost entirely confined to the two chords of the tonic and dominant, and there being an utter absence of even the most transient modulation, this movement, which from its general style and its prevalent accent, we may describe as a march, announces at once the entire change of character that the music from hence assumes, and the entirely new feeling by which all the persons in the drama are now pervaded. A long symphony anticipates the chief matter of what is afterwards, in a somewhat more extended form, given to the voices. The principal melody is free and fresh, and tuneful, widely differing in every respect from that of the prisoners' chorus, which commences the first finale, as does the whole tenor of the movement, from that of the former chorus, in the same degree as differs the feeling of the state captives, who now come forth from their dungeons with the certainty of justice and the hope of liberty, whereas before they felt them to be enjoying but a momentary indulgence which was qualified by their knowledge of its short duration, and by the consciousness that they were still under such close observation that they were forced to repress those natural emotions which the sense of the pure air and the sight of the sun in heaven naturally stimulated within them. In this former instance it was all in keeping with the situation, and quite in character with the general expression of the music, that every allusion to the horrors to which the victims of tyrannous state policy knew that they must immediately return, should be uttered with all the shudderful aversion which the anticipation of the future from the retrospection of the past could not but suggest. In the present situation, however, we feel that the composer has injured the general effect of his music and sacrificed to a certain extent the propriety, if not the sense, of the scene by entering too minutely into the details of verbal expression. When he interrupts the regular swing of the movement to give a particular reading on the words, "Vor unser's Grabes Thor," and resumes the tone of brightness that otherwise pervaded the whole, on the concluding word of the sentence, "eracheint." Now, we have a general and a particular objection to this treatment, which we offer with the deepest deference, but which we feel it to be our duty to advance alike in respect of the peculiar excellence of the whole work, and with regard to our own zealous sincerity in the endeavour to do justice to this excellence with our tribute of deep felt admiration. First, then, we cannot but feel that the general feeling of overflowing gladness which the situation suggests, and which the music conveys, would not, nay, could not be broken for an instant and then resumed by the mention of the prison, mentioned as it is in the exultation of quitting it, in the apprehension of its horrors, nor even in the recital of them. Second, we feel that the sense of the words is at least perverted, if not absolutely burlesqued by the rendering here given to them; this is the literal meaning of the sentence, "Justice with grace in union before the door of our grave appears," and in Beethoven's rendering the words printed here in italics are always given with an especially mournful expression, interrupting the feeling of gladness that elsewhere prevails and that, to our comprehension, the complete meaning of the sentence under question particularly indicates in signifying that the door of the grave is brightened by the appearance of justice in union with grace. We have yet a third objection to this treatment of the passage which is, perhaps, of more musical importance than all we have yet proposed, and this is, that the continuity of the movement is more than once broken by the littleness of verbal description, and thus the general effect is impaired, if not destroyed.

Fernando's didactic address to the prisoners has about it an air of stiffness and contrivance wholly at variance with the evident spontaneity that chiefly characterises the opera, and it is neither musically interesting nor vividly effective. It concludes with a graceful phrase of melody, which, however, makes not up to us for the bleakness of the recitative that introduces it. In all this portion of the finale our composer appears to have struggled with the necessity of setting so many words to music rather than to

have written music because the words inspired him, to have made, not created, what has all the character which betokens contrivance and want of geniality, which distinguishes art from nature. Of course, these remarks are widely general, and it is chiefly because Beethoven has given us the right to expect *all* from him that when, as in the present case, *he* fails of *all*, we find so vast an emptiness. It could not, however, be but that in any long amount of writing our composer must, in spite of circumstances that fetter him, in spite of uncongenial subject, in spite of himself, make some points of interest; of these we may specialise a passage in A, commencing where Fernando sees with surprise the fetters on Florestan, in which a somewhat curious figure of four semiquavers has an air of great originality; and a passage in F sharp minor, where the chorus express their execrations at the disgraced Pizarro.

The real interest of the finale begins after all explanation is ended, where there remains nothing but the thanksgiving and the exultation of the characters who now, as it were, separate themselves from the action they have completed to form their own apotheosis, losing personal in the ideal and making us forget the active possession of happiness in the abstract conception of happiness itself as a glorious and self-existent and all beautiful principle. The *andante* in F is a most poetical rendering of devotional fervor, pure and heavenly colour, but deep and earnest; glad, but with the enthusiasm of gratitude, not the rapture of passion. It is one continuous stream of melodious beauty, supported by, but in no wise subservient to, the harmony which is always single, unforced, and natural. It abounds in the most charming vocal effects, which are heightened by the accompaniment of constantly sustaining wind instruments, and it is remarkable for the happy admixture of the solo voices with the chorus. We cannot particularise points, as the chief merit of the whole is that it is a whole, and that no part stands out conspicuously from the rest, and thus we find its true beauty, namely, in its eminent fitness for its situation. Of a totally different, yet perfectly congenial character is the *allegro* that follows, including the *stretto* which grows out of it. Here we have a truly sympathetic, human, earthly feeling which touches all hearts with a master key that will everywhere unlock the channel of kindred emotion; who-ver has known the rapture of an overflowing, boundless, unalloyed, ecstatic gladness, find its expressions here, and feels his heart dilate with that larger, grander, nobler, worthier, manlier feeling than pride; the consciousness of fulfilling his part in the universal sympathy of what is good and great when he witnesses its competent performance. Excepting some most closely relative, very transient modulations, we may say that the whole of this last movement remains in the same key of C major, and even these modulations might be appropriately termed modulations within the key, since there is no decided point made in any but the original tonic, and these departures from it are only secondary phrases which so occur, as scarcely to disturb our feeling of the one chiefly prevalent key note. Here is an example of how great effects may be made out of little means, which prove, like the concluding movement of the first finale in *Don Giovanni*, and some of the choruses of Handel, that, in the hands of a true master who fully knows how to apply the resources of his art, the broadest, the grandest, the most imposing results are indeed produced from the most simple materials. We have here a fine, large, and truly noble subject given out by the full force of the chorus and orchestra, a subject so fresh, so heartfelt, and so entirely spontaneous in its character, that it is impossible for an uninitiated mind to hear it and not be kindled to enthusiasm; thus it sung the praise of the noble Leonore. We have then a short episode of the most touching loveliness wherein the two lovers interchange expressions of mutual endearment, and here we feel an expression of the gentlest tenderness equally perfect with the rendering of an universal, all imperious joy that characterises the whole of the rest of the movement. In this episode we have the only decided change of key in the whole, namely, a modulation through A minor into G, the dominant of the original key; but this dominant is so instantly quitted, as to leave the impression rather of a half close than of a decided change of tonic. A few bars for the chorus break this short passage for the solo voices from the succeeding solo of Florestan, which consists of the precise subject before assigned to the

chorus, with which the movement opened. This solo is introduced by an orchestral passage that is the most entirely unique in its effect of anything in all the range of instrumental music, which if not so incomparably beautiful as it is entirely singular, has at least nothing to surpass it that has yet crossed our experience of instrumental combination, and the particular passage has so very much to do with the orchestral distribution and with the effect produced by it that the whole could only be imitated to be repeated, so that the present instance must always remain perfectly unique as it was the very first time it was heard. It consists of a series of triplets for the first violins on a sequence of first inversions, the first note of each triplet being an appoggiatura, the semitone below the root of the chord on which it revolves, while the oboe has the harmony note against this appoggiatura, a combination that strikes the practised eye as intolerably disagreeable, but on the ear produces an effect of incomparable piquance and brilliancy; this top line is accompanied by the second violins and violas, pizzicato, in unison with the clarionets, staccato, on the third and fifth of each chord. The figure is continued through the tenor solo, and gives not only an entirely new character to the subject, but throws such a glittering radiance upon the movement as brightens our thoughts with the recollection of a sparkling, quivering joyance, for long and long after the details of the music have passed away from our memory. Leonore has now to sing the same subject without any intervening episode, the effect of which is, this time, further heightened by a still more elaborated accompaniment. This consists of a counterpoint of semiquavers for the second violins and violas, which conveys to us a sense of the fleet, flattering suffusion of all joy and half anxiety that still fevers his very lifeblood, while the two quavers for wind instruments on the unaccented crotchets of each bar suggest the violent throbbings of her still agitated bosom, the tempest tumult of which is not to be lulled but by a long, unchequered sunshine, if even then, a being of her ardent, sanguine temper could sink into that tranquil morphine state of dreamless sleeping, which under the more respected name of content is but an apathetic indifference alike to the warmth in which its beams break, and to the very orb that suns him. The stretto then commences with a phrase of the chief subject in a considerably accelerated tempo, which is now much prolonged, coming after some time to a half-close on the dominant, on which pedal note an alternation of tonic and dominant harmonies accompanies a passage of very exciting brilliancy. There is then a phrase of lengthened notes for the six solo voices, responded to by the full chorus and orchestra, with a fragment of the chief subject; then, again, this same reciprocation of solo and chorus; then, the most striking effect in the whole finale, the introduction of a chord of B flat, just in the same manner that the identical same harmony is introduced in the *Gloria* of the Mass in C of Beethoven—that masterpiece of Catholic devotional music; and then the glorious burst of the harmony of G major, which stalks in with all the glory of a new created sunshine, with all the majesty of a bridegroom whose path is happiness and whose step is consciousness; then we have a closer alternation of solo and chorus, and then a wondrous passage in unison, which has the power of a whirlwind, and the grandeur of omnipotence—such an A flat there is in this as quickens to an almost sense of pain our power of attention, and makes us truly gasp in wondering ecstasy! This passage brings us back to the dominant pedal, and then we have a notation repetition of the whole of this course of overgrowing excitement, which gains if possible an intensity by this notation repetition. Finally, in place of the dominant cadence with which, before the circle was completed, the passage is prolonged by the introduction of a fundamental seventh on C, and then with a few bars of simple, broad harmony, the voices conclude, leaving to the closing symphony a recurrence to one of the most striking points of the movement, and a prolonged repetition of the harmony of the key note which terminates the opera, with all the grandeur that befits so glorious a work, leaving on the hearer a lasting impression of the consummate beauty of the opera, and of the consummate greatness of the master mind which created it.

NEWS OF LOLA MONTES.

Paris, July 30.

What has become of Lola Montes? is a question, I suppose frequently asked in London by many of the myriads who have seen or heard of the chances and fascinations—the wild exploits and adventures—of this admired and mysterious lady. The question is not difficult to answer to one moving in a certain “set” in a certain quarter of Paris not a hundred miles from the Place Vendôme—or to anybody else indeed who happens to “know all about it.” Lola is neither conquering another king, nor marrying another husband, though she could doubtless do both if she chose. The fact is, kings have become so unimportant all over the Continent, and husbands so ridiculous all over the world, that persons of the highest taste find neither worthy of their notice. Accordingly, the Countess of Lauds-feldt—the title that Lola has resumed since her residence in Paris—has taken a loftier flight, and has returned with more than her old enthusiasm and a promise of more than her old success, to that career in which she was once so briefly conspicuous.

The stage has lately become a favourite arena for titled ladies of high aspirations or low fortunes. But it is doubtful whether the appearance of even the Countess of Rossi or Barbieri Nini are events of such singularity or universal interest as that of the whimsical, wandering, eccentric, capricious, and bewildering Lola.

The fact however is certain, that Lola is to re-appear upon the stage; and the fact is disappointing that Lola will not appear in England, nor in France, nor indeed in Europe. America, which is just experiencing its “next morning” after its recent musical intoxication, is destined to be visited by a relapse, and to be again astonished out of its dollars and property, that is to say, supposing the Americans to have the good taste to behave with an appropriate degree of absurdity.

Meantime—pending the period of her departure, which is fixed for October next—the Countess is “taking steps” to regain that mastery over her art of which her long rest must necessarily have deprived her. The Jardin Mabille is the scene of her daily practice, and Mabille himself is its director. The favoured few admitted to these morning mysteries anticipate from the discriminating many who are so soon to sit in judgment, a reception something more than startling. To see, indeed, is inevitably to believe; and supposing the Americans to be neither blind nor mad at present, it seems very possible that they may soon become both.

The new dances of Lola Montes (which are shortly to be published) are six in number. Their arrangement, their method, their mechanism, au Mabillé; their grace, their originality, their character and nationality, are her own. And in this character and nationality, rather than in any conventional merit which belongs to ordinary dancing, lie their chief charm. They belong as evidently and irreparably to Spain as ever did its blue hills, its bull fights, its dark eyes, its donnas, and its duennas. I could say a great deal, in particular of the opening Tarantula, but to criticise in detail would perhaps be premature. Meanwhile it may gratify those who can look at the art with souls above a ballet-master, to know that the coming triumph of Lola Montes is not to be gained by an appeal to any low standard of taste.

For the rest it may be as well to mention that during her absence from the stage Lola has not lost any of those personal charms which can add éclat to her return. Her eye has lost nothing of its strange, and startling brilliancy, her form of its harmony and proportion, her motions of their grace. Above all, she is still young, and still enthusiastic.

For the benefit of those among your readers who are interes-

ted in business-like particulars, I may add that New York is to be the scene of her first appearance; that a report of her previous engagement at the Montansier, has no foundation whatever; and that she will reign in the new world as her own mistress, unfettered by Barnum or by any other person.

RACHEL.

(From the Morning Post.)

The career of *Rachel* affords a singular example of the power of genius. Born in obscurity, the native splendour of her talents burst through the clouds which overshadowed her opening life, and she had not completed her seventeenth year when she raised to a brilliancy which it had never before attained, the dramatic literature of France. We do not depreciate the glories achieved by *Corneille* and *Racine*, nor would we detract from the merits of those lesser lights which have followed them and *Molière*. We admit with equal readiness the noble illustrations by which *Talma*, his compeers and predecessors, rendered the undying works of which we speak familiar to the public mind of France. But it was reserved for *Rachel* to clothe with new and previously unknown beauties the finest creations of those immortal writers. She has made their heroines her own, and inspired them with a new and more sublime excellence. The severe monotony of French heroic verse she has translated into a harmony of rich and varied music, of which no one could have believed the language capable. On her tongue the stern rigidities and frigidities of French tragedy are changed into the glowing fluency of *Shakspeare*.

And the triumphs of *Rachel* are all her own. She owes her eminence to no master.

Rachel is a name, which, like *Talma*, was assumed as a *nom de théâtre*. *Elise Felix*—such is her real name—was born at Munf, in the Canton of Aarau, Switzerland, on the 28th of February, 1821. Her father is a native of Metz, and the maiden name of her mother was *Esther Haya*. *M. Felix* is a man of strong natural intelligence, who, at the time she was born, earned but a scanty subsistence for himself and his family, by pursuing the humble vocation of a hawker. After many changes of place he settled at Lyons, where the early years of *Rachel's* life were spent, and from thence, while she was yet under ten years of age, the family found their uncertain way to Paris, where they fixed their habitation in a poor dwelling in the *Place de Grève*.

Many are the anecdotes which float on the surface of contemporary literature with reference to the subsequent history of the great tragedian. Most of them are without any other foundation than the imaginations of their writers, or the gossip of general conversation. The indisputable facts may be very briefly told. In childhood she often accompanied her elder sister *Sarah* from *café* to *café*, picking up such slender contributions as the good nature of the company might bestow. Her education might be said to begin under the superintendence of *M. Choron*, who had established a singing class in his house in the *Rue Monsigny*. She was admitted to this class in the year 1831. In the following year she began to attend *Saint Aulaire's* class for declamation, and her first attempt in the art which she elevated and adorned, was made at the *Théâtre Molière*, where she essayed the character of *Hermione*, in "*Andromaque*." Her success procured for her an admission, dated October 27, 1836, to the *Conservatoire*. She was then placed under the tuition of *Messrs. Michelot, Samson, and Provost*, but it does not appear that any of these distinguished professors formed any very high idea of her capabilities, or anticipated the marvellous success which she was destined to achieve.

We find her next performing at the *Gymnase*, under the management of *M. Poirsou*, where she made her debut on the 24th of April, 1837. The piece was entitled "*La Vendéenne*," and appears to have been written for the occasion. She was "favourably but not enthusiastically received." But it was here that she attracted the notice which transferred her to the *Théâtre Français*, at which she made her first appearance on the 12th of June, 1838, in the character of *Camille* in "*Les Horaces*."

A debut at the *Théâtre Français*, in the dead season of the year,

is esteemed in Paris an event of little importance. The candidate for fame is looked upon as a pupil. He is expected to pause where his predecessors have paused, and to imitate, rather than to strike out a path for himself. The wise are wont to shake their heads in doubt. Criticism dispenses her common-places—and the house is asleep.

"Madlle. *Rachel's* appearance," says one of her intelligent biographers, "had a marvellous effect on the old *abonnés* of the *Français*: she not only surprised them but kept them awake. They stared at each other, utterly confounded by her disregard of all traditions and real energy. The very performers were startled by her originality, and by the new meaning and force given to a word or a phrase by her way of uttering it: as *Jules Janin* said of her, 'You must not ask her before the piece begins how she will say a certain sentence, for she cannot tell you; the impulse is momentary and spontaneous. She is like the *Pythonesse* of *Virgil*, first pale, her body bent, her arms hanging down; but, on the arrival of the god, her exhausted nature recovers its animation, the fire mounts from her soul to her eye, her heart throbs violently, and sends forth the breath of passion and energy. She appears like an animated Grecian statue, so classic is her form.'"

The gradual impression made on the receipts of the *Français* will be seen by the following statements extracted from a work entitled "*La Comédie Française, depuis 1830*":—

Date.	Characters.	Gross Receipts:
1838. June 12.	<i>Camille</i> in <i>les Horaces</i> ...	752 francs.
... 16.	<i>Emilie</i> in <i>Cinna</i> ...	558
... 23.	<i>Camille</i> ...	303
July 9.	<i>Hermione</i> in <i>Andromaque</i> ...	373
... 11.	<i>Emilie</i> ...	342
... 15.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	740
Aug. 9.	<i>Aménaïde</i> in <i>Tamcrède</i> ...	620
... 12.	<i>id.</i> ...	422
... 16.	<i>Eriphyle</i> in <i>Iphigénie</i> ...	716
... 18.	<i>Camille</i> ...	594
... 22.	<i>Aménaïde</i> ...	800
... 26.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	1,225
... 30.	<i>Aménaïde</i> ...	650
Sept. 4.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	629
... 9.	<i>Aménaïde</i> ...	2,048
... 11.	<i>Camille</i> ...	1,804
... 15.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	1,218
... 17.	<i>Aménaïde</i> ...	1,118
... 23.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	2,129
... 27.	<i>Emilie</i> ...	3,150
... 29.	<i>id.</i> ...	2,400
Oct. 3.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	4,281
... 5.	<i>Monime</i> , in <i>Mithridate</i> ...	3,660
... 9.	<i>id.</i> ...	4,640
... 12.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	5,529
... 17.	<i>Camille</i> ...	4,440
... 19.	<i>Hermione</i> ...	6,131

During the thirteen years which have followed, the largest sum here set down would be deemed a very small receipt indeed for one of *Rachel's* nights. Her reputation has deservedly increased up to the present hour, and tragedy, which had been proclaimed extinct before her appearance, commands a vastly larger income to her theatre than any other species of entertainment.

The following extract from a letter addressed by *Madlle. Rachel* herself to *Mr. Mitchell*, whose spirited enterprise and refined taste has rendered her inimitable performances an ornament of the London season—gives a summary of what we have said in a manner which does honour to her heart. It is dated from Vienna, 21st September, 1850:—

"En vérité, quand J'énumère mes succès depuis que je suis au théâtre, Je me prends à me demander si ce n'est pas un rêve. Eh quoi! me dis-je, cette pauvre petite fille qui allait, il y a vingt ans, de café en café, chanter de pauvres chansonnettes pour gagner un léger salaire, se trouve aujourd'hui à la tête d'une littérature que la France honore; elle en est l'interprète, et déjà son nom et sa réputation ont traversés les mers! Oui, je me sens heureuse, et j'en serais fière, si le bonheur, dans les nobles cœurs n'empêchait tout sentiment orgueilleux."

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The financial tactics only theatrical management will, of necessity, so much depend on the extent of CAPITAL employed, with regard to all actual *disbursements*, that I believe it useless to attempt making any suggestions upon the matter—further than this—PUBLICITY has been proved to be worth ALL its costs,—and in this respect no *retrenchment* need be advised, although some slight deviations from the beaten track is to be adopted,—my principal reform in the financial department would consist in applying the NEW broom (which sweeps clean) to the removal of those cobwebs which the abuses of past time have suffered to accumulate—namely to the ENTIRE ABOLITION of the order and free list system—to a PARTIAL curtailment of press privileges, and to an exact consideration of the means by which a certain class of females shall be excluded, whereby the patronage of a respectable public shall be secured.

With regard to the first of the above named,—one only opinion can exist when the matter shall be fairly considered—with regard to the second, I am aware that I tread a hallowed ground,—but at the same time I am aware that a community so intellectual and so omnipotent as the public press, requires only to have the matter placed before it in a proper light, in order to concede all reasonable demands.

That this point may show itself in the strongest possible light, suppose we adduce an instance—A. B. has engaged Drury Lane Theatre at a certain price,—knowing that a certain number of Renters Tickets must enter the establishment, free, whenever the curtain is drawn up.

What will the public think when it can be shewn that, provided the said A. B. shall have exceeded the usual privileges of a free list, and that the public press shall exceed its present undoubted rights—between 400 and 500 individuals can obtain admittance *every night* without payment of a single farthing!!!—yet such is the fact, and can be proved by simple arithmetic, whenever any one may choose to calculate the number of daily and weekly newspapers, which, together with reviews, magazines, &c., &c., have each (each but few exceptions only) the power of sending into any theatre, an Editorial representative and orders for two! It may here be urged that, instances are of rare occurrence wherein all the above named privileges are at once exercised, but this is merely in consequence of the paucity of attraction. Let but English Opera become as well managed as Italian Opera, and every one who *could* enter the theatre FREE would do so. There is, however, a bad fundamental principle attached to the order system which escapes general comment—namely, that the facility of OBTAINING orders prevents many accustomed play-goers from PAYING, who can afford both the means and the will. Thus an injury is inflicted not merely in “transitu”—but in “futuro.” I would therefore, as the result of abundant consideration, abolish the ORDER system ENTIRELY—in fact, so rigidly, as to permit of not even a single free admission, excepting the *bona-fide* representatives of the PRESS itself, every recognised member of which should be eligible on presenting his official card. In respect to a *free list* I see no recognisable vested rights, and would concede none—thereby closing the door effectually to all abuse of privilege. There is much more than this to be urged in extenuation of a sweeping reform—particularly as regards the impolicy of making a shew of success, where none exists, by filling a house with orders, in preference to playing to empty benches; but let the system be viewed in every light, and it will be found to result in the same thing—an empty *hollowness*—a deception which *deceives* no one—and which ultimately conduces to no other than the one usual routine—a shifting of the scene from the stage of “Drury Lane” to that of “Portugal street.”

With regard to the exclusion of any portion of Her Majesty's subjects from a place of public resort, there is at present NO LAW. It is well known that Mr. Macready did attempt, but did not succeed in effecting his purpose—yet the attempt did much good, and abundantly justified itself in the eyes of all right thinking persons. Should a charter of incorporation be hereafter attainable for a

National Opera, it is just possible that some part of its enactment may provide a remedy for this evil, which at present operates much more greatly against dramatic interests than is generally supposed.

The next all-important branch of financial reform, is the arrangement which might be entered into between the Composers of Operas and the Publishers. At present no one knows exactly how the arrangement is made—it is a deed done in the dark, as if all parties were ashamed of it. The transaction is clearly a commercial one, and should be treated accordingly—to wit—There are three persons whose interests, in the productions of an Opera, may be called nearly equal. The Composer—the Producer, and the Publisher. Let these three be brought fairly together, and let something like the following agreement be entered into—

Preliminary.

So soon as an Opera shall have been decided on as “WORTH PRODUCING,” an estimate to be made of the cost of “mounting,”—say, £300.—after which—

Let it be proposed that the Publisher shall advance, to the Manager, one moiety of this sum, the Composer being suffered to stand neutral in consideration of having already expended his time and talents—and in conclusion—

Let the Composer's recompense begin with the first night's representation, which I would place at £20 per night, (*from both Manager and Publisher*), for five nights, after which it should be reduced to £10 for five nights more, and a corresponding decrease afterwards, according to the circumstances of the case.

By some such agreement, all parties would share the risk and would be equally interested in the profit. With regard to the Librettist, he might either be recompensed with the sale of his libretto in the house, or otherwise, according to arrangements with the Composer.

Having now, Mr. Editor, trespassed at more than usual length, I will conclude by stating that many other minor reforms would naturally spring out of those which have been pre-stated. It might also be politic to abolish all fees to box keepers, &c., to consider well the practicability of reforming the system of money and check taking, &c.,—and also, I believe, that such an improved system of management would grow the probability of obtaining higher prices of admission than are at present asked. I will, next week, suggest a mode by which the forthcoming dead-season may be rendered available for the purpose of bringing together a body of artists who may be willing to enroll themselves as provisional members of a National Opera, at the same time giving my idea of the extent to which such a body might wisely be constituted.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

PHILO-MUSICA.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

July 31st, 1851.

Sir,—Your report of the adjourned Annual Meeting of the London Sacred Harmonic Society is, I think, calculated to produce an unfavourable impression of its position and prospects on the minds of its subscribers and friends. I intrude a few remarks by way of explanation.

The actual loss of the Society during the first year was—

		£876 7 10
	second	251 10 6
Last fifteen months	- - -	110 0 0

	£1237 18 4
Allowed by Mr. Surman for Orchestra	- 97 15 0

£1140 3 4

So that our losses have decreased most rapidly, while subscriptions have every year increased. I think these are two signs of unmistakeable evidence we are not going down hill, but just the reverse. The fact is, we have passed through the storm of early trial, and

the result is we feel now a new position should be taken, and one that evidences we know no fear, and are determined the Society shall progress; we begin this year with a contingent amount that will never for a moment impede our progress or curb us in our endeavours to further the Society's best interests. Should we prosper, and of that I have not even a shadow of doubt, I believe we shall never abuse it to attempt to depress others who may have to struggle on as we have who preceded them; and if we fall I am sure we shall fall without having done aught as a Society to tarnish its fair name or cause any to regret they were ever united with it.

Trusting to your known kindness to insert these few remarks,
I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

G.

P.S.—I enclose my card as required, as I do not wish my name to appear.

HANDEL'S NEW SACRED SONGS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR.—In acknowledging, with thanks, your courteous and candid review of my adaptation and arrangement of Handel's New Sacred Songs, I am ready to admit the justness of your observations as to the previous publication in this country of some of them, as musical compositions, but certainly not *all*. Again, the adoption of sacred words does constitute a first publication in this country in that particular form; for let any one of the eight Sacred Songs be required, and no earlier edition than mine will be found to have existed, therefore I think the observation "now published for the first time" will be conceded as justifiable. Having a complete set of Handel's *forty* operas in my possession, in full score, it has been to me a work of love to endeavour to bring out some additional "gems of Handel," and by adapting sacred words where the character of the music was appropriate. I trust that in a short time these will be found no mean addition to the sacred works of Handel. In the entire operas, however, I do not find an available chorus, or concerted piece, that I can turn to the same account. But many of the songs are, certainly, of rare beauty, and purely Handelian. It has been a source of much gratification to me to receive from many of our first musical professors kind words of encouragement and approval of the work as it has proceeded; amongst whom I may name Madlle. Jenny Lind, Sir George Smart, Sir Henry R. Bishop, Professor Taylor, Mr. Wm. Knvett, and the late highly gifted Mendelssohn.

Yours, very truly,
R. ANDREWS.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—On Friday, the first of August, M. Bouffé made his first appearance after a three years' absence, during which time this celebrated actor has been prevented by indisposition from resuming his professional duties. Great credit is due to Mr. Mitchell for having been the first to tempt him from his retreat after his perfect restoration to health. *Michel Perrin* was the piece chosen for M. Bouffé's *re-entree*. This is one of Melesville's best compositions, and at the same time one of M. Bouffé's happiest conceptions. There is a heartiness of character, a *naïveté* of manner pervading the whole piece which win our sympathies at once, and rivet our attention up to the very last scene; we alternately laugh and cry with the kind, simple old *curé* who saves and perils the safety of France some three or four times in less than an hour. M. Bouffé entered fully into the humour and pathos of the part, and with the exception of Perlet, we never saw the character so well played before. His comedy was genuine in every respect, and with an utter disregard of stage conventionalities, he elicited universal approbation by the unaffected truth of his impersonation. Although somewhat thinner than he was a few years ago, M. Bouffé betrayed

no symptoms of impaired health, and the general tone of his performance showed an actor in possession of his full powers and intellect. Indeed we may say that there was more finish in his acting than on any previous occasion. The whole conception was a masterpiece, but his indignation on finding that he has been, although unwittingly, playing the spy, the disgust with which he throws the purse at the feet of the minister made a powerful sensation on the audience. There was no exaggeration, nothing but the most simple expression of feeling, and the effect was a complete storm of applause. M. Bouffé was recalled after the play, and loudly cheered. Mdme. St. Marc played the part of Therese with great feeling, and the other characters were well sustained. On Monday last we witnessed the performance of *Le Gamin de Paris*. This piece is too well known to need any comment, and the principal character is too essentially French to captivate the attention of an English audience to the extent it does in Paris, yet the tone of the piece is good. There is a well sustained vein of good feeling running through the plot, and which makes it interesting, apart from the peculiarities of the character itself. We may say that M. Bouffé came triumphantly out of this very difficult ordeal. He played to the life the dare devil young imp of the earlier part of the piece, and so strong was our illusion that we almost fancied we had before us one of those young plagues who infest the boulevards and the *barrières*, and jeopardise the comfort of the tranquil and demure *fiancé* to a wonderful extent. In the second act a great change takes place, the scapegrace feels all the responsibility of the brother. The scene with the general was replete with sentiment and genuine feeling, and M. Bouffé drew tears from more than one pair of fair eyes. The part of the General was sustained by M. Lafont with dignity, and the perfect gentleman was visible in every gesture, in every inflection of the voice. On Wednesday we were prepared to see M. Bouffé in one of his most masterly creations, that of Grandet in "*La fille de l'avare*. Unfortunately, we were doomed to be disappointed. M. Saint Marie appeared before the audience and explained that a sudden indisposition would prevent M. Bouffé from redeeming his pledge to the public, claiming their indulgence, and begging leave to substitute M. Lafont, who had volunteered to play in *Catherine; ou, La Croix d'or*. This exchange was accepted, and M. Lafont accordingly appeared in his favourite part of Sergeant Austerlitz, which he never played better in our remembrance, being well supported by Mdme. St. Marc and M. Tetard. We sincerely trust that M. Bouffé's illness will not deprive us of the pleasure of seeing him in his favourite parts, of which we have preserved a most lively recollection. M. Bouffé is one of the few comedians still remaining whom we cannot afford to lose, as we see no chance of finding a successor of his superior attainments.

J. DE C.

DRURY LANE.—The Equestrian Circles seem to be rising in popular esteem. Drury Lane is crowded every night, and at Vauxhall, the Rotunda fairly divides attraction with the fireworks. At Drury Lane, in place of the popular and beautiful Anato, we have Madame Browes, who, if hardly equal to her rival in face and form, or in the strength and decision of her leaps, makes abundant amends in the breadth and energy of her style, and in the novelty and variety of her positions and attitudes. The feats of Messrs. McCallum and Stone and the young Loisset the reader must witness to appreciate. They have certainly never been equalled in the English equestrian circle. At Vauxhall, the lovely Anato looks and rides as charmingly as ever. The performance on the two horses, by Hernandez and his fair companion *La Jeune Francaise*, has a touch of impassioned grace in it, which, if it

were seen oftener in these exhibitions, might add much to their attraction. It is the same power of association, or, if you please, dramatic painting, to which Madlle. Caroline has resorted with so much success; for she does little else but what any woman may be called on to do whenever she mounts a spirited horse. The charm consists in the fair artiste's doing this with the utmost conceivable ease and grace. In this object she is aided by a handsome face and a finely turned form, while the simplicity and *keeping* of her dress and appointments are made with great adroitness to conduce to the general effect. The graceful and flowing riding habit, delicate linen breastwork, the black beaver hat and feather—even the white kid gloves and small riding whip—all contribute to the graphic truth and unity of the picture. In fact, the astonishing feats that are witnessed nightly in the equestrian circles, should, like dramatic and other exhibitions of the kind, be made, if possible, to touch the imagination and passions of the spectator; otherwise although he may gaze and wonder, his memory will remain unretentive, and his heart cold. By perceiving this, Madlle. Caroline, at Drury Lane, and Hernandez and his fair companion at Vauxhall, have been enabled, with comparatively little exertion, to match their performances with the most startling equestrian feats of the season.

PUNION'S PLAYHOUSE.—People are not generally so fast asleep however "fast" they may be when awake—as to slumber on, undisturbed by a gentleman in the next room practising on that quiet instrument, the trombone, at two o'clock—and, in fact, at every other o'clock—in the morning. It is not therefore surprising that the gentleman, Mr. C. Shivers, who is afflicted with the propensity in question, should get turned out of every lodging he enters, until he is at last obliged to take refuge in the *Shot Tower* at Waterloo Bridge. Here he hopes to be able to give way to his weakness, or rather, considering the tones produced, his *forte*, for his beloved instrument without molestation, but meets a *Mr. John Clumps* who has also chosen the same retreat, for the purpose of avoiding the very trombone in question, having been completely blown out of his lodgings by it; and although not unwilling to feast upon music in an intellectual manner, is very averse to the "blow out" just mentioned, which he has not been able to digest. He soon listens once more to the "sounds so familiar to his ear," but instead of wiping away [the *furtiva lagrima*, after the fashion of the celebrated military gentleman so well known for the gush of feeling that overpowered him on once more beholding the village church, and the cottage near the brook, Mr. Clump seizes the trombone, and throws it over the balcony of the tower, and by so doing, as Mr. Shivers kindly informs him, kills an innocent being who was passing below at the moment. Mr. Clump believes the tale and delivers himself up to intense grief. He imagines he is irretrievably lost, but is shortly found—in this state, and in the *Shot Tower*—by a romantic young lady of the name of Sappho, and in search of a sensation. On meeting with, as she thinks, a murderer, she is highly delighted—the thing is so beautiful, so exciting, so uncommon. She aids the supposed criminal in his endeavours to escape, which are, however, unsuccessful. He is compelled to return to his airy abode—by the way, a policeman's airy abode is generally in another direction—and there discovers that Sappho is a long lost niece, and that she loves Mr. Shivers. He therefore gives his consent to their union, and the curtain falls upon an exceedingly witty, well-imagined, and clever little production.

The part of Sappho was played in a most intelligent and pungent manner by Miss Marshall, on whose shoulders most of the farce rested. This young lady is a valuable acquisition to the theatre. She is always good, and sometimes not to be surpassed, particularly when she has a character suited to her;

for instance, with the exception of Mrs. Keeley, there is no one on the stage who can play a *soubrette* with such pleasing impudence and imperturbable coolness. She was very well supported by Messrs. John Reeve and Rogers. The latter gentleman is fast rising in public estimation.

At the conclusion of the piece, which the bills announced to be from the pen of Angus B. Reach, Esq., the applause was long and hearty, and the success complete. We thank Mr. Reach for the amusement he procured us, and beg to assure him that every Shot in his Tower told on the audience with wonderful effect.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The *Gazza Ladra* was repeated on Saturday, and went off even better than the first night. Alboni was in magnificent voice, and carried off all the honours, leaving but little to fall to the share of Lablache, Calzolari and Coletti, each of whom was admirable in his part. Mdlle. Ida Bertrand's Pippo was well sung, though, occasionally a little too obtrusive, and her acting showed a fair conception of the character of the farmer's boy. We must, however, advise Mdlle. Ida Bertrand that Rossini is allowed to be a good composer, and to have a tolerable knowledge of the requisites for the voice. We can assure her that her new cadenzas and alterations in the duet in *E flat*, in the prison scene, are not improvements on the original, whatever she may imagine; and would counsel her strongly to follow the example of Alboni, who always exhibits a thorough respect for Rossini. Mdlle. Ida Bertrand may follow the example of Alboni without any condensation.

On Tuesday, Madame Barbieri Nini made her first appearance in this country, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mr. Lumley, it would appear, is determined to carry out every thing to which he has pledged himself in his prospectus this season, even though he has far exceeded all the promises therein held out. Madame Barbieri Nini constitutes the ninth *prima donna* engaged this year, the eight others being Fiorentini, Caroline Duprez, Sontag, Alaymo, Ugalde, Nau, Cruvelli, and Alboni. Madame Giuliani might have been added, but that fair artist has lately restricted herself to parts belonging to *seconde donne*.

The house was crowded on Tuesday, and, independent of the curiosity excited towards the *debutante*, great interest attached to the announcement that Alboni was to resume her original part of Orsini, in the *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Madame Barbieri Nini comes with an immense reputation from Italy, where for upwards of twelve years she has reigned almost alone as *Prima Donna Assoluta*. Her appearance has been promised in this country for several years, but somehow the engagement threatened has not been completed, or entered into, has not been fulfilled. Madame Barbieri Nini, we are informed, shines most in Verdi's operas. *Macbeth*, and other operas were written expressly for her by Verdi; and other composers have also written to her peculiar talent. She chose to make her *debut*, however, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, preferring Donizetti to Verdi in which to make her initiative essay. Whether for better or worse can only be ascertained when Madame Barbieri Nini comes out in the *Due Foscari*, which she will do shortly.

We are not going to enter into a critical analysis of Madame Barbieri Nini's performance on Tuesday night. Premising that she is a very extraordinary artist, and that she created a sensation almost unprecedented, we shall reserve to ourselves the expression of our opinions until we have heard her a second time, and confirmed, or modified our impressions. Meanwhile we have furnished extracts from all the leading morning papers, and the reader may draw his own conclu-

sions from what they contain. One thing is certain, Mr. Lumley has obtained a new *prima donna*, who promises to turn out an immense attraction. We shall have much to say of Madame Barbieri Nini in our next.

It is hardly necessary to add that Alboni's Orsini was inimitably sung, and that the famous Brindisi created the old *furor*.

The opera was followed by the favourite *ballet* of the *Diabla a quatre*.

On Wednesday *Fidelio* was repeated, with the first act of *Masaniello*. Taken altogether, the performance of *Fidelio* was perhaps the best yet given, at least as far as the principals were concerned. Cruvelli sang magnificently and was recalled after every scene. We never heard her in more splendid voice. At the end of the opera she was called for twice, and received with the utmost enthusiasm. The house was unusually full for an extra night, a hint to Mr. Lumley that Beethoven and Cruvelli are among his chiefest attractions.

In the first act of *Masaniello* Madame Fiorentini sang with her usual suavity and sweetness, and the inimitable Monti drew tears from all eyes by the irresistible pathos and beauty of her acting. The entire of the ballet was encored.

On Thursday Alboni made her first appearance as Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and achieved a new victory by her superb singing and admirable acting as the *vivandiere*. Our readers are already aware that Alboni created a *furor* at the Grand Opera of Madrid in Maria, and of course they will be led to expect nothing less at Her Majesty's Theatre. And such was indeed the case. Alboni was enthusiastically received throughout the performance, and seldom, if ever, produced a greater sensation on her hearers. A triumph like this cannot be overrated. Alboni had to contend against the vivid remembrances of Jenny Lind and Sontag in Maria, but having taken an entirely different view of the character from her predecessors, she did not provoke the slightest comparisons. Had she done so it might have been to her advantage. Alboni's Maria is one of the most simply natural and wonderfully easy performances ever witnessed on the stage. Her acting is quite as spontaneous as her singing,—as unlaboured and graceful. Like Duda, in Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, Alboni never seems to "think about herself at all." Alboni does not exhibit the *ars celare artem*, simply because she does not exhibit any art. We have no doubt but there are many who would prefer the theatric formality and conventionality, but for our parts we decide in favour of Alboni's perfect unsofistication.

Alboni was received with immense cheers when she entered. Her dress differed much from that of all the *vivandieres* we have seen. She wore no cap, and instead of the short petticoats and ankle boots of Jenny Lind and Sontag, had donned trousers and Wellingtons. The skirts of her petticoats, too, were much longer than those of other Marias we have seen—an unnecessary special pleading for modesty when trousers were used. The regimental jacket and trimmings were retained. Alboni looked remarkably handsome. Her face beamed all over with youth, health, and spirits, and she looked the very incarnation of happiness.

And then her singing. She was in adorable voice, and warbled like a thrush in prime when the shower has passed away in the smiling spring evening. And no thrush on topmost spray ever more loved to pour his unpremeditated lay upon the listening and hushed ear of late eve, than Alboni, to whom singing appears to come as natural as to a song-bird.

We were perfectly enchanted with Alboni's singing on Tuesday night. Singing which surprised us more we may

have heard, but certainly no singing ever penetrated the tympanums of our ears, which more delighted, more rapt, and more thoroughly satisfied us.

We need not enter into details. All our readers are, or ought to be, thoroughly acquainted with Donizetti's pretty music in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and all our readers are, or ought to be, familiar with Alboni's delicious tones; *ergo*, all our readers can have a tolerably shrewd conception how the music of Maria was given by Alboni.

The popular air "*Ciascun lo dice*," delivered with bewitching *naïveté* and irresistible animation, was encored tumultuously, and the Rataplan was received with little less ardour. Like Miss Poole, Alboni introduced the side drum, and made such good use of the sticks—we were on the point of making an excellent pun—that we should advise the renowned and novel-seeking Jullien to engage Alboni, instead of the sixteen French drummers for his approaching hybernal season, and, although we never lay the odds, excepting when we have the best of it, we don't mind staking 2 to 1 in any sum of money ourselves may name, that the glorious Maria and her one drum will make the sixteen noisy extracts from the National Guards beat an inglorious retreat. We hope our friend Jullien will take our advice, and look after Alboni. And all we have to say in the matter is—that we wish he may get her.

Alboni introduced the rondo finale from Balfe's *Maid of Artois* as the closing *morceau*, and sang it magnificently, displaying in lavish profusion the riches of her wondrous voice, and carrying away her hearers into an atmosphere of delight, into a heaven of her own creating, away from the theatre, from lights, from noise, from earth.

Frederick Lablache makes the best of Sergeant Sulpizios, and Gardoni one of the most interesting and mellifluous of Tonios. The graceful tenor was encored with great applause in his air in the second act.

A scene from the *Cosmopolites* followed.

Last night, *Don Giovanni* was repeated with Alboni instead of Sontag in Zerlina. We have only room to say that Alboni created an immense sensation in Mozart's peasant girl, and was the great feature of the performance. We trust Alboni may repeat Zerlina again, in order to afford us an opportunity of descanting at large on its merits.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended the performance.

The *divertissement* from *Il Prodigio* followed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performance of Rossini's fresh and sparkling opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, on Saturday night, was in most respects highly efficient. The cast of the principal characters was the same as last year, with one exception—the Pippo of Mlle. Angri—a decided improvement on that of Mademoiselle de Meric.

Ninetta, the first part in which Grisi obtained celebrity, is, perhaps, the best of her melodramatic impersonations. The great charm of this performance is its spontaneity. In the opening scenes, the keen enjoyment of existence, the offspring of an innocent heart and life unclouded by sorrow, is exquisitely painted; while its musical expression in the joyous *cavatina*, "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*," which flows from the lips of Grisi with a volume and richness of tone rarely united in a *soprano* voice, finds ample and powerful development. In the scene where Ninetta strives to protect her father from the jealous scrutiny of the amorous Podesta—in that of the accusation and arrest—in the trial and procession to the scaffold—and in the

last scene when the guiltlessness of the unfortunate servant girl is so unexpectedly established, the acting of Grisi has been apostrophised sufficiently often in befitting terms of homage. Never, perhaps, did this admirable artist more entirely merit the praises that have been lavished on her than on Saturday night, when, with the zeal and energy which invariably distinguish her, she exerted all her strength to please and satisfy the audience, obtaining her well-merited reward in plaudits as genuine as they were frequent and unanimous. Ronconi's Podesta has been justly pronounced a masterpiece. The fun and humour of the first act, which though occasionally bordering on extravagance never quite attain it, are not more to be admired, as traits of comic power, than the serpent-like cunning and eager restlessness of the trial scene, where the wicked magistrate in using all his wiles to obtain the condemnation of his unhappy victim, discovers the blackness of his soul, and exposes himself to hatred and contempt in lieu of simple ridicule, are to be commended as subtle demonstrations of dramatic art, showing the actor's deep insight into the hidden springs of human nature. The first act of Ronconi's Podesta has perhaps been equalled in the element of provoking merriment, but the elaborate rascality of the last, indicated in every movement of the face and body, embodies Ronconi's special view of the character, and stamps it, in his hands, a thoroughly original conception. Quite as fine in its way is the Fernando of Tamburini, which, as a picture of rough and honest sentiment, of a true and affectionate nature under a lean and shabby exterior, has not been equalled by any other actor. In such parts the successor of Tamburini has yet to be met with. The music, moreover, is well suited to his particular style of execution; and the prominent features, such as the trio "Oh Nume benefico," the *finale* to the first act, the air "O colpo impensato," the trial scene, &c., were given with unabated vigour and excellence. Mario's Giannetto was perfect. As a piece of homely and unaffected acting this assumption may be placed among the most successful efforts of the great tenor, whose voice, by the way, in the *aria d'entrata*, "Vieni fra queste braccia," evinced agreeable signs of restoration to its native force and beauty. Mademoiselle Angri, in Pippo, was as genial and hearty as could have been desired; and nothing could be more spirited than her delivery of the lively bacchanalian air, "Tocchiamo, beviamo," or more careful and effective than her singing in the duet of the prison scene with Ninetta. The small parts of Fabrizio, Giorgio, and Lucia were ably sustained by Tagliafico, Polonini, and Madlle. Cotti; and Signor Soldi was sufficiently grotesque as Isacco, the pedlar, although his singing would have gained by a slight increase of vivacity. By the way, this gentleman and Polonini were eminently useful in the cast, each playing a couple of characters; the former doubled Isacco and the gaoler, the latter Giorgio and the Mayor—which all but ubiquity was rendered practicable by certain peculiarities of costume, that abetted rapidity of transformation.

The general execution (excepting in the trial scene, where the chorus were occasionally at odds and ends) was excellent. The overture, superbly performed, under Mr. Costa's direction, was unanimously encored.

On Monday, an extra night, included in the subscription, was given, when the *Puritani* was performed.

Don Giovanni was repeated on Tuesday, Madame Viardot playing Donna Anna. Madame Viardot was not in her best voice, and if she were we should have infinitely preferred Grisi, whose Donna Anna is one of her most powerful impersonations. The opera passed off well, although the house was by no means overcrowded.

On Thursday the *Prophete* was given, when Her Ma-

jesty and Prince Albert attended. The house was very full.

To-night the long talked of *Saffo* will be produced. The management, we are assured, has spared neither pains, nor expense in putting this *chef d'œuvre* of the composer on the stage in a style of efficiency and completeness; and Madame Viardot has spared no pains in procuring for it an adequate number of rehearsals—more than has been accorded to any work of Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, or Auber. We shall, therefore, look for a perfect performance in M. Gounod's *Saffo*, a work which, from the extreme care and attention paid to it, would appear to be of more vital importance than any that has yet taken its stand in the repertory of the Royal Italian Opera.

ALBONI'S FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

(From the Times.)

IN her representation of Mario, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*—a complete "character-part," in the language of the English theatres—Mademoiselle Alboni, who performed it for the first time last night, has given what may be called a new reading. She has not the pastoral prettiness and simplicity of Jenny Lind, nor does she subdue the character like Madame Sontag, but she exhibits the *vivandiere* with a jocund truthfulness which has the pleasantest effect imaginable. The dress is her own. She does not attenuate the ankles of Maria in little fanciful boots, such as sylphides, when they become earthly, love to wear, but she puts on good substantial military trousers, and assumes an air of general robustness. Her delicious voice rolls through the lively melodies with which the opera abounds, and when she sings with her chorus of "fathers," every look and gesture is overflowing with unsophisticated happiness. The daughter of the regiment, she doats on her numerous parents, she loves the drum she beats, she lives in an atmosphere of enjoyment. When the dreadful fine lady snatches her away from her old comrades, and teaches her to sing the formal song, which has been composed only to be abhorred, many expected to see her use a little more spitefulness,—a little more hatred of the dull *aria* as a contrast to the affection for the dear "rataplan," but good humour seems to be inherent in the nature of Marietta Alboni, and do what she will, she cannot get into a bad temper. In all her joys, and in all her griefs—and these are very prettily represented both by voice and manner when she gives a parting embrace to her old friends—in all her emotions she is well supported by Frederick Lablache, who represents Sergeant Sulpizio, with becoming formality and engaging *bonhomie*.

Reviews of Music.

"THE TWIN POLKAS,"—WALTER CECIL MACFARREN. Wessel & Co.

Both exceedingly melodious, exceedingly rhythmical, and exceedingly well written. For "twins," however, they do not bear much resemblance to each other, and on the whole we prefer Marie, in C flat, to her sister, Julie, in A flat. These polkas may be recommended as useful and agreeable teaching-pieces, though not altogether of the easiest.

"LA COQUETTE,"—VALSE BRILLANTE.—IGNACE GIBSONE. John Campbell.

Mr. Gibson is not only a clever musician and an excellent pianist, but his compositions evince both fancy and finish. The "Coquette" is a very neat and graceful specimen of his talent. Without being at all difficult it is showy and brilliant. The themes are both good, and the whole is put together in a skilful manner.

We can recommend it at once as a skilful teaching piece, and an elegant *morceau de salon*.

"THE ISABELLA POLKA."—By P. EZEKIEL. H. White.

A lively polka which is likely to rival in popularity the "Honey-moon Polka."

"THE BRIDAL MOON"—BALLAD—Written by HARVEY SHELTON, Esq.—Composed by VAL. MORRIS. John Campbell.

A pleasing ballad in the sentimental style, the opening phrase of which bears somewhat too close a resemblance to a well-known melody in *Norma*.

"LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO"—FANTASIA BRILLANTE, OP. 5.—THE EARL OF BELFAST. Cramer, Beale & Co.

A brilliant series of variations, preceded by a short *intrada*, on the popular air, "Ciascun lo dice," from Donizetti's opera, requiring great command of the instrument, but with a sufficiency of elegant passages to recompense the player for the pains he may bestow in accomplishing them. Lord Belfast is one of the most accomplished of our amateurs, but his music is very difficult.

"AS I SAW FAIR FLORA"—GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.—HENRY TOLHURST. C. Jefferys.

A specimen of vocal harmony, in four parts, highly creditable to the taste and musicianship of the composer, who has skilfully caught the tone of our ancient madrigal writers. We can recommend this composition as a pleasant and useful addition to the library of every English Glee Society. The only solo is for the bass voice, and this, though difficult, is effective.

PRIZE GLEE.—"AS A GARLAND ONCE I MADE," G. W. MARTIN R. Addison & Co.

This glee gained the second of three prizes given at the Glee Club, April 28th, 1849. It is therefore, of course, to be judged respectfully. But without having the opportunity of inspecting those glees to which the prize was not awarded, we cannot undertake to offer an opinion as to whether it merited the distinction conferred upon it. It is written for four voices in the key of C, but the harmony and melody are both devoid of that freedom of motion which is essential to pure vocal effect. Mr. Martin's chief object seems to have been to have avoided certain progressions forbidden by the laws of harmony, and he has succeeded, though not without the result of a limping rhythm, forced passages of unison, and occasional baldness in the disposition of the harmony, to which the Macassar oil of careful reconsideration might be applied with advantage. The great philosopher Bacon hath pronounced, "Pilosity to be incident to the orifices of moisture," and the scattered hairs of harmony, so rarely strewn throughout Mr. Martin's glee, may be accepted as an emblem of the dryness of his page.

"HASTE YE SOFT GALES,"—Glee, G. W. MARTIN. Robert Cocks & Co.

This is a better glee than the prize glee, but still open to criticism on the same grounds. Let Mr. Martin take more pains and we are sure he will do better.

"AS THE STREAM THAT SHINETH BRIGHT." MADRIGAL. G. W. MARTIN—Robert Cocks and Co.

The Madrigal is shorter, more melodious, and consequently more pleasing than the glees of Mr. Martin. The only fault we have to signalise is the monotony which must always arise from excess of closes, half and whole, especially repetitions of similar closes in similar keys which fatigue the ear.

"DANCE RECOLLECTIONS"—Caprice for the Pianoforte, introducing "Les Rats Quadrille," "Trab, Trab," "Dernier Valse de Weber," "Sturm Marsch Galop," "Schottish Polka," and "Indiana Waltz." Arranged by J. R. LING.—J. Williams.

The Dance Recollections of Mr. J. R. Ling form a sufficiently agreeable Caprice, the themes being of themselves not only popular but attractive, and well contrasted, the whole being arranged in the usual skilful and effective manner of the composer.

"SPEAK GENTLY"—W. T. WRIGHTON—Charles and Robert Ollivier.

To speak gently of this composition, it offers no especial point for criticism.

"PERSIAN LOVE SONG, 'HASTE, LEILA, HASTE, THE NIGHT WINDS SIGH'—AMELIA EDWARDS. Ewer and Company.

We presume that Miss Amelia Edwards is an amateur, and we therefore are not disposed to discuss with critical severity the merit of the Persian love song, which, however, may be praised for its liveliness.

"SECOND NOCTURNE"—ADRIEN TALEXY. Jullien.

What we adduced in our last *in re* nocturnes, may be re-perused in considering the present offering of M. Adrien Talexys at the shrine of popularity in D flat, with all the customary modulations and transitions, not forgetting the approved enharmonic change from D flat to A, &c. *Seulement*, we are unable to accord the same amount of praise for ingenuity and taste to the present nocturne of M. Talexys, as last week we had the pleasure of awarding to Mr. Jarrett's example.

"THE BEDFORDSHIRE WALTZES." Jullien and Co.

A pretty set of waltzes, beginning in E flat and ending in A flat, nicely written, not very difficult, nor very original, but acceptable as agreeable bagatelles.

"THE FAIRY WATCHER"—Song, Written by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq.—Composed by EDMUND B. HARPER. Charles and Robert Ollivier.

Does the composer of this pretty and well written ballad, in A flat, know a song by the late Charles Horn, entitled "A Moorish Maid?" If not, we recommend it to his inspection, in order that he may compare the phrase on the words, "Lullaby, sweet lullaby," with the burden of Mr. Horn's song. As far as criticism goes, we have no fault to find with Mr. Harper's music, which exhibits both taste and good feeling for harmony.

"FOUR AIRES DE BALLET FROM LE PROPHETE.—J. HERZ.—T. Chappell.

The sparkling and brilliant ballet music of the *Prophete* carefully reduced for the pianoforte, and made into exceedingly showy and effective teaching pieces. We can strongly recommend them.

"BLEST IS THE MEMORY OF THE PAST."—A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE MAJESTY, THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—J. M. WEBB.—Webb's Royal Music Saloon.

But for a passage beginning at bar three, in the bottom line of page two, and ending at the top line page three, which involves a superfluous repetition of the dominant half close, this song, which is very well written, might be taken for one of the canzonets of Haydn. Exhibiting, as this does, so much care and such an evident anxiety to attain finish, merits praise, and we have the greatest pleasure in recommending Mr. Webb's song to our musical readers.

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WENT UP IN A BASKET."
BALLAD.—WORDS BY MORTON.—ROBERT GUYLOTT.—Webb's
Royal Music Saloon.

Being composed by Mr. Guylott this is not the old air, but it is quite as good in its way. The first verse of the old song is retained," and Mr. Morton has added some fanciful and modern-fangled couplets to make up three more verses.

Miscellaneous.

M. PANOF, the eminent professor, a talented composer, has left London for Paris.

M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN, the popular vocalist, has left London for the Continent on an artistic tour. He proceeds in company with Ernst to Bale, Zurich, St. Gall, Lucerne, Neufchatel, Lausanne, and Geneva, where the great violinist intends to give concerts. Afterwards, M. Stockhausen proceeds to Vienna, where he is engaged to sing at the "Bach Gesellschaft." M. Jules Stockhausen will return to London next season.

MESSRS. H. & R. BLAGROVE gave their fifth quartett and solo concert at the Concert Rooms, Mortimer Street, on Friday morning, the 31st ult. Spohr's double quartett, in E flat, No. 4, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, was most efficiently executed by Messrs. H. Blagrove, W. Blagrove, Watson, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Westlake, W. F. Reed, and G. Calkin. Miss Poole sang Haydn's Canzanot, "The Mermaid," lightly and trippingly, and Spohr's song, from *Azor and Zemira*, "Rose softly blooming," in her best style, and was received with the warmest applause. Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton's fantasia on the harp on Temas, by Mendelssohn—a capital *pot-pourri*, by the way—was a brilliant and sound performance. Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata for the violin and pianoforte, was delightfully executed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. H. Blagrove, both executants entering fully into the spirit of the composer, and giving the true reading. Miss Arabella Goddard's performance was admirable, and was distinguished by great precision and firmness, as well as delicacy of touch. The youthful and charming artist, who bids fair to take a position among the highest in her profession, was repeatedly and continuously applauded throughout the sonata, and created quite a sensation. Seldom has an artist commenced her career with so promising a future before her as Miss Arabella Goddard. Let only her motto be, "Labour not vain," and a brilliant *avenir* must be hoarded up for her in the cupboard of the destinies. Miss Goddard was excellently supported by Mr. H. Blagrove, whose fine broad and even style is never more thoroughly evidenced than in the interpretation of the classic authors. Mr. R. Blagrove gave Regondi's fantasia on airs from *La Favorita*, on the concertina, very effectively. Mr. H. Blagrove in his impromptus ("Inconstancy"—"Innocence"—and "Lamentation and Rejoicing") rendered the illustrations of the varied feelings with considerable effect. He was loudly applauded at the end. Mendelssohn's quartett, in A major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, concluded the concert, which afforded evident satisfaction to a full audience. Messrs. Charles Salaman, and W. H. Holmes were the accompanists, and presided at the pianoforte with their accustomed ability. The sixth and last concert of the series is announced as an evening performance for Friday week.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—Miss Letitia Pitt gave a concert at the above locale on Tuesday evening, under the patronage of six distinguished names. The vocalists were Mrs. Alex. Newton, Miss Dolby, Miss Leslie, Miss Letitia Pitt, Miss E. Pitt, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Mr. Henry Pitt, Signor Montelli, and Sig. Marchesi. Seldom have an audience expressed so much delight with an entertainment; nearly everything was encored—first, Mr. Henry Pitt was called upon to repeat Balfe's serenade, "Look forth, my fairest" (great applause);

then Mr. Bridge Frodsham was bessed in a very charming ballad of Mr. Clement White's, in manuscript we believe (vociferous demonstration); then Signor Marchesi was moved to give a second time Mozart's "Qui Sdegno;" after which Miss Letitia Pitt was encored in Linley's song, "Come when the morn is breaking," and Miss Dolby in a MS. song by Duggan, "the Rose of Gauntlett;" and Mr. Bridge Frodsham and Mrs. Alexander Newton in Donizetti's "Da quel di che" (not accepted); and Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Letitia Pitt, and Miss Dolby in Campagna's barcarola, "Voga, voga, O marinaro;" and Signor Marchesi in the eternal "Nello Poppo del mio Brick;" and Miss Dolby again in Paucefote Esquire's ballad, "I would be with thee;" and Signor Montelli in "Il Bacio;" and Miss Letitia Pitt again, in the romanza, "Del non voler," from *Anna Bolena*; and Mrs. Alexander Newton, again, in Farmer's ballad, "I'll follow thee," which the lady, who was near worn out with her exertions, had the good sense to persist in refusing, and so the audience felt themselves gently rebuked, and refrained from shouting at the last two pieces. M. Schimon was the conductor, and carriages were ordered at eleven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. D.—The English version of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" may be had at Boosey & Co.'s, Holles-street. We do not think the other operas can be had in English. Try Addison or Cramer.—Edward Loder's Bass Song, "The Old House on the Rhine," written expressly for Herr Formes, would, we think, do. It is published by Williams, Cheapside.

MUSICUS.—1st query, "Box and Cox;" 2nd query, Between two and three years; but much depends on constitution.

THE NEW DISCOVERY OF HARMONY is received, and will be reviewed next week.

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" 6. "Lullaby."	" 12. "The Evening Bells."

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Oliviero	Signor GARDONI.
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SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.

It is respectfully announced that, in compliance with the generally expressed desire a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT will be given on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1851,

In lieu of the last Tuesday of the Subscription (viz., September 2nd); all Ivories and Tickets therefore for that Evening will be available for WEDNESDAY, August 13th, when will be presented Donizetti's Opera,

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

Maria	Madlle. ALBONI.
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LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.

SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT—MONDAY, AUGUST 11.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE OF LES HUGUENOTS.

GRISI, CASTELLAN, TAMBURINI, FORMES, MARIO, TAGLIAFICO.

IN compliance with the general wish of the Subscribers, a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT will be given on MONDAY, August 11, in lieu of Saturday, Sept. 6. Ivories and Tickets, therefore, for Saturday, September 6, will be available for Monday, August 11, on which occasion will be performed, for the last time but one this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS,

Principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Mlle. Angri, Mlle. Cotti, Herr Formes, Signor Tamburini, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polinini, Signor Rommi, Signor Mei, Signor Soldi, and Signor Mario.

Second Night of Saffo. On TUESDAY NEXT, August 12, will be performed, for the second time, the New Grand Opera,

SAFFO.

The poem by M. Augier, the music by M. Gounod.

Saffo,	Madame VIARDOT.
Glicera,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Pitria,	Signor TAMBURINI.
Alceo,	Signor MARALTI.

(His Second appearance this season.)

Il Gran Sacerdote,	Signor ROMMI.
Eraldi,	Signor SOLDI and Signor POLONINI.

And

Taone,	Signor TAMBERLIK.
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Chorus of Priests, Gladiators, Conspirators, People, &c., &c.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.—NORMA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, AUGUST 14th, a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given. The performances will commence with the first Act of

NORMA.

To which will be added for the fifth time, Mozart's celebrated work,

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

The complete Opera. The whole embracing nearly all the principal Artists of the Theatre, viz., Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Viardot; Signor Tamberlik, Signor Ronconi, Herr Formes, Signor Mario, &c., &c.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Commence at Eight. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets for Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday, to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music sellers.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, AUGUST 15, will be performed Mendelssohn's Oratorio, St. PAUL, as an additional Subscription Concert. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Whitehouse, and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets, 3s.; Reserved, 6s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

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No. 33.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

SAPPHO.

The question of a year has been decided in a night. *Sappho* was presented at Covent Garden on Saturday, under the new title of *Saffo*. Change of name did not involve change of nature. *Saffo* remained *Sappho* to all intents and purposes. The difference was between the Paris and London audiences. At the Royal Italian Opera there is no organised *claque*; at the Theatre de la Nation there is a close phalanx of four rows in the centre of the *parterre*. The close phalanx of four rows in the centre of the *parterre* helped *Sappho* to a few nights of lingering existence, which *Saffo* in London may look for in vain, since our theatres (*Dieu merci!*) enjoy no such artificial means of prolonging life. In Paris the mock-enthusiasm of the "middle rows" may for a space light up the eye-holes of a *caput mortuum*; in London the skeleton falls prostrate, like the head of Ozymandias, not the ghost of a torch to illumine its forehead with an evanescent flash. As the effigy in stone of him who said,

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,"

now reposes on the strand—legs erect, yet trunkless, its shattered visage buried in the sands, a mutilated emblem of mortality—so *Saffo*, headless and recumbent, shall sleep in the desert of oblivion, now henceforward, and for ever—the semipiternal memory of a sham.

"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains."

It was a chivalrous notion of our excellent friend, M. Augier—who has immortalised himself in the simple prattle of a child (*Gabrielle*)—to exalt the character of Sappho. Sappho was renowned for her beauty, and her poetic fire; but Sappho was not renowned for her purity. M. Augier, however, has cleaned her of all earthliness, and placed her on the modern boards, a vestal; burning with a holy flame. Phaon, too, a boatman, who rowed the goddess Venus across the sea—when, disguised in the wrinkles of age, the Paphian deity was bound on a mission into Asia—and who received as his guerdon a cosmetic, with which having rubbed himself, he became as comely as erst he was unlovely, rises from the pen and ink of the French poet, a sort of hybrid Pollio, still duller and more insipid than that dullest and most insipid of proconsuls. Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, stirred up for the occasion into a tyrannical despot behind the scenes, is made the bugbear of the story. A drivelling idiot, Pythias, always amorous and always drunk, and Gly-

cere, a jealous wanton, are the lock and key that open the door to the intrigue, by means whereof Phaon is banished from his country, and Sappho precipitated from a rock—a rock which the ready Mr. Grieve, well versed in classical lore, has boldly entitled Leucas. The other personage, Alceus the poet, Sappho's lover—metamorphosed into her rival by M. Augier—is the key-stone of the conspiracy against Pittacus, wherein Phaon is concerned, which Pythias discloses to Glycere, and Glycere employs adroitly enough to gratify her passion for Phaon, and consummate her revenge upon Sappho—Sappho, who, perforce of eloquence, had robbed her of the loose affections of the boatman. These are the materials which M. Augier has worked up into three dreary acts, each in itself sufficient to stretch the public mouth into a yawn.

The day is surely over when such a subject as Sappho could interest, either in a drama or an opera. Perhaps, however, if a great poet took it in hand, for Rachel; something might be made of it; but no other than that incomparable artist, who elevates whatever she approaches, could endow the personage of the Greek lyrist with reality, and make her pass current for solid flesh and circling blood. It was, therefore, a grave mistake on the part of M. Augier, M. Gounod, and all concerned in the matter, to select such a theme for an opera in three acts. Moreover, M. Augier has not done his task cleverly. We could pardon his violations of history and tradition, if they were productive of good effect; but nothing can be more vapid, cold, and spiritless than the conspiracy which is the pivot of the action. Some of the incidents are absolutely silly. Take, for example, the manner in which the plot is discovered. The conspirators cast dice for the honourable position of Pittacus' assassin. The chance falls to Phaon, who, with the others, signs a manifesto, which Phaon confides to Pythias—because he is the richest—to "have it well copied by two faithful slaves." Pythias, inflamed with wine, and desirous of seducing Glycere to his will, confides the secret and the scroll to her keeping. Can anything be more absurd? The conspirators must have been either intoxicated or beside themselves to make so light of a document so precious. Phaon's position in the second act is ludicrous. At the instigation of Glycere, who holds the fate of the Mytelenean in her keeping, Sappho is compelled to declare falsely that her love for Phaon is extinct; whereupon, as soon as the words are uttered, Phaon, who must needs have a *compagnon de voyage*, in his banishment,

turns round coolly to Glycere, and proposes that she shall go with him instead! Oh! Emile Augier—Oh! Gabrielle!—Oh! Phaon!—Oh! Columns!

To conclude abruptly—the libretto of *Sapho* offers some good situations for musical colouring, but is tedious, unnatural, and void of dramatic interest. It is M. Augier's first failure; let us hope it may be his last.

Of M. Gounod we would rather say nothing; but duty forces us to the unpleasant task of condemning the music of *Sapho* without reserve. A work more full of pretension and more empty of merit we never heard. We confess ourselves wholly at a loss to account for the admiration of those who announced it beforehand as something *hors ligne*, as an inspiration of the highest genius and originality. We can find nothing in it whatever but a series of incoherent passages and clumsy experiments. Here and there a bit of melody, broken on the wheel of fantastic conceit, and here and there a pretty, occasionally a novel, effect in the orchestral accompaniments, and we have named all that intense curiosity and a zealous search for beauties enabled us to pick out from the waste of weeds and rubbish that constitutes the garden of M. Gounod's muse. The verdict of two audiences (on Saturday and Tuesday), delivered in silent indifference, absolves us, however, from further protest against a mistake which is now, as the French say, *constaté*, beyond further dispute. We shall never forget the dullness that folded the house in its embraces on Saturday night. Almost every one appeared to be dozing; till at the end the audience dispersed in mute unsociability, without exchanging comment or remark, like a party of somnambulists, with rigid mien, and eyeballs fixed, marching unconsciously towards some unknown goal.

Jam satis! Henceforth let not our prophecies be questioned. We are never wrong. Why should we be? Clad in the armour of faith, we brandish the spear of truth, and hold up the shield of conviction. None can hurt us. Nor do we desire to hurt others; but with the best good-will we take leave of M. Gounod, sincerely hoping that his second opera may deserve and obtain a more favourable reception than *Sapho* in Paris, and *Saffo* in London. *Vivat Regina!*

Reviews of Music.

"DIE LANDESHAFT,"—IMPROMPTU—HENRY WYLD. R. Mills.

An exceedingly well-written and sparkling *etude* in E, displaying both good musicianship and taste. As an useful exercise, *pour delier les doigts* (unbind the fingers), we can strongly recommend it; equally so as a short, agreeable, and sensible piece of music.

"LE MANCENILLIER,"—SKEINADÉ POUR LE PIANO—L. M. GOTTSCHALK. Schott & Co.

If there were as much variety in the style of this piece as in the marks and indications of expression, there would be considerable variety in this piece. This piece, professing to represent the "Mancenillier,"—a tree, or a gum—must be regarded in the light

of a piece representing a tree or a gum—so to speak, the *tree of a tree*. The style of this piece is monotonous, and we think a more appropriate title would be "Mandragora." This piece is in G sharp minor, and no mistake; although it diverges enharmonically at divers reprises into A flat major, which is dedicated to Madame Mennechet de Barival, by the author, who is from Louisiana, and must have been in a melancholy mood when he wrote this piece. What feelings a man may experience sitting in summer beneath the shade of a "Mancenillier," supposing it be large enough to sit under in summer, this piece may possibly indicate. For our own parts, we find this piece lugubrious, and are therefore loth to recommend it as a diversion for ordinary occasions, whatever we might feel inclined to do for extraordinary occasions. This piece is one of many musical illustrations of trees and gums indigenous to the slave states, but we cannot pronounce it a lively specimen of its composers.

"THE LEONORA WALTZES"—DEDICATED TO THE BARONESS REHAUSEN—G. A. DURLACHER. Charles Ollivier.

A lively, and agreeable, and useful set of waltzes, in the usual form of introduction and coda. There is rather too much similarity between the two first figures, but the others are well contrasted, and the coda is spirited and effective.

"THE MOUNTAIN ECHO"—"THE SONG OF THE ALPINE HUNTER"—WORDS BY FREDERICK MORTON—MUSIC BY ROBERT GUYLOTT. Webb's Music Saloon.

The only characteristic of Mr. Guylott's song is vivacity, but in his vivacity the composer should have endeavoured to steer clear of the *chœur de chasse* in *Guillaume Tell*, to which the tune bears too strong a resemblance to be purely accidental.

"SEVENTH CONCERTO FOR THE VIOLIN,"—CH. DE BÉRIOT. Schott and Co.

Any contribution from the pen of M. de Beriot, the head and front of the Great Belgian School of the violin, must be acceptable to the professors and amateurs of the king of instruments. The seventh concerto of M. de Beriot is not a concerto properly speaking, but, properly speaking, a concertino. The first movement, in G major, does not come to a close, but conducts by a half-close into the second, a kind of romanza in B minor, *andante tranquillo*, which, in its turn, refuses to come to a full close, but by a mixed close conducts to the last movement, a rondo in G major, the original key. Each of the movements is good of its kind. The themes are broad, melodious, and well opposed, either to other; the plan clear, simple, and musicianlike; the accompaniments rich and satisfactory, though perfectly unelaborate; and the whole bears the indelible stamp of the master. As in all the compositions of M. de Beriot, the evidences of a great school are apparent. The passages are remarkable for their brilliancy, fluency, and effect, and admirably adapted for study, or the display of proficient executancy. It is unnecessary for us to recommend the concerto, since the name of the composer will insure its reception wide and far.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Having now detailed every particular of the action of *Fidelio*, and examined minutely how this action is illustrated by the music, how not a point of character, not a demonstration of feeling, scarcely the expression of a single word is disregarded by the composer, we can with better justice to our subject, to our readers, and to ourselves, than we could have done at the commencement of these papers, before we had furnished matter for reference in our remarks on the plot of the opera of Beethoven's musical interpretation of it, and made our readers familiar with the same, enter into an analysis of the several overtures which, with different intentions and with different success, all most powerfully indicate the story and the principal characters in it, and thus each would appropriately preface the work.

The four overtures to this opera form at once a most valuable study to the musician, and a highly interesting example both of the gradual development of some of Beethoven's loftiest thoughts, and of his excessive care in perfecting their arrangement. They furnish also a striking proof of the high esteem in which our composer must have held his opera, since we may well suppose that had he not been fully satisfied with it as a whole, he would not have rejected so many truly beautiful ideas, and spent so much pains in writing and rewriting to complete an overture that should content him as the finishing stroke of so important a work.

Schindler, the biographer of our great master, indulges himself in a certain amount of twaddlesome gossip that purports to be a history of these four compositions; but his account is so distinctly marked with all the characteristic of irreality that nothing less than a condition of the most unfledged amateurship with the disposition to seek wonders in everything, and to create where it fails to discover them, and to worship with credulous idolatry, indifferent whether it have found or created—nothing short of such a condition could render one capable of receiving this account with any degree of attention, much less of respect. Beethoven's inadequate historian tells us, that the first overture, when privately rehearsed at the house of Prince Lichnowsky, was found to be too light for the subject—that the second was found to be too difficult for wind instruments—that the third was found to be too difficult for string instruments (whence we are to infer that the composer had gained so little by his long experience as to leave him, after the production of four symphonies, and many other works of magnitude, ignorant of the various capabilities of the several instruments in the orchestra)—and that the fourth, which is, whatever be its merits, certainly the least strikingly characteristic, or, as the favourite phrase is, descriptive of the persons and incidents of the opera, was found to strike the fortunate balance between levity and elaboration. That Beethoven may have had a private trial of his first overture, and have been discontented with its effect, or dissatisfied as to its fitness for the subject, is likely enough from the fact of his having composed a second; but the story of the too great lightness of this first composition is sufficiently disproved by the much greater lightness in the character of all the subjects, and in the general effect of the fourth, which, it is pretended, so happily attains the standard of gravity, as, on this account, to supersede the other productions. The story of the too great difficulty for wind instruments in the second overture is disproved by the greater difficulty of many passages in the third than of any in the previous production. That of the too great difficulty for string instruments in the third overture is disproved by the equal difficulty in the fourth; and both these last stories are rendered absurd by a comparison of the overtures with the rest of the opera, when they will be found to present no particular difficulty that is not quite in keeping with the general style of writing for all the instruments throughout the work. The internal evidence of the compositions themselves suggests this conjecture of their probable history, namely, that Beethoven felt his brain to be pregnant with a more extensive, a more elaborate, and in all respects a grander illustration of what must have been a heart's favourite subject with him, than was fulfilled in the first overture, which we are much disposed to regard, from the smallness of the score, from the abruptness of the conclusion, and from other indications of haste in the plan, and in the instrumentation, as a purely experimental work, written hastily to take advantage of some particular occasion when some opportunity offered for its private trial and judgment—that this more extensive, more elaborate, and grander illustration of his subject was embodied in the second overture, but that the ideas which this overture comprised were still immature, the embodiment was not yet ripe, and their production, in fact, served but as a sketch for that which followed it;—that the third overture realised the utmost of the composer's intentions that were unfulfilled in the second, which we trace entirely in its remodelled and greatly modified form; but we trace it as we do the infant in the man, the first conception in the perfect execution; and lastly, that this great overture in C having been found to exceed the necessary limits and proportions, and to fail in some of the requisite essentials of a theatrical overture, Beethoven, in a fit of disgust, or of what, in a less pre-eminently great man, would be called fretful peevishness, resolved, for the reproduction

of his opera, under its new title of *Fidelio*, to write a fourth overture, that should differ from the other three in every possible particular (even in the key, which in those first three is the same), and to level his thoughts with the exigencies of his occasion; and we have here the interesting advantage of a treatment of the subject so different from all that he had previously produced, as if it had proceeded from another composer; and in this treatment of the subject, and the entirely new aspect under which himself must have considered it, and which was necessary to the production of so distinctly separate a composition, he was doubtless favoured by the lapse of time that passed between the production of this and the first three overtures, which were doubtless written under one feeling and at one period. Let us see whether an analysis of the several compositions supports this hypothesis; begging that, if we appear somewhat fantastic in our guesses at the possible meaning of the composer, we may be understood rather as wishing to indicate where a meaning is to be seen than as presumptuously, much less positively, offering our rendering of it as the true one.

The first overture, according to the unexceptionable precedent of Mozart, is in the same key as the last finale—a precedent of which we find ourselves to be involuntary admirers, since, to our feeling, there is about a work, whether longer or shorter, which is so constructed, an air of completeness that is greatly wanting in a composition that commences in one key and ends in another; an air of completeness that seems to bind the whole together as a whole, instead of leaving its several portions as so many separate, self-complete pieces, which, without such a chain of connection, they must always, to a certain extent, appear.

This overture commences with an introductory andante that is obviously intended to be entirely descriptive; and though as descriptive music we find in it very great interest, as music apart from description we find in it but little attraction. The sustained unison, on the dominant, suggests the vague feeling of lonely hopelessness in which we may suppose Leonore, the young, the passionate, the all-devoted wife, when Florestan, also young, and noble, and chivalrous—the husband of her heart—has by some unknown power been snatched from her. She is ignorant of his destiny; the only thing that supports her in her solitary misery is an indefinite feeling that he may, that he must live, and that Pizarro, whom he has disgraced, may be a clue to his discovery. The mysterious passages for the violins alone suggests her looking abroad into the wide, the vacant world vainly for redress, vainly for consolation, and her being thrust back upon herself, in whom she finds the only representative of her absent husband lover, to assure her of his faith, his love, and to stimulate her to endurance in honour of his memory. So, the second long-sustained dominant note, with now an increased number of instruments; then is a portion of the violin passage resumed, but now with full harmony; and this to us denotes a purpose formed. The repetition of this phrase in another key by wind-instruments suggests the confirmation of a resolution, and the extended series of scales and arpeggios divided between the string-instruments, and interspersed with short plaintive phrases for wind-instruments, may well be meant to depict her entering with that worst kind of despair, the nullity of hope, upon her arduous and anxious search for her beloved, and the pangs of anguish to which this subjects her. We may then suppose, in the scale of C, where all the string-instruments join in unison, an expected approach to the object of her heart's longing—the passage in which the first violins, in alternation with the other instruments, forms a kind of inverted pedal over a harmony that very unsatisfactorily wanders between the keys of C minor, and B flat, and E flat (which is, indeed, according to our judgment, a beautiful thought ill expressed)—this passage, we conjecture, may signify the quick and strong pulsations of her dilating bosom as she still expects that she reaches nearer and nearer to the attainment of her one great, loving desire; and here the break in the motion, the stop upon the A flat for the sad passage in single notes and in slower measure, represents her turning away from a disappointment choked with a sorrow that she may not, dare not, utter. The short phrase of melody in C minor suggests to us Leonore again alone, hopeless, powerless, with an almost breaking heart. The unisonous passage of triplets that breaks out of this suggests her indignation at her own despair, which now assumes the cha-

racter of recklessness in place of hopelessness, of caring for nothing in place of expecting nothing. The passage which brings us to the half close on G, with the triplet arpeggios for the violoncellos, suggests to us her appealing to her own presentiments with the fruitless question, "Oh, whither?" And now we may imagine that she arrives for the first time at the prison, and her presentiment—or, if you will, the almost supernatural power of magnetism that chains her to the spot—answers the inquiry of her vague desires, "Rest here."

The dominant passage that introduces the allegro, and indeed continues for the first sixteen bars of this movement, suggests once more the eager impatience of an almost fulfilled desire; but now the forcible throbbings of the anxious heart come from a more healthful impulse than before; we now feel that there is true, fervent expectation, confident though perhaps groundless, whereas then, although we could find no other word to express it, we had more the feeling of that hectic offspring of desire which assumes the lustrous freshness of expectance, though in truth it be but a morbid wish, having not even the transient, or, at best, the fragile vigour of a fondled hope. Now we have the irresistible impulse, the "innere Triebe" of Leonore's aria with all its force in the very exciting subject in C major; another dominant passage denotes the confirmed expectation that strengthens the impulse, and the impulse, urging our heroine to more and more endurance, is expressed in the resumption of the subject. A vigorous, continuous, and always melodious prolongation of this subject brings us to D as the dominant of G, and here immediately commences the second subject, or, to speak better in the present instance, that series of phrases which constitutes the dominant portion of the movement. The digression from the key of the dominant which takes place in the course of this is worthy examination; it is striking though by no means singular, having precedent in Mozart and in earlier works of Beethoven himself; it consists of a natural transition through G minor into B flat, which last is made to take considerable importance, and a gradual return to the starting place of G major, and this is so arranged as to have all the startling effect of entire novelty and to form a happy relief from the else very long prevalence of the key of G minor, without in the least taking the character of an extraneous, unnatural, or irrelevant modulation. The opening phrase of this dominant subject, or, we should describe it better as the first of this series of subjects, is an unrestrained, and spontaneous, and truly beautiful outpouring of passionate expression; it indicates a lofty and a great enthusiasm, and it can scarcely fail to excite one. The very exciting effect of the syncopated passage with which it opens, the change to the minor with a continuance of the same passage, the interruption of the cadence and the prolongation of the rhythm, by the repetition of a phrase in which the employment of the dominant ninth is conspicuously beautiful, and the rapturous effect of the transition to B flat major, are each a point to prompt a cry of admiration, and, unitedly, cannot fail to carry away with them the feelings of all whose hearts are open to the influence of this highest order of expression. All this depicts, not the sorrows, not the endurance, not the convulsive ebullition of hopes which are the parents of disappointment, but the love, the glowing, the devoted passion of the heroine, and depicts it with a truthful fervour that proves how almighty is the power of musical expression. The long unisonous passage commencing in B flat, and leading to an inversion of the dominant harmony of G minor, brings before us the evil principle, shows Leonore willlessly depressed by the presence of Pizarro, feeling intuitively that he influences her destiny, but having no more than an indistinct foreboding of what part he has fulfilled in the tragedy of her life. The bright effect of the reentry of the major key, the recurrence to a portion of the chief subject of the movement, the impassioned passage of syncopation that grows out of this in continuation, the increased intensity of this passage by means of its recommencement from an unusual and quite unexpected point, its prolongation by a bold and exciting passage in unison, the recurrence again to the opening subject and the gradual dying away of this, form a beautiful coda to the first part, and suggest the continuance of the metaphysical design of the overture, in a manner so striking that we think it can scarcely be mistaken. We have the triumph of Leonore's ever sustaining

impulse over every discouragement, over every trial, over every wavering weakness that characterises woman's nature; we have the exultation in anticipated success rising to the rapture of almost certainty, and we have again the impulse which has led her through so much, which will lead her through all, lulling the perturbations of her agitated heart with assuring encouragement; lastly we have her falling into the soft sleep of silent satisfaction, that satisfaction which is the child of resolution and the parent of confidence.

The two very unceremonious bars with pauses that take us at once without gradation, or without preparation into the key of E flat, have to us rather the appearance of being introduced for convenience, for the sake of bringing about the change of key, than for any effect, musical or descriptive, that they were to produce: and here it is we think it allowable to surmise that Beethoven may have designed, had he been content with the general effect of this overture, to have extended the plan, and to have introduced the elaborations of a second part in which he is so eminently successful, in the total absence of which the present composition forms an almost individual exception from the rest of his works. All we can devise of meaning in these two bars (the thought is somewhat whimsical, pray excuse it if it be irrelevant), all we can devise is a kind of scene-shifting, as though it should be said, "Enough of Leonore, there are other things to take our attention which she has occupied quite long enough for her share, and now we will proceed to Florestan in his dungeon:" and so like the changing the scenes in a theatre, or the leaving one set of characters in a most interesting crisis to return to another of which we have heard nothing for the last dozen of chapters in a novel, we find ourselves suddenly transported into an entirely new range of ideas, to which we must accommodate ourselves accordingly. We have now an adagio which is to be regarded as a kind of episode in the movement. This commences with the slow movement of Florestan's aria, where he laments that happiness has fled from him in the spring-days of his life. There is a curious effect of rhythm from the extension of the third bar of this melody into two which, as it is here done, to our appreciation much enforces the expression and enhances the purport of the phrase. This melody is repeated with a florid arpeggio accompaniment for the violins and violoncellos, but this time without the prolonged rhythm. A strange, dreamy thought, conveyed by iterated chords for wind instruments on the unaccented notes of the measure, expresses to us the prisoner trying to abstract himself from the consciousness of his sorrows, from the sense of his wrongs, from the feeling of his solitude, and finding beyond these nothing but an empty blank in the whole realm of thought; then we have in another key the first phrase of his song of complaint, then again the thought of wondering vacancy that leads to another reprisal of the first phrase of the melody in again another key, which indicates that however he may seek to fly it, however it may change its colour, the one, the constant, the ever-during regret will still be the uninterrupted companion of his lonesome cell. This time, however, the complaining phrase is prolonged, and, gradually extending itself into another current of thought, is lost at last in the happy idea of Leonore's passionate and faithful love; this is obviously suggested by the introduction of a prominent phrase of the second subject of the overture, and the almost imperceptible stealing in upon this of the dominant passage that opens the principal movement which now enters in the return to the allegro in the original key of C major, and the regular recapitulation of the first part.

The subjects are here brought much closer together than before; the first subject leads to the dominant harmony on G, instead of on D as at first, and so is brought in the second subject, Leonore's fanning with the wings of her desire the fire of her own most pure though ardent passion, in the original key of the movement with the digression, now through C minor into E flat. Then we find her again borne down by the magnetic influence of Pizarro's presence; but this striking and characteristic passage instead of leading, now, to a triumphant burst in the major key, conveying the thought of a proud defiance of such metaphysical influence over her mind, arising from the determination to subject all physical influences to the love-might of her will, instead of now leading to this, the passage may be said to wind away through a considerably

extended intricacy until it steals into the key of C major, where commences a coda differing entirely from that which closes the first part.

We have now a long crescendo formed on a phrase of the principal subject, repeated alternately on the time of the dominant harmony,—this must be Leonore's "innere Triebe," impelling her now to the last, the greatest of all her noble acts of true devotion and heroic love. The climax of this crescendo is a powerful passage for the whole orchestra, that must, undoubtedly, have been the germ of a passage on most of the same harmonies that forms a most important feature in the second overture, and, like all the good points of this composition, is introduced in the third. This indicates, of course, the ultimate success of our heroine's long and arduous search, and the passage from Florestan's aria where he sees an angel in the form of Leonore, given with the full force of the orchestra presents to us the rapturous ecstasies of his clasping her in his arms. After a pause on the dominant, which we may suppose a breathing place in the transport of the lovers' tumultuous delight, our old dominant passage triumphantly introduces once more the chief subject, as though Leonore should exclaim, "All is accomplished!" and this gradually dies away, as we may imagine she begins calmly and dispassionately to recount to her regained husband the long story of her many trials; and it dies and dies until it seems to melt into the oblivious dreaminess of a half-remembered tale, and then, as though the composer feared his audience might go to sleep with his tale, and, like Charles the Twelfth at the end of *Mazeppa*, prove to have had all the thrilling interest of the story and the beautiful poetry to boot thrown away upon them, we have four thumping chords of C for the whole orchestra that cry out most wordfully, "Wake up my friends, we are going to begin the opera," and thus abruptly, quaintly, and, we think, not quite satisfactorily, nor agreeably, the overture, and our comments on it, close together. G. A. M.

ALBONI'S MARIA.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

MDLLE. ALBONI's *Figlia del Reggimento* has so many charming points about it that we can afford to forgive its want of dramatic vividness. Mdlle. Alboni is one of that very small band of vocalists whom the town is content—nay, delighted—to hear, no matter under what circumstances. Her exquisite voice is always welcome, and we should be worse than ungrateful to cavil, after an evening of such very high gratification as any one of her appearances affords. The difficulty Alboni must have felt in dealing with the part of Maria is physical, and arises from a *specialité* with which it would be worse than ungenerous to quarrel. The overflowing good nature and *bonhomie* so palpably characteristic of the great artist interfere with the lights and shades of the character. Half petulant, half affectionate, and wholly impulsive, the *Daughter of the Regiment* is essentially a different person from the placid-looking lady who now takes the rôle in question. The self-willed child of the soldiery becomes in her hands far too amiable a being, whose wildest manifestation of temper is an occasional inclination to *bouder* when much crossed. And when the pet of the regiment is elevated into ladyhood, instead of struggling with her satin fetters, Alboni seems only to utter a quiet protest against being bored with them, and in the very singing lesson (constructed for the display of selfwill), she is too conscious of her powers to perform that, or anything else that may be required of her, to make any violent fuss about it. How, therefore, can we cite as a blemish what really ought to be considered a merit? And how, again, can anybody quarrel with the personation, when he comes fresh from the incessant gush of melody poured out by Alboni? Exquisitely facile and flowing, her

execution glitters with ornament, affixed in most artistic fashion. The whole performance is a triumph of vocalism, achieved by an organ of which it is impossible to speak with too fervent admiration. If Alboni do not add a leaf to her laurels by her *Figlia*, she certainly does not lose one.

MADemoiselle ANNA ZERR.

We copy the following from the letter of the Austrian correspondent of the *Times*, which appeared yesterday:—"Although my letter has attained an unusual length I cannot refrain from informing you of what happened to Miss Anna Zerr, the *prima donna*, on her arrival from London. She received orders from the Lord Chamberlain to return her diploma as Hofkammer Sangerinn (singer in the *petits appartements* of the Court), and, as a further proof of loss of favour, she will not be permitted to sing in the Imperial Opera-house during the year, for which she is engaged. The crime committed by Miss Zerr was the having consented to sing for the benefit of the Hungarian refugees in England."

Let the charming singer come back to London, and she will have an uproarious reception.

M. GOUNOD'S SAFFO.

[Having elsewhere offered some observations on the opera of *Saffo*, it is enough here to reprint the following notice of its first performance from the *Times* of Monday, with every word of which we fully agree.—ED. M. W.]

On Saturday night a new opera in three acts, entitled *Saffo*, the music by M. Charles Gounod, was produced, with every advantage which the resources of the theatre could bestow, but with a degree of success by no means flattering to the author and composer.

It is only within the last twelve months that there has been any question of M. Gounod, although more than ten years ago, a pupil of Halevy, at the Paris Conservatoire, he gained the "*prix de Rome*," invested with which most indiscriminate of honorary diplomas, he travelled to Italy in quest of classic inspirations. Afterwards, imbibing an ecclesiastical turn, M. Gounod began to compose for the Church; and some of his sacred pieces were brought forward by the enterprising Mr. Hullah, at one of the "Monthly Concerts," in St. Martin's Hall, last winter. These were criticised as crude and undigested efforts, and on being repeated at a subsequent performance, did not succeed in creating a more favourable impression. M. Gounod has also written a symphony, and other works, for the orchestra, besides a variety of songs, for voice and piano, which have enjoyed an enormous reputation in certain quarters. Indeed, it may be considered unfortunate that M. Gounod should have stepped over the barriers of the social circle to submit his pretensions to the judgment of the world, which, being indifferent, will, we apprehend, go far to reverse the opinions of his friends. So great, however, was the private repute of M. Gounod, and so loud and continuous were the praises of his intimate acquaintances, that the noise of his fame penetrated through the walls of the "Grand Opera," and reached the ears of M. Roqueplan, who pledged himself to bring out an opera, of which M. Emile Augier (author of *Gabrielle*) was to construct the *libretto*, and Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia to sustain the principal character. Here was a chance seldom accorded to a beginner—for M. Gounod, in spite of the lapse of ten years since the "*prix de Rome*," was a beginner in the

dramatic field of composition. *Sapho* was first represented at the French lyric theatre on the 16th of April, 1851, with how much success may be surmised from the fact that, up to the present moment, nearly four months since, it has been played seven times. But Mademoiselle Masson, a clever and popular singer, having proved her competence to sustain the part of the heroine, in the absence of its original representative, there was no apparent obstacle to the "run" of *Sapho*, which leads to the natural conclusion that there must be a deficiency somewhere. Let us endeavour to point it out.

As in the Italian version of *Sapho* ("adapted" by Signor Fontana, "edited and translated" by Signor Maggioni) the style and merits of M. Augier's versification, and doubtless most of the poetical ideas, have inevitably deteriorated, we shall confine our observations to the plot. The story of Sappho, more especially the episode of her passion for Phaon, the Mytelenean boatman, whom the Paphian goddess made comely by an ointment, has been often used as a vehicle for music, but rarely with success. La Barre, Rameau, Piccini, Martini, Mayer, Reicha, and Pacini, have all composed operas on the subject. The last, the *Saffo* of Pacini, is alone remembered now, but its merits are so slight, that, in all probability it will soon be gathered to its predecessors in oblivion, and we fear M. Augier has at best supplied the wings for another musical ephemeris, to appear and perish in an equally brief space. We cannot compliment the elegant author of *Gabrielle* on his plan of a book for music. His *Sapho* might have been turned into a pretty poem, but it makes a very dull *libretto*. In the first act, at the Olympian games, Alceus and Sappho contend for the poetical prize. He sings of liberty, she of love, and the palm is awarded to Sappho. Phaon, whose heart but now was with the courtesan Glycere, while his esteem was with Sappho, inflamed by the eloquence of the poetess, transfers his affections to her. Meanwhile Alceus is organizing a conspiracy against Pittacus, one of the seven wise men, metamorphosed into a tyrant for the occasion. In the second act, Pythias, a Lesbian, given to wine, and a *mauvais sujet* into the bargain, betrays the secret of the conspiracy to Glycere, the courtesan, who resolves to make use of it to regain the love of Phaon, and revenge herself upon Sappho. Phaon, designated by lot to take the life of Pittacus, has signed a manifesto, and confided it to Pythias, on the pretext that the latter, being the richest, can best afford to "get it copied." Possessed of this document, Glycere menaces Sappho with disclosing the matter to Pittacus. To save her lover, Sappho feigns that her affection for him no longer exists, and, to save himself, Phaon submits to banishment with Glycere, in whose company he philosophically consoles himself for the fickleness of Sappho. In the third and last act the abandoned Sappho watches the departure of Phaon and his companions; falls into a swoon, which endures long enough for a shepherd to sing a song, to the accompaniment of his pipes; awakes; apostrophises her lyre; climbs up a rock; and ultimately throws herself into the sea. A more uninteresting *libretto* could not well be imagined, nor one less suited to music.

We regret to be unable to record that M. Gounod has justified the eulogiums lavished on him in advance. On the contrary, he has failed to sustain his forced position. The characteristics of his music are want of melody, indecision of style, ineffective treatment of voices, inexperience in the use of instruments, accompanied by an affectation of originality disclosed in strange and unsuccessful experiments, excess of modulation, monotonous in itself and proceeding from inability to develop phrases, contempt of established forms, and a general absence of continuity, vexing the ear with beginnings that rarely arrive at consummation. Against

these drawbacks we are able to tender but few compensating qualities. We are sorry for it; but our duty is to say the truth, however unpalatable, to ourselves, as to others. M. Gounod has to learn that quaintness is not originality, that meagreness is not simplicity, and that noise is not richness. The continual strain upon the voices, as much in the choral and concerted music as in the airs and recitatives, is alike wearing to the audience and executants. The introduction of the first act has a certain vigour, which leads to the anticipation of something better than what follows. Phaon's air, too, describing his remembrance of Glycere, has a graceful melody, which, more naturally developed, would have made a beautiful song. This is the most attractive piece in the opera, although the *encore* was in a great measure owing to the perfect singing of Signor Tamberlik, who exerted himself, throughout a most arduous and ungrateful part, with a zeal, energy, and talent that entitled him to unqualified praise. An air, written for Madame Castellan (Glycere), now introduced into the opera for the first time, ends with a *cabaletta*, which is nothing better than a feeble copy of Verdi. The choruses by the priests and the people at the temple, when Alcæus and Sappho contend, are confused and ineffective. The address to liberty, by the former, and the legend of Hero and Leander, by the latter, gave occasion for musical expression and contrast, of which M. Gounod has neglected to avail himself. His music is flat, dull, and wholly devoid of rhythmic tune, except in the last movement of the Sapphic improvisation—a *cabaletta* in the style of Pacini, and singularly out of keeping. The duet in which Saffo and Phaon protest their mutual love expresses little or nothing; while the final chorus, so much lauded, is another noisy essay after the manner of Verdi. The second act is, if anything, feebler than the first. The chorus, "Gloria a Bacco," and the drinking song of Pythias, are common-place and devoid of character. In the trio for the conspirators the martial movement, "Noi giuriam morte," would be better if the voices were not so arduously taxed; the *encore*, however, was due to the ability of the chief executants—Tamberlik, Tamburini, and Maralti. By far the most effective piece in this act is the duet in which Glycere obtains the secret and the manifesto of the conspirators from Pythias. The last movement of this has some really charming passages, and pretty instrumental effects. The whole was admirably sung and acted with the utmost spirit by Madame Castellan and Signor Tamburini. The trio for Sappho, Glycere, and Phaon, comprehending the triumph of the courtesan and the despair of the poetess, forced by her unrelenting rival to deny her love for Phaon, is the longest, but the most rambling, vapid, and unmusical composition in the entire opera. It is passion torn to tatters, without a vestige of expression or a gleam of sentiment. The preceding scene, in which Glycere compels Sappho to her will, both in regard to dramatic and musical effect, is a tissue of exaggerations from first to last, while the position of Phaon, in the trio just mentioned, is too absurd to excite either interest or commiseration. The third act has the merit of being short, but except the shepherd's song, with its ground-bass and imitation of the bagpipes (sung with fine taste by Signor Stigelli, and encored), there is nothing connected or striking in the music. The opening air, in which Phaon calls upon Sappho in his despair, despite the splendid dramatic singing of Signor Tamberlik could not emerge from its dullness. A C in alt., however, at the end of the *agitato*, which the great tenor gave from the chest with prodigious force, brought down a burst of applause, and sustained the wavering endurance of the audience. The concluding song of Sappho, addressed to her lyre, previously to throwing herself into the

sea, which should have been the most impressive piece of music in the opera, is nothing more than an ordinary French romance, with an *arpeggio* accompaniment. It gives us pain to be obliged to criticise thus severely the first opera of a new composer; but were we to go out of our way to pay unmerited compliments, we should be deceiving the public, without benefiting either the theatre or the composer. Let M. Gounod console himself with the fact that *Sapho* is his maiden essay, and the hope that experience may bring facility, taste be refined by knowledge, and invention ripen with maturity. Should his next opera betoken improvement, and deserve praise, none will feel happier, or be more anxious to acknowledge and applaud, than ourselves.

Of the execution we have but few words to say. We never saw Madame Viardot in a more lengthy and fatiguing part than *Saffo*, one more cruelly arduous and exacting, and at the same time more unfitted for her peculiar talent. The conscientious artist was always present, spurred on by zeal and resolution; but the *physique* was wanting to realise the indications of the mind, while the continual strain for effect only lessened the chance of attaining it as the opera proceeded. M. Gounod has by no means been skilful in measuring the capabilities of Madame Viardot's voice, which is wholly incompetent to such unceasing exertion. Where the music admitted of expression and true pathos, Madame Viardot sang beautifully; but such moments were rare. Only the most consummate ability could have helped her through the rest. The acting of Madame Viardot exhibited throughout that intelligent and elaborate filling up for which it is always remarkable; but her movements and poses were more than usually studied and artificial. Tamberlik's performance cannot be praised too highly; out of very meagre elements he made a good part, and sang the music, difficult and unthankful as it is, magnificently. Tamburini made the somewhat unmeaning character of Pythias amusing by his quiet humour, and gave the drinking song with immense spirit. Maralti's first appearance this season might have been in a more grateful part than that of Alcæus; but whatever could be made of it he effected in an artistic and satisfactory manner. Stigelli only appears in the last scene, to sing the shepherd's song, to his excellent reading of which we have alluded. Madame Castellan was terribly taxed in the music of *Glycere*, which in most instances is neither vocal nor melodious; but she exerted herself with the best goodwill, and obtained a great deal of applause in her air. The trio of the second act, at times, was dangerous to the intonation of the charming singer, and no wonder. M. Rommi merits a word for his careful singing in the High Priest; and Signors Soldi and Polonino gave strength to the *ensemble* by undertaking the insignificant parts of the heralds.

Mr. Costa had never a more trying duty to accomplish, and never deserved more hearty praise. The almost faultless manner in which the instrumental accompaniments, always difficult, rambling, and incoherent, were rendered by the superb orchestra under his direction, and the power and decision of the choruses, in spite of the awkward manner in which the vocal parts are disposed, showed that the opera had been rehearsed with the utmost anxiety and vigilance, and that every means had been exerted to do justice to M. Gounod and sustain the reputation of the theatre. In the scenic and costume departments the same care was manifested. Nothing could be more appropriate and complete. If, therefore, the feeling of the public, suggested at the end of each act by the silence of the large majority, and established by the coldest indifference at the conclusion, impels us to pronounce M. Gounod's *Saffo* a failure, it is only justice to add that the result must be laid unconditionally at the door of the author

and composer, in whose behalf the whole means of the establishment were devoted, with an energy and unremitting attention worthy of a better cause.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having in the foregoing series of letters, given a few of the most prominent reasons why the institution of a national opera should be attempted, and having also given a very brief outline of the principles upon which such an undertaking should be based, it should not be hence inferred that such are the *only* reasons, far from it, there are very many others; and as for reforms, they too are so numerous that to mention them only would be to cover a vast space, for which reasons *alone* have I circumscribed them; my readers will therefore be pleased to consider that neither my condemnation of the old system—nor the reforms contemplated in my new system are bounded by the observations contained in these letters. A few remarks will therefore not be misplaced.

In regard to a choice of operas—heretofore managers of theatres have shown either great favouritism, or singular want of judgment in admitting to their boards only the works of certain known authors, regardless of the fact that *MELODY* should be the *STAPLE* of their choice. They have almost invariably fallen back upon *old* authors rather than encourage *new* ones, either from fear, or over confidence, quite unobservant of one singular, but fully appreciable circumstance, namely, that a *musician's* first work is usually fuller of melody than his second; and that no musician, however great, can summon the faculty of writing well at volition. To bring a case in point—five operas have appeared, *seriatim*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, each of these five being written by a most eminent musician, each, too, in its turn has been trumpeted forth as a wonderful production, yet which of these five operas will live through another five nights? I may even go further and say—which of these five operas contains a single one aria (*or*? we except one bravura in Auber's opera) such as will hereafter be listened to with pleasure in a concert room? Yet these said five operas have either been written "to command" or chosen deliberately, because their authors were *known*, and entirely *because* it was deemed unwise to try new men. Can any sensible person believe that Italy—the land of song, contains no musician capable of better things than Verdi?—but a truce to all suppositions of this kind—it is *WELL KNOWN* that admirably as both our Italian Operas are managed in regard to their musical interpretation, they are as ill managed as possible in regard to a choice of works. Let but *ANY* management invite a competition of talent—and choose *fairly* between the competitors, and neither Italians nor English will fail to discover a mine of wealth such as hitherto has scarce been dreamed of in their philosophy.

The constitution of an orchestra is another matter of extreme importance to which I believe it necessary to advert. Up to the present moment, our operatic orchestras have been characterised by their noisy effects. This may be said to be the fault of the composer for the time being, but it is nevertheless a fault, and cannot be too sufficiently reprobated. I have not only considered over the cause myself, but have carefully collected the opinions of others, and this is the result—namely, that there is a too frequent use of the trombones, as also of the cornet à pistons, and usually a conspicuous want of tenors; to remedy which I would counsel the more frequent use of the violoncello as a tenor instrument, leaving the *contra-bassi* to take their own distinct parts instead of being merely the echo of the violoncelli. In conclusion of this subject, I subjoin a list of the orchestral force which, in my humble opinion, should form a well apportioned band for a national opera, on a moderate scale—

Violini Primo 7; V. Secondo 5; Tenori 6; Violoncelli 5; Contrabassi 3; Flauti 2; Clarionetti 2; Oboe 2; Cornet 1; Tromba 1; Corni 3; Corno Bassetto 1; Tromboni 3; Fajotti 2; Tymponi according to circumstances; in all 45 or 46.

For such an orchestra a chorus of 70 individuals would be amply sufficient, yet not too much, and *à propos* of chorus writing. It is

extremely desirable that the accompaniment should be kept *under* the vocal score—and not, excepting in rare instances, go above it, either in force or compass.

With regard to the extent to which an operatic company might be formed—that would, of course, depend upon the theatre to be filled, yet I am of opinion that a very much less extensive number than is usually thought requisite might be found to suffice, if the system which I have ventured to propose were adopted, even to the extent of a large pecuniary saving.

I will now conclude this series of letters by inviting all those members of the profession who may agree with me *that a reform is necessary*, to co-operate in their endeavours to bring about the institution of a National Opera by the following *homely* but *only* practicable means—namely, to send their names and addresses (under cover) to the Publisher of this Work, for the purpose of selecting such amongst them as may feel disposed to act in concert as a **COMMITTEE OF ACTION**. And in order that no squeamishness or fear of ridicule, or dread of offence (towards certain quarters) may operate to disadvantage, let it be distinctly understood that every name sent in shall be kept sacred from all eyes except those of them who originate the present movement. I would suggest that all who may send will range themselves under the heads of “vocal principals,” “composers,” “instrumentalists,” or “chorus,” each individual specifying his or her essential qualifications. Should this be done, it will be for the Committee which shall be appointed to decide upon the peculiar means hereafter to be adopted. The first and all important step being to find a **CO-OPERATIVE** body of respectable artistes, willing to advance their own common interests by a combination of talent and energy. With this I conclude, observing that the proprietors of this journal have kindly and liberally offered every assistance in their power towards forwarding the object in view—as earnest of which see advertisement in the last page.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
PHILO-MUSICA.

NATIONAL OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having been the first—at least the first this year—to draw attention to the state of English Opera in several articles which you deemed worthy of insertion, you may perhaps consider me entitled to comment on the suggestions of your correspondents on this subject, although from continued ill-health I have withdrawn from all idea of interfering, save to point out from time to time such errors as in my humble judgment are to be avoided, and such courses as it may seem expedient to pursue.

Upwards of two months ago, in consequence of the remarks and letters respecting English Opera, which appeared in your columns, an irregular kind of meeting was held somewhere, at which after a variety of suggestions, and amongst others, as I was informed, one by which a certain music publisher would have secured nearly all the benefit to himself or to his class. The meeting arrived at the conclusion that nothing could then be done as there was no house to be obtained.

I deem this a most fortunate event, since such a conclusion shows how little was such a meeting able to cope with the difficulties of the question; having broken down before the smallest of them.

I am glad to see your correspondent Philo-Musica again in the field, especially as we hear no more about petitioning parliament for assistance, but my comments on his suggestions must be taken in good part, although they may at times run counter to them. He will give me credit for wishing him, and every one, all success provided it be legitimately obtained, with a view to the main point, and not to gratify merely the vanity or ambition of a few. With regard to his present scheme, many parts of it seem carefully considered and good; but until the financial portion of it is before us, one cannot be quite sure of understanding it perfectly. For example, I gather from Philo-Musica's letter that he proposes to establish an English Opera under the management of seven principal officers and a director; in other words somewhat on a similar plan to one I have before advocated, viz., a modified republic.

But if I am right in thus reading Philo-Musica's letter, I would ask of what use is the rule No. 3; providing for “a graduated scale of salaries, less than their registered amount?” since if it is a republic in any form, with the exception of the lowest classes, there can be no specified salary, as the *whole* proceeds (a fluctuating amount) must be divided: but if the salaries were fixed and, after paying them, by some strange chance a balance remained in the treasury, how should it be appropriated? The rights of each individual would be infringed if the money which each assisted to gain should be carried over to “next season,” when perhaps the same individuals might not be engaged. It is not likely that at first there would be any great surplus, but whilst framing a scheme, it is as well to do it with proper care and consideration. However, until Philo-Musica expounds the pithy part of the question, and explains whence he will draw the sinews of war, I shall look with silent interest, and possibly some amusement, on the “chateaux en Espagne,” which I doubt not many scheming heads are now building, though it may not be out of place to remind them that their castles are to be built neither in the air nor in Spain, and therefore that it will be well to season their poetical visions with a little practical common sense, and I congratulate Philo-Musica, for one, on having progressed so far without having run against any insurmountable obstacle or broached too wild a theory—*Au reste nous verrons*.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.,
F. G. B.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of The Musical World.)

14th August, 1851.

SIR,—I am afraid that the explanation of G. will not do much to reassure the subscribers to this Society.

I should have been glad to have found its prospects improving, but, in the face of the figures given by G., I cannot indulge in such belief. These show such a continuous drain upon the Society that it is not likely parties will be found willing to continue the perilous honour of taking a prominent part in the responsibility of the direction, or run the risk of involving themselves in its liabilities by becoming members of it.

A more serious view of the affair, to men of business habits, arises from a comparison of the accounts as now put forth, with those given at the previous meetings.

In the report for the first year, the subscribers were informed that the outstanding accounts then due amounted to £406 3s. 4d. less, £11 14s. 2d. in the Secretary's hands. The loss is now stated to have been £876 7s. 10d.

At the end of the printed balance sheet appended to the second years' report is the following—“The outstanding liabilities of the Society are about £500.”

They are now run up to £1127 18s. 4d. At the third annual meeting, held in April last, the subscribers were informed that the liabilities had been reduced to about £350. The loss is now admitted to have been £1237; although in this amount it is understood that an additional sum of nearly £500, charged by Mr. Surman for the loan of music, has been struck out of the accounts by the Committee.

The explanation of G. would have been more to the purpose had he informed your readers of the amount of the increased (?) subscription list.

With accounts “cooked” in this fashion it cannot be wondered that your correspondent thinks a report of the proceedings of the adjourned general meeting calculated to produce an unfavourable impression. It is, however, only due to the subscribers that they should know the real state of affairs, and I for one have to thank you for the information afforded me by your report of the meeting which, for obvious reasons, I did not feel inclined to attend.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Messiah* is to be performed on Friday 29th. inst. There will be no performance next Friday.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Since our last, Monsieur Bouffé has rallied from his indisposition and has appeared in his great part of "*La fille de l'Avare*." Of the piece itself we cannot speak in terms of praise, inasmuch as the author having followed in the track of Molière, although taking for the ground-work of his drama the novel of *Eugénie Grandet* by the late Monsieur de Balzac, has between these two masterpieces fallen to the ground. "*Qui embrasse trop, mal étreint*," is a proverb in every way applicable to the author of this piece; why not be content with the simple story presented by Balzac? There is a pathos in this interesting tale, which combines all the essentials of dramatic effect; why attempt to give us a dilution of the great scene of Molière's *Avare*? Of the wind-up we do not complain so much, we are accustomed to this sacrifice to popular feeling, and do not begrudge the lovers their happiness, neither have we any desire to send the fairer portion of the audience home with tears in their eyes. On the whole we consider the piece as feeble and uninteresting, but as a vehicle for the acting of Monsieur Bouffé we are led to consider it with a certain amount of favour. The words put into the mouth of old Grandet are not in themselves of much significance, but the actor's delivery heightens their meaning and gives them importance. His bye play conduces to fill up the part, and we thus have before us a picture which is of itself a complete study, perfect in all its details and devoid of anything like exaggeration. In the first act we are presented with the miser pursuing the usual tenor of his every day avocations, we get an insight into his character, we see him laboriously building up the edifice of his fortune. The avidity with which he seizes on the gold which returns to his coffers; the regret, the anguish, with which he parts with his purchase-money were admirably portrayed by M. Bouffé. The scene with his lawyer was a master-piece of acting. In the following act we have the struggle between his love for his money, and his love for his daughter, in which the former is victorious, although the author has feared to work out the position to its extreme consequences, ending by a sort of compromise, which robs us of the small respect we may still have left for the old man, who turns out to be little better than a rogue who dishonestly withholds his daughter's portion. During this act M. Bouffé proved himself a complete comedian, the sudden change from self-gratification to anguish and despair when he has discovered the robbery was admirably conveyed. The wild haggard look, the glossy eye, the dishevelled hair, the complete prostration of the faculties, proved the terrible violence of this passion, by which all his other instincts are as it were absorbed. A more complete picture of despair cannot well be conceived. The part of Eugénie was well sustained by Mademoiselle St. Marc, who, to a certain extent, shared the honours and applause with the great comedian. This lady has latterly made much progress and promises to hold a distinguished rank in the profession. The other parts were also respectably filled, more particularly that of the lover by M. Lagrange, who managed to play with a sufficiency of warmth without at all verging on exaggeration.

J. de C.

HAYMARKET.—A translation of the libretto of Adolph Adam's well-known *La Reine d'un Jour* (which it will be remembered has been performed at more than one of the London theatres), has been taken by Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam as the framework of a ballad opera, brought out

on Wednesday night at the Haymarket, with great success. This young composer, the son of the celebrated actress, has already distinguished himself as a writer of a variety of songs, apropos to certain dramatic pieces produced at the Lyceum and elsewhere; and once upon a time the public were invited to the hearing of a *Stabat Mater* bearing his name, besides other ecclesiastical attempts, which betokened the promise of considerable ability. His present effort does not take a very high ground; scarcely any of the pieces contained in the *Queen of a Day* rising above the ordinary ballad level; though as ballads—as pieces of vocal music for chamber use—they are of a very superior order, and surely calculated to become popular. The two acts comprise an extensive variety of these simplicities, pretending to no specific dramatic character, but exceedingly pleasant to listen to. Mr. Fitzwilliam possesses an agreeable vein of melody, and in the present case he has demonstrated it very advantageously, while the instrumentation of the several morceaux betrays a more than ordinary knowledge of orchestral resources, as well as a laudable ambition to desert hackneyed roads for others less familiar and less trodden. The house was disposed to give a friendly acceptance to all they heard, and encores were enforced with a vehemence which admitted of no denial.

The opera was very neatly played and sung by the artists who were concerned in it. We never heard Miss Louisa Pyne, who personated the extempore Queen, sing more prettily than she did on Wednesday night, and the composer no doubt was indebted to her for no small portion of the success which his effusions met with. Mr. W. Harrison was also a coadjutor of value, as the encores he received plainly testified. Mr. Weiss represented the innkeeper, who, like the prudent vicar, votes on either side according to the policy of the moment, with the dryness peculiar to himself, while Mr. Stuart, Mrs. Stanley, and Mrs. Caulfield filled the remaining parts with all the histrionic vivacity that was required.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Hudson has been making his half-dozen last bows here, to an English audience, before his trip across the Atlantic. Lover's comic drama, *Rory O'More* was well chosen, for it has evidently been written for the original representative (whoever he was) of the hero, with the exception of whom, it contains but little pretension, either to character or plot. Mr. Hudson's portrait of the shrewd, light-hearted, generous Irish Peasant, was given with even more than his accustomed vivacity and exuberant animal spirits. Miss Woolgar as Kathleen, made the very best of a part which is quite unworthy of her. The house has been choke-full all the week.

THE DISTIN FAMILY.—These clever artistes performed on their Sax-horns, and sang various madrigals, glees, &c., on Tuesday week and four following evenings at Jersey, and on Monday and Tuesday last, gave concerts under the patronage of the Governor at Guernsey. Thence they returned to England, to make a professional tour in the provinces, after which, they will return to London about the first week in October. They have been well received everywhere.

THE "CONCOURS" OF THE CONSERVATOIRE OF PARIS has just taken place. The two first prizes for singing and acting were unanimously accorded to Mdle. Palmyre Wertheimer, pupil of Bordogni. Her voice, method of singing, and dramatic talent, took every one by surprise. Much is to be expected from Mdle. Palmyre Wertheimer when she makes her *début* on the stage, which is shortly expected.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Madame Barbieri Nini, appeared for the second time on Saturday night, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and excited the same *furore* as on Tuesday. We confess we still find some difficulty in arriving at the true merits of this celebrated artist. We set off with saying that Madame Barbieri Nini is a very extraordinary singer, and in some respects one of the most finished we ever heard. The studied and practised vocalist is always evident, and the artist always feelingly live to her business, whether of singer or actress. We think her style and method—although occasionally open to the charge of extravagance—are built upon the best Italian models, and there is no doubt that she belongs to that legitimate school which numbered in its ranks Colbrun, Catalani, Pasta, Pizaroni and others. If Madame Barbieri Nini has to a certain extent lost the freshness and delicious quality of her voice, she yet retains sufficient to satisfy all but the most fastidious ear. Her *piano* singing is still exquisite and entirely satisfying, and it is only when she forces her voice that we perceive the lack of power, and the falling off in its freshness. We are told that Madame Barbieri Nini has been long celebrated in Verdi's operas, some of which have been purposely written for her. We know not that, but, if it be true, Madame Barbieri Nini must have lost much of her former power, for it seems to us that Verdi's music requires much more force than she now possesses. Perhaps continually singing in the works of young Italy's composer has deprived her voice of its strength. This is not at all improbable; it would be less likely, that, singing Verdi's music for years, she could have retained its quality and strength. It is to be lamented that Madame Barbieri Nini had not come to this country while yet in the zenith of her power and reputation. Her name still stands highest among the high in Italy, but something of this, no doubt, must be attributed to past memories. Why Madame Barbieri Nini did not appear in England before the present year is to us a mystery unfathomable. Surely great singers are not so plentiful that such an artist should have been overlooked and lost in their brilliancy. Even when fiery speculation started a rival opera house, and all Europe, as it was supposed, was searched for stars of the first magnitude, why was Barbieri Nini allowed to raise her tempests only in Milan, Naples, Florence and Rome? Did the noise of her triumphs never reach the ears of Mr. Lumley, or Mr. Gye? Were the Italian and French journals perused with contempt, and the artist treated as a myth? But such was also the case with Tamberlik, one of the greatest tenors of the present age, who, but for Ronconi's single recommendation, might have yet been singing Verdi's music to the crowded benches of the Barcelona opera house. These things, we repeat, are unaccountable. At this moment in some retired theatre of Italy there may haply exist some embryo Jenny Lind, or full-blown Malibran, which it will be left to the enterprise of a Buon to discover and bring to England.

While Madame Barbieri Nini appears to have lost some of the freshness and quality of her voice, its compass and evenness of tone are still retained to a remarkable degree. The upper tones apparently have not deteriorated. These are singularly telling, and are always attacked with precision. The manner in which Madame Barbieri Nini takes a C or a C sharp in alt, betokens an amount of skill which singers might study with advantage. There is no mistake about her taking a high note. She does not jerk it out, or jump at it, or get rid of it as soon as touched, but attacks it with ease and sus-

tains it without shrinking. Her cadences, if sometimes overlaboured, are dazzling for their novelty and boldness, and executed in a manner which may safely be pronounced faultless. Indeed Madame Barbieri Nini attempts nothing in the executive way which she does not accomplish; and we remember few singers who better satisfy us with respect to her ornaments. Madame Barbieri Nini's mode of pronouncing is remarkable. Not only is every word heard with distinctness, but every syllable, nay, almost every letter. There is a tendency to exaggeration in this; but the fault is perhaps on the right side, and for our own part we are glad to hear and understand what the singer says, and consider it an essential point of vocalization to utter the words intelligibly. Madame Barbieri Nini possesses this art of articulating her words with curious distinctness in common with Pasta, Catalani, Malibran and Viardot Garcia. Distinct enunciation is one of the first principles of singing, as every one knows, and yet how many singers are there, whose words are but a mere jumble, and whose mouths do not appear to be always in the same position, no matter what sounds they have to emit, what syllables to utter?

Neither the face nor the figure of Madame Barbieri Nini is well adapted to the stage. The former is plain and inexpressive, the latter dumpy, and by no means remarkable for grace. Under the influence of strong feeling, however, Madame Barbieri Nini's features are kindled into unmistakable intelligence and animation, and there is that in her attitudes and gestures, which, despite the drawback of an ungraceful person, betokens a kindred mind for the grand and the dignified.

We shall await with much curiosity the appearance of Madame Barbieri Nini in her next part, which, we understand, will be Anna Bolena. In the mean time we may add, that while opinions are conflicting with regard to her merits on certain points, all agree that she, Nini, is an extraordinary singer.

The production of Balfe's comic opera, *Les Quatre fils Aymon*, on Monday night, under the Italian title of *I Quattro Fratelli*, for the benefit of the composer, was an event of more than ordinary interest. The plot and the music of this sparkling work are well known. M. M. Leuven and Brunswick never invented a more ingenious and amusing *libretto*. Balfe never wrote music more lively, untiring, and vivacious. It is not necessary to enter into details, since none of our readers can have forgotten the adventures of the four sons, who, left penniless by their father, Duke Aymon, through the wit and spirit of the enchanting Erminia, daughter of Baron Beaumanoir, the stingy, get wives and fortunes; the lucky Ollivier obtaining the hand and heart of Erminia, while the three brothers are united to her three cousins, each fairer than her neighbour.

Falstaff was written expressly by Balfe for the Italian stage; *Les Quatre Fils Aymon* was composed for the Opera Comique in Paris. Nevertheless, we even prefer *I Quattro Fratelli*, as an Italian *opera buffa*, to *Falstaff*. We may be wrong, but we are right. The cast at Her Majesty's Theatre gave Balfe a chance that he never had before in France, in Germany, or in Belgium. Such an Erminia as Cravelli was enough to make the success of an opera of less merit than that of Balfe. A more elegant, yet brilliant and dashing piece of comedy was never seen. Every one of the three costumes suited Cravelli to admiration; indeed, in this particular, it would be difficult not to suit her, since she suits every dress so well that the dress must needs look handsome

that she wears. In every scene Cruvelli was the life and soul of the action. She was quicksilver; and yet, in the midst of her incessant movement, every thing she did was graceful, natural, and easy. She had already proved herself a tragedian in *Fidelio* and *Norma*; in *Erminia* she came out as a sterling comedian.

The music of *Erminia* is well fitted to Cruvelli; and to make the part of more importance Balfe has written two new *airs de bravoure*. The first is a complete *feu d'artifice* of difficulties, requiring a facility of execution, a power and a range of voice which few singers possess, but which Cruvelli, thanks to nature, has entirely at command. The burden of the song goes to say that *Erminia* does not care to be a duchess; and Cruvelli sings it as if she did care to be a duchess, or indeed anything but a singer. The second air, a *rondo finale* in the modern style, is even more brilliant and showy than the first. At the same time it is more concise, and consequently more effective. Cruvelli sang it superbly. The trills, and scales, and arpeggios, and roulades, and *points d'orgue*, were executed with marvellous skill. In short, we have never listened to a more finished and admirable exhibition of vocal talent. It created a *furor*; and no wonder. The following extract from the notice of the *Times*, however, enters more fully into the merits of Cruvelli's *Erminia* than we are able to do at the present moment; we therefore quote it as an apology for our own want of words:

"The dashing *Erminia* was impersonated by Mdle. Sofie Cruvelli, to whose share the chief labour fell. Besides the original music belonging to the character of *Erminia*, Mdle. Cruvelli was entrusted with two bravura airs composed by Mr. Balfe for the occasion. The first of these, "*Di Duchessa il nome altero*," is very long, full of *traits de force*, intricate *floriture*, *points d'orgue* of the most elaborate nature, scales chromatic and diatonic, arpeggios, &c., involving endless modulations, and taxing the register of the voice throughout a compass of nearly three octaves—from D in alt. to F sharp below the lines. Nevertheless, although executed with marvellous adroitness by Mdle. Cruvelli, it failed to produce a proportionate effect—proving that extraneous intervals, velocitous roulades, and trills and flights, that are nothing more than trills and flights, have no absolute charm, unless accompanied by sentiment, and made subservient to form, in the absence of which the office of music as a medium of expression is set at naught, and the astonishment of the few who comprehend the difficulties surmounted, becomes a very poor compensation for the indifference of the crowd, untouched and apathetic without being able to explain the reason. The second air, the *rondo finale* of the third act ("*Or qui verra*"), was quite another thing. Here the difficulties were even greater and more various; but the theme was joyous and appropriate to the matter in hand, the design simple, and the whole musically interesting. A more brilliant and dexterous piece of vocalization has seldom been heard; and, as there was nothing forced or unnatural in the music, the rich voice of the young singer, full, clear, and telling from the highest note to the lowest, gave an additional charm to the extreme facility of her execution, and stirred up the audience to a genial display of enthusiasm. In her general performance, Mdle. Cruvelli evinced quite enough of the intelligence and accomplishments of a true comedian to show that, when thoroughly perfected in the character, which at present can hardly be expected of her, *Erminia* will be one of her best assumptions. Her singing in the lovely ballad, "*Giovin bella*," one of Mr. Balfe's happiest thoughts, was full of expression; and in the duet in F with Oliviero—the *cabaletta* of which "*Quando tornar ridente*," is, perhaps, the most beautiful melody in the opera—her voice blended charmingly with that of her partner, Signor Gardoni, and the impression produced was undeniable. Mdle. Cruvelli's most genuine and deserved success, however, both as an actress and a singer, was achieved in the scene where *Erminia* advises her three cousins on the best mode of

pleasing the tastes of their husbands (act 3). Nothing could be bolder, or more animated than her delivery of the martial phrase, "*Sposo hai tu d'amor guerriero*," addressed to Clara, and nothing more neat and graceful than her execution of the sparkling *staccato* passage, "*In sai ben condir*," to Iolande, which completely captivated the audience, and was encored with unanimity. By her performance of *Erminia*, Mdle. Cruvelli has decidedly risen another step in the favour of the public.

After which it is unnecessary to say more than that next to *Fidelio* and *Norma*, *Erminia* has been the greatest and most legitimate triumph of Sophie Cruvelli.

M. Massol, in the part of the Baron de Beaumanoir, proved himself a capital comic actor. Every one knew he was a fine singer, but few anticipated from the popular barytone such a genuine display of spirit and fun. His grand *aria buffa*, where the baron gives his orders about the feast, was admirably sung, and the comic duet with Coletti, one of the most genial things in the opera, went off to admiration. It is a pity that the approaching autumn season in Paris, which demands great preparations in advance, should necessitate the speedy departure of M. Massol. His departure will be deeply felt, and Mr. Lumley would do well, if, under any circumstances, he could retain his services, until the end of the season.

The other characters were well filled. Gardoni was delightful as Ollivier, and never sang with more taste and feeling. He gave the charming ballad "*Gia tarda e nera*," a gem in its way, to admiration. Mdle. Giuliani was excellent as Clara. A new *cavatina*, "*Tutto ben riuscì*," composed for her by Balfe, and sung in the most artistic and satisfactory manner, was one of the hits of the evening. The parts of the other two cousins, Iolande and Eglantina, were less efficiently played by Mdles. Feller and Lanza. Riccardo, Allardo, and Rinaldo, three of the four brothers Aymon, received full justice at the hands of Signors Pardini, Mercuriali, and Balanchi, and Signor Coletti was perfect as the major-domo, Ivon.

The opera went off with immense *eclat*. Balfe was complimented after each act with a call and a volley of applause. All the principal singers were recalled at the end of each act; at the conclusion Cruvelli came forward alone, at the unanimous summons of the house; and to sum up, Balfe was led on by Gardoni and cheered "to the echo." We have rarely witnessed a more genuine success.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Madame Barbieri Nini for the third time as *Lucrezia*. A selection from the *Diabla a Quatre* followed.

The performances on Wednesday consisted of the last scene of the *Due Foscari*, for Coletti; the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and the *divertissement* from the second act of *Il Prodigio*. Alboni's Maria produced a far greater effect than it did on the first night, and the audience were roused to a real state of enthusiasm by the *rondo finale*, from Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, which Alboni warbled with wonderful brilliancy and incomparable ease.

Don Giovanni was repeated on Thursday with the same cast as on the previous Friday, Alboni's Zerlina being its most remarkable feature. Certainly, for pure, legitimate, and unadulterated singing, nothing we have ever heard surpasses that of Alboni in Zerlina. Mozart's music is preserved inviolate, and every effect is produced without the slightest effort, or attempt at display. As a piece of vocalization Alboni's Zerlina is a grand model. The opera was followed by the ballet, *Les Trois Graces*.

Balfe's opera *I Quattro Fratelli* was repeated last night, and went infinitely better than on Monday. This was to be expected, as the performers were not quite up to the mark the first night. Cruvelli was immensely applauded, especially in the rondo finale, which created a *furor*, and sang with even more fire and finish than at the first performance. So great an effect has the charming *cantatrice* produced in her comic acting and singing, that a general wish has been expressed to hear her in one of Rossini's operas *buffa*. Why not the *Conte Ory*, say we, especially, if we mistake not, as it was promised in the prospectus this season?

The *divertissement* from *Il Prodigio* followed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, M. Gounod's new and anxiously awaited opera, *Saffo*, was produced for the first time in this country. Of M. Gounod's *Saffo* we have had our say elsewhere, to which we refer the reader curious of the new composer's genius and acquirements.

On Monday—an extra night, but given as a subscription night—the *Huguenots* was played. The performance calls for no remarks.

Saffo again on Tuesday, and the sensation created by M. Gounod's *chef d'œuvre* may be gathered from the fact that the theatre was almost empty on that night, so thin an audience never having been seen at the Royal Italian Opera.

On Thursday, *Norma*, with the cloister scene from *La Favorita*.

CRUVELLI'S ERMINIA.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

Cruvelli acquitted herself brilliantly. The opera affords little scope for her especial powers, but her personation of Erminia was most lively and intelligent, and she sang with the utmost spirit and fire. Her finale was one of the most magnificent displays of elaborate vocalization we have ever heard, and would in itself have been sufficient to establish a singer's reputation. The artists were called after each act, and at the close, and then a special call was raised for Cruvelli, a well-merited tribute to her exquisite effort at the end of the work.

(From the Morning Herald.)

The opera was most efficiently cast. Cruvelli entered with great enthusiasm into the part of the heroine. The gay, fluent music of the *Quatre Fils Aymon*, as prettily flippant and flexible as any that was ever met with on the French lyrical stage, could scarcely have a better exponent than in this lady, who sang and acted with zeal, liveliness, and point.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the Morning Post.)

Independently of its old established influence, peculiarly auspicious circumstances having secured the prospects of the present season, we hear that the management has for some time past been content to carry on, quietly and silently, the preparation of the new campaign. We had indeed ourselves observed, *en passant*, some days since, that the box-office was open, and busy in receiving the votes of subscribers, whilst the stage-door was besieged by the newly arrived followers of Euterpe and Terpsichore, hastening to the first review. The season will begin about the 15th of next month.

As far as we can glean, the following are the resources of the present season; and it will be seen that, whether we look to the established talent familiar to us, which time has not impaired, or to the new *virtuosi* who come to us for the first time, with ample certificates of fame, the array is both brilliant and formidable.

The first artist to be mentioned is Jenny Lind, who will arrive in March. Her presence alone ensures success. Her triumphs last year, when unknown to us, surpassed all precedent; every one would see her, and but a tithe of those who wished succeeded. Since that time her visits in the country and her triumphs abroad, which have kept public attention constantly alive, have increased the avidity to behold her in England, whilst one hears on all sides of foreigners of mark who intend to come from abroad during the season to gratify their longing to behold her. For the subscribers of last season we hear that she has great novelty in store; not only is it intended that she should perform in new operas, but her interpretation of favourite parts, like those of *Desdemona*, *Donna Anna*, *Lucia*, &c., will far surpass the attraction of any other form of novelty. There are classical operas, like the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, &c.—the most perfect works of the great masters—which have been totally lost to the musical public for many years for want of congenial talent; it is intended to revive some of these dormant classical works this year. Another *prima donna*, of European fame, will visit her Majesty's Theatre early this season,—we allude to Erminia Tadolini, whose appearance has been so often apparently compassed, even vainly announced as positive, in past years. This great artist's fame is too familiar to the musical world to need much comment. At the great imperial theatre, La Scala, she has been engaged almost every year at the brilliant epoch, the Carnival. At San Carlos, no *prima donna* has been able to secure a triumphant footing since she left it, so great a favourite was Tadolini with the Neapolitans. In Germany her success has been no less marked and constant. Fortunately, for the variety it will afford, her style and line of parts are totally contrasted with those of Mdle. Lind; and she is about to renew in London the career she followed in Vienna, where she sang, for one season, at the same time as the great Swedish vocalist, maintaining the most amicable rivalry. We have to announce another vocalist, one of the youngest amongst the successful *prime donne* at present on the stage, Signora Cruvelli, who, some short time since, made so triumphant an *entrée* upon the great operatic theatre, La Fenice. Her person, we hear, is handsome and commanding; there is the fire of genius in her voice and in her dramatic action; her intonation is truthful, and her organ is clear, powerful, and sonorous—the latter being qualities essential for great success in a theatre of so large an area as that in which she made her *debut*, and qualifications which are deficient in the majority of *prime donne* (when they do not strain their vocal power), either from original want of power or from the effect of fatigue and age. Our readers will be happy to hear of the return of Adelaide Moltini to Her Majesty's Theatre. If we mistake not, she is one amongst the artists already arrived. She was always a great favourite with the English public, and her absence has been often alluded to with regret. Louisa Abbada, a distinguished vocalist, of great histrionic power, who has performed with success the parts of *primo cartello*, at all the great theatres of Italy, is another important acquisition announced. She is said to possess all the peculiar gifts necessary to the faithful and effective interpretation of the more modern school of Italian music. There will be a young *debutante* this season, in the person of Signorina Sofia Vera. If we are not mistaken, she is the daughter of a lady of eminence as a vocal artist, who has married advantageously, and retired from the stage, and was desirous her daughter should not enter into its trying career; but, on the part of Signorina Sofia Vera, the love of art has been too strong to resist, and sanguine hopes are entertained of her success.

Amongst the *contralti* mentioned is Mdle. Schwartz, who is immediately expected. Those who have visited the Austrian capital cannot have forgotten the talent and prepossessing appearance of this accomplished young vocalist. For want of time and space we must pass over the *second donne* expected. The *tenori* will be, first, that great favourite of the public, Italo Gardoni, who, in spite of all the interested prophecies to the

contrary, will arrive in London on Monday next. The efforts made to tempt this young tenor from his present engagement sufficiently attest the increasing value of his talent. There will be two other new tenors. Report speaks very highly of the first engaged, Signor Cuzzani—"the tones of his voice are genial, with an impassioned, penetrating *timbre*, and vibrating accent; and, possessing great and intuitive knowledge of the stage, he has never failed of success." Another young tenor, the news of whose engagement only reached London yesterday, is supported by the warmest eulogies of the highest judges in the musical world, particularly the Countess de Rossi (Sontag), the Earl of Westmoreland, and Meyerbeer. His name is Labocetto. He has been engaged during three consecutive seasons at the same theatre where Gardoni established his first reputation—the Italian Opera at Berlin. He is young, his voice is sweet, of very extended register, and he sings in the style of Rubini. Whilst speaking of this class of vocalists, we may here state that we entertain no small degree of hope from private and authentic sources of our own, that her Majesty's Theatre will be visited this season by another tenor, to whom no other at present on the stage can be compared.

As to the bass voices announced, all the other operatic stages in Europe could not furnish such a galaxy—were it only that there is not, and never will be, another Lablache, and he is once more coming to head them. With him will arrive Coletti, second to Lablache alone; likewise that sound sterling basso, Bouché, and that excellent musician, F. Lablache. To this has been added this season another baritone, Signor Belletti. This vocalist for several years was in the same *troupe*, and sang constantly with Jeany Lind in her most favourite operas. He is represented to be full of nervous energy, an excellent actor as well as singer. We must pass over in our haste the other singers, such as Signors Guidi, Solaris, &c., who will render the operas effective by giving full value to the secondary parts.

The ballet department will, as in general, embrace successively, and sometimes at the same moment, almost all that is worth acquisition of first-rate choregraphic talent in Europe. There will be two *maitres de ballet*—Perrot and Paul Taglioni; each will compose a new grand ballet, besides bringing out the compositions of others, with divertissements, &c. The former is already actively engaged in marshalling his *troupe*. Besides the compositions of the *maitres de ballet*, and amongst the works written for this theatre, is a ballet expressly composed for Her Majesty's Theatre by the greatest of living playwrights, the celebrated M. Scribe. We have heard it asserted that by this ballet the season would begin. Rosati, the fascinating dancer and mime of last season, is already arrived, and with her the young Marie Taglioni, who has created a *furor* in Germany. Carlotta Grisi will arrive with a new ballet six weeks earlier than last year. Cerito and St. Leon will re-appear at their customary time, and the new ballet, *Des Cinq Sens*, will be given as soon as it is possible. The new *corps de ballet* has been selected from amongst the most promising *danseuses* of that class of choregraphy. This year much is expected from the young *élèves* of the establishment, Thevenot, Julienne, Lamoureux, so warmly applauded last season, but now grown up to be accomplished dancers. To these and to that excellent dancer, M^{me}. Petit, are added Emilie and Fanny Pascalis; a young and interesting *danseuse*, M^{lle}. Ansene, &c.

The list we give, both of the vocal as well as the lyrical part of the company, is very incomplete, and we pass over many meritorious favourites; but we shall no doubt have an early opportunity of drawing further and more complete information from official sources. In the meantime the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre being the great event of the season, we have thought that, however premature, the information we could supply would interest the public. (1848.)

Miscellaneous.

THE LYRIC CLUB devoted last Monday evening to a performance of some of the works of Sir Henry Bishop, and the full appearance of the large room of the Whittington Tavern evinced

the high estimation in which this gifted composer is held by the public. The selection consisted of glees, rounds and choruses, the solo parts being sustained by the Misses Wells, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Howe, Mr. Donald King, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Lawler. "Sleep Gentle Lady" in the first part, in which Mr. Wilkinson's bass voice told to great advantage, we specially mention as a perfect specimen of glee singing, and in the second part we noticed particularly the chorus "The Tiger couches in the Wood;" "Haste let us leave the Shore;" and the solo and chorus from the *Maniac*, "Welcome lady fair." In this last piece Miss Wells sang the solo with energy and precision and was warmly applauded. The quartet "The Silver Queen," is a beautiful specimen of Bishop's varying style, and but for the inefficiency of the bass, (an amateur we believe), would have been very finely sung. It is a pity that with the host of first rate professional glee singers always present at the Lyric concerts the solo part of any glee should be given to an amateur who at best cannot be expected to impart to the performance that finish which the experienced executant can alone supply. The concert concluded with the Tramp Chorus, a composition which will endure as an example of choral writing when most of the ephemeral productions of the present day have long since passed into oblivion. Mr. Longhurst presided at the piano and Mr. Shoubridge conducted with much ability. The next concert of the Club will take place on Monday the 8th of September.

THE EXHIBITION ORGAN.—On Saturday last Dr. Bexfield performed upon the Large Organ built by Gray and Davison and erected at the east end of the Great Exhibition. This instrument has 13 stops in the *Great Organ*, 9 in the *swell*, 8 in the *choir*, and 4 in the *pedals* including a 16 feet Bombarde of intense power. The following was Dr. Bexfield's Programme of performance. Prelude, extempore. Fugue, extempore. Dead March in "Saul," Handel. "Ground" composed in 1678, Purcell. Air, Mozart; arranged by W. R. Bexfield. Fugue in G major, No. 4, W. R. Bexfield. Representation of a Storm, W. R. Bexfield. Pedal Fugue in G minor, J. S. Bach. Hallelujah, Handel.

HAYDN'S FIRST STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.—"Less precocious than Mozart, who, at thirteen years produced an applauded opera, Haydn, at the same age, composed a mass, which honest *Reuter* very properly ridiculed. This sentence surprised the tyro, but, full of good sense at that early period, he was soon aware of its justice: he was sensible it was necessary to learn counterpoint, and the rules of melody, but from whom was he to learn them? *Reuter* did not teach the art of composition to the children of the choir, and never gave more than two lessons in it to Haydn. Mozart had an excellent master in his father, who was an esteemed performer on the violin. It was otherwise with poor Joseph, a friendless chorister in Vienna, who could only obtain lessons by paying for them, and who had not a half-penny. His father, notwithstanding his two trades, was so poor, that when Joseph had been robbed of his clothes, on his communicating his misfortune to his family, his father, making an effort, sent him six florins to refit his wardrobe. None of the masters in Vienna would give lessons *gratis* to a boy of the choir who had no patronage; and it is to this misfortune, perhaps, that Haydn owes his originality. All the poets have imitated Homer, who imitated no one; in this alone he has not been followed; and it is perhaps owing to this more especially, that he is the *great* poet whom the world admires. For my own part, I wish, my friend, that all the *courses of literature* were at the bottom of the ocean: they teach people of small abilities to produce works without faults, and nature makes them produce them without beauties. We are afterwards obliged to wade through these dull essays: our love for the arts is diminished thereby; while the want of instruction will, assuredly, never stop the course of a man whom nature has formed to be great. Look at Shakespeare, at Cervantes; it is likewise the history of Haydn. A master might have prevented him from falling into some of the faults which he committed in the sequel, when he wrote for the church and the theatre; but he would certainly have been less original. He alone is the man of genius, who finds such delightful enjoyment in his art, that he pursues it in spite of obstacles. The torrent which is destined to become a mighty river, will

overthrow the dykes by which its course may be restrained. Like Jean Jacques Rousseau, he bought at a second-hand shop, some theoretical books, among others the *Treatise by Fux*, and he set about studying it with a perseverance, which the horrible obscurity of the rules could not overcome. Labouring alone, without a master, he made an infinite number of little discoveries, which were afterwards of use to him. Without either money, or fire, shivering with cold in his garret, and oppressed with sleep as he pursued his studies to a late hour of the night, by the side of a harpsicord out of repair, and falling to pieces in all parts, he was still happy. The days and years flew on rapid wing, and he has often said, that he never enjoyed such felicity at any other period of his life. Haydn's ruling passion was the love of music rather than the love of glory: and even in his desire of glory not a shadow of ambition was to be found. In composing music, he sought his own gratification rather than to furnish himself with the means of acquiring celebrity."—*Aurelian*.

VAUXHALL-GARDENS.—The foreigners, who were to be seen in large numbers last night at these gardens, will have formed a notion of what we are pleased to content ourselves with in the shape of public amusement neither flattering to our taste nor to our sense. The occasion was a special one, the entertainments being for the benefit of Mr. Wardell, the present lessee of the property, and unusual exertions were made for the attraction of the public. The chief feature relied upon seems to have been the ascent of three balloons at the same time, and accordingly at the hour appointed for this threefold event to come off, the greater portion of last night's visitors to the gardens had already assembled. Vauxhall by daylight is not the most cheering spectacle in the world, and perhaps the depressing effect of the dark and dismal entrance resembling some sepulchral vault, and the dreary prospect of close, heavy-looking boxes, melancholy trees, and seedy shrubs, contributed to give this first portion of the entertainments a stern and sombre cast, from which, but for the enlivening effects of a shower of rain, it would have been impossible to recover. A more dull and uninteresting sight than an ordinary balloon ascent, can scarcely be conceived, and what accession of interest or amusement is to be derived from seeing two, three, or more huge dingy machines go up in the air, with a few commonplace personages appended to them, it is not easy to perceive. With the exception of this proceeding, which was witnessed with due solemnity, and a few additional whirligigs to the fireworks, with which, as far as the most steady and respectable portion of the public are concerned, the evening concludes, there was nothing to distinguish this from other Vauxhall nights. The measures taken for the amusement of the public have been the same for some years past, and require no special description. The performances in the circus and the display of fireworks, are the only occurrences during the evening which at all repay the weariness and bore of loitering about among staring refreshment boxes or gloomy alleys, rendered gloomier by coloured lamps disposed without taste, and scenic effects devoid of illusion. The musical arrangements, whether as regards what is called the concert—a set of inferior and vulgar performances—or the dance music, are worse than anything that has been heard in England since the revolution effected in such things by M. Jullien. If we are to have places of out-door amusement at all, it is high time that we should show ourselves capable of appreciating the taste and invention exhibited in similar establishments abroad, and with the large public ready to support anything conducted with spirit and liberality, there is no reason why the example of our neighbours should not even be surpassed.—*Times*.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—There are few pleasanter evening lounges to those who have been living all day in the heat and smoke and dust of our huge Babylon, than these Gardens. The taste with which they are laid out, the completeness of their appointments, the care and attention in conducting the amusements, and the combination of instruction and entertainment which they afford, render them, perhaps, the most deservedly popular of recreations in or about London. The picture—which is the Temple of Janus, with the Colosseum, and the surrounding parts of ancient Rome—is interesting as well as beautiful. The orchestra is still under the direction of Jullien, the universal and powerful, whose name alone is a tower of strength and a load-

stone of attraction. Among the vocalists are Mr. Leffler and Miss Messent, and the musical novelty of the week has been a new song composed by Mr. Baker and sung by Miss Messent. The words are on the oft-repeated but ever fresh subject of the heart's first affection. It has a clear and graceful melody of the simplest ballad form, and, by the aid of the neat voice and delicate singing of the fair executant, obtained an encore, the mellow and birdy tones of Miss Messent's voice telling with pleasing effect in the open air. A catch, sung by the gentlemen, obtained a like honour. Catches are comic part-songs, the words having cross readings. The wisdom of our ancestors held them in high repute, but as they were chiefly remarkable for their indelicate allusions and double meanings, and for their utter worthlessness as musical compositions, they have been dismissed to the dust-hole of oblivion, in which they are certainly destined to remain, in spite of their bearing the seal of the ancestral wisdom upon them. Two or three only have been preserved. The best is that in which four gentlemen dispute fiercely about the age of their Mistress. This was given on the present occasion, with due comic effect, by Mr. Leffler and his companions. The fireworks here are gorgeous and unique, and the early hour at which the amusements terminate, is not the least of the many claims which these gardens have on public support.

HAYDN'S LAST RESIDENCE.—"At the extremity of one of the suburbs of Vienna, on the side of the Imperial park of Schoubrunn, you find, near the barrier of Maria Hilf, a small unpaved street, so little frequented that it is covered with grass. About the middle of this street rises an humble dwelling, surrounded by perpetual silence. It is there, and not in the palace of Esterhazy, as you suppose, and as in fact he might if he wished, that the father of instrumental music resided; one of the men of genius of the eighteenth century, the golden age of music."—*Aurelian*.

THE LEATHER EAR.

Men of true piety, they know not why,
Music with all its sacred powers decry.
Music itself (not its abuse) condemn,
For good or bad is just the same to them.
But let them know they quite mistake the case,
Defect of nature for excess of grace;
And while they reprobate th' harmonious art,
Blamed, we excuse, and candidly assert,
The fault is in their ear, not in their upright heart.—

Extracted from —, by Aurelian.

HAYDN IN HIS OLD AGE.—You knock at the door: it is opened to you with a cheerful smile by a worthy little old woman, his housekeeper; you ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find in the second chamber of a very simple apartment a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the melancholy sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a nonentity with respect to every thing besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been. When he sees any one enter a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eyes, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognises his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his latter ones; you think that the artist still exists; but soon he relapses before your eyes into his habitual state of lethargy and sadness.—*Aurelian*.

THE ALPINE GOATHERD.—The goatherd of the Alps, free as the air he breathes, runs through the gamut at a breath; and, with a firm and powerful voice, calls up the sweet reverberations of the rocks by which he is environed. Without being restrained by rules, to which he is a stranger, and which would but impede the spontaneous effusions of his soul, he prefers those tones that fancy inspires, and which his organs seem to have the natural gift to modulate. He rarely repeats them in a manner exactly the same, even if solicited to do so. Inspired by the scenery, and the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and guided by a sort of instinctive talent, he creates new sounds, and new modulations, and varies his melody without being conscious that his song is beyond the rivalry of art.—*Extracted from —, by Aurelian.*

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN was born on the last day of March, 1732, at Rohran, a small town, fifteen leagues distant from Vienna. His father was a cartwright; and his mother, before her marriage, had been cook in the family of Count Harrach, the lord of the village. The father of Haydn united to his trade of a cartwright, the office of parish sexton. He had a fine tenor voice, was fond of his organ, and of music in general. On one of those journeys which the artisans of Germany often undertake, being at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, he learned to play a little on the harp; and in holidays, after church, he used to take his instrument, while his wife sung. The birth of Joseph did not alter the habits of this peaceful family. The little domestic concert returned every week, and the child, standing before his parents, with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin, and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, has often, in my presence, recalled the simple airs which she sung; so deep an impression had these first melodies made on his soul, which was all music! A cousin of the cartwright, whose name was Frank, a schoolmaster at Hamburg, came to Rohran one Sunday, and assisted at the trio. He remarked that the child, then scarcely six years old, beat the time with astonishing exactitude and precision. This Frank was well acquainted with music, and proposed to his relations to take little Joseph to his house and to teach him. They accepted the offer with joy, hoping to succeed more easily in getting Joseph into holy orders, if he should understand music."—*Aurelian*.

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LAST NIGHT BUT TWO OF THE SUBSCRIPTION,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20th.

IT is respectfully announced that, in compliance with the generally expressed desire, a

SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT

Will be given

ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20th,

In lieu of the last Saturday of the Subscription (viz., August 30th); all Ivories and Tickets therefore for that evening will be available for Wednesday, August 20th, when will be presented

A FAVORITE OPERA,

In which Madame SONTAG will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box Office at the Theatre, Opera Colonnade. The Opera to commence at Eight o'clock.

TO ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN THE FORMATION OF A

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

IT is requested that all Members of the Musical Profession, whether Composers, Vocalists, or Instrumentalists, who feel the necessity of reforming the present system, and be desirous of contributing (by their professional exertions) towards the formation of a NATIONAL OPERA, will have the kindness to send their names and addresses (under cover) to the Publisher of the *Musical World*, at their earliest convenience, for the purpose of selecting therefrom a sufficient number of artists to form a managing committee.

N.B.—No apprehension need exist with regard to any molested responsibility, as all expenses will be defrayed by the advertiser until further steps may be agreed upon.
Office of the *Musical World*, Aug. 16, 1851.

W. VINCENT WALLACE'S LAST NEW SONGS.

GO! THOU RESTLESS WIND.
THE GIPSY MAID.
SWEET AND LOW WIND OF THE WESTERN SEA.
THERE'S ROOM FOR HOPE.
ORANGE FLOWERS.
OLD FRIENDSHIPS' SMILE.
I MOURN THEE, BUT I LOVE NO MORE.
THE STAR OF LOVE.
COME! SMILE AGAIN:
I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE.

Cramer, Beale, & Co., 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

THE CUCKOO GALOP.

AS performed by Mr. DISTIN and his Sons at the Royal Music Hall, Adelaide-street, Strand. It is arranged for the Piano, and Cornet-piston, price 3s., post free, and may be had of the publisher, Henry Distin, Military Musical Instrument Maker, 31, Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, London. Also, My Polka, price 2s. 6d., Our Polka, 2s. 6d., Your Polka, 2s. 6d., and the Hippodrome Galop.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH will be performed on FRIDAY, 29th August. There will be no performance next Friday.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Stridley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Furkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, August 16, 1851.

The Musical World.

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No. 34.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence

BENEDICT.

The return of this accomplished and popular musician, from his tour in North and South America with Mdlle. Jenny Lind, will be hailed with unanimous satisfaction. It has been erroneously circulated that Mr. Benedict intends to retire from active life, and rest upon the laurels and the fortune he has reaped by his exertions in the New World. The truth is just the contrary. Mr. Benedict has no idea of relinquishing the eminent position he has so long and honourably maintained in this country. He will immediately resume the duties, interrupted by his temporary absence—as much as ever a professor, and, if we be not mistaken, more than ever in request. Such a man could not well be spared. As a pianist, as a teacher, as a conductor, as an accompanist, and last, not least, as a composer, Mr. Benedict decidedly stands in the first rank. His abandonment of any one of these capacities would be a source of regret to all who interest themselves in musical matters. We have, therefore, the greater pleasure in announcing that one so universally respected, both by amateurs and musicians, will continue to exercise that art of which he is assuredly one of the most distinguished representatives.

Mr. Benedict arrived on Saturday, by the Atlantic, in company with his friend and fellow-traveller, Signor Belletti, the talented and popular singer, whose absence from Her Majesty's Theatre has been continually lamented during the present season.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind intends remaining at New York during the winter—not, as we understand, to sing, but to repose herself after the fatigues of nearly a twelvemonth. Whether the “nightingale” will, at any future period, unbend from her resolution, and consent to warm the hearts of the Americans during the icy months, we cannot undertake to predict.

ALBONI.

The engagement of this great singer having expired she will presently start for Paris, where she is destined again to shine as the “bright particular star” of the Grand Opera.

Although only with us for so brief a period Alboni has seldom excited more genuine enthusiasm. Her *rentrée* as *Cenerentola*, after a whole season's absence, will be remembered as one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by a professor of the vocal art. Alboni was still Alboni—the

most perfect of singers. Her glorious voice, nothing deteriorated in tone, had extended in compass, gained in equality and increased in power. The sensation she created was prodigious. Never was a more startling effect made upon a vast and well instructed audience. The second performance of the *Cenerentola* was equally successful.

The *Corbeille d'Oranges*, which was played twice, brought out Alboni in the first original part ever written for her. Projected and completed by Scribe and Auber in great haste, while Alboni was in Madrid, this last joint effort of the two most fertile and ingenious of Frenchmen was hardly worthy of their own reputation or the splendid talents of Alboni. Nevertheless the vocalisation of the charming Marietta would have redeemed a much weaker opera than the *Corbeille d'Oranges*; and, while we could not but lament that something more favourable to her voice and style had not been prepared for her by the king of French composers, we could not fail to admire the brilliant manner in which Alboni vindicated her fame, and gave point and meaning to every passage in the music that offered any opportunity for legitimate effect.

Alboni's *Ninetta* in *La Gazza Ladra*, one of her first attempts in the pure *soprano* line, was eulogised by us, in 1849, as a masterly performance; and her reappearance this season, on two occasions, in the same part, only tended to confirm our first impressions. The “*Di piacer*,” as Alboni sings it, is in itself worth an opera.

The *Figlia del Reggimento* twice given, with Alboni as Maria, added yet more laurels to her wreath of fame. Anything more natural, piquant, and vivacious than her acting in the scenes with the regiment; anything more pure, animated, and irresistible than her singing throughout the opera, we have never heard; and none but deafmen could have remained unmoved at the tones which flowed from her lips in one incessant stream of melody. To hear Alboni beat the drum, better than any drummer, and to look at her saucy face and laughing eyes the while, did the heart good. She must get something new for the lesson scene, however; the old *cadenza* is a platitude, and does not suit her—simply because she cannot, and could she, would not, scream. Bakke's sparkling *Rondo finale*, from the *Maid of Artois*, sung as Malibran—for whom it was composed, was wont to sing it—was the culminating point of the opera. On the whole, Alboni's Maria is the best we have seen—the first act incomparably the best—but it has yet to be appreciated.

To say anything about Orsini, and the "Brindisi," except that on the four occasions when *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, with Madame Barbieri Nini, it produced the same *furor* as of old, would be impertinent. To praise what is above praise is not our office, nor to criticise that which is faultless.

In taking leave of Albani we have only to regret the shortness of her stay in London, and the disappointment at not having heard her in the *Prophète*. To the admirable beauties of her Fides we can testify, having seen her play that character several times in Paris. The part of Jean of Leyden would have suited our great English tenor, Sims Reeves, precisely; and it cannot be sufficiently lamented that the opportunity should have been lost. And now, farewell to MARIETTA ALBANI! May her shadow never be less!—nor her substance neither; we cannot have too much of a good thing, and Marietta is so good and unsophisticated that a bit less of her would be so much lost that had much better be retained. Long life to her!—with her lovely face, and merry smile—like strawberries buried in cream—or, to climb higher up the poetic ladder, like sunbeams glittering on a distant window.

CRUVELLI AND MOZART.

On Wednesday night Sophie Cruvelli proved herself worthy of Mozart and of herself. The opera was *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Sophie was the saucy, dreaming, ardent Cherubino. How she looks, and moves, and acts, in Mozart's (not Beaumarchais') page, we need not repeat; enough that her impersonation was more complete and finished than before. But how she sang the airs deserves an apostrophe apart.

We have so seldom had to reproach Cruvelli with mistakes of judgment, that it gave us pain to rate her, on the first and second performances of Cherubino, for want of taste and want of appreciation, where the music of Mozart was in question. We could not believe that she, who understood so well and felt so deeply the profoundest beauties of *Fidelio*, would fail to approach with a like spirit the passionate melodies which Mozart has put into the mouth of Cherubino, elevating an ordinary character into a poetical creation. We were disappointed, however, and took occasion to express our dissatisfaction in plain terms. So much the greater is the pleasure with which we now make the *amende honorable* to the charming Sophie, who, by her singing on Wednesday night, completely reinstated herself in the esteem of musicians, and delighted the general public beyond all measure. No changes, no *fortitudo*, no superfluous rallentandos, broke the course of Mozart's inspired melody, which flowed on without impediment, as a river to the ocean of its love. The exquisite beauty of the voice clad the tune of the "Voi che sapete" in gorgeous hues; and it sailed along the waves of the air, impelled by the breeze which was the breath of the songstress, as proudly as that "golden ship on a sunny sea,"

of which the poet Shelley so often dreamed and wrote. Sophie Cruvelli was more than herself. She had bent her head to the great name of Mozart, had bound her will with the strong cords of resolution, and laid it on the altar of the god of music, as a sacrifice. The young girl, in whose ears the applause of the crowd is for ever ringing—an echo of the past, or a prophecy of the future—disdaining to court the general favour, in descending from the high and classic pedestal on which she had placed herself, by her communion with Beethoven, was sublime. But let it not be thought that the crowd was without feeling, without heart. No—since Sophie Cruvelli first appeared before a London audience, no effort of her talent has been more enthusiastically acknowledged. The applause and the encore were spontaneous and one; the song, repeated with the same purity and reverential deference to the composer, produced the same unanimous pleasure. A poetical friend of ours—Mozart and Beethoven, (and Cruvelli) mad—in the fever of his satisfaction, improvised the following acrostic, in the sonnet form, to which the fourteen letters that make up the two names of SOPHIE CRUVELLI, helped him not a little.

TO SOPHIE CRUVELLI,

(On hearing her sing "Voi che sapete," at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Wednesday, August 20, 1851.)

Sing on, sweet warbler, with the beaming eye,
Onward and onward, let thy waves of song
Prophetic flow, in tones that cannot die,
Having no end but in the memory's wrong.
Inspired maiden! raise thy voice on high;
Envy herself cannot resist thee long.

Charm us, enchantress! with that air again;
Rare melody like thine doth soften pain.
Unloose the silver strings! To thee belong
Variety of tones that reach the heart.
Enamoured silence wakens at the strain,
Lending a voice in echo to Mozart.
Like a faint shadow on a sunny plain,
It hovers near thy lips—alas! in vain.

We cannot say much for the "sonnet-acrostic" of our friend, which has little poetry, less clearness, and is, indeed, quite unworthy to be dedicated to Sophie Cruvelli. The idea of Echo being the voice of Silence is tolerably far fetched, and the simile of the shadow is very shadowy. Nevertheless, as it was an improvisation, written *con amore*, and as the author would give his eyes to see it in print, we have printed it, trusting that it may find its way, after all, into the *Opera Box*. Meanwhile, we must apologise to our readers, and more particularly to Mdlle. Cruvelli, whose great merits should have inspired a better sonnet than that into which our mad acquaintance has tortured the initial letters of her name.

MADAME CELESTE.—We believe it is the intention of this popular artist to start for America very shortly. Mr. Webster also intends paying the Yankees a visit some time next year.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

Where is the money to come from? Without money it is no use talking. Find your money, and begin. Money can lease, or buy, or build a theatre; money can set it agoing, money can keep it on its legs; in short, money can do anything.

We are "a nation of shop-keepers." The stigma is, unhappily, too well founded to excite anger. We are "a nation of shop-keepers," and as "a nation of shop-keepers" we must look at the question of a National Opera. If we do not, we examine it with other eyes than our own, and the conclusion we arrive at helps us to nothing. This view of the matter, however, by no means induces despair. On the contrary, we are for continuing the agitation in every possible quarter, and by every possible means. If the government inclines in the end, so much the better, if not, so much the worse; but whether or not, it very little affects the real question. For our own parts we have no hope of any assistance or encouragement from the state, which persists in regarding all public amusements not as necessities of home policy, but as speculations of private individuals. The state does not consider itself in any manner concerned in the interests of private individuals. The state allowed the National Drama to die of exhaustion, without holding out a helping hand, and yet the national drama is represented by Shakspeare and a dazzling array of great names that have made our stage literature the richest and noblest in the world. The National Opera, unfortunately, is represented with no such distinction, Purcell, Arne, and Bishop—these are our traditions; and as far as the stage is concerned, the present influence of their works is insignificant. What right, therefore, have we to ask the state to do for the National Opera what the state neglected to do for the national drama?—for Purcell, Arne, and Bishop, what was not done for Shakspeare, Congreve, and Sheridan?

Agitate, agitate, agitate! Talk continually, and everywhere. Endeavour to prove that a National Opera is a public want, that the speculation would pay, and amidst "a nation of shop-keepers" it is odd if some responsible persons do not come forward with money, and plenty of it. We must confess, after reading attentively the last letter of "Philo Musica," that we cannot see what his arguments have to do with the subject. It seems to us of little consequence, at this step of the discussion, how many fiddlers and how many singers are to constitute the troop. Get your theatre—or rather, catch your speculators, and then discuss such matters in detail. At present they are impertinent to the question. We must also enter a protest against the idea of our correspondent, that the National Opera, when it comes into existence, is to be a theatre for the essays of beginners. This would be a sad mistake. The public of London are too knowing to pay for a series of experiments. We do not mean that no first works should be tried; but we can-

not possibly agree that every young composer who has a manuscript opera in his portfolio should consider himself aggrieved if it be not forthwith accepted by the National Opera. The National Opera would soon be bankrupt if such a policy were adopted. No, all success depends upon the fortune of war. The notion of an individual having any positive claim upon a theatre, beyond that derived from a well-earned reputation, is preposterous. Reputations are obtained in all sorts of manners. Everyone has his throw, and for him who is blessed by the stars the dice turns up a favourable number. If each composer who had a work completed were led to suppose that he possessed an absolute claim upon the National Opera, the direction would be saddled with at least a hundred in a season.

Our idea of a National Opera is the same as the French idea. The Theatre de la Nation, or Grand Opera, and the Opera Comique—these are National Operas. They are national because it is understood that the French language shall be the medium of interpretation, not that French composers and French executants alone shall be engaged. The love of music has spread far too widely and rapidly to admit of any such narrow ground of action. In England the failure of the Society of British Musicians has stamped the system as a mistake, founded upon egotism and petty selfishness. Those who dread competition should keep in doors. This is the age of competition; competition stalks the streets, and the principle of free trade has been established irrevocably. A National English Opera, therefore, means an Opera with the English language as the medium of interpretation, for which original works shall be composed by the musicians of Europe, and executed by the artists of Europe, the best that can be secured, according to the means of the establishment.

Our musicians have long been falling into the error of the protectionists. Their cry has been "Save us; we are ruined by the foreigners." To speak advisedly, this is all "fudge." If the "native" have no better argument he had better hold his tongue. Why should the native musician be protected any more than the native green-grocer? It is the *public* who should be protected against the inflictions of mediocrity. A nice thing, indeed, to have a National Opera from which Mendelssohn, had he lived, would have been excluded, on the grounds that he was a foreigner; or Malibran for the same reason. There are very few Mendelssohns, and very few Malibrans; certainly none in Europe now, much less in England; and this is a strong reason why we should welcome them with avidity wherever we can find them. A National Opera should be an example, not a seminary; a point to look forward to as the goal, not a place for the unfledged to try their wings. The best artists and the best music should be heard there, while the young and inexperienced should go to listen and improve. We would not give a farthing for any other kind of national opera than one to

which merit alone should be the passport of safe conduct. Imagine the London public, *blasé* and satiated, patronising a theatre in which the staple entertainment is to be a series of undigested works, performed by a company of mediocre artists, whose only badge of distinction is having been born in England! The notion is ridiculous—in 1851 especially. The Crystal Palace has towered over all such prejudice and bigotry. The Crystal Palace has fixed for ever and ever the principle of free trade—to oppose which now argues unmanliness or imbecility.

Brother musicians—composers, singers, players—take a better and a wiser view of the question. Work hard, support each other, speak the truth, abhor cliques, agitate, and something will turn up. If you imagine that the public will pay to see an opera because it is composed by a Briton, or to hear a singer because he was born in these realms, instead of because the opera is good, and the singer talented, you will be out in your reckoning. Such a speculation will never answer. Common sense, liberality, free trade, and the march of intellect are all against it. Compete with the foreigner in talent, and beat him if you can. It is no use making faces and saying “I am an Englishman.” The public to be amused does not care a straw for your nationality. Moreover, recollect that it is to the foreigner we owe the present advanced condition of our musical taste. Before Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Auber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn were familiarly known in this country, the *Siege of Belgrade*, the *Haunted Tower*, and the *Cabinet*, were boldly entitled operas, while now they would simply be announced as “plays interspersed with songs.” Owing so much to the foreigners, having learned so much from them that we are now capable not only to understand, but to criticise, do not let us arraign them as enemies, do not let us kick down the ladder up which we have climbed. The fact of musical talent existing largely in England none acquainted with the matter can deny. It is our duty to make the best of it, which can only be effected by labour, courage, and perseverance. The cry against the foreigner is simply calculated to raise an echo in derision.

CATHERINE HAYES.

The Irish Syren is about to leave the shores of Great Britain, cross the wide Atlantic, and, for the first time, rest her little feet upon the soil of America. Having filled the old world with the melody of her tones, she is going to enchant the new. That brother Jonathan will welcome her with open arms who can doubt that doubts not the largeness of brother Jonathan's heart. Catherine Hayes—the gentle Kate—has but to move her lips, and brother Jonathan, who with all his boasting lacks neither sentiment nor soul, will straightway be enslaved. An English, an Irish, a Scotch, or even a Welch ballad is enough to do the business. The

general ear of America will incline to the dulcet strains of the sweet warbler of Erin, and the general knee will bend in homage to her beauty and her art.

Talk of her Italian triumphs, her English triumphs, or even her Irish triumphs as much as you please; it is our firm persuasion that the American triumphs of Catherine Hayes will surpass them all. She is just the singer for our transatlantic friends, who are keenly susceptible to natural expression, and instantly touched by a bit of genuine simplicity. In the ballad it may be safely said that Catherine stands alone. There is an inexpressible tenderness, a tenderness devoid of all affectation, in the delicacy of those tuneful flowers of song! She never overdoes her sentiment; she never hands it to you in a plate (like certain singers we refrain from naming); but goes direct to your heart with the innocent confidence, the irresistible persuasiveness of a child. This is Catherine's most admirable quality, and with this, or we are no prophets, she will kindle a new fire on the hearth of American enthusiasm.

In her Italian airs, in her sacred songs, and in her selections from the great German composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others—Catherine Hayes has won too high a reputation to need any eulogy at our hands. In short, America will hear her and be convinced of her admirable qualifications for shining in every school of vocal music.

Meanwhile we find among our provincial letters the announcement of four farewell concerts which Catherine Hayes intends to give previous to her leaving England. The first three for the 28th, 29th, and 30th inst., are to take place in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester; the fourth and last, at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on the 1st of September. Her coadjutors are Rebecca Isaacs, Martha Williams, Augustus Braham, Menghis, little Lavenue, and littler Sivori. And then—good bye! The charming bird of song will spread her wings and fly to the new world, made happier than the old by the possession of such a treasure. Our prayers will be for her speedy and safe return. If Catherine be home-sick, let her despatch a pigeon to our office, with the news; we will send off a steamer, swift and strong, to bring her back to England.

MDLLE. AND HERR GEIGER.

Having arrived so late in the season, Herr Geiger, of whose high reputation at Vienna and position at the Court we have spoken on a previous occasion, has found it expedient to postpone, until next season, the grand concert which was the main object of his visit to this country, and at which several of his compositions, among others, a symphony, were to have been performed. We have no doubt that Herr Geiger's reputation as a composer has been legitimately earned, and we anticipate with pleasure the opportunity of hearing and judging the merits of his works.

Mademoiselle Geiger, it appears, is also a composer of

talent. What her compatriots think of her may be surmised from the following quaint review of one of her recent publications, which has been literally translated into quaint English by a German pen, from the columns of one of the German musical papers:—

Miss Geiger, who has been silent for a long time, has now finished a great composition for the pianoforte, under the title, "A Bouquet of White Roses." This bouquet is divided in four pieces, each of them has a peculiar name. "Disappointment," "A Thought of Thee," "Resignation," "Adio." Each of those is perfected with such a fresh sentiment, as if a genius did awake to life the slumbering thoughts which were reposing in the mind of that highly talented girl. From those four pieces we prefer the third, "Resignation," as well in idea as in excellent form, although it would be difficult to make a choice amidst those pretty smelling little flowers. We have no doubt that as soon as that lovely composition appears in public, she will be admitted to the highest circles, because elegance of the style is a characteristic sign of every one of those flowers.

We are further informed that, in addition to her musical talents, Mademoiselle Geiger possesses a strong feeling for the stage, and that she has acted at Vienna in presence of the first artists and judges in the country, both in German and French, with the utmost success. It is more than probable that arrangements now pending will enable us to announce that Mademoiselle Geiger next season will display her capabilities as an actress before an English public at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, in St. James's.

Meanwhile, the family Geiger leave England to-day to return to Vienna.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

The second overture is so decidedly the "sketch" for the third, that to make a separate analysis of it would be but to anticipate our remarks upon the later, the finished composition; we shall, therefore, examine this together with the noble work for which our great master may be said to have prepared himself by the exercise of his powers upon the earlier production, and shall speak of them as one, excepting where, some important differences distinguish the two overtures, and so call for particular observation. The comparison of these two compositions, or, to speak better, these two forms of the same composition is a most interesting and a most valuable study to the musician. The two overtures under notice present an instance, almost unique in our art, of a sketch for a great work having come before the world, though with the classical master-pieces in painting, this is very generally the case, and in some few but most important examples in literature is also to be met with; so that the musician can rarely get behind the curtain of a composer's thoughts and ascertain how they have gradually moulded themselves into the complete form in which he has been satisfied to dismiss them from his care as fully ripened and mature, and the opportunity, when it occurs, of examining into the process of musical composition is, therefore, the more highly to be prized. In the present instance, the plan has been greatly modified; extended in some places and abridged in others, the working of the second part entirely reconstructed, the reprisal of the subject quite differently arranged, the coda much lengthened, and one new phrase, that is so conspicuous in beauty and so important in treatment as to assume the consequence of an extra subject introduced. The instrumentation too, is very greatly changed, so much so, indeed, as to make us wonder in perusing the score of the earlier work how Beethoven, who had already made so valuable experience in orchestral distribution and had proved himself so distinguished a master of that complicated art, should have had such evident

difficulty in giving the true expression of his ideas as is evidenced in the striking alterations which he has here effected. For these variations in the disposition of the score which present so advantageous a lesson to the musical student, and so interesting a matter of curiosity to the musical connoisseur, we must refer the reader to the two scores themselves, as, without the aid of very copious musical examples, they are quite beyond the scope of verbal explanation; but of the differences in the plan of the two overtures, we expect to give such an account as will certainly excite and we hope satisfy the interest of our readers.

The grand overture in C (known by the original title of the Opera *Leonore*, is very much the most extensive work of its class that Beethoven produced, being more rich in ideas, more copious in design, and more elaborate in development than any other overture he has left us. Considered as a theatrical prelude, this overture must be pronounced unsuccessful, in so far as the two latter qualities we have ascribed to it, which give it preeminent importance as an abstract work of art, render it inappropriate for performance in a theatre at that period of the entertainment when the attention of the audience is yet unsettled, their interest unexcited, but their curiosity eager, impatient, and sensitively awake. It may be answered to this, with much seeming reason, that the overture has been recently played as an entr'acte, and has produced a great and legitimate effect; but we have to reply to this, that not only is the subject of the opera, which the overture most graphically illustrates, familiar to the audience, and the illustration thus rendered apparent; not only are the many phrases in the opera that are incorporated in the overture recognisable to all who hear them, and their significance as aiding to unfold the story thus rendered obvious; not only is the overture itself well known to the majority of the musical public, and the multitude of its ideas, the grandeur of its design, and the intricacy of its development thus rendered comprehensible to a cultivated intelligence, but the performance of *Fidelio* at the present time, is, in truth, a kind of ovation to the master, in which all who participate, either as executants or auditors, have, or should have, a feeling beyond that of the mere representation, a feeling of homage to the artist, no less than of enthusiasm for his work, and this renders them greedy of every thought, of every phrase, of every note that bears upon the matter, and would make the public hear an orchestra execute with patient interest, if not with unqualified delight, the whole of the four overtures, if convenient situations in the course of an evening's entertainment could be found for their performance, and therefore the present reception of the overture in question is no just criterion of its fitness for the purpose for which it was originally composed. Let us, however, consider it as a concert overture, as an abstract illustration of the beautiful story of the opera, and as a musical commentary upon the composer's treatment of the subject, and we shall find our delight in its beauties only divided with our admiration of the mighty powers of conception and arrangement that have concentrated in its production.

The introductory adagio presents to us the idea of a great and gloomy mystery. Unlike the first overture, this appears to us to commence at once in the prison, with the external sufferings and with the inward consolations of the injured Florestan. The long sustained dominant note, the descending scale in unison, the unexpected rest upon F sharp, the brief transition into the key of B minor and the insinuation of the key of C major, to which there is no satisfactory return, suggest to us the vague indecision of one whose thoughts, having no external nourishment, can only feed upon themselves and so ever reproduce themselves, returning always, as in a circle, to one constant starting point, the misery and the injustice of his confinement and the uncertainty of its cause. The interrupted close, that introduces the key of A flat with the beautiful adagio from the aria of Florestan, indicates the deceptive consolation which he finds in remembering the happiness that is now, in the spring days of his life fled from him, and which, for the moment seems, in the recollection, to live again. We expect then, that this touching melody is to be repeated, but are ingeniously disappointed by a series of very remarkable progressions, through which the first phrase only is constantly worked, until we come to a half-close on the chord of B major; this passage indicates the fallacy of our sufferer's blissful visions and their gradual melting away into the sad reality of his fetters and his

solitude. Now we have an arpeggio passage divided in responses of three notes between the flute and violin, which forms an accompaniment to the *first* phrase of the previous melody, and proceeds through a series of modulations back to the key of A flat, where we have a grand, tumultuous burst of the whole orchestra; this passage is considerably extended in the third, which we shall always speak of as the finished overture, and the course of the modulations completely changed, and in this we see the judicious development of an idea that in the very brief form in which it appears in the sketch, has a somewhat fragmentary effect, as having no satisfactory connexion with the context, and being insufficient in itself to convey a complete idea. The expression intended by this passage, must be the same as that in the episodial adagio of the first overture, where, after the melody of Florestan's air has been given entire, a fragment of it is alternated with the two bars of iterated chords for wind instruments on the unaccented notes of the measure; here, as in that place the idea is presented of the prisoner vainly seeking in the deep abyss of thought for some resolution of the problem of his fate, for some point on which his hope may rest, some sign by which his apprehensions may be defined, and of the fathomless blank being continually crossed by the now regretful memory of his so early vanished happiness; the memory, which like a bird weary of flight in the desert air, hovers to and fro in a kind of dreamy delirium, supported by the accustomed mechanical and involuntary movements of its tired pinions. The impetuous, rushing passage, on a chord of A flat, which forms the climax to this chain of modulations, indicates the proud determination of a noble mind to defy fate, and by the inward feeling of superiority to conquer circumstances. From this point to the end of the introduction the finished overture differs entirely from the sketch. In the latter we have only four bars, which have to us no apparent meaning, except it may be to renew the sense of mystery with which the movement opened, to draw, as it were, a curtain of clouds upon the scene that has just been presented, which is to break away and discover the completely new train of emotions that are presented in the following movements; whereas, in the finished overture we have a very fine passage, which consists of slowly-repeated chords for wind instruments, interspersed at closer and closer intervals with the full power of the orchestra, and proceeds, by bold and vigorous modulation, to a half close on G; and then occurs a phrase of most exquisite beauty, which serves in the second part of the following allegro, where it is worked to such considerable length as to make it a very prominent feature of the overture. The natural interpretation of this grand and imposing, and afterwards very touching passage, appears to us to be, first, a carrying out the feeling last suggested, the true dignity of the moral hero, who, in his proper consciousness of right, looks down as from a tower with scorn upon the evil influences which restrain his actions, but cannot fetter his soul; and then the thought of Leonore and of her passionate love breaks like a meteor upon the darkness of his heart, and irradiates it with the brightness of a living joy. The figure for the basses that alternates this beautiful phrase of love, conveys the reality of his situation in opposition to the ideality of his dreams.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

After an absence of some weeks, Madame Sontag returned on Saturday, and appeared as Rosina in the *Barbiers*. The fair artist encountered a most flattering reception, and looked in excellent health and spirits. She was also in delightful voice and sang with all her wonted charm and fluency, and surprised and pleased her hearers. The Rhode's air and variations was as marvellous a display of execution as ever, and the variation with the arpeggio passages, as a matter of course, rapturously encored. Madame Sontag substituted the *rondo finale* from Alary's opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, which was hardly less remarkable as a brilliant specimen of finished and rapid vocalism.

Madame Sontag produced a decided impression both in her singing and acting as Rosina, and was frequently and continuously applauded throughout the performance. Nevertheless, we must acknowledge we have heard the celebrated songstress in music better suited to her voice and style, and have seen her in a part in which she shone with greater lustre as an actress.

The music of Rosina is written for a *mezzo soprano*, instead of a high *soprano*, which Madame Sontag's voice is, and hence the necessity of sundry alterations and substitutions, which were not always improvements on the original. This was exemplified unmistakably in the "Dunque io son" duet, and the "Ah! qual colpo" trio, both of which suffered materially by a total disregard to Rossini's score. Nor were we deeply impressed with Madame Sontag's version of the "Una voce," which, according to the written words and written notes, in our humble estimation, and with due deference to the charming and intelligent artist, requires more fire, more energy, and, so to speak, more devilment, than she thinks proper to infuse into it. Rosina is no simple drawing-room miss, with simpers, smiles, and other quiet enchantments of the very lady, but a true demoiselle of intrigue, quite proper certainly, but with a spirit beyond the control of guardians, and a self-will that brooks no let nor hindrance to any desire she may form; a veritable daughter, in brief, of the Southern sun, as Beaumarchais has drawn her, and Rossini so vigorously realised in his music. Where Madame Sontag adheres to Rossini's notes, nothing hardly could be better or more effective; but her voice could not in this way be always made available. Her singing throughout the first finale, bating certain alterations in the quintet, "Freddo ed immobile," was all that could be desired, and her share of "Zitti, Zitti," all but perfect.

At the end, Madame Sontag was called for with acclamations, and received with the greatest enthusiasm. The attendance was one of the largest of the season.

On Tuesday, Madame Barbieri Nini repeated the part of Lucrezia Borgia for the fourth time, and Alboni made her last appearance as Orsini. We were sorry to see Alboni take leave of the public in a part so entirely beneath her talents.

It is true the "Brindisi" always excites the old *furore*, and Alboni sang it more divinely than ever on Tuesday night, but the character is absorbed in the more prominent light of Lucrezia, and Orsini becomes a mere secondary personage even in the hands of Alboni. We had hoped to have seen Cruvelli and Alboni in *Semiramide* before the close of the season, and such, we believe, was the intention of the management, but something seems to have occurred which prevented its accomplishment, which is to be regretted, as every one was desirous of hearing Cruvelli and Alboni in the same opera, and Arsace, as every one knows, is one of Alboni's greatest parts, and the one in which she first made herself famous in the eyes and ears of a London audience. At all events, Alboni should have made her adieus in the *Cenerentola* or the *Gazza Ladra*.

Wednesday was included in the subscription in lieu of the last subscription night of the season, August 30th. The performance was *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and the *divertissement* from the *Prodigo*. Considering the period of the year, the house was fully and fashionably attended.

Of the general performance of the *Nozze di Figaro*, we have little to say. The artists all acquitted themselves well, and the opera was given with unusual spirit and never seemed to flag for one instant.

Madame Sontag's Susanna displayed all its usual charm and freshness, and her singing was as the warbling of a linnet that singeth its quiet tune in the leafy month of June. From all we have heard, however, of this lady's former performances, we should prefer her in the Countess, the music of which would suit her to admiration. The "Porgi Amor," and "Dove sono," from Madame Sontag's lips, would indeed be a treat.

The especial feature of the night was Cruvelli's Cherubino, which in every respect, exhibited a marked improvement on the two previous performances. That Cruvelli had given heart and mind to Mozart's Page was demonstrated not only in the greater amount of ease and spirit betokened in the acting, and the more careful rendering of the music, with the absence of all elaboration and effort, but in the rigid adherence to the text, which she did not violate in a single instance. We have tapped the fair Cruvelli smartly on the fingers for certain rude intrusions made upon the score of Mozart in her first and second performance of Cherubino, and were not sparing of our animadversions and comments, besides supplying wholesome counsel in profusion. Our advice, it would appear, has not been expended in vain. Cruvelli read, perceived its worth, and profited by it. Directed by our hints she preserved Mozart's eloquence in its purity and integrity, and dismissed the flagrant work and false ornaments which desecrated the native beauty of the original. Henceforth Cruvelli will refrain from clothing and adorning the simple statue with gauze, and fluttering veils, and flounces. The enthusiasm she created on Wednesday night by her exquisitely pure and unadorned singing in "Voi che Sapete," in which she did not alter one single note, must have taught her, that, with her voice and expression, Mozart had much better be left to himself, and not be-capp'd, be-furbelow'd and be-dizened by any master-tailor of the voice. We have rarely indeed heard a greater effect produced by any singing, and never in a more legitimate way. Cruvelli's singing was really divine, and, as we stinted our praise on a former occasion, she shall now have all she fully merits. The encore was tremendous, and, in the repeat, Cruvelli still remained conscientious to Mozart, and provoked more than before the acclamations of the audience. The "Non so piu cosa" was hardly less perfect an effort. It was most charmingly sung and with an *esprit* and an *abandon* that displayed real genius. In short, we were never more pleased, never more delighted with Cruvelli, who has now proved herself no less adequate a proficient in the melting love-strains of Mozart than in the profound inspirations of Beethoven.

On Tuesday, much to our surprise and chagrin, *Florinda* was repeated, and proved as dull and unattractive as before. We never knew an audience so lavish of their silence—to speak negatively—and never witnessed a greater expenditure of talents for no results. Cruvelli screamed the high notes as loud as she could, and Lablache thundered as stentoriantly as ever; but neither high notes Cruvellian, nor brassy tones Lablachian, with all two grand talents could bring to bear upon the acting, could provoke the audience to a single outcry or a palm-clapping. The curtain fell on each act without a hand, and the end was received with a death-like and ominous silence. We pitied Cruvelli, and Lablache, and Calzolari, and Coletti, and in short all concerned in the performance. Why was not *Norma* given?—or if Pardini has left London, why was not the *Barbiere* repeated? In fact anything, or nothing, would have been preferable to an opera, which, whatever may be its intrinsic value, the public

will not have at any price. Better far to have closed the theatre for one night than, by submitting a work to the public and subscribers for which they have shown a decided distaste, to render the entertainments of Her Majesty's Theatre a subject for serious animadversion.

The divertissement from the *Prodigo* was relished amazingly after *Florinda*. The sparkling and brilliant dances were each and all received with loud acclamations, and people seemed to breathe freely as if they had been removed from a dense to a more rarefied atmosphere. Carolina Rosati appeared to dance more enchantingly than ever, and never was received with warmer or more continuous applause. Nor did the charming demoiselles Rosa, Esper, Jullien, Lamoureux Kohlenberg, &c., who danced the sub-solos, go unrewarded for their zeal and exertions. In fact Auber's delicious music and the splendid dancing of the star, Rosati, and her brilliant satellites, was never more warmly discussed and enjoyed.

The final performances of the season are now before us in black and white. The season itself is about "to die like a dolphin," each moment assuming a more splendid hue, "the last the loveliest till all is gone," as Lord Byron says in "Childe Harold," or "Don Juan," the former for a choice. To render this intelligible, the reader must know that Mr. Lumley, to add a new glory to his setting year, has engaged for the closing performances the popular, the fair, the fascinating, the multiple-talented and celebrated *danseuse*, Fanny Cerito, who will make her *debut* this season in her own ballet, *Ondine*, which will induce all the *habitues* whom Brighton, grouse shooting, and the York races have left in London, to rush to Her Majesty's Theatre to enjoy a new sensation. Madame Sontag, too, will resume this evening her original part of Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*.

On Tuesday—the last night of the subscription—*Anna Bolena* will be revived for Madame Barbieri Nini, with Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, and Cerrito in the ballet.

Four farewell nights, at playhouse prices, are announced for Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. On Wednesday, Sontag will appear in *Sonnambula*, and *Don Giovanni* will be given on Thursday. The ballet entertainments for these nights will include the talents of Rosati, Cerito, and Amalia Ferraris. The performances for Friday and Saturday have not been announced.

In our notice of Saturday's performance, we omitted stating that Marie Taglioni made her last appearance this season. *Le Diable a Quatre* was the ballet, and Marie, the charming and *piquante*, was applauded throughout with great animation. We, as well as all the lovers of the ballet, will welcome back Marie with open arms next season.

Last night *Fidelio* was repeated for the last time. We have but room to say that the performance was good, and Cruvelli transcendent. Mr. Lumley should wind up his season with Cruvelli and Beethoven—and one more representation of *Fidelio*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Roberto Il Diavolo* was represented, and, altogether, proved a great treat. Tamberlik was in immense force, and sang better than we have heard him in this opera. The oftener we hear Tamberlik in Meyerbeer's music the more satisfied are we, that of all tenors living, he is best suited for it; and greatly as we admire Mario in the *Huguenots* and the *Prophete*, we should be far from sorry if he were to resign his part, in them to Tamberlik. We do not

go so far as to assert that Tamberlik would come up to the finest points of Mario's Raoul and Jean, but in the bolder and more energetic passages with which both operas of the composer abound, Tamberlik's voice would, undoubtedly, prove more telling and effective. If, however, we felt quite assured that Mario's voice would remain unimpaired while singing in Meyerbeer's music, we would not give him up for several Tamberliks, although each Tamberlik must necessarily be of great weight and value; but Mario suffers from overstraining his voice in the septet in the *Huguenots*, and from taxing his powers in an extraordinary degree throughout the invocation scene in the *Prophete*, and his surplus efforts in the Bacchanalian song in the last scene. Had Mario long since resigned his parts in the French operas to Tamberlik, it would have been much better for Mario, and much better for the management.

During the representation of the *Roberto* on Saturday night, two *contretemps* occurred, which somewhat militated against the completeness of the performance. Formes was taken suddenly ill, and could not appear in the last act. The last act was consequently shorn of much of its attractions. Mdle. Louise Taglioni sprained her ankle, and so the dances had to be cut. With these two drawbacks—serious ones it must be admitted—the opera passed off with considerable *eclat*, no small thanks being due to Grisi, who exerted herself to the utmost.

The performance of *Il Flauto Magico* on Tuesday, calls for no remark; nor does that of the *Prophete* on Thursday.

There has been some talk of bringing out Donizetti's *Les Martyrs*, as the winding up production of the season, for Tamberlik and Grisi.

• Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS—An extra performance was given at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday night, for the benefit of M. Cloup, a name which has been from time immemorial associated with French plays in London.

The chief attraction of the evening was *Le Chevalier St. George*, in which M. Lafont made his last appearance for the present season, which another day will bring to its close.

The character of the mulatto Chrichton is admirably calculated to bring out the varied resources of this accomplished actor. It affords equal scope for that easy gaiety of deportment, and those sallies of dry and refined humour which distinguish his comedy, and the natural earnestness and unexaggerated vigour with which he is able to command the deeper emotions of his audience. Few actors can compare with him in the thorough possession of all the mechanism of his art, and, though others may make us laugh louder or startle us into more violent emotions, none perform a part with merit more equally sustained, or leave at the conclusion an impression more thoroughly satisfactory. The house, we are sorry to record, was an excessively thin one, but the small audience seemed to feel themselves called upon for extra exertions and did every honour to the last appearance of the actor as effectively as the most crowded assembly.

DRURY-LANE.—As we predicted—the *MUSICAL WORLD* by the way is always right in its predictions—Mr. Mac Collum and Co. have made a hit; the public flock in crowds to see them every night, and so great has been the patronage they have received that they give a limited number of representations by day in addition to those in the evening.

The performances, too, are judiciously varied—at least as much as their nature will permit, that is, to about the same amount as the well-known variation in the gentleman's diet, who always dined at the Cheshire Cheese, or the Cock in Fleet-street, and from one year's end to the other ordered "chops and steaks—chops and steaks—with occasionally, steaks and chops, by way of a change." In the like manner, at **DRURY-LANE**, we have Madame Brower and the Little Loisset and the Little Loisset, Madame Brower, *et ainsi de suite*. One really novel feature, however, in the programme, has been the appearance of a young lady on the tight rope, and trully the feats she performs surpass everything we ever witnessed in, or rather on, that line. She walks, runs, dances, and jumps upon it with as much certainty and ease as we could indulge in the same movements—were we to forget our critical dignity—on the *trattoir* in Regent-street, and besides this, wheels a barrow, sits in a chair and beats the drum, and all her rivals, with a precision, certainty and *aplomb* perfectly astonishing. We should say Mr. Mac Collum and Co. would make a longer stay than they first intended, although they might have been pretty sure that their quadrupedal performers, at least, would be successful, as there is nothing very extraordinary in horses "having a run."

SURREY.—Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick have been doing excellent business lately with opera. If our readers could witness, as we have done, the delight and attention with which our transpontine brethren listen to the *chefs d'œuvre* of Auber, Meyerbeer, Balfe, Wallace and a host of others, they would never again hear the parrot-cry "of the English are not a musical people," without giving it a flat denial. Everything requires cultivation—taste as well as any thing else. The man who honours Shakespere and reverences Tennyson would probably have done neither, unless he had pursued a course of reading which developed his mind, and led him by easy steps to the comprehension of the two great masters we have mentioned. So with music. It is absurd to imagine that people who have heard nothing all their lives but, "Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England," and other equally patriotic, but not particularly classical strains, could sit down and enjoy Mozart or Mendelssohn: but make good music more accessible to the million, and it will not be long before a marked change is visible. The Surrey management have gone upon this conviction, and while they are conferring a public benefit, they are pursuing a course which is most advantageous to their private pockets. For instance, last Monday the house was literally crowded to suffocation on the production of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, which was got up in the most creditable manner, and sung in a way which would have surprised many of our *abonnés*, who are still, perhaps, under the impression that opera is confined to Her Majesty's and Covent Garden. The cast was a powerful one, including as it did the names of Messrs. Travers, Borroni, and Corri, Mesdames Romer, Poole, and Annie Romer, assisted by a very good, and pretty numerous chorus. Miss Romer has returned to the stage after an absence of three years. Her voice is not all that it was,—we are not so much inclined to believe that it has actually lost much of its power, as that it has grown rather unmanageable from want of practice. *Elle s'est un peu rouillée*,—but spite of this, Miss Romer is still a charming singer. Miss Annie Romer has also returned, and been most heartily welcomed by her admirers, that is by the whole Surrey public, with whom she is a great and especial favourite. She made her *debut* this year in the

Huguenots on Monday last. She never sang better; she has most decidedly improved since we last heard her. Her voice has lost none of that agreeable and pleasing freshness for which it was always so distinguished, and it has certainly gained in volume of tone and precision. Her rendering of the celebrated "Robert, toi que j'aime" brought down thunders of applause, and, what is more, deserved them. It was remarkable, not only for its artistic finish, but for the deep and serious expressiveness which Miss Annie Romer imparted to it. On Tuesday, Miss Annie Romer appeared in her favourite character of Maritana, and created even more decided admiration than she did in Valentine. The *Huguenots* and *Maritana* have been performed, alternately during the week, to crowded houses. Hitherto we have had to praise,—we have now to speak in a less favourable tone. The orchestra is far from being what it ought to be. This is a grand fault, and one which we are sure Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd will remedy. Let them be assured that it is their *interest* to do so, and that the old proverb, "Penny wise and pound foolish," though very homely, is, in the long run, generally found to turn out true.

Reviews of Music.

"COME LET US WANDER"—SONG FOR VOICE AND PIANO.—Poetry written in the style of Robert Herrick, by G. V. O.

"EDITH"—A SONG OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY—Written by GRACE AGUILAR.—Emanuel Aguilar. Wessel & Co.

Like all we have seen from the pen of Mr. Aguilar, the songs before us give evidence of the thoughtful man, and the conscientious musician. Mr. Aguilar evidently writes *con amore*, and the care with which he elaborates and finishes his compositions sometimes runs into excess.

The first of the two songs under notice, written for a contralto voice, is much more unpretending than its companion, but is by no means less musically attractive on that account. The verses of G. V. O. are very good and even poetical, though we must confess we cannot trace any resemblance to the style of the quaint old English poet whom they profess to imitate. The melody which Mr. Aguilar has found to express the sentiment which they convey will charm the general ear by its unaffected simplicity, while the more cultivated listener will not fail to be struck by its grace and thorough applicability to the words. The accompaniment, though easy, is finished with great care, and the slight resemblance which may be traced to certain peculiarities in the manner of Spohr, will not be criticised as a defect, but welcomed as a pleasant manifestation of sympathy with the style of one of the greatest composers of the day. The song is in A flat, and the highest note in the voice line is F, so that it may be sung by the great mass of amateurs, male and female, to whom we recommend it as sterling music, free from pretence and exaggeration.

No. 2. "Edith," is of a more extended and ambitious character. The verses tell a pathetic story, founded on an historical incident, in simple and appropriate language. The music elevates the theme by its dramatic feeling, without sacrificing vocal effect. Its form is that of the scene—the chamber scene—of which the modern German composers, Lowe, Kalliwoda, and others, have given us so many examples, and it is a very favourable specimen of its class. It is in the key of C minor. The difficulties of the accompaniment are more than ordinary, but they are full of musical ideas, and evince a great facility in modulation and harmony. The melody, though somewhat fragmentary, is expressive and vocal, sometimes even passionate. Altogether, though this is not a faultless song, it has so many real beauties, that we cordially recommend it to our readers as a favourable specimen of the talent of its composer, one of our most rising musicians.

"ONWARD ROLL OUR FLEETING DAYS."—Sacred Canzonet, Sung by Miss Dolby.—Poetry by LEAPIDGE SMITH, Esq.—Music by JOSEPH THOMAS COOPER. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

This Canzonet is written with the true feeling for sacred composition. The symphony is solemn and reposeful, and the opening recitative constitutes a graceful introduction to the cantabile, which has a pleasing strain of melody throughout. It is in the key of D. The accompaniments are clear and well defined, and the whole wears a religious tone, not always found in works of this kind. The poetry of Mr. Leapidge, though somewhat diffuse, is creditable.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of The Musical World.)

SIR—Your intelligent correspondent, F. G. B., having again entered into the controversy of a National Opera, I feel myself bound to respond, in some sort, to his letter of last week, although by so doing I may appear to arrogate to myself a degree of importance which is scarcely due. No matter for that, I am content to bear ridicule or censure, just as may happen, in the prosecution of what I feel to be a good cause.

Firstly, I must express great pleasure at the re-appearance of F. G. B. (and heartily wish that he may take in a stock of health to assist, with his counsel, the movement which is now progressing). Secondly, I hasten to assure him that no suggestion of his own, or dissent from any proposition of mine, will ever be received otherwise than in good part: let him therefore "say on."

In answer to F. G. B.'s oblique query, as to "where the funds are to come from," and how this scheme is to be set about "financially," I am constrained to say that my ideas upon that portion of the subject, although savouring of no extreme ingenuity, are such as would be inexpedient to give forth just at present, for reasons which are difficult to explain without endangering the success of the scheme itself. Your correspondent is evidently a man of discernment, and may possibly guess that it would be inexpedient to publish plans such as an enemy might turn to our own defeat—for be it known, that whereas a large body of individuals are in favour of some such scheme as the one now proposed—there is a small, but powerful "clique," whose interests are deeply involved in the preservation of things as they are, just as the old borough-mongers hated and opposed Parliamentary Reform.

I have endeavoured, throughout these letters, to steer clear of personalities, and to avoid all acrimonious censure, but the desire to be courteous must not render me impolitic, and I therefore beg to have it understood, that whilst I feel tolerably certain of obtaining the necessary funds in a legitimate way, I will not explain the mode, except to such body of individuals as shall (*hereafter, I trust*), consent to act as a provisional committee, and amongst whom I should be delighted to number F. G. B.

The one great difficulty to be surmounted in the prosecution of my scheme connected with musical artistes consists in the persuading of such to throw aside all petty jealousies, and to merge all selfish interests into one common good. This has always been the stumbling-block to success hitherto; and it is that *alone* that I fear now. For my own part, I can cheerfully say that, should the present scheme be brought to bear, and I were to hold any authority in its conduct, my own works shall be the *LAST* that I would attempt to bring forward, and my own personal friends the *LAST* whom I should attempt to serve, feeling as I do, that as rigid discipline of FAIR PLAY towards MERIT alone will conduce to that kind of success which it is my ambition to deserve.

A week's time will now suffice to show whether or not a sufficient number of artistes will be found to rally round the banners of reform, and to constitute themselves a respectable phalanx. Let them but do so, and let but an efficient committee be formed, and the *sineus of war* will speedily give nerve to their exertions, and a triumphant victory will be theirs.

When all is done, it will be something whereof to boast that

"A. B. or C." was a *first* member of "THE NATIONAL OPERA;" and it shall (or ought to) be a fundamental regulation that the services given under such circumstances of difficulty should be most honourably entertained.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
PHILO-MUSICA.

CONSERVATORY OF MILAN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR—Will you favour me with the name of the principal Singing Masters at the Conservatory at Milan, and also the terms of admission to students.

Your obliged servant,
ELLEN.

[Signors Mazzucato and Lamperti are the principal professors of singing at the Conservatory of Milan. We know nothing about the terms of admission to that school of teaching. Perhaps some of our readers may supply the required information. [Ed. M. W.]

THE ROMANTIC IN MUSIC.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUST KALBEY.)

WHEN Carl Maria Von Weber opened to himself a new path, by that work of genius *Der Freischütz*, what is called romantic music was by several stamped as belonging to a peculiar school, and many an unsuccessful imitation was attempted under the title of "Romantic Opera." The wonderful and the legendary were alleged to be the necessary foundation of this species: spirits, and whenever possible, Satan himself, were essential ingredients. This kind of opera was pronounced to be the only one truly German, and opposed to the comic conversation-opera, and the heroic opera.

I cannot see what is to be gained by such a classification, or that it will at all tend to enlighten us on the question of the real essence of music.

The essence of the romantic was sought for in various contingencies, or single peculiarities: the first united with the second renders plain the conception of the romantic.

My own views of romantic art, briefly shown, may serve to justify what I have said.

First, I must state, that, according to my views, the romantic and musical are akin to each other, and that all music is of a romantic nature,—a proposition that will seem paradoxical to many, but which I shall endeavour to demonstrate.

The source of all the fine arts may be traced to the worship of God,—to religion. From this they have sprung; from this were formed their first rude beginnings, and the general religious feelings of a people have also given an individual colouring to their arts. The tie of religion and art is so close, that even those who will not acknowledge it, unconsciously feel its power. The religion of antiquity was essentially a natural religion: only among the Oriental nations the traces of a belief in divine manifestations display themselves. The art, which sprung from this natural religion, could not conceive other than sensual deities: it sought among natural forms for the expression of divinity, and hence in works of art the nearest approach to Nature's masterpieces was held to be the noblest design.

According to Aristotle the beautiful consists in the imitation of nature, a view of the matter, which, in the days of scepticism, e. g. among the French, revived in all its power.

Plato's views of art and the beautiful are opposed to these: he assumes original forms of beauty in the soul of the artist, which he has brought with him into the world, and which

spring from a former and better state. Thus he regards most the ideal, while Aristotle chiefly regards the real.

Grecian art in general bears the character of an imitation, which is so perfect, that we should vainly strive to equal it, since we want the eye of the Grecian artist. The summit of human strength and beauty is, with the Greeks, divine: hence their heroes allied to the Gods; hence their Gods, though in heaven, live after the manner of men. The spirit of Grecian art displays itself in works of architecture, poetry, and sculpture. This last, which most obviously exhibits the forms of nature, bears very evidently in itself the elements of national spirit, and hence ancient art is in general called plastic.

But with respect to the music of the ancients—what was it? Godfrey Weber has, in his Theory of Composition, long ago called our attention to this point, namely, that the key to any closer acquaintance with that art is lost, and that our endeavours to attain it must fail. We have, we may almost say, less proof that we understand accurately the expressions of Ptolemy, Plato, and Plutarch relative to music, than that we have sufficiently, and in the spirit of the ancients, mastered the quantity and mode of expressing Greek and Latin words. The scanty remains of ancient music afford us no view of that art: and to increase the confusion, the Christian beginnings in music have been often mingled with those remains, and under the name of "Greek" proudly displayed themselves as the result of investigation into antiquities. Von Winterfeld's *Joh Gabrieli* will contribute much to the clearing up of such doubts.

If we considered attentively the choruses of the Greek tragedies, and combine the expressions relative to music uttered by Plato in the third book of his Republic, we shall soon be convinced that the essential beauty of that music consisted in the rhythm, hence in systematic motion. Indeed the same spirit, which in ancient sculpture announced itself in space, speaks in the rhythm, but not otherwise in motion, therefore in time. The rhythm of antiquity, so far as we can obtain an idea of it by investigating the laws of metre, is of a plastic nature. Hence music was, as it were, rendered visible by the peculiar arts of motion, namely, dancing and mimicry. Music was but the servant of other arts; and though the ancients knew the difference between high and low in sounds, we have nothing to justify us in assuming that they knew anything of a harmonic base, on which what we call melody depends. Rhythm could display itself in tones, but knowledge of the combination of tones was reserved for a later age. The unison of the Eastern nations of the present day now affords an instance of that infancy in music.

It is well known how music displayed itself simultaneously with the rights of Christianity; how music was the art in which Christian worship was first developed. The power of the musical spirit was alone calculated to present to the senses the Christian idea of Deity; while in ancient times this was done by sculpture, when the divinities in the form of men, filled the situations of men. This, in Christian world, could alone be accomplished by an art which had for its end the representation of the Infinite; an art, the elements of which are varying and fluctuating—that is to say, music. Sound dies away like the existence of man. A pictorial composition remains fixed to our gaze, and thus embraces the forms of earth. A musical composition has nothing which it can imitate; its artist can only represent sensual phenomena, when he has first idealised them.

It was natural enough that the musical art should exert

an influence over other arts. Poetry shows us this in the origin of rhyme. Harmonic euphony began to gain ground on the rhythmic, and shewed itself not only in rhyme, but in alliteration and assonance. Now did all art strive to elevate man to the Infinite—to God; as the ancients degrading Deity, sought to approximate it to man. Jean-Paul and Frederick Schlegel have long ago shown that the Gothic style of architecture was designed to express that endeavour.

In like manner Christian art produced what is called romantic art, which is by many totally misunderstood. The very essence of the romantic art depends on the endeavour of man to soar above the sphere of his own knowledge; it strives to acquaint us with the unattainable, which no intellect can comprehend.

The opinion will be found correct, that the power of music completes that of language; that the kingdom of the former begins where the latter ends; that without a sweet fancy being itself in the magic of sound, no genuine musical work can exist. If we call Beethoven the master of all masters, the reason is, that he has exhibited, in the plainest view, that striving after the infinite. Every work of art requires a form, but to go so far above it, without annihilating it, was reserved for Beethoven alone. I place him above S. Bach, because the genius of the latter was more immediately subservient to divine worship; because he did not lose himself, like Beethoven, in the magic of sound. I place him above all, because he is independent of words, and lets his inarticulate sounds speak freely for themselves.

Instrumental music, as E. T. A. Hoffmann has justly remarked, is the most romantic of all arts. However, among vocal performers there is more than one who is entitled to stand by Beethoven's side. If he was the mightiest in instrumental music, so was Mozart in another sphere. No other composer has expressed the romantic spirit he has in *Don Giovanni*.

Among the modern the romantic spirit has appeared in Weber and Spohr: with the former it is almost unbridled; with the latter it is more confined.

Mendelssohn and Lowe are to be reckoned among those of the present day. Yet in all modern art the free unconscious power of creation has become rare. The intellectual education, on the one hand, and the mechanical on the other, plainly exert an injurious influence. That fancy, which makes individuality forget itself, becomes more and more scarce, like that pious childish faith, in which religion first takes root. The age begins to hate the very essence of the romantic; it desires the bodily, the sensual. To satisfy this desire, thousands of musicians are prepared, and ready at all times. With these the very mechanism of music has become living, and the intellect only reckons upon the effect.

A new effect, however, constitutes neither novelty nor originality in a work of art; therefore, that the romantic should be misunderstood was inevitable. We had learned to expect from it outward signs, spirits, and wonders above all things. Thus, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* must be called a romantic opera, though there is not the least trace of the romantic spirit in any part.

Let us then be less liberal with a name that conveys, above all others, such weighty, such mighty praise. Let us consider that the romantic is the inmost essence of music, that it is the mark which distinguishes all modern art from the ancient; hence, in few words, that in our days every work of art meriting the name must be called romantic, and then that appellation is understood as being the mark of every good work of art in our time.

It will be objected that the term *romantic* will in fact not at all suit many of our most modern works of art. Alas! such is the case. They have not proceeded from the exaltation of our souls to the infinite; they clave to this earth; they live but an apparent life; they are no productions of the spirit of art, but of intellect, experience, and labour. This is particularly remarked in the greater and more comprehensive works. For small, light pictures, for short, feeling songs, which flash like lightning through the night, the powers of creating and feeling are yet sufficient. But even this losing one's self in a number of trifling designs, without being able to apply one's self to a single great work, is somewhat dangerous. The arts go begging among each other; we seek the matter, being unable to produce it; while Raphael painted the Madonna innumerable times, yet ever new—ever with animation. We are poor in matter, because the enjoyers of art are insatiable. Thus our matter gradually becomes more real, more prosaic.

Music is a product of Christianity; instrumental music a product of the German spirit. The bias of the German character to religion here displayed itself in its noblest form. Let us in a sceptical age, neither in life, nor in art, be robbed of our faith in what is most sacred.

BETTINI, THE TENOR.

(From the New York Journal of Fine Arts.)

An accident, at first sight apparently ludicrous, occurred last week, in what is technically termed the "making up" of an article on the Italian Opera. Two papers, differing materially in spirit, had been prepared by separate writers connected with our critical department, both gentlemen of fine musical appreciation and ability. Both were put in type before it was decided which should appear, and in the arrangement of the matter in columns a portion of the suppressed one was accidentally, by the foreman, placed after the accepted article. By this means the following apparently contradictory language was held concerning Bettini:—

"Signor Bettini is in his prime, his voice a fine tenor, his execution not so good as Salvi's. Yet he is a better actor, and possesses much more perfection than is usually met in the combined qualities of singer and dramatic artist. A natural and dignified carriage, graceful movements, and the absence of a too-common affectation, are traits which mark him. His voice, in its chest-tones, sometimes betrays harshness, but only in the upper register—in general it is remarkable for purity. Yet this artist is unequal, and often his renderings are careless and defective."

"We are sorry we cannot award similar praise to the new tenor, Signor Bettini; nor can we imagine why some of our contemporaries lavish such extravagant encomiums on this gentleman's performances. With a most unwilling voice of dry, hard, unsympathetic quality, he unites an exceedingly defective method, and a style remarkable for nothing but its convulsive attempts at *mezza di voce*. His acting in the death scene was simply absurd, and the dying strain of the self-murdered *Edgar* a complete roar. We never witnessed so unfinished a personation of this character."

Now, with due deference to the hypercriticism which strains at gnats, etc., we are inclined to argue the perfect reconcilability of the above juxtaposed opinions. It is not the unsoundness of our critics, which caused them to indite such opposite verdicts; for, as we said, either of them is competent to decide upon the merits of any operatic vocalist on

the boards of Castle Garden; but it is simply the fault or misfortune of Signor Bettini, that, by his contradictory styles of acting and singing, on different occasions, he lays himself open to general condemnation, by his particular faults at certain times. One word near the conclusion of the sentence above-quoted is a key to the whole affair. Signor Bettini is "unequal!" That explains both opinions. He is, in fact, lamentably unequal; at one time inspiring us with admiration for some graceful method, or effective point; at another puzzling us with the apparent slovenliness of his entire delivery. Thus, to one critic—and a good judge, too—he presents hard, uneven, limping qualities of tone and performance; to another (listening when Signor Bettini is "i' the vein,") he is warm, enthusiastic, manly, and finished. When "doctors disagree," the patient must look to his own diagnosis. If he discovers himself entirely free from disease—he can afford to laugh at doctors.

Miscellaneous.

HAYDN FORMS AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH CURTEZ, THE CELEBRATED BUFFOON.—Haydn composed, for his amusement, a serenata for three instruments, which he performed on fine summer evenings, with two of his friends, in different parts of Vienna. The theatre of Carinthia was at that time directed by Bernadone Curtez, a celebrated buffoon, who amused the public with his forms. Bernadone drew crowds to his theatre by his originality, and by good opera-buffas. He had, moreover, a handsome wife; and this was an additional reason for our nocturnal adventurers to go and perform their serenade under the harlequin's window. Curtez was so struck with the originality of the music, that he came down into the street, to ask who had composed it. "I did," replied Haydn boldly. "How, you; at your age?"—"One must make a beginning sometime." "Gad, this is droll; come up stairs." Haydn followed the harlequin, was introduced to the handsome wife, and re-descended with the poem of an opera, entitled, "*The Devil on Two Sticks*." The music, composed in a few days, had the happiest success, and was paid for it with twenty-four sequins. But a nobleman, who probably was not handsome, perceived that he was ridiculed, under the name of *the Devil on two Sticks*, and caused the piece to be prohibited. Haydn after said, that he had more trouble in finding out a mode of representing the motion of the waves in a tempest of this opera, than he afterwards had, in writing fugues with a double subject. Curtez, who had spirit, and taste, was difficult to please; but there was also another obstacle. Neither of the two authors had ever seen either sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about? If this happy art could be discovered, many of our great politicians would talk better about virtue. Curtez, all agitation, paced up and down the room, where the composer was seated at the pianoforte. "Imagine," said he, a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain, and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after the other with rapidity; and at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other. This fine description was of no avail. In vain did harlequin add thunder and lightning. "Come, describe for me all these horrors," he repeated incessantly, "but particularly, represent distinctly these mountains and valleys." Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key-board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtez was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the instrument, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "*The Devil take the tempest!*" "That's it, that's it," cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him." *Aurelian.*

HAYDN RECEIVES LESSONS FROM PORPORA.—Haydn did not learn recitative from Porpora, as you have been told; the inferiority of his recitatives to those of the inventor of this kind of music, is a sufficient proof of this; but he learned from him the true Italian style of singing, and the art of accompanying on the pianoforte, which is not so easy a thing as is commonly supposed. He succeeded in obtaining these lessons in the following way. A noble Venetian, named *Corner*, at that time resided at Vienna, as ambassador from the republic. He had a mistress passionately fond of music, who had harboured old Porpora in the hotel of the embassy. Haydn found means to get introduced into the family, purely on account of his love of music. He was approved, and his excellency took him, with his mistress and Porpora, to the baths of Maneusdarff, which were the fashionable resort at that time. Our hero, who cared for nobody but the old Neapolitan, employed all sorts of devices to get into his good graces and to obtain his harmonic favours. Every day he rose early, beat the old man's coat, cleaned his shoes, and disposed, in the best order, the antique periwig for the old fellow, who was sour beyond all that can be imagined. He obtained, at first, nothing but the courteous salutation of "fool," and "blockhead," when he entered the old man's room in a morning. But the boor, seeing himself served gratuitously, and observing at the same time the rare qualities of his voluntary lackey, suffered himself occasionally to soften, and gave him some good advice. Haydn was favoured with it more especially whenever he had to accompany the fair *Wilhelmina*, in singing some of the airs of Porpora, which were filled with basses difficult to understand. Joseph learned in this house to sing in the best Italian taste. The ambassador, astonished at the progress of this poor young man, gave him, when he returned to the city, a monthly pension of six sequins, and admitted him to the table of his secretaries. This generosity rendered Haydn independent. He was able to purchase a black suit. Thus attired, he went, at day-break, to take the part of first violin at the church of the Fathers of the Order of Mercy; from whence he repaired to the chapel of Count Hangwitz, where he played the organ: at a later hour he sung the tenor part at St. Stephen's. Lastly, after having been on foot the whole day, he passed a part of the night at the harpsichord. Thus forming himself by the precepts of all the musical men with whom he could scrape an acquaintance, seizing every opportunity of hearing music that was reputed good, and having no fixed master, he began to form his own conceptions of what was fine in music, and prepared himself, without being aware, to form one day, a style entirely his own.—*Aurelian.*

HAYDN.—"Nature had bestowed upon Haydn a sonorous and delicate voice. In Italy, at this period, such an advantage might have been fatal to the young peasant: perhaps *Marchesi* might have had a rival worthy of him, but Europe would have lost her *symphonist*. Frank, who gave his young cousin more cuffs than ginger-bread, soon rendered the young tambourist able not only to play on the violin and other instruments, but also to understand Latin, and to sing at the parish—desk, in a style which spread his fame though the country."—*Aurelian.*

HAYDN'S INTRODUCTION TO REUTER.—"Chance brought to Frank's house *Reuter*, *Maitre de Chapelle* of St. Stephen's, the cathedral church of Vienna. He was in search of children to recruit his choir. The schoolmaster soon proposed his little relative to him; he came: *Reuter* gave him a canon to sing at sight. The precision, the purity of tone, the spirit with which the child executed it, surprised him; but he was more especially charmed with the purity of his voice. He only remarked that he did not *shake*, and asked him the reason, with a smile. The child smartly replied, 'How should you expect me to shake, when my cousin does not know how himself!' 'Come here,' says *Reuter*, 'I will teach you.' He took him between his knees, showed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. The child immediately made a good shake. *Reuter*, enchanted with the success of his scholar, took a plate of fine cherries, which Frank had caused to be brought for his illustrious brother professor, and emptied them all into the child's pocket. His delight may be readily conceived. Haydn has often mentioned this anecdote to me; and he added, laughing, that whenever he happened to shake, he still thought he saw these

beautiful cherries. Reuter returned to Vienna and took the young shaker along with him, then about eight years old."—*Aurelian*.

HADYN'S EXPULSION FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.—"The ravages of time extended their influence to the little fortune of Hadyn. His voice broke; and, at the age of nineteen, he quitted the class of soprani at St. Stephen's; or, to speak more correctly, and not to fall all at once into the style of panegyric, he was expelled from it. Being a little mischievous, like all lively young people, he one day took it into his head to cut off the skirt of one of his comrade's gowns, a crime which was deemed unpardonable. He had sang at St. Stephen's eleven years, and, on the day of his expulsion, his only fortune consisted in his rising talent, a poor resource when it is unknown. He, nevertheless, had an admirer. Obligated to seek for a lodging, chance threw in his way a peruke-maker named Keller, who had often admired at the Cathedral the beauty of his voice; and who, in consequence, offered him an asylum. Keller received him as a son, sharing with him his humble fare, and charging his wife with the care of his clothing."—*Aurelian*.

HADYN'S MARRIAGE.—"Hadyn, freed from all worldly cares, and established in the obscure dwelling of the peruke-maker, was able to pursue his studies without interruption, and to make rapid progress. His residence here had, however, a fatal influence on his future life; the Germans are possessed with the mania of marriage. To a gentle, affectionate, and timid people, domestic pleasures are of the first necessity. Keller had two daughters, his wife and he soon began to think of marrying one of them to the young musician, and spoke to him on the subject. Absorbed in his own meditations, and thinking nothing about love, he made no objection to the match. He kept his word in the sequel with that honour which was the basis of his character, and this union was anything rather than happy."—*Aurelian*.

HADYN LEAVES KELLER, AND MEETS WITH METASTASIO.—"I do not know for what reason Hadyn about this time left the house of his friend Keller, but it is certain that his reputation, though rising under the most brilliant auspices, had not yet raised him above poverty. He went to reside with a M. Martinez, who offered him board and lodging, on condition that he would give lessons on the pianoforte and in singing to his two daughters. It was then that the same house situated near the church of St. Michael, contained in two rooms, one over the other, in the third and fourth stories, the first poet of the age, and the first symphonist of the world. Metastasio, also, lodged with M. Martinez, but as poet to the Emperor Charles VI., he lived in easy circumstances, while poor Hadyn passed the winter days in bed for want of fuel. The society of the Roman poet was, nevertheless, a great advantage to him. A gentle and deep sensibility had given Metastasio a correct taste in all the arts. He was passionately fond of music, and understood it well, and this singularly harmonious soul appreciated the talents of the young German. Metastasio dining every day with Hadyn, gave him some general rules respecting the fine arts, and in the course of his instructions, taught him Italian."—*Aurelian*.

MESSRS. H. AND R. BLAGROVE'S, sixth and last quartett and solo Concert was given in the Concert Rooms, Mortimer Street, on Friday Evening the 15th instant. Mendelssohn's Quartett, No. 5, in E flat for two violins, viola and violoncello, was delightfully executed by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Hausmann. Miss Williams sang Niedermeyer's Melodia. "In van nascondere," in a very effective style, and Linley's pretty ballad, "Thou art near me again," was also charmingly rendered. Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, was vigorously played by Messrs. R. Barnett, Boose, and R. Blagrove. The Duo Concertante of Kummer, for violin and violoncello, was given with great spirit and expression by Messrs. H. Blagrove and Hausmann, and received a hearty encore. Mr. R. Blagrove's new Fantasia for Concertina on Airs from *Le Prophete*, is one of the best we have heard of his compositions, and his manner of executing it was such as to merit the applause and encore it obtained. Mayseider's Trio, No. 2, in A flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, deserved every justice at the hands of Messrs. W. Dorrell, H. Blagrove,

and Hausmann, all the movements being given in the most pointed and efficient manner. The Concert concluded with Mozart's Quintett in G minor for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, W. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Hausmann, thus bringing to a close a series of Concerts which have given general satisfaction to full audiences, and which reflect much credit on Messrs. Blagrove, as introducing so many novelties, as well as some of the best specimens of the classic masters.

HENRI HERZ.—The celebrated pianist and composer has arrived in London after an absence of many years which have been spent in America and the West Indies.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—The charming and fascinating ex-rossignol of the *Opera Comique* has left England for America on a professional tour. There is not the slightest doubt but that the fair songstress will prove an irresistible attraction to the Yankees, despite their recent prostrations at the shrine of the Lind idol. Madame Anna Thillon will not return to this country until about the middle of next season.

MASSOL has left London for Paris to renew his engagement at the Grand Opera.

DIODOR BOUCAULT is engaged on a new and original drama for the Princess's.

WILLIAM BROUGH has completed another farce for the above theatre. We trust, both for his own sake and that of the management, that this new production of his son will be as successful as *Apartment to Let*, which has just reached its eightieth representation.

ROBERT BROUGH, the other of the brothers, or, *par nobile fratrum*, has returned from Paris, where he has been for some time residing.

MUSIC IN WASHINGTON.—The city of Washington, a newspaper writer computes, has spent in music, the last season, some 31,000 dollars; of which Jenny Lind's concert absorbed 25,000 dollars, Parodi's 5,000 dollars, and Madam Anna Bishop's 1,000 dollars. The same writer estimates that, during the same time, the expenditure of the Union, for music, were about 2,000,000 dollars.

DONIZETTI.—A meeting of the citizens was lately held in Bergamo, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the composer of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

MADAME UGALDE has made her *rentree* at the *Opera Comique* in Paris. Several novelties are in active preparation for her, and she will shortly appear as Maria, in the *Fille du Regiment*.

THE MANNER IN WHICH HAYDN COMPOSED.—Haydn commenced his work by noting down his principal idea, his *theme*, and choosing the keys through which he wished to make it pass. His exquisite feeling gave him a perfect knowledge of the greater or less degree of effect, which one chord produces in succeeding another; and he afterwards imagined a little romance, which might furnish him with musical sentiments and colours. Sometimes he supposed that one of his friends, the father of a numerous family, ill provided with the goods of fortune, was embarking for America, in hope of improving his circumstances. The first events of the voyage formed the symphony. It began with the departure. A favourable breeze gently agitated the waves. The ship sailed smoothly out of the port; while, on the shore, the family of the voyager followed him with tearful eyes, and his friends made signals of farewell. The vessel had a prosperous voyage, and reached at length an unknown land. Savage music, dances and barbarous cries, were heard toward the middle of the symphony. The fortunate navigator made advantageous exchanges with the natives of the country; loaded his vessel with rich merchandise, and at length set sail again for Europe with a prosperous wind. Here the first part of the symphony returned. But soon the sea begins to be rough, the sky grows dark, and a dreadful storm confounds together all the chords and accelerates the time. Every thing is in disorder on board the vessel. The cries of the sailors, the roaring of the waves, the whistling of the wind, carry the melody of the chromatic scale, to the highest degree of the pathetic.

Diminished and superfluous chords, modulations, succeeding by semi-tones, describe the terror of the mariners. But, gradually, the sea becomes calm, favourable breezes swell the sails, and they reach the port. The happy father casts anchor in the midst of the congratulations of his frigns, and the joyful cries of his children, and of their mother, whom he at length embraces safe on shore. I cannot recollect to which of the symphonies this little romance served as a clue. I know that he mentioned it to me, as well as to Professor *Pichl*, but I have totally forgotten it. From little romances of this kind were taken the names by which Haydn sometimes designated his symphonies. Without the knowledge of this circumstance, one is at a loss to understand the meaning of the titles, "The Fair Circassian," "Roxalana," "The Hermit," "The Enamoured Schoolmaster," "The Persian," all which names indicate the little romance which guided the composer. I wish the names of Haydn's symphonies had been retained, instead of numbers. A number has no meaning; a title, such as, "The Shipwreck," "The Wedding," guides, in some degree, the imagination of the auditor, which cannot be awakened too soon."—*Anrelian*.

FLOWERS.

(From the *New York Journal of Fine Arts*.)

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles, that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

Where I, oh God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

ANCIENT ITALIAN AND FRENCH SINGERS.—During the reign of Charlemagne, a difference of opinion existed in France as to the merits of French and Italian music, and the following account of this quarrel is given in a work published at Frankfort in 1514: "The pious Emperor Charles," says the writer, "having returned to celebrate the festival of Easter with our apostolic Lord at Rome, there arose during the feast a quarrel between the French and Italian choristers. The French pretended to sing better and more agreeably than the Italians; while the latter insisted on their own superiority in ecclesiastical music, which they had learned from Pope St. Gregory, and accused the French vocalists of corrupting and disfiguring the true melody. This dispute being submitted to the Emperor, the French, relying on his partiality, presumed to insult the Italians. But the latter, sensible of their superior knowledge, and comparing the learning of St. Gregory with the ignorance of their competitors, treated them with scorn and contempt. This altercation continuing, the Sovereign said to his choristers. "Tell us which is the purest water, that drawn from the fountain-head, or that of the streams which flow at a distance?" The question admitted of but one answer. All declared in favour the water at the fountain-head. "Have recourse then," said Charles, "to the fountain of St. Gregory, whose music you have altered and corrupted."

SUPERSTITIONS.—Most great men have been superstitious. The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was stated, Lord Byron remarked: "I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear somebody that I knew was dead! So it turns out. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believed, in second sight; Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked out of the water." Byron, on another occa-

sion, observed, "Several extraordinary things have happened on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful thing occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding, something whispered to me that I was signing my death warrant. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction. Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Bonaparte many warnings." Byron had also a belief in unlucky days. He once refused to be introduced to a lady because it was on Friday. On this same ill-starred day he would never pay visits.

MICHAEL KELLY.—Two comedians having laid a wager as to which of them sang best, they agreed to refer it to Kelly, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished he proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, sir," addressing himself to the first, "you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah," said the other, exultantly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, sir," said the arbitrator, "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, you cannot sing at all.*"

BURNS.—It is a common mistake to imagine that the "Ayrshire Bard" did not possess any knowledge, however slight, of music. One of his biographers says, "At an early age he was taught Church Music, but in this branch of harmony he made scarcely any progress." A more recent and talented biographer, whose research and veracity may be relied upon, states upon the authority of one of his own family, that he was able to perform on the violin many of the airs to which he wrote his imperishable verses. The Songs of Robert Burns, by the simplicity and power of his genius have done much to promote the happiness of his fellow-men. He unlocks the store of memory, and reminds his countrymen however distant from the scenes of their childhood, of impressions which once were felt in rapture, making them live again over hours of past happiness, and bringing back the cloudless skies of hope! While his Sentimental Songs have elevated in the youthful breast the object of the attachment, his Patriotic Lyrics have awakened in the bosom of maturer age every grand and ennobling feeling.

BRAMH.—Braham's master, Rauzzini, the Italian composer, was said to be gifted with wit as well as musical science. One of his professional *bon mots* gave birth to this epigram:—

"Says Rauzzini to Braham, 'I'll tell you von ting,
When you've lost all your teeth Mither Bram how to sing.'
'Tell your secret,' says Braham. 'Ah mio diletto,
You must do like your *maestro*, and sing in *Fulso-setto*!'"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. C.—Will any of our readers oblige an enthusiastic correspondent by telling him whether *Cerito*, or *Cerrito* is the correct way of spelling the name of the celebrated dancer.

NOVUS.—Malibran's last performance in London was in the *Son-nambula*, and an act of the *Maid of Artois*. She also sang a verse of the National Anthem.

U. V.—Donizelli and Rubini did sing together frequently at Her Majesty's Theatre, but not in the *Siege of Corinth*. It was Ivanhoff Way played the second tenor part.

SUM.—Miss Annie Bomer is niece to the Miss Bomer.

Advertisements.

CARTE'S PATENT FLUTES.

Just published,

A SKETCH of the successive IMPROVEMENTS made in the FLUTE, with a statement of the Principles upon which Flutes are constructed, and a comparison between the relative merits of the Ordinary Flute, the Flute of Boehm, and Carte's two new Patent Flutes. By RICHARD CARTE.

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"TALK OF HIM THAT'S FAR AWAY," composed by THOMAS CHANTREY. A new edition of which is just issued, may be had at Addison & Hollier's, 210, Regent-street, London. For simplicity, elegance, and originality of melody, it is unrivalled.

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TO ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN THE FORMATION OF A

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

IT is requested that all Members of the Musical Profession, whether Composers, Vocalists, or Instrumentalists, who feel the necessity of reforming the present system, and be desirous of contributing (by their professional exertions) towards the formation of a NATIONAL OPERA, will have the kindness to send their names and addresses (under cover) to the Publisher of the *Musical World*, at their earliest convenience, for the purpose of selecting therefrom a sufficient number of artists to form a managing committee.

N.B.—No apprehension need exist with regard to any monied responsibility, as all expenses will be defrayed by the advertiser until further steps may be agreed upon.

Office of the *Musical World*, Aug. 10, 1851.

W. VINCENT WALLACE'S LAST NEW SONGS.

GO! THOU RESTLESS WIND,
THE GIPSY MAID.
SWEET AND LOW WIND OF THE WESTERN SEA.
THERE'S ROOM FOR HOPE.
ORANGE FLOWERS.
OLD FRIENDSHIPS' SMILE.
I MOURN THEE, BUT I LOVE NO MORE.
THE STAR OF LOVE.
COME! SMILE AGAIN.
I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—FRIDAY, 29th AUGUST, Handel's MESSIAH. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Madame Macfarren, Mr. Benson, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Orchestra, on the most extensive scale, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 2s.; Reserved, 6s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's Office, 0, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Cure of a Bad Leg of more than sixty years' standing.—Mr. Barker, of No. 5, Graham's Place, Drypool, near Hull, had ulcers on his leg from the age of 18 until upwards of 80, and although for many years he had sought the first advice in the country, nothing was found to cure them. He often suffered excruciating pain for long periods together, which incapacitated him from attending to his business. He had given up all hopes of getting a cure, when at last he was persuaded to try Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he did, and however wonderful it may appear, the leg was thoroughly healed by their means, and by continuing to use the Pills alone after his leg was well, he has become in health so hale and hearty as now to be more active than most men of fifty. N.B.—The truth of this extraordinary statement can be vouched for by Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, 29, Market Place, Hull. Feb. 20th, 1850.

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I PURITANI.

GRISI, MARIO, TAMBURINI, RONCONI.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 26th, will be performed (for the third time this season), Bellini's favourite Opera,

I PURITANI,

Elvira,	Madame GRISI.
Henrietta,	Mlle. COTTI.
Valton,	Signor POLONINI.
Georgio,	Signor TAMBURINI.
Arturo,	Signor MARIO.
Bruno,	Signor SOLDI.
	...	And,	...	
Riccardo,	Signor RONCONI.

EXTRA NIGHT.

LAST APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

LAST NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

On THURSDAY NEXT, AUGUST 26th, will be performed, most positively for the last time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE,

In which Madame Viardot will positively make her last appearance this season.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Commence at Eight. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Musicallers and Libraries.

All persons having claims on the Royal Italian Opera are requested to send in their accounts immediately, and to apply on Saturday next, August 30th, at one o'clock for payment.

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MADAME SONTAG.

ONDINE. MADLLE. CERITO.

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 1851, will be presented,

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

Marie,	Madame SONTAG.
Tonio,	Signor GARDONI.
Caporale,	Signor BLANCHI.

And,

Sulpizio Sergente, ... Signor F. LABLACHE

Between the Acts, A GRAND PAS, by Madlle: Amalia Ferraris and M. Charles.
To conclude with the admired Ballet,**ONDINE,**

Comprising the FETE DE LA MADONNA, GRAND TARANTELE, and the celebrated PAS DE L'OMBRE.

Onidine,	Madlle. CERITO.
Matteo,	M. CHARLES.

LAST NIGHT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION.

On TUESDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1851, will be presented, for the first time these five years, Donizetti's celebrated Opera,

ANNA BOLENA.

Anna Bolena,	Madame BARBIERI NINI.
Jane Seymour,	Madame GIULIANA.
Smerton,	Madlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Percy,	Signor CALZOLARI.
Sir Harvey,	Signor MERCURIALI.
Rochfort,	Signor CASANOVA.

And,

Henry the Eighth, ... Signor LABLACHE.

With various Entertainments in the Ballet Department. Madlle. Cerito, Madlle. Carolina Rosati and Madlle. Amalia Ferraris.

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WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, & SATURDAY,

LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

On WEDNESDAY, AUGUST the 27th,

LA SONNAMBULA,

Amina ... Madame SONTAG.

And Selections from a Favourite Opera: for Madame BARBIERI NINI. With Entertainments in the Ballet. Madlles. Cerito, Rosati, and Ferraris.

On THURSDAY, AUGUST the 28th,

IL BARBIERE,

Rosina ... Madame SONTAG.

In the Ballet, Madlles. Cerito, Rosati, and Ferraris.

Full particulars will be announced for the LAST TWO NIGHTS, Friday, August 22, and Saturday, August 30.

"ONWARD."

SACRED CANZONET, for a Contralto or Bass voice, by JOSEPH THOMAS COOPER. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 301, Regent-street, and at all the Libraries and Musicallers.

TO ORGANISTS AND THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

FOR a Critical notice and Description of the Organs in the British and Foreign Departments of the Crystal Palace, together with the Compositions of the Haarlem Weingarten Organs, the monster organs of the continent, see the LEADER of Saturday, August 23. Persons enclosing six postage stamps will receive a copy by post. Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 85.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

A ROYAL OPERA.

The following brief, but significant, account of the new opera, written by His Royal Highness the Duke of Coburg, is extracted from the letter of the correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna, which appeared on Monday:—

“Placards posted by order of the municipal authorities announced that the Sovereign would be present at the first representation of the new opera, *Casilda*. According to the Vienna papers, the streets “swam in a sea of light,” but the truth is, that with the exception of the public offices and the Henmarkt barracks, the illumination was infinitely inferior to any which has taken place since I have known Vienna. Transparencies there were none. The Emperor, who did not appear at the Opera, drove through the streets for about half an hour in the course of the evening.

“The public papers do not agree in their opinions as to the merits of the Duke of Coburg’s new opera, *Casilda*. The private opinion of the musical world is that the opera will soon vanish from our stage. The first and second acts are heavy in the extreme, the third is somewhat better. By way of a hint to English *impresarios*, I may remark that the only singer who created any great sensation here during the Italian season was the barytone De Bassini, who, with a splendid voice, and an excellent method, is a first-rate actor.”

Mr. Lumley, or Mr. Gye must look after De Bassini, whose great talent, both as actor and singer, we have frequently heard spoken of, as well as read, highly praised in the foreign journals. Barytones are not so plentiful that the directors of our Italian Operas should allow a great celebrity to pass by neglected. Perhaps the managers of both houses are waiting until Signor De Bassini is *passé*, and then he will be brought to London, and a *furor* attempted to be established in his favour. It may be remarked that *passé* singers are no novelty at either establishment.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

TUESDAY, Aug. 26th.

The 128th anniversary of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, commenced this morning. Owing to the success of the Gloucester Festival last year, the requisite number of stewards for the present gathering at Worcester was readily forthcoming, and the preliminaries for the musical performances at the Cathedral, and in the College Hall, were arranged, at an unusually early period, under the

active and intelligent direction of the Rev. Robert Sarjant, Honorary Secretary.

We entered last year at great length into the history of the origin and progress of these praiseworthy meetings, in which music is made the handmaid of charity, and a refined and civilizing art becomes subservient to the offices of benevolence. A brief summary will, therefore, suffice to place the special object of the festivals, and their immediate and relative influence in a clear point of view.

Early in the last century, the members of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, were accustomed to assemble annually in their respective cities in rotation, to perform sacred music in the Cathedral. In 1724, Dr. Byssie, Chancellor of Hereford, and brother of the Bishop, proposed, in an eloquent sermon, that after the performances a collection should be made at the doors, to be devoted to the maintenance and education of the orphan children of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses, or of the members of the choirs. Six stewards, a clergyman, and a layman, belonging to each diocese, were appointed, and a collection was made, after morning service, in Gloucester Cathedral. The first real festival of the three choirs must, therefore, be chronicled as having taken place at Gloucester in 1724. In the two following years Dr. Byssie recommended similar collections at Worcester and at Hereford (his own diocese). At Gloucester the charity was first extended to the relief of widows, thus materially enhancing its utility. For several years the meetings continued slowly progressing, and the small amount of relief afforded, even as late as 1812, may be surmised from the fact, that except in a few very pressing instances, the highest amount accorded to a widow was eighteen guineas, and to an orphan sixteen. In 1768, when the Duke of Beaufort was president of the society, it was agreed, at a general meeting, that the members should assemble the following year at Gloucester, to give two concerts, under the forfeiture of one guinea in case of non-appearance, and that certain preliminary meetings should take place at the instance of the society, absence from any one of which entailed the penalty of 5s. The money accumulating from these not very formidable impositions was devoted to the payment of the band, the stewards being responsible for all deficiencies. The original charge for admission to the concerts was 2s. 6d., which, in 1752, on account of the extra expense incurred by the preparations for Handel’s oratorio of *Samson*, was raised to 3s. Of the many eminent singers and instrumental performers who appeared at the meetings of the three choirs, and of the various conductors

and composers, a full account appeared in our report of the Gloucester Festival last year. Very few particulars relating to the oratorios and concerts, however, are extant previously to 1755, when the festival was held at Worcester, and the use of the College Hall was first granted for the evening concerts and ball by the Dean and Chapter, who fitted it up at their own expense. From this year a regular account of the performances stands on record; and from this year may perhaps be dated the prosperity of the meetings, and their increasing importance to the charity. In 1757, at Gloucester, when Handel's *Messiah* was first performed in the English provinces, the meeting was prolonged to four days, *vice* three, inclusive of the full service at the Cathedral on the first day, which has always preceded the festival. The *Messiah* was not performed in the Cathedral, but at the Boot Hall, now an inn, and was received with rapturous applause. If the assertion of a celebrated musical historian, that this sublime work has "fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan," was true when Dr. Burney wrote, how much more so now, when more than half a century has elapsed, and its attraction remains unabated. Six years later, the price of tickets was raised from 3s. to 5s. In 1798, at Hereford, owing to the increasing expenses of the festival, it was found impossible to find stewards, and but for the Duke of Norfolk, who assembled all the principal singers and players of the day in his house, at Horn Lacy (among whom were the celebrated Italian vocalist, Banti—Lindley, the patriarch of the violoncello, now living—and Dragonetti, the famous contrabassist, not long deceased), and obtained from them the offer of their gratuitous services, the meeting at this diocese would have dropped, without the likelihood of a revival. Happily, the nobility and gentry of the county would not sanction such a stigma upon their liberality, but at a numerous meeting came to the resolution of continuing the festival at their own risk, the precaution being adopted, at the suggestion of the Duke of Norfolk, of increasing the number of stewards, so as to divide and lighten the burden of responsibility. In 1807, at Hereford, the price of tickets was raised to 7s. 6d. At Gloucester, in 1811, when Madame Catalani, the most celebrated singer of the day, was heard for the first time, there was another advance in the charge for admission, which raised the tickets to 9s. This was probably, with the exception of the Worcester meeting of 1809, when 810*l.* was collected at the doors of the Cathedral, the most successful meeting, as far as the charity was concerned, since the first institution of the festival. The expenses, nevertheless, was so heavy (amounting to no less than 2,335*l.* 8s. 5d.) owing to the large sum paid to Madame Catalani, and the unusual number of performers engaged, that the profits were only 23*l.* 12s. 7d., and, but for the collection, which amounted to 778*l.* 5s. 10½d., the charity would have received small benefit from the meeting.

We need not enter into any account of the progress of

the festivals from 1811 to the present period. It is consolatory, however, to find that, while forty years have elapsed, the meetings still go on and the charity is still supported. It would, in our opinion, entail an indelible disgrace on the noble and wealthy inhabitants of the three counties if, from lack of spirit and generosity, they were allowed to be suspended for any period, much less to stop altogether. An institution which kindles the warmth of charity through the medium of a beautiful, an innocent recreation, which encourages love and good fellowship while offering aid and consolation to the needy, should be supported by every possible means. We say nothing of the great benefit accruing to the cathedral cities themselves, by the extra consumption of such articles of commerce as are most immediately the object of general demand on such occasions, since, after all, this is but a minor consideration to the other. Still it should not be overlooked; and we are satisfied that there is not an inhabitant of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester but would deeply regret the discontinuance of the triennial music meetings. Viewed in a purely artistic light, it must be granted that these festivals have remained somewhat stationary. While Birmingham has given *Elijah*, and Norwich the *Fall of Babylon*, to the English public, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester persist in adhering to works already the property of the world, and have never invoked the aid of living genius to further the noble object they profess to have in view. Better late than never. The three choirs will, probably, soon be made aware that to march with the times is indispensable to continued prosperity.

The stewards for the present year are—The Earl of Harrowby, Sir Charles Hastings, M.D.; Mr. W. S. P. Hughes (Mayor of Worcester), the Rev. E. H. Cradock, the Rev. A. Wheeler, the Rev. C. Crewe, Mr. J. Benbow, M.P.; Mr. J. P. Brown-Westhead, M.P.; Mr. George Rushout, M.P.; Mr. Robert Clive, Mr. W. E. Essington, Mr. W. Hancocks. The President is the Bishop of Worcester. The programme of the musical performances offers great attractions. In addition to the full service to-day at the Cathedral, to-morrow, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, on Thursday Handel's *Samson* and Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and on Friday the *Messiah*. There will be concerts in the evening at the College-hall this evening, Wednesday, and Thursday. The ball, we presume, will come off, as usual, on the Friday evening at the Town-hall. We have already announced in the *Musical World* that the principal singers engaged for the festival are Sophie Cruvelli, Madame Castellan, Misses Birch, Dolby, and Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeyes, Lockey, Machin, and Herr Formes—a strong phalanx of talent. The band, led by Mr. Blagrove, and conducted by Mr. Done (organist of the Cathedral), comprises many of the most noted London performers, and the chorus, selected from London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and the vicinity, is on the accustomed scale of efficiency. Mr. Amott (organist of Gloucester Cathedral,) is the organist, and Mr.

Townshend Smith (organist of Hereford Cathedral,) will pre-side at the pianoforte, during the evening concerts.

The prospects of the present meeting are brighter than any one had anticipated. The demand for tickets seems to have been very great, and the friends and promoters of the festival are persuaded that it will turn out one of the most successful on record. May their anticipations prove correct.

The rehearsal of the sacred music took place yesterday morning, in the nave of the Cathedral, in presence of very few strangers, the stewards having judged it fit to keep the preliminaries as strictly private as possible. Perhaps they were right. The Cathedral of Worcester is one of the most venerable of those monuments of ecclesiastical architecture in which this country is so rich. The principal features of the edifice, as it now appears, date as far back as 1380, when the building was finished and perfected as a whole. The realisation of the first plan, made by Bishop Wulstan, but twice destroyed by fire, was accomplished, however, in 1224, by William de Blois, Bishop Sylvester, to whom the great cross aisle, the lady's chapel, the upper aisle, and above all, the choir, one of the most magnificent in England, are attributed. Little of Wulstan's share in the construction can be identified beyond the arch at the north-west end of the vestry, and some rooms over the passage from the cloisters to the deanery; and nothing of Bishop Oswald's Saxon church is supposed to remain but two arches in the western nave, which, however, are accorded to him on questionable authority. The length of the Cathedral from east to west is 394 feet, the breadth of nave and aisles 78. The nave, which is 66 feet long, is admirably adapted for the purposes of music. The effect of the organ, pealing through the aisles and resounding in the choir, is grand and impressive, and enhanced by a chorus and orchestra of more than 300 executants almost reaches the sublime. The truth is that nowhere so well as in a cathedral can the full effect be given to the simple and massive combinations of the oratorio composers. Not only in a point of view purely acoustical are they manifestly superior, but the sacredness of the place lends additional solemnity to the music, by inducing a train of feeling in the mind of the listener, which in a profane edifice is not likely to be engendered.

All the principal singers were present at the rehearsal yesterday, except Madame Castellan and Herr Formes, who not being announced to sing till Wednesday, arrived only to-day. Among the features of the evening concerts are Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, selections from *Jessonda* and *Euryanthe* and a new dramatic *Cantata*, founded upon Schiller's *Fridolin*, composed by Mr. Frank Mori, from which a great deal is expected. At the first concert to-night Cruvelli will introduce the grand air from *Fidelio*, one of her most splendid efforts in London. As Cruvelli has never previously appeared in the provinces, the greatest curiosity exists to hear her sing, and she certainly constitutes no small part of the attraction of the Festival. She is already celebrated in the provinces. Festivities of all kinds will prevail during the week. Public breakfasts are promised every morning, that of the mayor of Worcester (Mr. W. S. P. Hughes), who invited no less than a thousand of the notabilities of the city and county having been given this morning, at the Guildhall. The sermon for the charity, was, after full service at the Cathedral, preached this morning by the Rev. E. H. Cradock, canon of the Cathedral. The arrangements of the Midland Counties Railway to facilitate and promote the objects of the Festival are spoken of with satisfaction.

The Mayor's public breakfast went off with great *éclat* this morning at the Guildhall. In the absence of the Mayoress,

Mrs. Robert Sarjant, wife of the honorary secretary of the festival, received the guests. About 600 out of the 1,000 who were invited actually came. The Guildhall, chiefly used for public balls and meetings, was built in 1723 by Thomas White, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, and a native of Worcester. It is a handsome edifice, though somewhat profusely ornamented. The large room, which contains statues of Charles I., Charles II., and Queen Anne, and is about 110 feet long, 25 broad, and 21 high, was fitted up with good taste, expressly for the occasion, and music was performed during breakfast by the Worcester Yeomanry band. About half-past 10 the whole company left to attend morning service at the Cathedral. At the concert-rehearsal last night Mr. Frank Mori's new *cantata*, entitled *Fridolin*, was tried, and created a good impression upon all present. Mademoiselle Cruvelli rehearsed some of her pieces with as much spirit and energy as though she was singing in presence of the public—which display of good will appeared to give much satisfaction to the stewards, and the select party of their friends who were present. There can be little doubt of the effect Mr. Lumley's new *prima donna* is destined to produce on her first appearance before the worthy inhabitants of Worcester and its vicinities. The great enemy to the Festival is the all-absorbing Crystal Palace, which continues to draw so many persons from all parts of the country to London. From Stourbridge, an adjacent district, no less than 450 went up yesterday by rail, *via* Birmingham. Under the circumstances it is no less consolatory than surprising that the music meeting should promise to turn out so well, and that so large a number as 1,300 persons should be found assembled at the Cathedral on the first day, which is always regarded as the least attractive.

The festival began under somewhat gloomy auspices. The anticipations of fine weather, which were universal yesterday, were to-day altogether dispelled. From an early hour the rain began to come down, and continued, without intermission, the greater part of the day. Nevertheless, a numerous congregation assembled (nearly 1,300) at service in the cathedral, which commenced at the usual hour, 11 o'clock. The "preces" and "responses" of Tallis, and the "Dettingen te Deum" and "Jubilate" of Handel, formed parts of the selection. Formerly the Te Deum of Purcell, and that of Handel, composed for the Peace of Utrecht, used to be performed alternately; but the sublimity of the "Dettingen" has won it the preference for nearly a century. The "Jubilate" of the same composer, has also been mainly instrumental in putting aside that of Purcell, which was once very popular, and must always be highly esteemed, as one of the masterpieces of the greatest musical genius to whom England has given birth. At the same time, with a profound respect for the masterpieces of Handel, we must confess we should not be sorry to hear a new setting of the words "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" by some competent hand—not to supersede Handel, which would be a difficult matter, but to afford the world an opportunity of judging how modern art could give expression to those important passages of the cathedral service. The performance of the two works in question, in which the principal voice parts were taken by Misses Birch, Dolby, and Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and Machin, was as correct and effective as might have been expected from able and practised singers, thoroughly familiar with the music. After the third collect Dr. Elvey's anthem, "In that day," of which a criticism appeared in the *Musical World*, on the occasion of its performance by the London Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter-hall, was given, the solo voice parts by the members of the cathedral choir. Dr. Elvey's composition, although neither masterly nor sublime, certainly improves upon acquaint-

ance. The sermon was preceded by the ancient version of the 47th Psalm, "O God, my strength and fortitude," for full chorus, choir, and quartet (Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey and Machin), and followed by Mendelssohn's superb anthem, "When Israel out of Egypt came," one of the noblest examples of modern church music extant. The execution of both works was, on the whole, very satisfactory, although Dr. Elvey's being easier went with more decision. Mr. Done, the conductor, and Mr. Amott, the organist, performed their duties efficiently, and the chorus, almost entirely selected from provincial societies, showed no lack of force or discipline. The band appeared somewhat weaker than has been customary at these meetings, especially in the string department (which was frequently observed in the florid accompaniments of Mendelssohn), but of this we shall be better enabled to judge at the evening concerts. The sermon was delivered with remarkable emphasis and clearness by the Rev. E. H. Cradock. The text was from the Gospel of St. John, chapter 9, verse 4—"The night cometh, when no man can work." After an eloquent and somewhat lengthy preamble, the Rev. gentleman referred particularly to the special object of the musical festival, and the subject could hardly have been treated with more judgment and felicity.

The collection for the charity, after morning service, amounted to £302, a sum which, taking into account that it was the first day of the festival, considerably surpassed expectation. It was just £2 above the amount obtained at the festival of 1848.

Wednesday, August 27.

The rain, which came down almost without intermission during the whole of yesterday, exercised a melancholy influence on the evening concert at the College-hall. It drove many back into the country who had intended to remain, and kept the majority of the inhabitants of the city at home. We cannot remember so thin an attendance at the first concert of any previous meeting of the three choirs. Nevertheless, as a set-off, the audience were attentive and anxious to be pleased, and the programme, which was a very good one, afforded ample grounds for satisfaction. The College-hall is one of the most curious and interesting buildings connected with the cathedral. It is situated on the College-green, at the west end of the south cloister, 120 feet in length and 38 in breadth, lofty and commodious; it is admirably adapted for a concert-room, and is far superior in every respect to the Shire-hall at Gloucester, or the Town-hall at Hereford, since it affords convenience for many more persons, while its arched roof and peculiar form promote just so much reverberation as enhances, without exaggerating, the effect of the music. Erected in 1372, at the same period as the cloister, and originally the common room or refectory of the monks, the College-hall is now appropriated to the King's or College School, founded in the year 1541, which originated from the grant made by Henry VIII. of the ancient manors and revenues of the priory of Worcester, at the dissolution of the religious establishments. The lighting of the hall has been greatly improved since the last festival, and its present aspect, at a full-dress concert, is exceedingly animated and brilliant. The following was the programme of the concert last night:—

PART I.

"The First Walpurgis Night" ...	Mendelssohn.
(Solo parts by Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Machin.)	
Aria, Mr. Sims Reeves ("Favorita") ...	Donizetti.
Recitative and aria, Mademoiselle Cruvelli ("Fidelio") ...	Beethoven.
Recitative and aria, Miss Dolby, "Ecce mi Sola" ("Romeo e Giulietta") ...	Guglielmi.
Solo, violin, Mr. Blagrove ...	De Beriot.

PART II.

Overture, "Egmont" ...	Beethoven.
Aria, Miss Birch, "Qui la voce" ("I Puritani")	Bellini.
Aria, Herr Formes, "In diesen heiligen Hallen" ("Zauberflöte") ...	Mozart.
Quartetto, Mademoiselle Cruvelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Machin, and Herr Formes ("I Puritani") ...	Bellini.
Song, Miss Williams, "Lovely clouds" ...	Reissiger.
Cavatina, Mademoiselle Cruvelli, "Ernani involami" ("Ernani") ...	Verdi.
Madrigal ...	Marenzio.
Ballad, Miss Dolby, "Ida" ...	G. Linley.
Aria, Herr Formes, "Largo al factotum" ("Il Barbiere") ...	Rossini.
Grand Finale ("Fidelio") ...	Beethoven.

The *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn is a good substitute for a grand symphony, and left no cause for the often-urged complaint of the concerts being composed exclusively of light and popular materials. Of this picturesque work, and the ancient legends of the Harz mountains, which Goethe made the basis of his poem, we have so often spoken in the *Musical World* that it would be superfluous to allude to them further. No effort of Mendelssohn's genius is more instinct with dramatic feeling, and none makes us more deeply regret the loss of his opera of *Lorely*, of which he only lived to complete the first act. Its execution was highly creditable. Mr. Done did not drag the times of the various movements, as is too frequently the case at these festivals. In the overture the comparative weakness of the stringed instruments was manifest, and in the choruses "Disperse, disperse," and "Come with the torches brightly flashing," there was not always the steadiness and delicacy required; but, taken together, we have heard the *Walpurgis Night* in London to much less advantage. No one sings the tenor solos in this work better than Mr. Lockey, and no one the quaint air of the old woman "Know ye not a deed so daring?" more ably than Miss Williams. Mr. Machin, who replaced Herr Formes at a short notice, did his utmost for the bass solos, which are trying and difficult; that he failed to give them due effect must be attributed to evident indisposition. The performance was listened to throughout with the strictest attention, and greatly applauded at the end. After such solid and substantial fare, the miscellaneous vocal and instrumental pieces which followed were heard with double zest. The event which excited the greatest curiosity and was the feature of the evening was the first appearance of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, who was welcomed with enthusiasm, and by her splendid execution of the grand recitative and air from *Fidelio*, "O tu la cui dolce possanza," proved herself fully entitled to the praises that have been lavished on her performance in the great opera of Beethoven. Nothing that Sophie Cruvelli sings, in our opinion, displays a greater variety of excellence than this; her splendid declamation in the recitative, her expressive and exquisitely touching delivery of the *adagio*, one of the most beautiful ever written, and her fire and energy in the *allegro*, are equally entitled to admiration. The audience testified their appreciation of this unexceptionable performance by unbounded applause. The "Ernani involami" of Verdi, belonging to a wholly different school, serves perhaps to more essentially display the compass and power of Sophie Cruvelli's voice, and her facility in the execution of cadenzas and roulades of the most complex and daring character; but, for our own part we must confess we would rather listen to the *adagio* of Leonora's air than to a hundred such show pieces, for which we find it difficult to get up the smallest degree of sympathy. The Worcester audience, however, were apparently not of our opinion, since they applauded

Verdi's *cavatina*, with even more fervour than the sublime inspiration of Beethoven, and would fain have had it once again but that Sophie Cruvelli, as is her wont, was discreet enough to decline the honour, and content herself with bowing her acknowledgements. Her success at the Worcester festival was unequivocally established by her performances last night. No greater success has been achieved at Worcester within our memory. Herr Formes, who also appeared for the first time at Worcester, created an impression quite as great as that of last year at the Gloucester Festival. His "In diesen heiligen Hallen" ("Qui sdegno") from *Zauberflöte*, as usual, a striking and impressive performance, was encored unanimously, and his "Largo al factotum" similarly complimented. The first time Herr Formes complied with the demand of the audience, but the second he was satisfied to reappear in the orchestra, much to the dissatisfaction of the majority, who expressed their anxiety for a repeat in a noisy and turbulent manner. Miss Dolby sang both the Italian air and the English ballad in a very finished and admirable manner; but she could hardly have made a less happy choice of songs. Guglielmi was a very poor composer, and the "Eccomi sola" has no characteristic beyond that of absolute insipidity; on the other hand Mr. Linley, deservedly popular as a ballad writer, has not been fortunate in his "Ida," which is neither more nor less than a piece of squeamish sentimentality. Miss Birch sang Grisi's aria, "Qui la voce," from the *Puritani*, in brilliant style, and received a well-deserved tribute of applause; a little less profusion in the employment of roulades would nevertheless have robbed her very clever performance of none of its charm. The lovely quartet from the same opera, "A te o cara," was perfectly executed, although by the side of three such voices as those of Sophie Cruvelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes, the voice of Mr. Machin was scarcely audible. Miss Williams sang Reissiger's ballad irreproachably; Reissiger's ballad, however, is anything but irreproachable; we have rarely listened to a duller strain. The madrigal of Marenzio, a good example of the master, was well executed by the chorus, but the *finale* of *Fidelio* was a scramble from first to last, in spite of the praiseworthy efforts of Miss Birch and Herr Formes in the principal soprano and bass parts. One of the most graceful and legitimate efforts of the evening was that by Mr. Sims Reeves, in "Angiol d'amore," from *La Favorita*. Mr. Reeves had been announced for the great tenor *scena* from *Oberon*, but not being enabled to obtain a rehearsal he wisely declined to attempt it. The system of rehearsals at the festivals is very inefficient. The four days' programmes are all crammed into two, morning and evening, on the Monday—the consequence of which is that not more than half the pieces are tried, the remainder being allowed to take their chance. We have only to add that Mr. Blagrove experienced a flattering reception, and performed the hackneyed solo of De Beriot in his usual style, amidst the greatest applause; that the magnificent overture, though taken too slowly, was otherwise well played by the band; and that Mr. Townshend Smith accompanied some of the songs on the piano-forte in an able manner. The concert had the rare merit of not being too long. The result was that every one remained to the last, and nobody was tired of the performance. This should be an example to the manufacturers of festival programmes in general, who are too apt to run into outrageous and unendurable prolixity in making out their schemes—a palpable error, which should be avoided as much as possible, since it is evident that if all their attractions are offered at one concert, the others which follow must suffer materially.

Another change in the weather exercised a most beneficial influence this morning, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was per-

formed in the Cathedral, which was extremely full in every part, the nave, especially, being crowded. This great work appears destined to share with the *Messiah* the task of "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and fostering the orphan." Although only five years have elapsed since it was first executed in public (in September, 1846, at the Birmingham festival) it has already, like its mighty predecessor, become an indispensable feature of every great music meeting, and its attraction is counted upon with the same certainty. There can be little doubt now that *Elijah* is the grandest musical composition of the present age. What the *Messiah* was to the past century, *Elijah* is to this—the most lofty and solemn word that music has spoken. It represents the feeling of our time, in its dramatic form and character; and as the *Messiah* has been termed the great sacred epic, *Elijah* may, with no less reason, be styled the great sacred drama of music. The performance this morning, under Mr. Done's direction was very efficient. All the performers were on the alert to do their best—which, indeed, is nearly always the case when *Elijah* is concerned, since there is not a singer or a player in England who does not remember Mendelssohn and venerate his memory, or who can ever feel otherwise than desirous of doing the fullest justice to his immortal *chef d'œuvre*. The distribution of the solo voice parts was exceedingly strong—perhaps stronger than on any previous occasion. Mademoiselle Cruvelli and Miss Birch were the sopranos; Misses Dolby and Williams the contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey the tenors; and Herr Formes the bass. Sophie Cruvelli had only one air to sing "Hear ye Israel," the most difficult in the oratorio. It was her first attempt in public in sacred music, and her first essay in the English language. Except by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind we have never heard this fine composition so well delivered.

In the *adagio* in the minor key, "Hear ye, Israel," Sophie Cruvelli found the true expression—the mixture of pathos and dignity which may be supposed to animate the heavenly messenger, who alternately reproaches and consoles the transgressing people. To the *allegro*, "I am He that comforteth," where the pathos and the minor key are abandoned, she imparted the emphasis of accent and boldness of style which are the essential characteristics of this sublime admonition. It was altogether an intellectual and a powerful performance, and so well did the music suit the voice of Sophie Cruvelli, that one might almost have believed that Mendelssohn had composed the air expressly for her. The undeviating truth of her intonation was remarkably exemplified in those passages where the higher notes, up to A sharp, were used with the entire strength of her voice, which resounded like a trumpet through the aisles, and the magnificent quality and purity of her tones were more than ever conspicuous. It was the generally expressed opinion that no such singer has been heard in the provinces since the days of Malibran. In her pronunciation of the words Sophie Cruvelli was naturally less perfect, and she must study the English language carefully before she can get rid of such defects as making "Hear" "Her" and "Israel" "Usrael" in the higher notes. Further than this, it would be unfair to criticize her at present. Herr Formes was, perhaps, never more solemn and impressive in the recitative and airs allotted to Elijah, the prophet. Every time we hear the great German *basso* we are struck with the improved command he is obtaining over his magnificent voice, which, like a wild and stubborn horse, is most difficult to break in, so as to bring it under entire control. Mr. Lockey sang the first tenor air, and Mr. Sims Reeves the last, in their most finished manner, and the other *soprano* solos were rendered by Miss Birch with complete efficiency. Of Misses Dolby

and Williams, in the contralto recitatives, it is unnecessary to say more than that they did justice both to themselves and to the music. The manner in which the choruses, for the most part, were sung was vastly creditable to the choir of provincial singers, who in one or two points might have read a lesson to some of our London choristers. The unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," sung without a blemish by Misses Birch, Dolby, and Williams, was repeated at the usual signal from the Bishop, upon whose will depends all such complimentary tributes to the artists. The organist, however, should have given the chord of D previous to the second time of performance, since, there being no accompaniments, it was impossible to sustain the pitch correctly throughout. The result of this omission was disastrous to the effect. At the end of the trio the singers were found to have strayed so far from the key that the chorus, "He watcheth over Israel," which is but a pendant to it, in the same tone, or rather, indeed, another movement of the same piece, instead of being proceeded with immediately, was arrested, in order that Mr. Blagrove, the leader, might indicate the proper pitch to the choristers with his violin. Such oversights should never be allowed to occur in a meeting of high pretensions. This was the only real drawback to the general excellence of the performance. The fine quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy," in which the solo soprano part was powerfully sustained by Miss Birch, was also repeated at the desire of the Bishop. We doubt, on the whole, indeed, if any oratorio was ever heard at the festivals of the three choirs with more unalloyed satisfaction than Mendelssohn's *Elijah* to-day.

The collection at the doors amounted to 215*l.*, which, with 802*l.* obtained yesterday, already places 517*l.* at the disposal of the charity. There was upwards of 1,200 persons present; and it must not be forgotten that tickets to-day were 15*s.*; whereas yesterday, at morning service, they were only 5*s.*

Among the notable persons present were remarked:—The Bishop and Mrs. Pepys and party, the Dean and Mrs. Peel, Lord and Lady Henley, Sir O. and Lady Wakeman, Sir P. Winnington, High Sheriff, and lady; Sir J. Pakington and lady, Mr. Pakington and Lady Diana Pakington, Lady Jane Peel, Sir C. Hastings and lady, Hon. R. Clive, M.P., and Lady Harriet Clive, Mr. R. Clive, Mr. W. E. Essington and lady, Mrs. Essington, Mrs. Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac, the Mayor of Worcester and Miss Hughes, Rev. R. Sarjeant and lady, Rev. Canon Cradock, Earl Somers, Hon. and Rev. J. S. Cocks, Mr. O. Ricardo, M.P.; Mr. F. Rushout, M.P.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Hancock, Mr. Brown Westhead, M.P., and lady; Rev. A. Wheeler, Mr. Berkeley and lady, Mr. E. W. Knight, M.P., and lady, the Hon. W. Coventry and lady, the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Talbot and lady, &c.

The plates for the collection were held by Miss Georgina Lygon, Mrs. W. Hancocks, Lady Harriet Clive, Lady Winnington, Mrs. Wynn Knight, Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Berkeley, Mrs. Sarjeant, Mrs. Ricardo, Mrs. W. E. Essington, Mrs. Isaac, and Mrs. Coventry, supported by the Hon. R. H. Clive, Mr. R. Clive, Mr. Brown Westhead, Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Rushout, Mr. G. Hastings, Mr. Ricardo, the Mayor of Worcester, Mr. Hughes, the Rev. A. Wheeler, Mr. Hancocks, Mr. Essington, and the Rev. Canon Cradock.

Thursday, August 28.

We are now, as the French say, *en pleine fête*. All Worcester seems turned out of doors. Foregate-street and High-street, which run in one continuous line through the heart of the old city, present the aspect of little Boulevards, so great is the stir and bustle of the equipages, public vehicles of every kind, and promenaders of all denominations, from the showy bearded foreigner to the plain country farmer. By the way,

the comparison of a miniature Boulevard is not so wide of the mark when we look at the shops on either side of High-street, which, from the tasteful display of their wares and their clean and handsome exterior, would do credit to the wider and more magnificent streets of the metropolis. Of the porcelain of Worcester we need only say—since it is renowned all over the world—that the eye of every stranger, as he saunters about the town, is inevitably attracted and his steps arrested by the beautiful specimens that constantly come under his notice. Had the weather been more propitious, indeed, we could hardly imagine a more favourable specimen than Worcester, with its venerable cathedral, its grey and winding cloisters, its college green, its river and picturesque bridge, its straight, neat, and orderly streets, its many venerable relics of antiquity, and the general look of comfortable well-being that distinguishes the majority of the inhabitants—to give the foreigner a good idea of an English county town.

The second concert took place last night, at the College-hall, to the accompaniment of a pelting storm of rain, which beat against the windows of the venerable building where erst the monks were wont to refresh body and spirit. In the pauses of the music the effect of this incessant flood of water was singular enough—more singular indeed, than agreeable, since the carved roof of wood, which canopies the hall, seemed scarcely impervious to the incessant libation from above; and we could not but feel apprehensive, sooner or later, of the partial administration of a natural shower bath. No such *contretemps* arrived, however, to spoil the pleasures of the evening. There were more than twice the number of persons present than at the first concert, and the desolate appearance of a vacuum, which afflicted the eye on the previous evening, no longer made the ladies shiver in their evening costumes.

The concert began with a selection from Spohr's opera of *Jessonda*, embracing the overture and the various movements of the introduction, the principal voice parts sustained by Misses Birch and Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Machin. The execution of this fine music was creditable to all concerned, and the audience received it with especial favour.

The new *cantata* of Mr. Frank Mori, entitled *Fridolin*, was however the chief feature of the evening, and its complete success warranted all that had been predicated in its favour. The ballad of *Fridolin*, or *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, by Schiller, is well known, and has been translated into almost every European language. None can have forgotten how the virtuous Countess, Cunigunda, is attached to Fridolin, her faithful page; how the wicked Robert, envious of the favour of his lady, excites the jealousy of the Count, her husband, against Fridolin; how the Count, to revenge his supposed dishonour, bids Fridolin repair to the forge and ask the workmen—"Have ye fulfilled the task my lord set you?"—having previously given instructions that he who should first make this demand was to be thrown headlong into the furnace; how Fridolin, at the request of the Countess, who apprehends danger, stops at a chapel on the roadside to pray; how the wicked Robert, burning to know the issue of his machinations against the unhappy page, goes himself to the forge, and unthinkingly puts the question—"Have ye fulfilled the task my lord set ye?" and lastly, how the workmen, heedless of his protestations, immediately and without mercy, cast Robert into the burning furnace, where he expiates his sins by an unexpected and terrible death, leaving the intended victims of his envy to mutual explanation and renewed attachment. All this is embodied in Mr. Frank Mori's *cantata*, and has been reduced to verse, subservient to musical treatment, in a very able and effective manner, by Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson. The form in which Mr. Mori has arranged his music may be traced

to Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, and some of the instrumental effects are not less deducible from that imaginative composition. Nevertheless there is enough of novelty and cleverness in Mr. Mori's *Fridolin* to entitle it to a more than ordinary share of respect. The overture is the least original portion of the work. It consists of a slow movement in A major, and an *allegro agitato*, beginning in A minor and ending in the major, the prominent ideas being afterwards employed to much better effect in the *cantata*. The chief merits of this overture are simplicity of design and clearness of instrumentation.

The opening chorus of vassals, "Now, rosy dawn," is of a pastoral character, not unlike in feeling to some parts of the introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, in the same key—although the melody is flowing, and by no means plagiarised. A chorus of huntsmen, bold and rhythmical, makes a happy contrast and an appropriate episode. A soprano air, "So good and mild" (sung by Miss Birch), in which Fridolin indulges in the praises of his mistress, is in the florid style, and embodies with considerable grace the artless gaiety of the page. A short chorus which follows, "No pleasure can give," is light, sparkling, and brilliant. A recitative and air for contralto (Miss Dolby),

The cheering sun of that fond eye," in which the Countess alternately bewails her husband's growing coldness and hopes for the revival of his confidence, is thoughtful and happily completed. The *andante* is eminently vocal and melodious, besides which it has an earnestness of character that well befits the sentiment. The *cabaletta*, though impassioned and well opposed to the preceding, is less effectively adapted to the voice. A quartet, "That eager look" (Misses Birch and Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes), in which Robert spurs on the jealousy of the Count, while Cunigunda and Fridolin are wholly innocent of suspicion, is highly dramatic, and abounds in points of musical interest, especially in the last movement, where there are some striking passages. The unity of the *morceau*, however, is unhappily destroyed by the want of relationship in the keys of the movements.

We cannot suppose any possible authority for beginning a piece in C minor and ending in D major. Mr. Mori, elsewhere, sets the tonal relationship at defiance, but never with good effect. Our objection to the violation of a long venerated principle, which the greatest masters have invariably respected, is not a pedantic one, but founded on reasons both logical and natural, which, though it would be out of place to discuss here, are not the less worthy of careful investigation. Our chief, almost our only, objection to Mr. Mori's *cantata* is this entire indifference to the succession of keys in the various pieces as they follow each other, which necessarily destroys congruity, and gives to his work an air of a series of disconnected movements, instead of one continued whole.

An air for the Count, "Torn is the veil" (Mr. Sims Reeves), expresses with great dramatic force the feelings which torment the bosom of the jealous husband; a certain monotony of tone, however, partially derogates from the effect of this song, which, on reconsideration, might, we are convinced, be much improved in plan and development. A duet, "My lord commands" (Misses Birch and Dolby), in which Fridolin takes leave of his mistress before departing for the forge, of a light and popular character, is written with remarkable fluency, and highly effective both in its solo and combinations. The *ensemble*, with the bell tolling, "the vesper bell," &c., is deliciously tuneful. To be generally admired this duet, we are certain, has only to become generally known. The scene in which Fridolin prays at the chapel, consisting of solos for the page, mingled with choral responses, is admirably effective, but somewhat difficult to be executed in perfect tune, unless

very carefully rehearsed. The *finale*, which involves the catastrophe of Robert's death, is the most striking portion of the *cantata*, and shows undeniable talent for dramatic composition. The savage energy of the choral passages vividly depicts the resolution of the iron-workers to fulfil the command of their master, the Count, while the frantic despair of Robert is powerfully conveyed in short and broken phrases. We could hardly have desired a more graphic musical embodiment of this impressive situation. After some recapitulatory passages in accompanied recitative, the *finale* and the *cantata* come to a termination with a beautiful trio and chorus, "Father of all"—the trio chiefly without accompaniments—in which the Count receives the explanation of the Countess, and a general reconciliation ensues. The theme is taken up by full chorus, and orchestra as a climax, and thus brings the work to a close with dignity and grandeur.

The general style of Mr. Mori's *cantata* belongs properly to the Italian school, although the indications of a leaning to a higher and more poetical style are not infrequent. As a first work, *Fridolin* may be praised unconditionally. It shows invention, fluency, taste, and experience in the use of voices and instruments; and the effect it has produced causes us to look forward with real pleasure to any future essay of the young composer, who has already, we are informed, completed an opera for the Italian stage. In the dearth of novelty such a fact is worthy the consideration of those who are interested in these matters.

The performance of Mr. Mori's *cantata*, which only enjoyed the advantage of one very imperfect rehearsal, was, under the circumstances, remarkably good. He conducted it himself—a decided advantage to all engaged in its performance, his manner of beating being pointed and intelligible. The principal singers—Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Formes—exerted themselves strenuously to do justice to the music, and to them may be chiefly attributed its having passed the ordeal so triumphantly, since the orchestra and chorus were by no means efficient. At the end, Mr. Mori was applauded vociferously, and retired from the platform "with his laurels thick upon him."

The remainder of the concert must be shortly dismissed. Sterndale Bennett's romantic and beautiful concert-overture, *The Naiades*, introduced "by desire," was well played by the band, and much applauded. The first appearance of Madame Castellan, who had only just arrived, was an event, and the charming style in which this accomplished singer, who was warmly welcomed by the audience executed Rossini's *aria*, "Arpa gentil" (harp *obbligato*, Mr. Trust), proved that the fatigues of travelling were insufficient to mar the power and beauty of her voice. Sophie Cruvelli, already a universal favourite here, sang "Voi che sapete," and "Casta diva." We were pleased to observe that she refrained from ornamenting the flowing and simple melody of Mozart with any of those obtrusive changes and *sfioriture* introduced when she played Cherubino, for the first time, at Her Majesty's Theatre, but which she subsequently left out, as we noticed last week, adhering rigidly to the text. The omission of *roulades* deprived the air of none of its vocal effect but lent a double charm to the genuine and exquisite expression with which she sang it. We need say nothing of Cruvelli's "Casta diva," except that, on the whole, we have never heard her sing it with more fire and brilliancy; the *cabaletta*, more especially, was a masterly display of vocal power and facility.

Madame Castellan sang Rode's *air varié* in a highly effective manner; but this, like the two airs of Cruvelli, was marred by the slovenly and imperfect style in which the orchestral accompaniments were played. On more than one

occasion the singers were almost brought to a standstill. The reason was obvious—they had not been rehearsed at all. Herr Formes sang the "Revenge" song from *Der Freischütz* with immense energy, and was loudly encored. He declined to repeat it, however, thereby setting an example which other popular singers might advantageously follow. The madrigal on this occasion was Benet's "All creatures now are merry minded," a gem in its way, and remarkably well sung. Among the features of the evening was the *andante* from the long duet in *La Donna del Lago*, by Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby; Gluck's "Che farò," sang by Miss Williams, and deservedly applauded; Mr. Costa's beautiful *terzetto*, "Vanne a colei che adoro," by Miss Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey, an extremely good performance; and a graceful new ballad (MS.), called "The Emigrant's Farewell," by the Rev. Robert Sarjant, which Miss Dolby sang to perfection. The concert terminated with the March from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which kept almost everybody in the room till the end. Nevertheless, the programme was a great deal too long. Owing to the rain, which fell in torrents, a tedious period elapsed before the visitors could get into their carriages. The arrangements, by the way, are very deficient in this particular, and discomfort and inconvenience are inevitable.

This morning, another favourable change in the weather which has coquetted during the week in an extraordinary manner, was propitious to the charity, and insured a larger attendance at the cathedral than even that of the last festival on the second day. The performance embraced a great portion of Handel's *Samson*, a miscellaneous selection, and the whole of Spohr's *Last Judgment*—an unreasonably long programme. Of *Samson* we are not compelled to say more than that it was for the most part well executed, although not so well as the *Elijah* yesterday. To Mr. Sims Reeves was allotted the music of *Samson*, and we never heard him sing the air, "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" more effectively. Herr Formes, who sustained the part of Harapha, produced a marked impression in the animated air, "Honour and arms," which is perfectly suited to his strong and sonorous voice. Another impressive performance was Micah's air, "Return, O God of Hosts," by Miss Dolby, who is always at her ease in this music. Mr. Machin was in much better voice to-day, and gave the recitatives of Manoah in a very able manner. The difficult air, "Let the bright seraphim," with trumpet *obligato* (Mr. Harper), was allotted to Mdle. Cruvelli, who in the elaborate divisions with which Handel has overloaded this celebrated piece, found herself much more trammelled with the words than in "Hear ye, Israel," which, moreover, is better suited to her style. She, nevertheless, acquitted herself admirably as far as vocal execution was concerned; and the clearness and resonance of her upper tones were strikingly conspicuous. Her reading of the air was vigorous and bold—precisely, indeed, what is required. She must master the English text, however, before she essays it again. A command of the language once obtained, we have little doubt that Mdle. Cruvelli will become one of the best singers of Handel and Mendelssohn. In the two airs she has already essayed she has proved her reverence for established forms by not attempting to interpolate a single ornament or variation, and this cannot be said of many foreign singers of renown.

The choruses in *Samson*, not inferior in some respects to those of *Israel* and the *Messiah*, were in many instances well and steadily executed. The most striking were "Fix'd in his everlasting seat," "Let their celestial concerts," and "Awake the harp." The choruses of the Philistines, and that of the Israelites, "Weep, Israel," however, were deficient in clearness and precision. The Dead March was given too slow; but

the effect of the drum (played by Mr. Chipp) reverberating through the aisles, and in the choir, was wonderfully solemn and impressive. Some new additional accompaniments to the score of Handel were used on this occasion, which are by far the best written, the most discreet, and the least obtrusive we have heard. Their author was not mentioned in the programme.

In the miscellaneous selection, Miss Birch sang "Holy, holy" in a very solemn style, the audience standing. This devotional song was introduced on the present occasion by the stewards in order to redeem themselves from the reproach directed against them at the festival of 1848, in consequence of Alboni having sung it in Italian. By the way, this should have been a warning to the directors not to put down foreign vocalists for English songs without being acquainted with their amount of proficiency in the English language. Cruvelli might have acted in the same manner as Alboni, without affording any reasonable ground of complaint. Madame Castellan's "With verdure clad," a chaste and efficient performance, made the most favourable impression on all present. Of Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, which terminated this very lengthy selection at a late hour, we have only now time to say that the solo parts were intrusted to Misses Birch and Williams; Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Herr Formes, and that the general performance, under Mr. Done's direction, was praiseworthy, if not perfect.

It is a fact worth noting—since it has acted materially against the interests of the meeting—that none of the great Catholic families of the counties of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, (who were wont, not only in some cases to officiate as stewards, but to promote the prospects of the triennial festivals of the three cities in a substantial manner), have come forward on the present occasion. The inference that the charity being in behalf of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the Church of England is the cause of the withdrawal of patronage in certain quarters, appears harsh at a first glance; but recent events and controversies allow of no other to be drawn.

ALBERT SMITH AND MONT BLANC.

Our trusty friend and witty collaborateur, Albert Smith, the soaring and go-a-head philosopher, the travel-stained and sea-sprinkled seeker after the wonderful, has taken his, as yet, highest flight in literature, and has absolutely scaled the summit of Mont Blanc, has kissed the grey head of the king of the Alps, and escaped without a limb being hurt, without a scratch. But hear the account, dated Chamounix, August 14th.—"This quiet Alpine valley has for the last week been in a most unusual state of activity and excitement. About seven days ago the people learned that three students from the University of Oxford, and an English author, were getting themselves into condition for attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc. Guides and villagers were at once on the *qui vive*, and the adventurous party were regarded with much interest wherever they went. On Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, all the preparations being complete, the party set out from the Hotel de Londres. It included Mr. Floyd, said to be a son of the general of that name, and cousin of Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Phillips; a third Oxford man; and Mr. Albert Smith; with sixteen guides, sixteen porters, and a number of aspirants for the post of guide, who attended the voyagers and their paid party for the purpose of learning the route to the summit of the mountain. After their departure telescopes were fixed from the windows of the inn, and in other places, to watch

the progress of the toilsome ascent, and before six o'clock it was evident the voyagers had crossed the great glacier, and had arrived at their resting place for the night—on the *Grands Mulets*. Yesterday morning, as soon as day-light afforded a clear view, the adventurers were again visible by the aid of a good glass, and by twelve o'clock were seen making the final ascent. They rested on the summit for about twenty minutes, and then commenced their descent, arriving here last night about seven o'clock. The excitement during the previous twenty-four hours had been very great in Chamounix. Anxious wives and parents having husbands and sons amongst the party up in the snows, and the interest being in no means diminished by the fact, that Sir Robert Peel (who had arrived here after the departure of his relative for the ascent) invited nearly all the men remaining in the village, about sixty in number, to an entertainment provided at an *auberge*, were they were supplied with wine and other popular liquors, in which to drink "the health of the Englishmen who were sleeping on Mont Blanc." This ceremony was performed very zealously, and repeated in the most willing manner again and again till long after midnight. When in the evening the party from Mont Blanc approached the village, nearly all the inhabitants assembled to meet them. Guns were fired in quick succession; the harps and fiddles of the valley were in requisition, and a sort of half-comical half-triumphant scene ensued. The travellers and guides looked rather jaded and sun-scorched, and had very bloodshot eyes and rather dilapidated costumes, but, in other respects, seemed to be in tolerable condition.

This successful ascent by four Englishmen turns the scale of numbers in favour of the English; the French tourists having been hitherto accustomed to point with satisfaction to the fact that more of their countrymen than of ours had succeeded in reaching the top of the King of the Alps. The present forms the 25th ascent—the first dating in 1787. The cost as well as the labour and danger of these daring excursions is very great. The talk of the village declares that the ascent will cost the party of four travellers fully £150. Albert Smith gives the following account in a letter to the *Times*:—"I was accompanied by three other gentlemen, from Christ Church, and 20 guides. We left Chamounix at seven o'clock in the morning, on Tuesday, and got to our bivouac on the glaciers at the Grands Mulets at four o'clock. Here we made a fire and dined, and at midnight started again with lanterns, as the moon was not up, along the Glacier de Tacconay, reaching the Grand Plateau (where the avalanche swept away Dr. Hamel's party in 1820) about four o'clock in the morning. After a great deal of trouble amongst the crevices, and having at times to cut each footstep in the ice with hatchets, we scaled the Mur de la Côté, and got to the summit of Mont Blanc at half past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, where we remained half an hour in the enjoyment of a perfectly cloudless view. In descending we got back to the Grands Mulets by one o'clock. The most dangerous part of the journey now commenced, as the extreme heat of the day had thawed much of the snow on the Glacier du Bussons, which threatened at every step to give way beneath us. We were, however, all tied together with cords; but for this one of our party would have been lost. We ultimately arrived in safety at Chamounix at half-past six o'clock in the evening, where the whole village turned out to meet us, and a little *fete* was prepared by M. Tairraz, of the Hotel de Londres, in honour of our safe return. Guns were fired and wine distributed, and at night the bridge was illuminated with pine branches. I believe we formed the largest party ever assembled together on the summit: but the increased number of

guides was necessary from the treacherous state of the snow, after the bad weather that has prevailed here lately."

Our facetious and multiple-sided contributor—who, by the way, has contributed nothing to the *MUSICAL WORLD* for an incalculable space of time—so much the worse for the *Musical World* in particular, and the World in general—has elevated himself higher than ever in public account. He has intrepidly and without vinegar surmounted the most insurmountable of the Alps. Let him be styled the literary Hannibal. Let him be crowned with an avalanche, and be sceptred with a mountain peak. Hereafter, deriving his nomenclature from *as-cent*, and not from *de-scent*, instead of Albert Smith, let him be dubbed

ALP-ERT SMITH.

MUSICAL FETE AT KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

(From the Leeds Intelligencer.)

The fine old monastic building of Kirkstall,
"Where Desolation day by day
Holds dire communion with Decay—"

though dismantled and in ruins, is still one of the most attractive and interesting spots in the whole valley of the Aire; and it is often the scene of much rational amusement and healthful recreation, upon which even the monkish men of old would not, we think, pass a word of censure. Indeed, historical records of Kirkstall Abbey—an edifice which

"Lies a little low,
Because the monks preferred a hill behind
To shelter their devotion from the wind,"—

prove that the Cistercian brethren were not at all loath to a good carousal now and then, and that of their hospitality the sons and daughters of Leeds were wont to partake. One of the most pleasing of summer festivals—one which may be denominated a *soiree musicale*—took place within the precincts of the Abbey on Monday evening last; and though the ideas suggested by such a *fete* in such a spot could not be of the most unimixed character, nor be untinged with that seriousness which a contemplation of the ruins of any religious temple is sure to produce in a well-regulated mind, it is not too much to say that many of the former occupants of the building, ere Bluff King Harry brought monks, friars, and nuns of all orders to a reckoning, would have expressed pleasure, under the altered circumstances of the times, at the festive proceedings of which we are about to give a passing notice. The Philharmonic Society in connexion with the Mechanics' Institution, consists of a great number of the vocal and instrumental performers, amateur and professional, of the town of Leeds, and was on Monday night, as on former occasions, conducted in the performances by Mr. Spark, the accomplished organist of St. George's church; and Mr. Bowling, organist of East Parade Independent chapel, was the leader. Both these gentlemen, and the performers generally, deserve commendation for the way in which they acquitted themselves in their different parts. The first part consisted of sacred music, opening with Weber's "Mass in G," which was given with care and solemn effect, but much of its force and that of all the subsequent pieces were dissipated as it were "on the desert air;" for the performers and the auditory stood within the roofless nave—the former just without the west side of the chancel—and the sweet sounds of both instruments and vocalists had to contend with slight currents of air from the open side of the transept and the wide space in which formerly stood the east window. Yet some of the music fell with peculiar richness upon the ear—soft, subdued, fitful, and though, owing to the circumstances we have named, there was a want of unity and strength, the general effect was one of extremely gentle pleasure. It was, like the song of the nightingale,

"Most musical, most melancholy."

A Sanctus, by Bertinausky, without instrumental accompaniments, and Palestrina's anthem, "We have heard," were given with

much taste. The chief vocalists were Miss Brown, Miss Milner, Mrs. Gill, Miss Cooke, and Messrs. Cawthra, Mellor, Cooke, Cavill, Milner, and Rider, all of whom were in good voice, and fully maintained their professional reputation. Between the first and second parts, refreshments, in the shape of a plentiful supply of beef and ham sandwiches and nut-brown ale, provided by Mr. Stanwix, of the Victoria Dining Rooms, Briggate, were served in the Chapter House, the architectural beauties of which were made apparent to the visitors by a number of naphtha lamps suspended from different parts of the spacious apartment. After the viands had been duly discussed, the spirits of the numerous party seemed much enlivened, and a selection of secular music—madrigals, glees, choruses, &c.—was performed as the second part of the musical entertainment, ending with the National Anthem, which concluded a little before ten o'clock at night. The nave, during the performance of the second part, was well lighted with naphtha lamps—one of the most useful modern discoveries in the art of producing artificial illumination. By the skilful exertions of Mr. Huggon, the teacher of the chemical class at the Mechanics' Institution, the nave, chancel, and transept of the Abbey were for a short period lighted with a variety of coloured fires, which gave a novel and pleasing appearance to the objects that came within their influence. The rich crimson and green lights, varying in every degree of vividness and intenseness, and passing from object to object, living and inanimate, gave an air of almost supernatural beauty to the assembled company of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the majestic columns and windows of the ruin, the waving alder tree in the nave, and all the other objects around. A special train on the Leeds and Thirsk railway conveyed nearly the whole of the delighted company to Leeds between ten and eleven o'clock. The *fete* in every respect passed off well, and thanks are due to Mr. Traice, the indefatigable secretary, Mr. John Bingley, the honorary secretary, and other members of the Mechanics' Institution, as well as to the members of the Philharmonic Society, for the excellency of the arrangements, and the successful way in which they were carried out. Thanks are also due to George Hayward, Esq., of Headingley, for having kindly given permission for the Festival to be held at the Abbey.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The spirited direction of the affairs of this Society not only commands but deserves signal success, and right glad are we to hear that the profits of this season already approach near upon two thousand pounds. Udaunted by the Worcester Festival which took from them not only their principal singers but many of their band, the Society set to work in an indomitable spirit and collected at the performance of the *Messiah* last night a band equal in every respect to that we have been usually accustomed to at the Society's Concerts. Madame Novello sang the music allotted to the soprano in the most chaste and expressive manner, and taking advice from the numerous kind friends by whom she is surrounded indulged less in that excessive *fioriture* which, although displaying the richness of her voice and her facility of vocalization, is hardly allowable in the music of the *Messiah*. Both Miss Dolby and Miss Williams being at Worcester, the circumstance afforded the Society an excellent opportunity of calling to their assistance Madame Macfarren for the contralto, and we are persuaded that, judging from the beautifully devotional style of this lady's singing, the Society will be glad to engage her services on many future occasions. We never, on any former opportunity, rose so impressed with the truly solemn air, "He was despised," as last night, the reading imparted to it by Madame Macfarren bringing tears to the eyes of many of the audience. Her recitatives were magnificent, and in the concerted music, her intonation was perfect. The tenor part of the oratorio was divided between Messrs. Benson and Manvers, and the evident pains taken by both gentlemen reconciled us to the

absence of the tenor *artistes* usually engaged. Much as we admire Herr Formes, the reappearance of Mr. Phillips last night gave us cause to remark the extreme smoothness and delicacy of his rendering of the bass part of the *Messiah*, and confirmed us still stronger in the opinion we have long entertained, that for Handel's music we know no more conscientious singer than Mr. Phillips. His reverence for the text, and his expressive manner of rendering it, never fail to produce unmixed satisfaction amongst his audience. The choruses went magnificently, and, although Mr. Costa had amongst his forces some not accustomed to his *baton*, his unfailing nerve and rigid discipline were never less called into strong operation, the whole performance going off with remarkable precision, and with apparently less than the usual amount of exertion on his part. The Hall was crowded to suffocation. The *Elijah* is announced for next Friday, with Madame Novello, Misses Dolby and Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

FLORESTAN's passionate dreaming of Leonore, with which we suppose in the finished overture the introduction closes, passes into the representation of Leonore herself in the chief subject of the Allegro. We find in this the same intention as in the corresponding portion of the first overture; but in these two later compositions such intention is carried out with an entirely different musical rendering, and with perhaps this modification of its meaning, namely, that in the first overture the idea is suggested of the heroine, having been impelled by her "innere Triebe" till she had engaged herself to Rokko in the prison, is satisfied by the supernatural power of presentiment that she has reached the goal of her desires, and, exulting in this attainment, awaits with strengthened ardour the fitting opportunity which she feels must be at hand for these desires to be fulfilled; whereas, in the second and third overtures it seems that the impulse still excites her; that she knows no satisfaction, but finds fresh stimulation to her desire in every nearer approach to its attainment:—thus in both renderings we have the presentation of Leonore in the same situation—that is, as she is supposed to be at the commencement of the opera, but with a different consideration of the feelings which this situation induces in her. The joyousness that characterises the chief subject of the first overture is replaced by earnest anxiety in the subject of these later compositions, by the restless earnestness of an ever-growing desire, which is, however, so far remote from morbidity, as it finds food for hope in the most unpropitious circumstances, and stimulate to new endeavours, even in disappointment. The syncopated accent of the subject, still more the prolonged *appoggiatura* which gives to it such effect of thrilling intensity, most of all the obstinate endurance of the tonic pedal, which ever continues to feed that excitement in the hearer, that it expresses in the heroine: these are the technical characteristics which distinguish the subject, and which gives to it so eminently, in our appreciation, the coloring of highly-wrought passion, and that particular signification which we have attempted to describe. There is a prodigious masterstroke in the finished overture in the introduction of four bars' further prolongation of the dominant harmony upon the tonic pedal, with the combined force of the entire orchestra, immediately before the final resolution of this dissonance, and the resumption of the subject with one of those unisonous effects in which Beethoven so wondrously displays his power. The four bars here introduced at least double the effect of all that has preceded them, and, by delaying the climax of the passage thus much beyond its evidently natural sense first conceived period, they not only increase the excitement, of which we have spoken as being a remarkable distinction of the whole subject, to the utmost possible degree, but give all the additional weight and importance to the resolution as it can acquire from our almost painfully protracted expectation of it, such expectation being fully realised. It is curious to observe in this, how some of

the best points in a great work are the results, not of the ready inspiration of genius, but proceed from the matured deliberation of the carefully-studied artist, who, having the glorious materials with which nature has endowed him to work upon, can, with one touch of mastery, give a value to his first conceptions so far above that of the brightest natural inspiration of uncultivated genius, as to mark his finished works with the stamp of classicality, and to distinguish the immortal from the ephemeral. The feeling of exaltation that more especially characterises the subject of the first overture is now unmistakably portrayed, but with a more exalted, a more fervent expression, in the grand, broad expansive effect the subject assumes in the new form here given to it, in the only preface of quavers that grows out of it, and in the further partial resumption of it to which this leads. This very long continuance of the key of C major, in this portion of the movement, renders it necessary for the desirable relief, in the proper disposition of which lies the great art of musical construction and the great skill of the composer; to make a further digression from the original tonic, for the second subject, than the ordinary modulation to the dominant, which the general custom of all composers has established as the regular proceeding through which to conduct the plan of this form of composition, and, therefore, in this overture, as in his pianoforte sonata, in the same key, dedicated to Count Waldstein, and in others of his works written in the same very extensive form, Beethoven has had the art, by modulating to the more remote but still closely related key of the third instead of the fifth of the original, to preserve the feeling of tenacity undisturbed, and, at the same time, to give a very decided change of colour to the general tone of the composition, which, without so strong a relief as is thus obtained would scarcely escape monotony. This choice of the major key of the third of the original scale for that important portion of the movement comprised in what usually constitutes the dominant subject, is further justified by the sequel, and to this we shall again allude, as occasion presents itself. Now let us observe how the plan of the movement lends itself to the poetical expression which it is the object of the movement to embody. The descent in unison upon a section of the subject to F sharp, the supertonic of the key of E major, in which, as we have shown, the remainder of the first part of the movement stands, produces a marked change in the exultant feeling of confidence in approaching success which had been so rejoicefully conveyed in all that has gone before of this tutti for the full orchestra, and in the poignant effect of the prolonged appoggiaturas in the section of the subject now given, which here occur on very peculiar intervals, producing against the harmony-notes the most sensitive dissonances, we find a most touching expression of the keen anguish with which this great heart of our heroine—greatest in the greatness of its love—is pierced by regret for that which has necessitated her exertions, even in the moment when they are about to triumph. When we have the powerful resolve to conquer all such, however natural emotions, and in the restless struggle to remove the cause for her despair, desperately to annul within her the capacity of desperation. So come we to the half close on B which introduces the second subject, and we are struck with a very important improvement on the finished overture upon the sketch, in the omission of a passage of many bars, which presents an entirely new idea that appears nowhere else in the course of the movement, and that doubtless must have been intended as the vehicle of some important expression, but which expression it, to us, wholly fails to convey. Beethoven shows, by his retrenchment of this passage, that he felt the inadequacy of the idea to the expression he must have designed in it; and he shows more, namely, his masterly power of criticising his own production in the rejection of an unworthy idea, and in the admirable condensation of the plan at a point where an extension of it even by more interesting matter would have given lengthiness to the movement and so frustrated the effect of the whole.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT, the celebrated actress, was married at St. Nicholas' Church, Brighton, on Monday last, to Theodore Martin, Esq., of James Street, Buckingham Gate. The "happy couple" are now in Paris for the honeymoon.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Figlia del Reggimento* brought back Madame Sontag in her old part of Maria. The charming artist never sang more deliciously—never acted with more *naïveté* and fascination. She created the greatest enthusiasm in every scene, and in the lesson scene made quite a furor.

The event of the evening, notwithstanding, was the first appearance of Mademoiselle Fanny Cerito, after an absence of some years. All the subscribers in town were present, and many, no doubt, remained in town, and many more came to town, for the express purpose of witnessing the *debut* of one of the most popular dancers of the most quarter of a century.

It has been rightly said that Cerito has a distinctive character in her dancing. Without some peculiarity to mark her from the general run of those in her profession, Fanny Cerito could not have been the great artist she is. Taglioni possessed that distinctive character. So did Fanny Elssler. So does Carlotta Grisi. So does Rosati. So Amelia Ferraris. But in addition to her individualizing property, Fanny Cerito combines the greatest powers with the greatest charms. Perhaps her dancing possesses more infantine grace than that of any of her compatriots. In truth she appears a very grown up child on the stage, every attitude and motion recalling the springing days of childhood. We do not bow to certain authorities and classify Cerito with the merely physical artists. We perceive in her the reflection of youthful grace, she inspires us with a poetical feeling, and consequently we cannot remove her from the purely ideal. We confess that Cerito is the very incarnation of hilarity and buoyancy, the embodiment of joy. She is the quintessence, nay, the *essence*, yea, the *oct-essence*, verily, the *novem-essence*—seeing her style is new as well as charming—of animal spirits in a state of exuberance. On Saturday when she appeared her reception was uproarious. The *habitués* manifestly had not forgotten their favourite *danseuse*, who from 1840 to 1844, divided the *Pas de Quatre* palm with Taglioni (*the Taglioni*) Carlotta Grisi and Lucile Grahn. They had not forgotten the minuet with Fanny Elssler, the *pas de trois* in *Alma*, and the *pas de l'Ombre* in *Ondine*. Neither had they forgotten the smiling, homely face of the captivating artiste herself; nor the voluptuous figure, ripe and round as a melon in season; nor the winning ways which unconsciously made bankrupt hearts; nor the thousand indescribable allurements which live in the memory, but escape description and utterance. Cerito came back like an old lover to a widower, again and legitimately to be worshipped, wooed and won.

We shall not attempt to go into detail of Cerito's performance. She appeared in the old ballet *Ondine*, and danced her own *pas de l'ombre* in a hurricane of applause, and the *pas* from the *Lac de fées* with the same success. Every one remained to the end to pay fitting homage to the charming *danseuse*, who was summoned at the end, and deluged with plaudits.

Tuesday was the last subscription night. *Anna Bolena* was revived for Madame Barbieri Nini; and Cerito reappeared in *Ondine*.

Anna Bolena can only hope to keep possession of the stage by means of some great lyric artist, like Pasta. The music, though well written, and sometimes effective and highly dramatic, is heavy and uninteresting. The first finale is perhaps of the finest *morceau d'ensemble* Donizetti ever wrote. It is written closely after the manner of Rossini, and unmistakably betrays the master hand. Most of the last act is dull in the extreme, the pleasing aria, "Vive tu," however, helping to enliven it a good deal.

Of Madame Barbieri Nini's Anna Bolena we can speak in very high, but not unqualified, terms of praise. Madame Barbieri Nini is an immense artist—perhaps, too much of an artist. Every note and letter is studied and elaborated to perfection. In this respect she might well be a sister of John Kemble—that is any sister, except Mrs. Siddons, who in art was no sister of the renowned "John." This Madame Barbieri Nini's art degenerates into artifice. She lacks but the *ars celare artem* to constitute her one of the greatest artists the world has produced. But Madame Barbieri Nini leaves all to art and little to nature. Her acting and singing throughout the opera was extremely fine, sometimes unsurpassingly so, and were it not for the too frequent exaggerations and elaborations would have been one of the finest performances we have seen for years. Her first song, "Come, innocente Giovane," was magnificently given, with every charm which art could supply or fancy dictate, but was overloaded at the end with *fortiure*, which though dazzling and wonderfully novel and brilliant, was felt to be *de trop*. This feeling helped to marr the success of her effort. The immense execution displayed in the repeat was not so long, and consequently not so obtrusive. Madame Barbieri Nini was recalled with enthusiasm.

It is not our purpose to follow the performance in detail. A good notion of it may be gathered from what we have just stated. If it be demanded of us whether the Anna Bolena was better or worse than the Lucrezia Borgia. Our answer is, it was neither better, nor worse; it had the same excellencies, the same indications of high art, the same energy and power, the same passion and feeling, the same drawbacks in personal contortions, the same exaggerations, the same struggles for effect. If we were more closely pressed, we should say, perhaps, that we preferred her singing in Lucrezia, and her acting in Anna. Notwithstanding what we have said—we have judged the artist rigidly and righteously—we must express our conviction that Madame Barbieri Nini's Anna Bolena is a very great performance, and as such only have we ventured to criticise it.

Lablache, in Henry VIII., as the *Times* quaintly observed, "looked like a page torn from the History of England!" Albert Smith would have added, "folio edition." The performance of the stupendous basso was as powerful as ever. We liked Calzolari as Percy, although he did not display any great amount of feeling. Madame Ida Bertrand was excellent in Smeaton, and Madame Guiliani made one of the best Catharine Seymours we ever saw. She sang delightfully, and acted with unusual feeling. In short the Opera was well given throughout, and merited the applause it obtained.

Cerito repeated her performances in *Ondine*, and was again received with unbounded acclamations.

On Wednesday the performances at playhouse prices commenced. The reduction movement we augured confidently would be sure to fill the house with money. Our prophecies always come off. On Wednesday, Thursday, and last night the theatre was filled in every part, and to-night, we understand, every place is let. Of course the theatre will be kept open for a week or two more, as long as the money keeps pouring in.

The performances on Wednesday consisted of an act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Don Pasquale*, with the ballet entertainments, *La Manola* for Fanny Cerito, and *Ondine*.

On Thursday, the first act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Manola* for Cerito, the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, Lablache's last appearance this season, and the *Pas de l'Ombre* from *Ondine*.

Last night *Sonnambula* was given with Sontag, Calzolari and Lorenzo. The opera was followed by the *Grand pas de*

cinq from the *Metamorphoses*, danced by Mdles. Amalia Ferraris, Rosa, Esper, Jullien and Lamoureux. This was succeeded by the last act of *Anna Bolena*, and the evening wound up with the *divertissement* from *Il Prodigio*.

To-night Cruvelli, green with her well won laurels at Worcester, will appear as Norma—in the first act only, and Madame Sontag will perform in one act of *La Figlia*. Various other entertainments, too numerous to specify, will succeed.

Next week we intend giving our review of the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

An extra night was given on Friday—last night week—when *Otello* was played for the first time this season, and the second act of *Der Freischutz* was added. The entertainment, however, so excellent, and so varied, failed to attract more than a moderate audience. The reason is not obvious. Perhaps Rossini and Weber are out of date, and are no longer the loadstones of theatres. Perhaps, being Friday, the aristocrats would not come, more especially as they were not in London. Perhaps, the supporters of the Royal Italian Opera reserved themselves for Mario, Viardot, and the *Prophete*, and postponed their visit for the Meyerbeer night. Whatever may have been the cause, the renters had the pit almost to themselves, and made quite a festival time of it.

We can tell the absentees, they had a great loss in not hearing the performance of *Otello*, which, in general, left little to be desired. Tamberlik was in prodigious force and sang throughout with tremendous power and fire. The famous duet between him and Ronconi in the second act created quite a furor, and was encored with acclamations. The audience would fain have it a third time, but Mr. Costa very properly put his veto upon the demand, and went on with the piece. In the last scene, one of the finest and most dramatic Rossini ever wrote—not melodramatic, like Meyerbeer and the modern romancists, but subtle, simple, and intense, without effort or elaboration, the pure dramatic—we admired Tamberlik amazingly. It was just the music and the scene to suit him. Every thing in this scene depends on legitimate singing and acting. There is no need for display of voice or gesture. All is free, and natural. Tamberlik's earnest and unpretending manner made the scene real and impressive, while his declamation and magnificent singing rendered it in the highest degree interesting. We grant that the last scene of *Otello* hardly comes up to the exigencies of modern taste. When the opera was written, Rossini did not consult the prurient sensibilities of the go-a-head classes. He left that to the romantic school, who followed in his wake.

Grisi's Desdemona has always seemed to us to be one of her most charming impersonations. She was in excellent voice on Friday, and sang the music very beautifully, more especially the exquisite *ballata*, "Assisa a pie d'un salice" (taken from Shakspeare, by the way, although Shakspeare never wrote it—the very words, "A poor soul sat sighing under a willow"—we quote from memory, having only two editions of the poet at hand), and the pathetic prayer, "Deh! Calma O Ciel."

Ronconi made Iago as conspicuous as it was possible to make a part by no means prominent or worthy. In the duet, as we have said, he materially aided in creating the enthusiasm excited. With Ronconi's fine intelligence and dramatic fire it was impossible for him not to endow the character of Iago with some interest; nevertheless, the part, vocal and histrionic, is almost entirely worthless, it being sacrilege to call it even a shadow of the huge original.

Tamburini should have played Elmiro, although Elmiro, Brabantio's Rossinian's successor, is no improvement on Shak-

peare. Tagliafico, however, did his best with it, and Tagliafico's best is not to be despised.

Signor Ciaffei played Roderigo, and had a cold.

If the performance of *Otello* did not create a great sensation outside doors, it certainly did inside. The opera was received throughout with immense enthusiasm, and Grisi and Tamberlik were called for after each act.

Of the second act of *Der Freischütz* it is unnecessary to say anything. The house was empty long before the curtain fell, proving that Weber's star is at present not in the ascendant.

Don Giovanni was given for the last time on Saturday. Madame Viardot repeated Donna Anna. Donna Anna is not one of Madame Viardot's most splendid assumptions. Madame Viardot has neither voice, nor stamina, nor appearance for Donna Anna. Donna Anna should have remained in possession of Grisi and not have been given to Madame Viardot. Madame Viardot next year would do well to give back to Grisi the part of Donna Anna. Such is all we have to say about the performance of *Don Giovanni*, which taken as a whole did not go entirely to our satisfaction. The house was tolerably attended.

I Puritani on Tuesday attracted a very full attendance. Mario for ever! The name of the great tenor in the bills is a tower of strength, as the management must have long ere this found out. For ourselves we never greatly affected Mario in one of Rubini's parts, nor does Arturo in the *Puritani* constitute an exception. Mario cannot give his heart to the sentimental whine-music. He requires passion and vigour to bring out his powers to the full. Neither the melting "A te O cara," nor the die-away "Ella tremante" suit Mario. He is much more at home in the "Tu m'ami," or the death scene in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Tamburini, as we have said, is out of place in Georgio, and Ronconi not in place in Riccardo. Nor is Grisi exactly what she was some fifteen years back, when *Puritani* was first produced, and she was in the zenith of her glory; so that the performance cannot exactly be entitled a *chef d'œuvre*. Nevertheless, Grisi achieved some grand things on Tuesday night, and the audience was too delighted and rapt to draw any unfair comparisons.

Madame Viardot and the *Prophete* made their last appearance on Thursday. The house was crowded to excess.

To-night the season closes with the *Huguenots*. Whether, following the example of Her Majesty's Theatre, the management intends to give a few performances at reduced prices we cannot say. Nothing has been announced.

Next week we shall give our *resumé* of the season.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—This house closed for the season on Saturday last, with *La fille de l'Avaro*, in which Mr. Bouffé was as great as ever. If during his forced secession from the stage, Mr. Bouffé has through severe illness lost a little of that energy which he sometimes threw into the violent scenes of this part, he more than made up for such a deficiency by his elaborate finish of the other phases of the character. We are no partisans of the ranting school, and have more than once expressed our conviction that effect is not necessarily the result of forcing the voice or straining the lungs by over-exertion. The greatest actress of modern times, Mdlle. Rachel, is the best example we can mention in support of our hypothesis, and M. Bouffé also further bears us out in our argument, for the representation of Saturday last, presented us with a picture so finished in all its details, so minutely worked out,

and, withal, so full of real force and energy, that we could not but consider that we had lost nothing on the whole by this toning down, and we were, moreover, forcibly struck by the artistic care with which the great actor contrived to turn to account even his physical failings.

With this performance finished the season of French Plays for 1851, a season somewhat shorter, it is true, than any we have had since seven or eight years, but remarkable for the long duration of Mademoiselle Rachel's engagement and the production of several new pieces, in which she played a principal part. The engagements have, as usual, comprised the *élite* of the Parisian companies, comprising the names of Mdles. Rachel, St. Marc, Scriwaneck, Octave, Judith, and Messrs. Raphael Felix, Bouffé, Regnier, Lavassor, Lafont. The month of May was dedicated to the lighter productions of the French stage. Two new pieces were played, both of which were successful. *Bataille de dames* is one of the most amusing pieces of the modern repertoire, although not remarkable for either novelty of plot or display of wit. *L'Amour à l'aveuglette* is of Palais-Royal extraction and teeming with broad humour from beginning to end. M. Regnier also performed in the *Comaraderie* this season, but remembering the great cast of last year, this master-piece of Scribe's failed to attract the attention of the public. Yet M. Regnier has gained in public estimation and made us yearn for an actor of equal merit for the English stage. M. Lafont continues to be a universal favourite and will be so long as genuine comedy and gentlemanly bearing are understood and appreciated in this country as they deserve. M. Lavassor, as usual, commanded the ready laugh of his audience, having undertaken the arduous task of amusing them by his sole efforts and having admirably succeeded in doing so. His *Fete à la représentation de Robert le Diable* is an admirable burlesque both on Mr. Scribe's libretto and on Meyerbeer's music. His *magister du village* is replete with genuine comedy. Of M. Bouffé we have already given our opinion, and we sincerely trust that another year will send him back to us with renewed vigour and unimpaired faculties. Mademoiselle Judith is a clever actress and a great acquisition to the French stage; Mdlle. St. Marc evinced considerable progress in her profession and with study, may still occupy a high position. Mdlle. Rebecca Felix made her first appearance in the part of *Catarina* in Victor Hugo's play of *Angelo*; she evinced considerable aptitude for the stage and holds us the promise of being both an intelligent and careful actress. Mdlle. Rachel has, however, been the principal attraction of the season. In addition to her impersonations of the classical drama, we have had an opportunity of judging her in a totally different range of characters; the result, considering the choice of pieces, has been perfectly satisfactory. Mdlle. Rachel has opened a new vein of riches for her great talents and displayed capabilities of the very highest order, apart from the solemnity of the school of Corneille and Racine. However we may condemn the feeling which pervades such productions as *Angelo* and *Valeria*, we cannot but admire the versatility of talent displayed by the great tragedienne in the part of *Thisbe* and the double impersonation of the Roman empress and courtesan in *Valeria*; neither can we allow the modest and unassuming *Mdlle. de Belle Isle* to pass without a warm tribute of admiration.

To Mr. Mitchell we tender our best thanks, for the tact and superior discrimination which he has displayed both in the choice of his actors and the style of entertainment offered to the public. The same unvarying good feeling exists between Mr. Mitchell and his subscribers, and this is the natural result of a perfect *entente* of their wishes and a resolve to carry out to the very letter the promises made in the original prospectus. We are

happy to say that the houses have been unusually good, more particularly during Mdlle. Rachel's performances, and we trust that the manager has as good cause to be pleased with the public as they with him.

J. de C.—

ST. JAMES'S.—A group of flowers in worsted work, or a portrait of F. M. the Duke of Wellington in Berlin wool, looking very mathematical and square-y, if we may be allowed to use the word, is all very well in its way, although we frankly own that we should prefer a penny lithograph if we were desirous of obtaining anything like a true representation of the horticultural productions we have mentioned, or of the "Hero of a hundred fights." The case is exactly the same with the two young ladies, Kate and Ellen Bateman—of the ages of eight and nine respectively—who appeared last Monday at this theatre, in the characters of Richard III. and Richmond. As prodigies they are certainly very excellent, but as representatives of the two principal characters in Shakspeare's drama they are simply absurd. If a parrot could be taught to go beyond the usual limits of a parrot's vocabulary, and extend its usual hospitable question of inviting itself to take "a cup of tea, pretty Poll," or its warlike command, "make ready, present, fire!" to blank verse, then we say that even the Bateman children, clever as they—as children—are, would be obliged to yield the palm to the parrot. Such performances in our estimation are a desecration of the stage. Besides this they are injurious to the children themselves. If a foal is ridden too soon it will not last long, and if a child's talents are called into requisition too early they will end in miserable mediocrity. Witness those former wonders, Masters Betty and Burke. In addition to this, these juvenile impersonations injure the children themselves, for, as Hamlet has it—"Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as is most like, if their means are no better) that *Barnum* does them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?"

After the tragedy there was a little vaudeville, entitled "The Young Couple," which was far better adapted for the two little girls. As we said before, as prodigies they were certainly very excellent, but it grieves us to see the stage lowered by such exhibitions.

At the other theatres there has been no novelty save at the **OLYMPIC**, where a production called "A Night's Adventure," met with the disapprobation of a sensible audience last Monday, although it is still running. The sooner it runs away entirely the better.

"What's in a name," says Shakspeare. A mistake sometimes, as was the case in our last week's article on the **SURREY**, in which we printed the name of *Valentine* for that of *Marguerite*, which was the rôle sustained by Miss Annie Romer, who has since repeated it several times with even more than the great amount of success we chronicled in our preceding number.

Miscellaneous.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—A new feature has just been added to the admirable moving diorama of the Holy Land, which promises to become highly attractive. With the well-defined art of the painter nature has been very judiciously blended, the latter being in the shape of a party—male and female—consisting of about fifteen, called the "Syro-Lebanon Company," who illustrate the diorama in question. They are natives of the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon, and have recently arrived from Aleppo, and they consist of musicians, singers, and story-tellers. They appear

in the oriental costumes of Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, and represent the manners and customs of their country in a series of groups, both picturesque and instructive. Amongst other matters of interest, they illustrate a marriage ceremony, which, from the peculiarity of such eastern rites, combined with the ease and grace of their performance, is highly interesting. They also realize the dioramic scenes as they pass before the spectator, and sing the melodies of their land, which, although somewhat strange and grating occasionally to the musical ear, are nevertheless useful and amusing, as showing Syrian ideas of lyrical art. We believe this diorama of the Holy Land is the only exhibition in London illustrated by people from the country depicted; and as they convey to the mind both amusement and instruction, the Syro-Lebanon Company will doubtless reap a full share of public patronage. The personal attractions, also, of some of the party are not to be overlooked; and in addition to the general effect, the performers are accompanied by a very intelligent native interpreter, educated in Aleppo, whose knowledge of our own language and suavity of manners are well calculated to render him an acquisition to this justly popular exhibition.

EXETER-HALL.—The *Messiah* was performed last night by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The principal vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Macfarren, Mr. Benson, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. H. Phillips. Madame Macfarren made her first appearance at Exeter-hall, and created a decided impression by her fine rendering of the contralto music. She supplied the place of Miss Dolby, who was absent at Worcester, being engaged in the festival. Miss Dolby could hardly have found a better substitute than Madame Macfarren.

TOM COOKE AND SIR JAMES SCARLETT.—The following amusing anecdote of the well-known "Tom Cooke," the actor and musician, is extracted from a spirited sketch of his doings by "An Old Stager" in the *Sunday Times*:—"At a trial at the Court of King's Bench (June, 1833) betwixt certain publishing tweedle-dums and tweedledees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the "Old English Gentleman"—an Old English air, by the bye—Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus: "Sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different; now what do you mean by that, sir?" To this Tom promptly answered, "I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and, consequently, the position of the accented notes was different." Sir James: "What is a musical accent?" My terms are a Guinea a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.) Sir James (rather ruffled): "Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent. Can you see it?" Cooke: "No." Sir James: "Can you feel it?" Cooke: "A musician can." (Great laughter.) Sir James (very angry): "Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge who tried the cause) and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent." Cooke: "Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on *ass*; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James." Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee. Silence having been at length obtained, the judge with much seeming gravity, accosted the chap-fallen counsel thus:—Lord Denman: "Are you satisfied, Sir James?" Sir James (who, deep red as he naturally was, to use poor Jack Reeve's own words, had become scarlet in more than name), in a great huff, said, "The witness may go down."

MR. W. DORRELL.—This eminent pianist has returned to town after a visit to Paris, where his talent was duly appreciated. Mr. Dorrell received an invitation from Louis Napoleon, the President of the Republic, to be present at the festivities given in honour of the visit of the Lord Mayor of London to the city of Paris, and met also with much attention from the *haut ton*, as well as from the musical celebrities of the "city of pleasure."

CATHERINE HAYES.—The near approach of this gifted lady's departure for America calls upon us for a few words respecting her—not to herald her arrival or to anticipate her success—but to state, honestly and fairly, the grounds upon which she is fully entitled to the utmost quantity she can receive. Catherine Hayes is a native of the Emerald Isle, where she is generally termed "the Swan of Erin," but whether in deference to her musical position, or in contradistinction to her only rival, Jenny Lind, termed "the Swedish Nightingale," it is not at all necessary to inquire. This interesting lady is a native of Limerick; and her good conduct and great talent having obtained for her the patronage of the late bishop thereof, she became, through such influence, a pupil of Signor Sapia, in Dublin, and subsequently of Emanuel Garcia, in Paris, and of Felice Ronconi, in Milan. It was therefore utterly impossible that genius of her high order could do otherwise than reach a full degree of perfection under such tuition; and thus we find that after going through the ordeal of three years' practice in Ireland, from her *début* in 1841 until October 1844, she started for the continent in that month. It is unnecessary to follow this *artiste* through her varied career in every part of Italy, from 1844 to 1849; but it is only an act of justice to state that, in the theatre of every country she visited, she left behind an indelible recollection of her commanding powers. Catherine Hayes made her *début* at Covent Garden Theatre, in April, 1849, and confirmed with us the impressions she made upon others. Nor must it be forgotten that she created this excitement when the public mind had by no means recovered from the extraordinary frenzy it had been thrown into by the appearance of Jenny Lind—a degree of *furor* still more manifestly indulged in by the Americans, amongst whom our fair countrywoman will have to encounter the same degree of comparison. The advantages of Catherine Hayes are youth, beauty, and genius. She is the first of British singers, and we have not one moment's doubt that she will meet with a reception in America that will be equal to the brightest dream of her own enthusiasm, or the expectations of her friends. Her talent and her station in art are European; and America has ever corresponded to the decision of Europe, in a desire to cultivate that refinement in the one, which necessarily leads to its adoption in the other great empire of the world. There is something highly fascinating and deeply interesting in contemplating the flight of a young and brilliant creature like this, wafting in person the gifts of her gentle nature to a far and a foreign land. Apart from all the pecuniary views that such speculations arise and end in, no higher compliment can be paid to any country than the desire of a stranger from other lands to receive its welcome, to court its inquiry, and to obtain its sanction. Catherine Hayes will arrive in America in the bloom of her days, in the zenith of her talent, in the height of her popularity, and in the fulness of public expectation.—*Globe*.

MARRIAGE OF MISS HELEN FAUCIT.—In the usual column, under the head of marriages, will be found the announcement of the marriage of the accomplished and graceful actress, Miss Helen Faucit, to Theodore Martin, Esq., a gentleman well known in the literary circles as the Bon Gaultier of *Tait's Magazine*, and the translator of that charming little drama, *King René's Daughter*, in the delineation of which Miss Faucit reached the heart of every auditor. We are sure that, among her numerous admirers in this locality, there will be a general expression of sympathy in the step she has taken, and a heartfelt hope for her future happiness. We are not yet aware if it be her intention to continue on the stage, but from the circumstance of there having been no announcement to the contrary during her recent performances at the Olympic Theatre, London, we live in the anticipation that the finest illustrator of Shakspeare now on the stage, and altogether the most poetic of modern dramatic artists, will still remain to grace the profession of which she is so distinguished an ornament.—*Manchester Examiner*.

ON THE ORIGIN OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—The first mention that we have of music or musical instruments is in Holy Writ, where we are told, in the 4th chapter of Genesis, 21st verse, when the sacred penman is enumerating the posterity of Cain, that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," from which it is most probable that he was the inventor of instru-

mental music; and it is also probable that the idea first originated in him hearing the sound produced by the percussion of the metals used in the workshop of his brother, Tubal Cain, who, we are told, worked in brass and iron. From an account given by the Padre Martini, he imagines that Adam was instructed by his Creator in every art and science, and that a knowledge of music was of course included—a knowledge which Adam employed in praising and adoring the Supreme Being.

The learned Padre, however, subsequently attempts to prove that Tubal was the inventor, not only of instrumental, but of vocal music—a position inconsistent with the idea that Adam derived the knowledge of the latter from the Most High, and which is not borne out by the sacred text, where Jubal is mentioned as the inventor of instrumental music only.

Though the records of the state of music in the antediluvian period of the world are so scanty, yet it would not be wrong in supposing that, in the sixteen hundred years and upwards which elapsed between the creation and the deluge, considerable progress was made in the science, and that various wind and stringed instruments were then invented to accompany the voice; for we are told in the 4th chapter of Genesis, 26th verse, that in the days of Seth, about the period of the birth of Enos, viz. 3664 years B.C., "men began to call upon the name of the Lord," and appears to have been the first introduction of music into religious rites.

This is all that can be predicted of music before the flood; and though the deluge swept away all the glory and grandeur of the antediluvian world, yet we cannot suppose that Noah and his family were ignorant of the arts and sciences taught before that event. Accordingly, we find that tradition carries back the invention of many arts to the period when that patriarch lived and walked upon the earth; and we undoubtedly see in him the original of more than one of the deities of Egypt and Greece.—*From H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music*.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES' farewell concert at Liverpool takes place on Monday. The vocalists who assist the "Irish nightingale" are Miss Williams, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Herr Mengis. Signor Sivori is the violinist, and Mr. Lavenue the conductor.

MISS STEELE.—We regret to hear that this talented vocalist met with a severe accident, a short time since, when crossing a crowded thoroughfare in the City. We are, however, pleased to learn that the fair *cantatrice* is rapidly recovering, and will be able soon to resume her professional duties.

THE SPANISH DANCERS, who made their *début* a few weeks since at her Majesty's Theatre, have been engaged by the lessee of the Liverpool Theatre, where they have been received with great enthusiasm by crowded audiences.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Macfarren's popular opera, *Kiny Charles the Second*, will be produced shortly at this theatre, with Mr. W. Harrison, and Miss Pyne in their original part. It is also reported that Madame Macfarren will be engaged for her original character, Julian.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. YORKSHIRE.—The works will be reviewed in their turn. We thank W. S. for his communication.

OUR GRAY'S INN correspondent is informed that the "OPERATIO STARS" have all been written expressly for, and published in the *Musical World*. The numbers in which they have individually appeared we have not time to ascertain. Consult index of two last volumes. The composer of *Maritana* is at present in New York.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
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FIDELIO AND THE CHRONICLE.

A PARLIAMENTARY reporter of the *Morning Chronicle*, appointed by the careful directors to review the operatic season at Covent Garden, thus delivers his opinions about *Fidelio* :—

"*Fidelio* had been long demanded by a small band of Beethovenites, who profess to see in its score the most exalted type of musical composition. It was given, but totally failed to excite or to interest the general public, and for this good reason, the music is symphonic in its character, not dramatic. It appeals to the technical knowledge and scientific appreciation of profound musicians, who have long admired the masterly style in which the strange and eccentric feats of harmonic and contrapuntal combination and arrangement in which it abounds, have been managed by the deaf composer, but so far as the interpretation, by these feats of emotion and idea, from the composer to the audience goes, the opera of *Fidelio* has proved utterly unsuccessful, and is not likely again to be revived."

The writers of the "fast" school ought to adorn this reporter with a beard of gold. Such courage as he has shown is unexampled. The short-hand men are a hardy race, and will stick at nothing. It is not so much with them what to say, as to say something. "Doing a column" is every-day work, and the subject all one, so there be words enough to fill the space required.

The contempt for truth exhibited by the parliamentary reporter is to be admired, although it bears hard upon Beethoven. An opera, however, which, for nearly half a century has delighted Europe, stands in no need of argument to show that it possesses the elements of popularity; and the apathy of a tribe of imaginary comic authors will not, we think, go far to prove the contrary.

But more than his contempt for truth must the Parliamentary Reporter's contempt of history be extolled. He gravely tells his readers that *Fidelio* cannot excite or interest the general public—because so and so—while, had he consulted Mr. Shirley Brookes, his learned *collaborateur* would have informed him that *Fidelio* has been exciting and interesting the "general public" of the civilised world since 1805!

The reasons which the Parliamentary Reporter sets down in explanation of the failure of Beethoven's opera are bold, but not clear: "The music is *symphonic* in its character, not dramatic." It would be cruel to ask the Parliamentary Reporter what he means by "symphonic," since, in sober truth, he means nothing, and his words convey triumphantly the vagueness of

his thought. Nor is the following much more lucid: "The masterly style in which the strange and eccentric feats of harmonic and contrapuntal combination and arrangement in which it abounds, have been managed by the deaf composer," &c. Here is an array of words—here a cloud of dust effectively to blind the reader! Pistol himself, the great master of balderdash, could not have beaten it.

"—— Have we not Hiran here?"

said the fast ancient—intending about as much by that speech as the Parliamentary Reporter by what we have cited.

The conclusion would bother Hermogenes—"but so far as the interpretation, by these feats of emotion and idea, from the composer to the audience goes, the opera of *Fidelio* has proved utterly unsuccessful, and is not likely again to be revived. How to unravel this puzzles us:—interpretation, from composer to audience, BY FEATS OF EMOTION AND IDEA, proving unsuccessful, and not likely to BE REVIVED—this is the gist of the phrase, having got which, we are as much in the dark as before. We have heard of feats of strength and agility, but "feats of emotion and idea" are out of our vocabulary; we have heard of the revival of an old play, but the revival of an opera, "so far as interpretation goes," has never before been suggested. It was left for the Parliamentary Reporter to unlock this new repository of words and phrases, and lay them before his readers pell mell, as he took them from the cupboard of his brain.

To conclude, we feel moved to cry out, with Trimalchio's freedman: "May we never prosper, but we'll teach these *Gelæ* better manners!"—[The *Gelæ* were a fast tribe of European Scythians, and, in the time of Petronius, the expression was proverbial, as a synonyme for barbarians.]

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

WORCESTER, Aug. 30th.

ON Thursday, the collection for the charity at the Cathedral amounted to £165,—£4 above that of 1848. There were about 800 persons present, which was more than 100 beyond the attendance on the third morning of the previous meeting.

The fine weather, happily continuing, proved of essential service to the third and last concert on Thursday evening. Between 700 and 800 assembled in the College-hall, and the youth and beauty of Worcester were exhibited to conspicuous advantage. The concert went off with the greatest *eclat*, and although, owing to the want of rehearsals, mistakes and blunders were frequent in the accompaniments to the vocal pieces, these by no means interfered with the hilarity of the

audience, who had evidently come with a determination to be pleased.

The programme commenced with an interesting selection from Weber's opera of *Euryanthe*, comprising the overture, introduction, several choral and concerted pieces, and solos. The principal vocal parts were sustained by Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin. Herr Formes being absent from indisposition, an apology was made for him by Sir Charles Hastings (one of the stewards), who promised as an *amende*, an extra song by Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, and a solo on the concertino by Mr. R. Blagrove, with which the audience testified their satisfaction by applause. The pieces that produced the greatest effect in the *Euryanthe* selection were, the march, chorus and quartet, "Hail ye heroes" (solos by Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, and Machin), which was encored; the duet, "Now let my soul" (Madame Castellan and Mr. Sims Reeves), and the air "Soft airs" (Mr. Sims Reeves). Mademoiselle Cruvelli, who appeared four times, bore away the largest share of the honours of the evening. She was in splendid voice, in great spirits, and sang with unusual animation and brilliancy. Her first performance was the well-known *aria* of De Beriot, and Benedict, with the waltz *cabaletta* "Prendi per me," which she introduced with so much success early in the present season, at one of the concerts of Her Majesty's Theatre—a dashing and energetic display of vocal facility. Her next was the *rondo finale* from *Sonnambula*. "Ah non giunge" (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Mori), which she sang for the first time before an English audience. Into this Mademoiselle Cruvelli threw her whole heart and soul, and introduced some cadenzas and *fortiture*, embracing the entire compass of her voice, which were quite as new as they were extraordinary. A more joyous and irresistible piece of singing could not be imagined, or more thoroughly expressive of the feelings that are supposed to animate the bosom of the happy Amina, cleared of suspicion, and restored to the affections of her lover. The substituted *morceau*, by general desire, was Verdi's "Ernani involami." The Worcester amateurs are evidently partizans of Verdi.

Each of Cruvelli's performances was received with rapturous applause; but that which roused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch was the "Ah non giunge," which she was called upon to repeat, in a manner too unanimous and decided to be resisted with courtesy. The other points of the concert worthy notice were Madame Castellan's "L'amor suo" a finished and effective performance; a ballad of Schubert, nicely sung by Miss Williams, with a concertina accompaniment by Mr. R. Blagrove; "Nobil signor," from the *Huguenots*, given with grace and fluency by Miss Dolby; and the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, extremely well executed by Miss Birch. Miss Dolby also introduced a Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Dundee," which pleased mightily, and was encored. The duet, "Si quello io son," from Verdi's *Attila*, by Mademoiselle Cruvelli and Mr. Sims Reeves—a poor composition, unworthy of the performers—although well sung, made no impression; nor was its effect improved by a *contre-temps* on the part of the orchestra, which necessitated a halt, and a new beginning. Such mishaps are really unpardonable at a concert the charge for admission to which is 10s. 6d. The performances terminated with the National anthem, the principal solo verses by Madame Castellan and Mademoiselle Cruvelli. Altogether, this concert was inferior to the others in point of selection. The only orchestral piece (except the *Euryanthe*) was the overture to *Fidelio*, and the want of an instrumental solo was strongly felt. Good concerts without rehearsals, however, are impossible; and as rehearsals at the

triennial festivals would seem to be equally impossible, we presume they are not to be expected.

Another fine day brought the festival, as far as the musical performances are concerned, to a close, in a brilliant and prosperous manner. Upwards of 1,200 persons assembled in the Cathedral to hear the *Messiah*, which was executed in a very effective manner. The principal singers were—Madame Castellan, Mademoiselle Cruvelli, Misses Birch and Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Machin and Herr Formes. To Cruvelli were assigned the air, "Rejoice greatly," and the song "How beautiful are the feet." From her execution of the former, the finest *bravura* in the whole range of Handel's oratorios, we are convinced that a careful study of this grand school of vocal music would soon insure Mademoiselle Cruvelli the flexibility of voice and smoothness of execution in which she is sometimes wanting. It was a striking improvement on her "Let the bright Seraphim." The accentuation was more decided, the rapid divisions were accomplished with greater ease and equality, and the distances taken with more certainty and point. Her reading of the music was unexceptionable, and a marked advance was noted in her pronunciation of the English words, which, while more correctly delivered, were not flurried and slurred over as on the former occasion. "How beautiful are the feet" is a much less difficult matter. Madlle. Cruvelli sang this divine air with a chasteness and purity of style that left nothing to be desired, giving the text with scrupulous fidelity. The peculiar beauty of her voice was, perhaps, never more advantageously displayed. At the usual signal from the Bishop, Mademoiselle Cruvelli repeated the air. The compliment was amply merited. Her success in these first attempts in the music of the oratorio composers will, it is to be hoped, act as a spur to the ambition of the young singer, and open her eyes to the fact that music is not entirely confined within the limits of the Italian Opera, but that a higher, if a less exclusively showy style exists, which, to be a perfect and accomplished mistress of the vocal art, should be studied with no less assiduity than the other. With the exception of Madame Castellan's "But thou didst not leave," one of the most expressive performances of the morning, there is nothing new to speak of in the general execution of the oratorio. Misses Birch and Dolby sang the other airs for *soprano* and *contralto*, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes those for tenor and bass, in their best style, and Mr. Machin, in "Why do the nations," gave good signs of having recovered from his indisposition. The sublime choruses were for the great part most effectively given, and during the execution of "Glory to God," and the "Hallelujah," the audience remained standing, according to approved custom. "Worthy is the Lamb," with its elaborate and magnificent "Amen," brought out the combined strength of organ, orchestra, and chorus with fine effect, and made a grand and impressive climax to the festival. On leaving the Cathedral, the streets all the way up to Foregate-street were lined on either side with spectators, anxiously watching the equipages and their inmates as they passed. The bells of the church rang merry peals, and the whole scene, enlivened by the sunshine, wore an unusual aspect of busy gaiety.

The collection at the doors for the charity amounted to £199 9s. Among the audience were remarked Sir Robert Throckmorton and Lord Southall and family, who on this occasion made the only exceptions to the general absence from the meeting of the nobility and gentry of the Catholic persuasion, in the three counties, which we noted yesterday. The other visitors of note comprised nearly all those in our former list, with the addition of Mr. Babington Macaulay.

On the whole, the results of the 128th anniversary of the

meetings of the three choirs has surpassed expectation. It has had the Crystal Palace, unfavourable weather, and other disadvantages to combat; but has succeeded so well in spite of them, that it is to be hoped there will be no more talk of discontinuing the festivals. It would be odd indeed, if three such rich counties as Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, could not support the comparatively trifling risk which even a more than average unprosperous meeting might entail. Neither the possible tax on the pocket, nor the bigoted opposition from certain quarters, ought to have any influence where such a useful and praiseworthy charity is concerned as that which affords relief to the widows of the poorer clergy, and supplies the means of support and education for their orphan progeny. Stringent reform is called for in the general management of the musical department of these festivals. That, however, under the actual circumstances, appears to be out of the question; until it be obtained, nevertheless, the triennial meetings can never be expected to exercise much influence upon art, however they may promote the ends of benevolence.

The meeting wound up last night with the usual dress ball at the Guildhall, which was very fully attended. We should have mentioned that the hospitality of the Bishop, the Dean, and other distinguished inhabitants of Worcester, has been munificently exercised during the meeting in favour of the visitors, and that the usual attention and civility were experienced at the hands of the Rev. Robert Sarjant, hon. sec.

The results of the festival, will, in a pecuniary point of view, be very unsatisfactory. The falling off in the receipts for the charity for the relief of clergymen's widows and orphans, however, will not be so considerable as at one time had been expected, the receipts on Thursday and Friday having been larger than had been anticipated. The following return gives a comparative view of the receipts for the charity at the Worcester Festivals of 1848 and 1851:—

	1848.	1851.
Tuesday . . .	£300	£302
Wednesday . . .	283	216
Thursday . . .	162	165
Friday . . .	213	201
	£958	£884

Of the above 884l. the members of the corporation of Worcester, who attended the festival in state on the first morning, contributed 23l. The collection at Gloucester last year was 862l., and at Hereford, in 1849, 833l. Worcester, however, always realises the largest collection. It is anticipated that when the general accounts come to be made up, they will show a considerable deficiency, which would have to be made good entirely by the stewards but for the prescience of the managers, who have secured a guarantee fund from the public amounting to nearly 800l. The attendance at the morning performances, compared with those at the morning performances of 1848, showed the following result:—

	1851.	1848.
Tuesday morning . . .	1,282	1,497
Wednesday morning . . .	1,200	1,400
Thursday morning . . .	739	602
Friday morning . . .	1,220	970
	4,441	4,469

The falling off, therefore, in the attendance at the morning performances was trifling, but it is at the evening concerts that there has been such a decline in point of attendance.

In connexion with the festival, the following strange letter has been published in to-day's Worcester paper.

"Tibberton, near Droitwich, Worcestershire, Aug. 25.

"My Lord,—On Saturday afternoon I received a card from the Mayor of Worcester, inviting me to a public breakfast on Tuesday next. The invitation seemed to take it for granted that I was going to attend the Musical Festival. Unless your Lordship, who I perceive is president, can show me that such an assemblage of opera and theatre performers within the walls of the cathedral is not making God's house of prayer a den of thieves, I must, as I have hitherto done, avoid such a mixture of sacred and profane persons and things, for I know it to be contrary to God's most holy word, to the teaching of the primitive church, and of the united church of England and Ireland.

"I write to thank the Mayor for his courtesy (believing that, with many excellent persons, he errs in ignorance), but declining his invitation, and it is my intention to publish this letter early to-morrow morning.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord, praying to God to give you grace to remove all scandals from your diocese,

"Your Lordship's faithful, sorrowful, and most humble servant and presbyter,

"LUCIUS ARTHUR, Curate of Oddingley.

"The Lord Bishop of Worcester.

"P. S.—I direct my messenger to wait for an answer, if your Lordship should see fit to send me one.

"L. A.

"Through some mistake he has not met me here as I expected. "Worcester, Tuesday Morning."

GARCIA AND TAMBERLIK IN LIVERPOOL.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Though the concert of Tuesday night week did not introduce to our notice so many vocalists as we are accustomed to hear at the full-dress reunions, yet those who appeared on this occasion possess talents so rare and so great, and the pleasure they gave to the audience was so unmistakable, that none regretted the committee having had an eye more to the quality than quantity of the vocal talent whom they had engaged. In fact, we have often thought that the committee have erred in introducing so many vocalists at their concerts, so that even the most celebrated have had little opportunity of giving their listeners a full and adequate idea of their abilities. Another reason, however, why only two vocalists appeared on this occasion was, the difficulty of engaging artists of great talent, except at an outlay which it would have been unwise to incur. Cruvelli, for instance, quite a new singer, suddenly pushed into fame, demanded, we believe, 350l. for two concerts, and Alboni, certainly an unrivalled singer, valued her labours for the same period worth 240l. However, the committee and the subscribers managed to do without either of the above ladies, for Signor Tamberlik and Viardot Garcia are undoubtedly two great and acknowledged vocalists, and the enthusiasm they created on Tuesday evening proved most truly that, when the people of Liverpool meet with true talent they can recognise its presence, and receive it with as much enthusiasm as the self-satisfied *dilettanti* of London and Paris.

Madame Viardot Garcia first sang in the Philharmonic Hall at the opening festival, when she created a most favourable impression, though at the time suffering from severe illness. As our readers are aware, she is a sister of Malibran, though greatly inferior as a vocalist, to that wonderful genius. Unlike her, Madame Viardot has struggled long against the disadvantages of a voice originally harsh and limited in compass; but patience and unwearied assiduity, joined to a thorough knowledge of her art, have made her one of the greatest operatic vocalists now on the stage. She is, in fact, a perfect mistress of her art, capable of giving due and unwonted effect to all kinds of music. Whether in simple, pathetic strains, or arias requiring the utmost brilliancy of execution, she is equally effective and pleasing. As an actress her talents are unsurpassed by many; and on the Italian stage she holds a very high position. Her only fault is a tendency to over-elaboration of caricature; but this is the result of a genius which is ever aspiring. Like Tamberlik, she is one of the principal supports of

the Royal Italian Opera, where her impersonations of Fides, Donna Anna, Valentine, Adina, &c., have been witnessed with the utmost enthusiasm. Madame Viardot Garcia is also a composer and a linguist, singing to admiration either in German, Spanish, French, or Italian, all of which languages she speaks fluently. As our readers may remember, she is also acquainted with some of Handel's masterpieces, and able to render them most effectively and intelligibly in English.

On the present occasion her first air was a quaint *Sicilienne*, by Pergolesi, somewhat similar to one of our old Christmas carols, and, like them, remarkable for its quaintness and abrupt changes in the melody. Madame Viardot sang it with great expression, displaying great vocal facility in a crescendo at its termination. Being encored, she sat down at the piano, and dashed off two Spanish ballads with so much comic feeling, that the audience, who did not know their meaning, could not refrain from laughing. Her next effort was in a style totally different: namely, the beautiful, but hackneyed, finale to *Sonnambula*, which every vocalist of pretension has attempted with varied success. Madame Viardot invests it with quite a new colouring, singing it with a degree of fervid, passionate expression, which stirs every heart. She poured out a flood of the strangest and most intricate *fioritura* with an intrepidity and volume of sound absolutely startling. A more extraordinary display of vocal endeavour was assuredly never heard in Liverpool. The delight and wonder of the audience was divided, and the air was re-demanded with enthusiasm, and repeated with truly increased effect—the fresh variations introduced being even more daring and brilliant than the previous ones. She also sang with Tamberlik in a duet from the *Favourita*, and one from *Roberto Devereux*, in which both artistes displayed their vocal and dramatic style of singing most admirably.

Signor Tamberlik made his *debut* in Liverpool at this concert, and fully bore out the unanimous laudations which he has received from our metropolitan contemporaries. His presence in England, like that of Alboni, is one of the offsprings of the rivalry between the two operas; to which we are also indebted for the appearance of Sontag, Ronconi, Crivelli, Barbieri Nini, and other great *artistes*, who had no chance of obtaining a hearing here when Mr. Lumley was an operatic emperor. Recommended by Ronconi, who sang with him in Verdi's operas, at Barcelona, he was engaged by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera, where he made his first appearance in *Masaniello*, in Auber's opera, on the 4th of April, 1850. Though suffering from the fatigues of a hurried journey, and with the disadvantages of having had only one rehearsal, his *debut* was a complete triumph. His voice is one of the purest tenors ever heard; inferior in sweetness and suavity, perhaps, to Mario's, but unsurpassed for the ringing brilliancy of its high notes, which he gives out direct from the chest, with startling power and bell-like clearness. His lower tones are somewhat husky; but in airs requiring brilliancy of execution and manly vigour, he sings with so much taste, energy, and skill, that the most apathetic listener cannot but feel that a singer of the rarest powers is moving him to unwonted enthusiasm. This season he has been, in consequence of the serious illness and lassitude of Mario, one of the mainstays of the Royal Italian Opera, and a great favourite, both with the general public and the most critical judges. The Queen and Prince Albert have shown their appreciation of his talents in a very marked manner; and those who were at Covent Garden when he sang, "Il mio tesoro," so magnificently, may perhaps remember that the occupants of the royal box were as eager as any of the audience in applauding this unwonted display of vocal talent, which was encored rapturously each night *Don Giovanni* was performed. We have perhaps, dwelt somewhat longer than we intended on Signor Tamberlik; but, as we consider him to be one of the greatest vocalists that ever appeared in England, we think our readers will pardon our prolixity.

On his appearance to sing the famous Parcarole, from *Masaniello*, he appeared somewhat nervous, and sang the first verse rather flatly; but, on its repetition, he gave evidence that rumour had not exaggerated his powers. His voice, though slightly tremulous and husky, sounded rich and sonorous; and when he touched upon some of the higher notes it sounded clear and full. His great triumph, however, was in the divine air, from *Don Giovanni*, "Il

mio tesoro," in which he reached C in alt with the utmost apparent ease. It was given direct from the chest, without any tremulousness, and with the most passionate energy. In fact, his singing of this air was all that the most fastidious listener could desire; the style was chaste and tasteful, and the expression varied and truthful in the highest degree. It is almost needless to state that he was uproariously recalled, and repeated the air with undiminished excellence and effect.

The only instrumental solo was one on the violin, by Mr. E. W. Thomas, which gave great satisfaction. The music (F. David's variations on an air by Schubert) was difficult and, at times, pleasing. Mr. Thomas displayed a perfect command of all the resources of his instrument, and, without any mechanical trickery or eccentricity, he overcame all difficulties with graceful ease. In the more quiet passages his tone was pure, and characterised by much feeling and delicacy of execution.

The choir, with the exception that they were at times unsteady, gave universal satisfaction; and, in addition to two well-known madrigals, they introduced one, entitled "The Silver Swan," by Orlando Gibbons, organist to James the First; and a four-part song, by Mendelssohn, "The Hunter's Farewell." The first felt flat, but the latter, a most delicious and melodious inspiration, was exceedingly well sung and received. The band played three overtures, the only novelty being that to Mendelssohn's operetta, "The Son and the Stranger," lately revived at the Haymarket Theatre. Though only composed for private performance when Mendelssohn was very young, it possesses all his distinguishing characteristics. The melodies are spontaneous and flowing, and the scoring most effective and judicious. It was played by the band *con amore*, and loudly applauded. The concert, which was one of the best—in fact, we may say the best ever given by the society—concluded at an early hour with the overture to *Così fan Tutti*, which the band were playing as the audience rose *en masse* to retire. The next concert will take place at the end of September, on which occasion the programme will consist of a choice selection of miscellaneous music sung by two artistes of great talent—Miss Louisa Pyne and Herr Carl Formes—both of whom have gained fresh honours during the past season, their improvement having been frequently and highly eulogized by our metropolitan contemporaries. (*Liverpool Paper*.)

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At length your crowded and busy London Season is drawing to a close. The last cheap nights announced at the Opera terminated last Saturday, whilst many of the stars that have shed such brilliant lustre on your musical season, have already changed their sphere of influence; consequently, you may spare an odd corner, now and then, for an old correspondent in the provinces. But, "alack, and well-a-day," unless we have a speedy change for the better, "Music at Manchester" will become a dead letter to write about. Up to the present moment, we do not know when we had so barren a time of it as this very great Exhibition year of 1851. London has not only attracted all the folks, but all the talent—musical amongst the rest. Charles Hallé has been with you all the season, merely coming to Manchester to a very few concerts given at our Concert Hall, where, of course, he is the regular conductor, and where your correspondent, not being a subscriber, is inadmissible.

The last truly great performance we "assisted" at in Manchester as a concert, was the final one given in the ever-to-be-regretted Assembly Rooms, on the 11th January!! Ernst, Hallé and Lidel, with Miss Williams, made that a memorable night with us. It is now September, and the only really good public concerts that have taken place in that long interval, have been the three farewell concerts of Miss Catherine Hayes last week. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 28th, 29th, and 30th August. We were only present on one occasion—the middle night of the three—but understand that the Hall was filled to excess on each of the other two evenings, which must have been satisfactory, in a pecuniary sense, to all parties concerned, and not a little gratifying to Miss Catherine Hayes herself.

The artists assisting Miss Hayes, were Miss Williams, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Herr Mengis, with "little" Lavenu, as you familiarly style him, as conductor, and little Sivori—become greater than ever—as solo violinist. A very respectable *parti*, and the concert would have been really very first rate; but—oh these buts!—there was no orchestra—no band! Mere pianoforte concerts—even in spite of such intelligent and really clever accompanying as that of Mr. Lavenu—do not do in a large space like the Free Trade Hall. The programmes have an inevitable tendency to run to seed, in the ballad direction; and ballad after ballad, however great the vocalist, to our taste becomes monotonous and wearisome. The only advantage in the system that we can discover, accrues to the concert givers themselves; provided they can attract such large audiences without a full orchestra, they have the receipts to divide amongst fewer hands.

To speak of the concert we heard—or rather of the portion we heard—we must begin with Sivori, who had just commenced his *Lucia* fantasia as we entered the hall. We were very much astonished, as well as delighted, to hear Sivori infuse so much pathos and intense feeling into this performance. Of his unerring intonation and powerful tone we had a vivid remembrance, but hardly supposed him capable of affecting the feelings and sympathies of his audience to such an extent, *a la Ernst*, as he did on Friday night, in Donizetti's impassioned strain. Sivori comes back to us immensely raised in our estimation in consequence. His second solo was the one—we have had perhaps too much from everybody on the violin—the eternal "Carnival," it was marvellously played of course, and, of course, encored; but wisely, on Sivori's part, another theme was given in lieu of it, again exhibiting his amazing command of all possible and impossible difficulties on the instrument; nevertheless, the plaintive finale to *Lucia*, lingered fondly and tenderly in our memory long after the concert was over. Sivori's triumphs over all difficulties we had witnessed and heard before, but it was the first time we had heard him so eminently successful in *expression*—that true aim of all great artists.

Miss Rebecca Isaacs sang very nicely Mozart's "Vedrai carino," and Wallace's ballad, "A Lovely Youth." We had two ballads of Lavenu's—one for Miss Catherine Hayes, and one for Mr. Augustus Braham; another ballad of Wallace's, with a pretty flowing accompaniment, "Sweet and Low," for Miss Williams; a very pretty duet of Mendelssohn for Miss Hayes and Miss Williams, "I would that my Love;" a duet from *Billy*, for the two gentlemen, "Ola bella imminente;" another ballad, (oh these ballads) Balfe's this time, "In this old chair;" and Miss Hayes's cavatina, "O luce di quest'anima," from *Linda*, were all we stayed to hear.

With most of the vocalists we were well pleased; but with Miss Catherine Hayes especially delighted. The song from *Linda*, showed Miss Hayes's powers to great advantage, as did also the Mendelssohn duet for her and Miss Williams. Another song of Miss Hayes's got encored, and the audience clamoured loudly for "Prince Charlie," which was down for her in the programme, but for some unexplained reason had been changed. With the greatest possible good humour, Miss Hayes instantly turned round to Mr. Lavenu and giving him the hint, made the hall ring again with the favourite (Scotch ballad this time), "Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the Philibeg."

Altogether Miss Catherine Hayes leaves behind her an impression on her Manchester friends, which cannot be readily detached, who, we are sure, will be glad to welcome her with open arms, on her return from her American trip.

There was a concert at the Concert Hall last week, Viardot, Garcia, Tamberlik, Polonini, and Miss Viennedy on the harp, this week—Sontag and Tagliafico appeared there on Wednesday night.

Of Miss Hayes's singing, a better notion than we could give may be formed from a notice from the *Manchester Examiner*, on the last concert, which we extract and send you. Not having attended the first and last concerts, and having only heard a part of the second, we are bound in some measure to supply the deficiency.

"The announcement, some time since, that Miss Catherine Hayes was about to give three farewell concerts previous to her departure for America, made quite a stir among the musical people

of Manchester, and all who entertained a true feeling for what is high and pure in art, seemed anxious to pay homage to the 'British Nightingale,' and to give her a parting cheer before crossing the Atlantic.

"Catherine Hayes undoubtedly takes rank among the most perfect vocalists of the present day, not as an English singer, but unquestionably as one of the *prima donnas* of Europe. Educated in Italy, and under the best professors,—having a deep love for her profession, and possessed of enthusiasm, which is the parent of zeal and perseverance, she is a perfect mistress of her art. Nature has done an immense deal for Catherine Hayes, but Catherine Hayes has not left all to nature. Nature has endowed her with a most exquisite voice, of unusual capabilities, with feeling, development, taste, expression, and a keen perception of the beautiful; but the artist has come nobly to the assistance of the goddess, and shown herself a worthy handmaiden. The best proof how largely art has assisted nature is exemplified in the very great improvement made by Miss Hayes as a singer since she first visited London. A parallel case to this we do not remember, except in the instance of Pasta; but she took years, were Catherine Hayes took only months, to become one of the greatest singers of her time.

"It may easily be imagined that the reception given to Miss C. Hayes on her entrance was of the warmest kind. She was received with a general shout, which was prolonged for several minutes. She looked remarkably well, stouter, we think, in person, than when we last saw her, and stronger in appearance. Her first song was the 'Ah! mon fils,' from the *Prophete*, which, according to all the London papers, she has made entirely her own, in the teeth of comparisons with Viardot and Alboni. All were naturally anxious to hear what they had read and heard so much about, and as we ourselves had a vivid recollection of Viardot's singing in the *Prophete* last season, we perhaps were more anxious than anybody else. The fair artist more than satisfied ourselves. Her singing the 'Ah! mon fils' is literally a *chef d'œuvre*. We do not think we ever heard any piece of vocalisation which more thoroughly pleased and astonished us. It requires a great compass of voice to manage the 'Ah! mon fils' satisfactorily. Madame Viardot, by her extreme art, if not satisfactorily, contrives to manage it. Alboni manages it, and satisfactorily too, but she wants the soprano brilliancy in the upper notes to give the *aria* its true effect. Catherine Hayes, in her voice, leaves nothing to be desired. Her upper notes are as clear and ringing as a bell; the middle voice round, full, and sweet; and the lower voice, without losing the distinctive character of the other two registers, possesses the depth, strength, and sonority of the true contralto. These three divisions are blended together with singular art, and constitute a perfect organ of nearly three octaves in extent. We may conscientiously affirm, we never heard a pure soprano with such a middle and low voice. Herein Catherine Hayes possesses an enviable advantage over Jenny Lind, whose voice is circumscribed in the lower division; and herein also may be said to lie the power of the singer in varying the expression, which renders Catherine Hayes's ballad singing so irresistibly touching. The 'Ah! mon fils,' we repeat, was a superb effort of vocalisation, and created a perfect *furor*. Miss C. Hayes next gave Wallace's ballad, 'Why do I weep for thee?' with inimitable feeling and taste; and again roused the whole house to an unusual pitch of ecstasy: an encore and subsequent rapturous acclamations were the inevitable consequence. Her third essay was the never tiring and exhilarating rondo finale, 'Ah! non giunge,' from *Sonnambula*; which, as a brilliant display in the Italian bravura style, we have seldom heard equalled. By-the-by, Catherine Hayes has one of the most perfect and beautiful shakes we ever heard. All the cadences were striking and novel, and the entire performance was instinct with characteristic hilarity and animal spirits. The audience, towards the end, became so excited that they could hardly contain themselves or keep their seats. The burst of applause that followed the rondo was quite deafening, and, of course, nothing but a repetition would satisfy the thoughtless multitude, despite the fatigue the fair artiste must have undergone. The encore was followed by the same tumultuous demonstrations. "Miss C. Hayes's last effort was in the Irish ballad 'Kathleen

Mavourneen,' which she appears to sing everywhere with unbounded success. As a specimen of pure ballad singing, Miss Catherine Hayes's 'Kathleen Mavourneen' cannot be surpassed, and has not been equalled since the days of Miss Stevens. How exquisite the tone of voice,—so tender, plaintive,—and how charming the expression! How simple and unpretending the style! How irreproachable the taste! In short, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is perfection,—the very *ne plus ultra* of ballad singing.

"On considering the talents and acquirements of our English *prima donna* after the conclusion of the concerts of Thursday and Friday evenings, what principally impressed itself upon us was the great versatility which she so satisfactorily demonstrated. In the grand declamatory French school we had one of the highest examples in Meyerbeer's 'Ah! mon fils.' The 'Ah! non giunge' furnished a brilliant specimen of the Italian bravura; and the English and Irish ballads afforded two instances of the homely and quiet school of vocalisation. Perhaps to a singer possessed of Miss C. Hayes's power, this last may be the most difficult to achieve; but, difficult or not, no one can sing a simple ballad more simply than Catherine Hayes. Never was success more decided and universal, never was enthusiasm more hearty and general; and never, we may add, did any artist deserve more from an admiring public. Miss C. Hayes sails for America on Wednesday next. She takes with her the good wishes and honest prayers of all that know her. She is about to cross the Atlantic, and make war on the hearts of the Americans. Of her success there can be no doubt. With our best wishes for her health and happiness, and with real admiration for her great talent, we bid farewell for a while to 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'"

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The miscellaneous performances and reduced prices have continued to keep up their attractions during the week. On Saturday there was one of the most crowded houses ever witnessed at Her Majesty's Theatre. Hundreds were turned away from the doors who received tickets for another night, and hundreds more were satisfied with being transferred from the pit to the gallery, where, if they could procure standing room, they had a view of the stage. The evening's entertainments consisted of the first act of *Norma* for Cruvelli, Pardini, and Madame Guilian; the second act of *Figlia del Reggimento*, for Sontag, Gardoni, and Frederick Lablache; a selection from *Der Freischütz*, for Madame Fiorentini; the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, for Madame Barbieri Nini; together with sundry divertissements invoking the talents of Carolina Rosati, Amalia Ferraris and the *corps de ballet*. Here was quantity and quality both, and variety to boot, and we are not astonished at the enormous crowds that rushed to Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night. The names of Cruvelli and Sontag were in themselves load-stars of attraction, enough to fill the house. For our own part we set ourselves in *toto* against these hodge-podge performances, and should rate them, and soundly too, but that the reduction nights seem to be exceptional, and plead for immunity.

On Tuesday *Norma* was given, arranged in one act, for Cruvelli, Madame Guilian, Pardini, Mercuriali, and Casanova; followed by the divertissement, "La Saltarelle," for Rosati and M. Silvain; succeeded by act first of *Lucrezia Borgia* for Madame Barbieri Nini, Mdle. Ida Bertrand, Gardoni, &c.; concluding with the divertissement from *Il Prodigio*.

The performance on Wednesday consisted of *Lucia di Lammermoor*—produced for Madame Barbieri Nini, her first appearance here in the part of the heroine—with selections from *Linda di Chamouni* for Sophie Cruvelli, Marie Cruvelli, and Sims Reeves; and, in the ballet department, the *Pas de Cinq*, by Mdles. Caroline Rosati, Rosa, Esper, Jullien, and Lamoureux; and the divertissement, revived for this occasion,

Le delire d'un Peintre, with Rosati, Petit Stephan, and M. Silvain.

On Thursday night was given the mangled remains of *Fidelio*, all the first act being omitted, all Jacquin's music in the second act, and nearly all Pizarro's music. Signor Coletti having left at the close of the legitimate season, it was no easy matter to supply the place of the stentorian barytone, more especially in Beethoven's music, and at a short notice. Signor Lorenzo, a zealous and good artist, who is entitled to unqualified praise for his exertions during the past season, undertook Beethoven's music and at a short notice. But Beethoven's music is no coquet to be lightly won, and at a glance, and so, Signor Lorenzo, not having time, made no impression on her, and gave her up as hopeless till time and opportunity convened. To be sure Signor Lorenzo manfully came on the stage as Pizarro, and looked as black and murderous as heart could desire, and made voluminous tragic points which, in any other theatre besides a theatre lyric, would have brought down the house; but where were the notes, Signor Lorenzo, where were the notes? And echo answers, where! Well, Signor Lorenzo, we blame you not, nor does it detract from your merit one jot that you were unable to master Beethoven's music at a glance and a thought. Signor Mercuriali's unexpected departure, we suppose, was the cause of the first act being omitted. Again the play-house prices step in, and cast a veil between the performance and our anathema. After the crumbles from *Fidelio*, Sims Reeves sang the last *scena* from *Lucia*, and Madame Barbieri Nini appeared in the last acts of *Anna Bolena*. These fragments were followed by the *Pas de Fascination* from *Alma*, danced by Mdles. Rosati, Rosa, Esper, Jullien, and Lamoureux; the whole winding up with the first act of *Masaniello*, in which the inimitable Monti and the charming Fiorentini were conspicuous.

Last night *Sonnambula* was repeated with Sontag, Calzolari, Lorenzo, and Mdle. Feller. It was preceded by the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, for Madame Barbieri Nini. After the *Sonnambula*, the *Pas de Fascination* was given as on the previous night and selections from *Norma* for Cruvelli, Guilian, and Pardini; concluding with the *Prodigo* divertissement.

To-night the theatre will positively close. The performances announced, are selections from *Figlia del Reggimento*, the last act of *Anna Bolena*, the *Pas de Cinq*, extracts from *Ernani*, and an unmentioned ballet.

Our *resumé* of the season is necessarily postponed until next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

RESUME OF THE SEASON

ON Saturday night, the last of the season, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was performed, on the whole, in a more perfect and effective manner than on any previous occasion during the present year. Grisi was never more energetic and superb. Mario, as though to atone in one effort for all past deficiencies, completely surpassed himself in the great scenes of Raoul. To hear him in the *sestet*, and in the celebrated duet with Valentine, it was scarcely possible to believe that anything had ever been the matter with his voice. Madame Castellan, Mademoiselle Angri, Tamburini, Tagliafico, and last, not least, Formes, exerted themselves to the utmost, in their several parts, to do honour to the farewell representation, and the result was an *ensemble* rarely excelled, even at the Royal Italian Opera. The furore created by the duet of the fourth act, and the enthusiasm with which Grisi and Mario were twice recalled to

be overwhelmed with plaudits and other marks of favour, reminded us of the *Huguenots* in 1848, when that opera was first represented on the Italian stage, and made so deep an impression on the public. The performances terminated with the National Anthem, in which Castellan, Grisi, and Angri sang the principal verses. The house was a "bumper."

Although the most successful in its pecuniary results since Covent-garden Theatre was opened as an Italian Opera, the fifth season, just brought to a close, has by no means been distinguished for novelty. The prospectus, issued in the month of March, offered a list of eight operas, five of which were "positively" to be produced. Of these, however, we have only had three—*Il Flauto Magico*, *Fidelio*, and *Saffo*—the last a failure. The management was forestalled in the *Enfant Prodigue* by the other house, while it was well known that Mr. Gye had purchased the copyright. Of the thirty-three established works, moreover, at the immediate disposal of the theatre, only fifteen have been played during the season of sixty-seven nights—*Semiramide*, *La Donna del Lago*, *La Guzza Ladra*, *Otello*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, the *Prophète*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Favorita*, *Don Giovanni*, *Masaniello*, and *Der Freischütz*. The most attractive of these have been *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the three operas of Meyerbeer, to which, with the addition of *Il Flauto Magico*, the one successful novelty, the prosperous issue of the speculation must chiefly be traced. It is questionable, however, whether the *bona fide* subscribers, to boxes, stalls, and season tickets, who handed over so many thousands of pounds to the treasury, anticipating variety no less than excellence in the performances, have not good cause for complaint. The general visitor, who selects his nights, and pays his money on particular occasions, has every reason to be satisfied, since he has heard the operas of his predilection performed by his favourite artists, aided by a first-rate orchestra and a numerous chorus. But the subscriber has had no choice. Tempted by the prospectus, he laid down his money, and relied on the good faith of the direction for the quality and extent of his amusements. If these did not come up to what he had a just right to expect, no one can blame him for protesting; and it is our unpleasant duty to record that a great number of subscribers have protested earnestly upon the grounds suggested. On the other hand, what the subscribers have really heard has been generally unexceptionable in regard to the style of performance, although the influenza, and other hostile causes, have been continually at work, to promote delays, incur disappointments, and damage voices. Let us, however, take a rapid survey of the prominent events of the season, in the order of their occurrence:—

The theatre opened on Thursday, April 3 (instead of Saturday, March 29, as had been announced), with Rossini's *Semiramide*, supported by Grisi, Angri, Salvatori, and Tagliafico. Six months' repose had been of essential benefit to Grisi, who was in glorious voice, and acted more admirably than ever. Her reception was, as it deserved to be, enthusiastic; and we may at once say that to the indefatigable exertions of this great and popular performer, who has never on one occasion been absent from her post, the management owes a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. Angri was welcomed with satisfaction as representative of the principal contralto characters, in lieu of Mademoiselle de Meric, who the year before had vainly essayed to sustain them with the requisite weight. Salvatori, a barytone, coming with a great reputation from abroad, failed to make an impression, his voice being materially damaged by what was presumed to be "a severe cold and hoarseness." Subsequent repetitions of *Semiramide*, however, proved that the "severe cold and

hoarseness" had been unjustly accused; and the ultimate conclusion arrived at was that the new Assur had lost his voice altogether—not, like Falstaff, with "hallooing of anthems," but with singing in the operas of Verdi. On Tuesday, April 8th, *Masaniello* was revived, and Tamberlik, Formes, and Madame Castellan, made their first appearance. Tamberlik, whose success, the previous season, had at first been doubtful, then progressive, and at last so complete as to place him side by side with Mario, the greatest tenor of the day, was at once recognized by the public as an established favourite—a distinction fully warranted by this and subsequent performances. Formes had a difficult task to accomplish, coming forward as substitute for Massol, who had already made so great an impression in the part of Pietro. Nevertheless, he went through the ordeal "with flying colours," and his Pietro was praised for its force and originality. Madame Castellan, always a favourite, was pronounced superior to Madame Dorus Gras, her predecessor in the part of Elvira. Madame Ballin, as Fenella, was more active than ideal; but Mademoiselle Louisa Taglioni helped to give life and spirit to the characteristic dances, otherwise but poorly supported. At this juncture Signor Tamberlik fell ill, and on two successive nights the subscribers and the public were obliged to accept *Semiramide* in lieu of *Masaniello* and *Roberto il Diavolo*. The *fracas* induced by these disappointments, particularly on the occasion when *Roberto* had been announced, and the presence of Majesty anticipated, will be remembered, as an ominous prelude to the Easter recess. In short, but for Grisi, the *avant saison* must have been termed a *fiasco*. The laurels of the management, however, were shortly retrieved.

The after-Easter season was inaugurated by no means auspiciously. The first performance was the *Huguenots* (April 22), which was attended by two *contretemps*;—a sudden loss of voice experienced by Mario, who began the opera with all his wonted force, but, as the representation progressed, became gradually deprived of his resources; and an indisposition of Mademoiselle Angri, which necessitated the substitution of a new soprano, Mademoiselle Brandi, as the Page. The part of Urbain having been composed by Meyerbeer for a soprano, Mademoiselle Brandi was enabled to sing the music according to the score, and acquitted herself so well that Mr. Gye immediately secured her services for the remainder of the season. There were other less important changes. Tagliafico replaced Massol as Nevers, and Polonini Tamburini as St. Bris; but neither could be regarded as an improvement on the original cast. *Roberto il Diavolo* was given on the following Thursday, Tamberlik as Roberto, Grisi as Alice, Castellan as Isabel, and Stigelli, a new German tenor *vice* Mario, in the small part of Rambaldo, which the spoiled favourite of the public declined to play again, although he had made so great an impression in it the year previously. Stigelli's success, however, was unequivocal, and led to his engagement for the rest of the season. Thus two good acquisitions, not mentioned in the prospectus, were insured to the establishment—a *soprano comprimaria* and a *secondo tenore*. Mademoiselle Brandi has certainly not atoned for the loss of Mademoiselle Corbari, but Signor Stigelli, in the position assigned him, has been of unquestionable utility. At the next performance of the *Huguenots* Mademoiselle Angri, having recovered, resumed the character of Urbain, while, as a *contretemps*, Herr Formes was this time so indisposed that he could scarcely get through the performance. To judge by its frequent appearances on the stage of the Italian Opera, one might almost have imagined that the influenza had been especially attracted to London by the fame of the

Crystal Palace; "in the memory of the oldest *habitué*," its inroads upon the throats of singers and songstresses had never been so incessant and persevering. *La Donna del Lago*, produced on the 8th of May, brought Mario and Tamberlik together, Grisi and Angri in their old parts of Elena and Malcolm, and a new *basso giusto*, Signor Bianchi, in the character of Douglas. Signor Bianchi made little or no impression. *Lucresia Borgia* on the following Saturday, drew an immense house, and renewed all the ancient glory of "the incomparable pair," who outdid themselves, and thoroughly captivated the audience. Signor Salvatori, the new barytone, played Alphonso, and proved, beyond further controversy, that he had lost his voice, and that, nevertheless, he was an intelligent and clever actor. At the repetition of *La Donna del Lago*, Castellan replaced Grisi as Elena, and acquitted herself to general satisfaction. On the 17th of May Tamberlik achieved a new and legitimate success as Giulio (Max) in *Der Freischütz*, the music of which part, according to unanimous opinion, was then heard for the first time properly executed. Mademoiselle Bertrandi, as Annette, made an advance in public estimation, and Tagliafico was considered a good substitute for Massol, in Chiliano. Madame Castellan was Agatha, and Formes Caspar, the part in which he first appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1850. Meanwhile *Fidelio*, continually advertised and continually postponed, on this and that pretext, was demanded with one voice by the subscribers, the public, and the press. Positively announced for the 22nd—vice *La Favorita*, withdrawn in consequence of the indisposition of Mario—it was again put off, through the illness of Formes, and *Masaniello* substituted, Tagliafico playing the part of Pietro, in place of Formes, with great credit. The delay in the production of *Fidelio* caused great dissatisfaction among the subscribers, and endless were the speculations as to the probable cause. Some would have it that Madame Viardot Garcia had insisted upon playing the part of Leonora, and that the opera would be further postponed until the arrival of that celebrated artist. This was the prevalent opinion, and, for the time, arrested the course of remonstrance, until the unexpected and brilliant *débüt* of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli at the other establishment put the management on the alert, and *Fidelio* was forthwith produced (May 27) with Madame Castellan as Leonora. With the highest respect for the gifts and accomplishments of this charming artist, they do not bring within her reach such a character as *Fidelio*. *Hamlet* without Hamlet is not to be tolerated, nor *Fidelio* without *Fidelio*; and though the Florestan of Tamberlik and the Rocco of Formes were first-rate, the Jacquino of Stigelli unexceptionable, and the orchestra and chorus (the latter by no means perfect, however,) greatly superior to those at the other house, the *chef d'œuvre* of Beethoven failed to produce the effect anticipated, and, after two representations, was abandoned to Mademoiselle Cruvelli and Her Majesty's Theatre, where it has remained one of the constant attractions of the season. *Norma* was revived (June 3), and Grisi reaped fresh laurels in one of her most superb impersonations, to which additional interest was given by the success of a new aspirant at the other house. As with Jenny Lind, so it was with Mademoiselle Cruvelli; the public held their faith unshaken in Grisi's *Norma*. Were twenty more to come, one after the other, as good or better than Mademoiselle Cruvelli's, the public would, we feel satisfied, remain firm in their conviction. Grisi's *Norma* is the nearest to what Pasta's was, and, if Pasta's be the model, Grisi's must be now accepted as the *beau idéal* of the Druid priestess. Tamberlik's Pollio was again welcomed as the best the stage has known, while Mademoiselle Bertrandi's Adalgisa made every one regret the loss of the charming and intelligent Corbari. Formes was the Orovoso.

The chronic "influenza" of Signor Salvatori led to his retirement; and, uncertain about the proceedings of Ronconi, always an irresponsible subject, the management could devise no better expedient than the re-engagement of Signor Tamberlini, who, at the first summons, came post-haste from St. Petersburg. Tamberlini made his *rentrée* (June 5) as Don Giovanni, in which he proved himself still unrivalled, and was received with special favour. To the Donna Anna of Grisi, the Zerlina of Castellan, the Leporello of Formes, the Masetto of Polonini, and the Commandatore of Tagliafico, it is unnecessary to allude; but it is only just to name the Donna Elvira of Mdlle. Bertrandi as her most successful effort. The great feature of the performance, however, was the first appearance of Tamberlik as Don Ottavio, which he was invited to undertake in consequence of a fresh indisposition of Mario. No assumption of the popular tenor raised him so high as this in the estimation of the public. His "Il mio tesoro" electrified the house, and his careful and studied acting elevated the part of Don Ottavio to an importance which it had never previously assumed. During the remainder of the season Tamberlik has retained the character, and is likely to retain it so long as he remains at the Royal Italian Opera. As an incident worthy of record, in connection with *Don Giovanni*, we may mention that the Queen attended the second representation (for the first time), and was so much pleased that the opera was repeated a third time shortly afterwards, at the especial desire of Her Majesty, who, moreover, suggested certain alterations in the last scene, which had been frequently urged by ourselves. These alterations were, of course, adopted.

On Saturday, June 21, Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia made her first appearance this season in her celebrated character of Fides. The cast of the *Prophète* was the same as last season, with the single exception of Signor Stigelli, who, as Jonas, the Anabaptist, did much to aid the general effect. The Fides of Madame Viardot retained all the peculiarities and excellencies for which it has been remarked; but the exaggeration of style, which is her chief drawback, was more evident than before, both in her acting and singing, while her voice showed evidences of fatigue, which subsequent performances made further manifest. Mario's Jean of Leyden was more noble and picturesque than ever. On the 8th of July the celebrated comedian, tragedian, and singer—*tría juncla in uno*—Ronconi, whose arrival, after endless conjectures and disappointments, was at length established by his own assertion *viva voce*, made his bow in *I Puritani*, as Riccardo—perhaps the feeblest of all his assumptions, Tamberlini being the Giorgio. Ronconi's reception was highly flattering. Mario being again out of order, the chief weight of the opera fell upon the shoulders of Grisi, who, as usual, was found quite equal to her task. On the following Thursday the Queen visited the theatre in state, and Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* was produced with immense and well-deserved success. The cast included Grisi, Viardot, Mario, Ronconi, Formes, Stigelli, and Madame Anna Zerr, who was engaged expressly to play the character of the Queen of Night, and whose execution of the two great and difficult airs proved her to be a vocalist of extraordinary gifts, and created the highest degree of enthusiasm. The other features were the Papageno of Ronconi, a piece of imitable humour, and the Sarastro of Formes, the most legitimate and impressive of all his impersonations. At the second performance, Mdlle. Anna Zerr being indisposed, Miss Louisa Pyne attempted the part of the Queen of Night, with what success has been recorded. On the 26th the *Elisir d'Amore* was revived, with the same cast as that of the previous season, one character excepted—Nemorino, which was sustained by a new tenor, Signor Ciaffici. That one character made all the difference. Mario could not easily be replaced by any one,

much less by Signor Ciaffel, who completely failed to satisfy the audience. The irresistible fun of Ronconi's Dulcamara, the racy humour of Tamburini's Belcore, and the artificial vivacity of Madame Viardot's Adina were insufficient to compensate for Mario's singing in the "Una furtiva lagrima," which every opera goer must remember for its incomparable grace and pathos. The opera, in consequence, with all the merits of its execution, did not attract, did not create the same excitement as the year before, and was at once withdrawn. The next revival was *La Gazza Ladra* (Aug. 2), with Grisi, Marie, Angri, Ronconi, Tamburini, &c. Of this performance there is nothing particular to adduce, except that, bating the obstinate hoarseness of Mario, which has afflicted himself and the public at fitful intervals during the whole season, the performance was beyond reproach.

The anticipated "grand event" of the year—the first representation of the much talked of opera, *Saffo*, libretto by M. Emile Augier, music by M. Charles Gounod—took place on Saturday, August 9. *Saffo* had been pre-apostrophised as a masterpiece, and M. Gounod as another Beethoven. The new opera, according to some, was the most extraordinary first work ever written, and its composer the most rising musical genius of the age. Anticipation was on tiptoe, and the world was prepared to be astonished. Alas for the uncertainty of all things under the moon! Instead of a masterpiece, *Saffo* turned out to be the unfinished essay of an inexperienced musician, in which want of invention and want of scholarship went hand in hand, the chief characteristic being a kind of laborious dulness. Madame Viardot, like a true and conscientious artist, worked with a zeal worthy of a better cause; but all her efforts were unavailable; the music strained her physical resources so terribly that her efforts produced pain rather than pleasure in the end, and no "grand moment" made up for the "assommans quarts d'heure." Tamberlik did wonders in a part that had nothing to redeem it from common-place; Tamburini managed with consummate art to render an unmeaning buffoon almost, if not quite, amusing; Stigelli, Maralti, Rommi, and the rest, tried their utmost with music that had neither melody nor rhythm; and Mr. Costa, who had bestowed more pains and rehearsals upon *Saffo* than upon *Zauberflote*, *Fidelio*, *Moise*, the *Huguenots*, or the *Prophete*, used exertions with his band and chorus, that, without hyperbole, might be apostrophised as colossal. But all to no purpose. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Out of *Saffo* nothing can be got. As well attempt to make grapes grow out of a bare rock, or to obtain a bucket of fresh water from the depths of the sea. The most perfect execution that art and indefatigable industry can insure would fail to make *Saffo* effective, however it may be relished by a few who have the key to its esoteric beauties. Its failure at the Royal Italian Opera, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of the management to render every possible justice to author and composer, was notorious; and the empty benches on the second night fully justified Mr. Gye in withdrawing it from the bills.

Madame Viardot appeared as Donna Anna on one or two occasions, and Mdlle. Guiseppe Morra made her *debut* as Adalgisa in *Norma*. The Adalgisa of Mdlle. Guiseppe Morra, even more than that of Mdlle. Brandi, made us regret the absence of Corbani.

Mdlle. Vintale, announced as a new contralto, appeared as one of the attendants on the Queen of Night in the *Flauto Magico*, with Miss Lanza and Mdlle. Brandi, and emulated her associates in singing out of tune.

The last production of the season was Rossini's *Otello* (August 22), in which the brilliant success of Grisi, Tamber-

lik, and Ronconi as Desdemona, Otello, and Iago, has been too lately recorded to render any further observations necessary.

From the foregoing it may be gathered that the policy of the direction has been to adhere to the past, the only successful novelty having been Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*. Mario's intervals of convalescence, when, both as a singer and as an actor, he attained positive greatness; Tamberlik's rapid rise to the height of popular esteem; the unexpected co-operation of Tamburini, always a great artist, and unrivalled in certain characters; the growing reputation of Ronconi, now for the first time entirely understood and appreciated by the English public; the gradual and marked progress of Formes; and, last not least, the unimpaired powers of the untiring and magnificent Grisi, must be noted as facts that have largely influenced the prospects of the season and helped to fill the coffers of the treasury. Angri, a deserved favourite, has appeared too rarely; and several nights that have been sacrificed to unproductive representations might have been better employed in bringing her forward in one or two of her best parts. The superintendence of the musical department by Mr. Costa, has been, as usual, productive of excellent results. The band under the direction of that distinguished conductor, in spite of one or two changes in principal instruments, and a slight reduction in numbers, is still the band *par excellence*. The chorus, however, not only diminished in numbers but fallen off in strength, stands in need of renovation. In the scenic department, and that of supernumeraries, the exertions of the management have been less munificent than in former years, nothing very new or splendid having been exhibited in the way of costume or decoration, while the subordinates, or acting chorus, have been largely curtailed. We are not advocates for needless outlay or superfluous profusion, but a line should be drawn between extravagance and inefficiency. In the matter of rehearsals we have the same complaint to make as last year. With the means at his disposal, the performance at the Royal Italian Opera might rival those of the Grand Opera of Paris in perfection of detail, as they already more than equal them in spirit—but it is our duty to say that, during the whole season, not one opera has been thoroughly well rehearsed, with the single exception of M. Gounod's *Saffo*. The management must not overlook the fact that the English public is every day getting more particular, and less ready to put up with careless and unfinished performances. The Royal Italian Opera has won a European reputation, and it depends upon those at the head of the direction to guard or abandon it. Once lost, it will not easily be regained.

We believe we may safely conclude with the information that Mr. Gye, who, by judicious reductions of the expenses (every person engaged in the establishment from the "prima donna assoluta" to the absolute doorkeeper, having willingly submitted to a decrease of salary), and by general wise management, has contrived to render an establishment once attractive and ruinous now attractive and profitable—will continue sole director of the theatre, and that many engagements of importance have already been completed for the ensuing season. So, with the best wishes for its continued prosperity, we bid farewell to the Royal Italian Opera until 1852.

Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter are performing at the Queen's Theatre, Liverpool, appearing for the first time on Tuesday evening, in *The Stranger*.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—We have very great satisfaction—a satisfaction which we doubt not will be shared by all our readers—in announcing that Mr. Webster has so far recovered from his late serious indisposition as to be able to make his re-appearance at this theatre. Even when well, Mr. Webster's time is so much taken up by his managerial duties, that he plays far too seldom for his admirers—whose name is legion—and, therefore, his illness was the more to be regretted, as it deprived the public of the already rare opportunities they had of seeing him. We have not the honour of knowing Mr. Webster's physician, nor do we think, like old Montaigne that "Les medecins ne se contentent point d'avoir la maladie en gouvernement; ils rendent la santé malade pour garder qu'on ne puisse en aucune saison eschapper leur auctorité—a proceeding which certainly bears a strong family likeness to the custom attributed to those gentlemen of the present day who, like tom-cats, pass most of their time on the tiles in the exercise of the honourable calling of bricklayers, and who are accused of making two fresh holes in the roof for every old one that they patch up. We do not, we say, think as badly of physicians as old Montaigne, whose opinions on this subject were shared by Molière and Le Sage, but we certainly cannot help wishing that Mr. Webster would imitate the custom patronised by that celebrated potentate, the Emperor of China, who pays his medical attendant as long as he, the Emperor, is in perfect health, but stops his allowance directly he feels unwell. Perhaps this method may be attended with beneficial results, but whether it would be or not we cannot pretend positively to decide, and will therefore content ourselves on congratulating Mr. Webster on his return to the active duties of his profession. The characters Mr. Webster has appeared in, are *Tartuffe*, in Mr. Oxenford's classical translation of Molière's *chef d'œuvre*, and Charles Torrens in *The Serious Family*. His conception and rendering of both these rôles are too well known to require us to enter into their merits, which, in fact, are so many that we are afraid we should not find room, in the space allotted to us, to enumerate them; we will simply say that we never beheld Mr. Webster play with more verve and spirit. In the *Tartuffe* especially, his acting was marked with the greatest tact and delicacy, conveying to us with consummate skill not only the more prominent parts of the character; but all those little *nuances*, all those fine touches of light and shade which expose to our view the inmost workings, the most secret thoughts of the fawning, specious impostor, such as he was intended by the genius of Molière, and such as he, unfortunately, exists but too frequently at the present day. It says much for Mr. Webster's profound study of nature, that he can present us with such a life-like picture as is his *Tartuffe*.

ADELPHI.—*Green Bushes* is still playing at this popular place of amusement with undiminished attraction. Since our last notice, Mr. G. Honey has continued to act for Mr. Wright, who is not yet, we are sorry to say, sufficiently recovered to resume his professional duties. Mr. G. Honey is increasing daily, or rather nightly, in public estimation, and we see no reason to alter our former opinion, that he will very soon become a very great favourite with every class of theatre-goers. We are the more pleased at his success, because he is emphatically a *conscientious* actor, one who does not imagine that his own part is the "be all and the end all" in a piece, but feels that when an author has taken pains to produce a serious effect in any scene, he certainly does not desire that effect to be destroyed for the sake of procuring a

round of misplaced applause, which, however gratifying to the "funny man" who produces it, cannot fail of injuring the *ensemble* of the play. The old and successful burlesque of *Taming a Tartar* has been the second piece. Madame Celeste as *Mazourka* is as attractive and fascinating as ever. The house has been crammed every night.

Provincial.

REDCAR.—The connoisseurs of Redcar and its vicinity, on Friday week, enjoyed a great treat in attending Mr. Lawson's concerts, held in the Zetland Rooms, the *artistes* present being Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Ryalls, Mr. H. V. Lewis, and Mr. Lawson. Mrs. Sunderland, though suffering from indisposition, sung with great brilliancy and pathos. We were particularly charmed by her rendering of Handel's song, "Sweet Bird," in which she was accompanied on the violin by Mr. H. Lawson. The duet, "I've wandered in Dreams," sung by Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Ryalls, was loudly encored; and Barnett's celebrated trio, "The magic wave scarf," sung by particular desire, was given in a spirited and highly dramatic manner. Mr. Ryalls, the popular ballad singer from the Liverpool Concerts, was loudly encored in the old songs, "The Thorn," "The Sailor's Journal," and "Sally in our Alley." This gentleman has an excellent voice, and his style forcible, pure, and original. Mr. H. V. Lewis accompanied on the piano efficiently. This gentleman, in his accompaniments, never obtrudes or thrusts his performance forward, to the sacrifice of the voice, as is so often done. His fantasia was received with great applause. Mr. Lawson's solos on the violin, "Irish airs," by Lawson, and "Carnival de Venice," by Paganini, were both loudly encored; for the former he substituted De Beriot's seventh air with variations. It is the first time we have had the pleasure of hearing this talented young violinist; we feel certain that ere long he will take his place amongst the heads of his profession. He is a native of Whitby, though at present resident in Liverpool, and has studied in Germany under Mollique. We hope to have the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Lawson and his accomplished companions next year, and venture to promise him a better reception than he had on the present occasion, as we can assure him that the feeling here appears one of unmixed approbation.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

MANCHESTER.—A grand concert was given on Monday evening in the Concert Hall. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.

Overture	"Preciosa"	Weber.
Duo...Signor Tamberlik and Signor Polonini...	"Sara il morir" (Massaniello)	Auber.
Aria...Madame Viardot...	"Se i miei sospiri"	Stradella.
Song...Signor Polonini...	"Pro peccatis" (Stabat Mater)	Rossini.
Concerto—harp...	Miss Kennedy...Reminiscences of England	Parish Albers.
Grand Aria...Signor Tamberlik	"Di noble fama" (Oberon)	Weber.
Duo.. Madame Viardot and Signor Polonini...	"Chia va la" (Les Huguenots)	Meyerbeer.

PART SECOND.

Overture	"Nozze di Figaro"	<i>Mozart.</i>
Duo...Madame Viardot and Signor Tamberlik...	"Un tenore core" (Roberto Devereux)	<i>Donizetti.</i>
Song...Signor Polonini..."Piff, Paff" (Les Huguenots)		<i>Meyerbeer.</i>
Fantasia—harp	Miss Kennedy	
Musicale		<i>Bochsa.</i>
Spanish Ballads	Madame Viardot.	
Barcarolla.. Signor Tamberlik. "Amici piu bello" (Masaniello)		<i>Auber.</i>
Trio...Madame Viardot, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Polonini "Guai se ti fugge" (Lucrezia Borgia)		<i>Donizetti.</i>
Overture	"Fra Diavolo"	<i>Auber.</i>
Conductor.....	Mr. Charles Hallé.	
Leader	Mr. Thomas.	

Notwithstanding the absence from Manchester of many families at this period of the year,—some visiting the Great World's Exhibition, in London, others gathering health at the several watering places, to which they are so cheaply and so swiftly carried by the various railways,—the concert of Monday evening was crowded, causing a rise in the thermometer far beyond what may be considered comfortable. The principal attractions were Madame Viardot and Signor Tamberlik, both coming to us with well-earned reputations from the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Viardot has won her way to fame by earnest study, and a dash of that genius which placed her sister, poor Malibran, among the few who reach the highest rank of their profession. With a voice deficient in quality and power, she has mastered the difficulties of her art, improving the advantages of industry by those of intelligence and taste. She delivered the prayer from Stradella with grace as well as impassioned feeling; the duet from *Les Huguenots* showed how acute was her dramatic preception; whilst the playful delivery of the Spanish ballads, in which she was encored, evinced a thorough acquaintance with the peculiar and varied characteristics of style. We might add, by the way, that her own accompaniment was not the least interesting part of her performance. Signor Tamberlik is, indeed, a great artist, with a pure chest voice of extraordinary compass—we heard him the other evening, in *Otello*, reach C in alt—he aims more at pure declamation than at florid ornament. It is not in a concert-room, however, that either of these vocalists are to be fully known or duly appreciated; they are actors as well as singers, true artists wanting the scope of dramatic situation for the display of those intellectual powers which they have so finely wedded to music. It is not quality of tone or brilliancy of execution that we look for in such as these, but something beyond, beautiful as they may be.

Polonini sang with care and good taste, particularly the "Pro peccatis." The "Piff, paff" is scarcely within his reach, whilst we lose much of its character and effect when taken from its place on the stage. Miss Kennedy, at present a resident in Manchester, gave her two performances on the harp with great skill, introducing in the finale of Boells's "Mosaïque Musicale" the varied harmonic, glissando, arpeggio, and other harp effects, with great facility of execution. She has acquired at the same time a very considerable volume of tone, and is a decided artist; her reception may be considered most flattering. Owing to the inaccuracy of the orchestra parts, she was accompanied by Mr. D. W. Banks on the pianoforte. With this exception the orchestra was fully employed throughout the evening,—a pleasant indication both as to the energy of the committee in the enforcement of rehearsal, and the docility of the artists in their attention to such demand. A sign of progress in the right direction. The overtures were well played, and we must also compliment the conductor and his forces on the manner of executing the very difficult instrumentation which accompanies the duo from *Les Huguenots*, sung by Madame Viardot and Signor Polonini. There was less of the hackneyed music of the modern Italian masters introduced on the present occasion,—another advance in the right path. In the absence of Mr. Seymour, who is engaged for the Worcester festival of this week, Mr. Thomas, of Liverpool, ably filled the post of leader. There was a talk in the room of some material alterations in the building, amongst them, the introduction of side galleries, which we hope may not interfere with its present beauty of form, or the facility of hearing.—*Manchester Examiner*.

FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

The second subject, opening with the first notes of Florestan's aria (the phrase that is so much worked in the introduction of these two overtures), indicates Leonore's tender memory of her mutual happiness with her husband lover, "fled in the spring days of life," and the quite unexpected, novel, and very striking transition into the key of F natural, cannot but be intended to convey that sentiment which has been so favourite with the poets, and which must, in spite of philosophy, have some time been at home in every sensitive heart,

"Joy, once lost, is pain;"

or, it might in this instance be better described as the tenfold coldness that chills the vacant ruins from the warmthless glitter of the brightest star of memory which illuminates without glow, which shines but to show its distance and so prove that it is unattainable, for Leonore lives again for a brief moment the "joy, once lost" in her joyous recollection of its transport. But by this she is only quickened to a deeper sense of anguish in the thus forced comparison of what was with what is. Beautifully is the impatience of her grief depicted in the short sequence upon this next highly impassioned phrase, and in the contraction of the phrase at its third repetition. Suddenly, by a strong effort of the will, the course of sorrow is checked, and we find our heroine, unable to elude the pangs that pierce her inmost heart, heaving a deep sigh, and forming the firm resolve to draw from these very cares that oppress and threaten to overpower her, new strength for the great cause which she has undertaken, and which, but for such stimulants, she, even she, might not have the persevering energy to accomplish. Such is the impression we receive from the prolonged chords of the supertonic and dominant that bring us back to the key of E major, and from the extended crescendo passage, which leads to a kind of close upon the dominant; and here the recurrence of a fragment of the original subject suggests again, the innermost impulse that excites in Leonore constant unrest until she shall have created anew her own happiness in the rekindling of her husband's. In this place the fragment of the subject derives new interest from the new form in which it appears, it being answered now in close imitation and thus made to produce a prodigiously broad and energetic effect. More and more energetic becomes this passage as it continues itself in the working of the section of the subject upon which it is formed, until it leads to a full close on E, that gains the greatest force from its long protraction, and then a remarkably bold succession of syncopated chords for the full orchestra makes a noble and powerful climax to the first part of the movement, which is so redundant in ideas and so replete with interest that anything less exciting than this conclusion would disappoint the expectations and dissatisfy the requirements in the hearer, so irresistibly stimulated by all that precedes it. Thus is depicted Leonore impelled to the accomplishment of the greatest deeds, the endurance of the greatest sufferings (a still higher test of heroism), and feeling all obstacles to break away beneath her sovereign will to surmount them. In all this portion of the movement the two overtures agree almost bar for bar with each other, but there are in the finished work such elaborate modifications of the detail as prove the composer to have considered and reconsidered point by point, and phrase by phrase, with the utmost possible care, and with the determination that, at whatever cost of laborious contrivance or sacrifice of favourite fancies, he would not dismiss his work until he should have moulded it into the nearest approach to perfection which his masterly powers and consummate artistry could produce. These modifications, (although very important and, however minute, such as materially to influence the general, even as well as the particular, effect,) are not susceptible of verbal explanation; we must refer therefore our readers who are interested in the subject to the two scores, a comparison of which affords one of the most remarkable insights into the workings of a great man's mind that all the treasures of the musical art have laid before the world.

From this point the plan of the two overtures materially differs, and, for the sake of clearness, we shall proceed therefore with our remarks upon the finished work alone, and then enumerate the chief features of the earlier composition and the most important variations from it that appear in the other.

A passage without harmony, formed of the third bar of the subject which has been already much elaborated, and which is still to constitute a very prominent feature in the movement, leads us by gentle gradation from the ebullition of noble energy, by which we have been borne away as by the overflowing of a mountain torrent, by the firmness of a resolute will, or by the omnipotence of a master mind, to the expression of another phrase of feeling, still more touching, still more impassioned than the foregoing. The change of E major into E minor, brings over us that strange feeling of unconsciousness which unites while it distinguishes the different presentations of a dream, seemingly incongruous in themselves but, by this mysterious link of connection,

satisfactorily, if not intelligibly, brought into relative succession. A burst of the full orchestra on the last inversion of the dominant seventh in the key of F, with a gloomy passage for the basses, suggests to us Florestan in his dungeon with the courage but without the means to resist the unknown power that oppresses him, with the will to shake off the despair that engrosses him, but without the alternative of one stay of hope on which to rest in its stead. Then we have that most beautiful, that most passionate phrase that occurs at the close of the introductory adagio of this overture, but which does not appear in the sketch, the phrase that we have supposed to portray our captive's transport at the recollection of the ardour, the devotion, the entirety of his Leonore's love. These two ideas are several times alternated, passing successively through the keys of F and D and B minor, and then they are relieved by the introduction of a new thought recalling the third bar of the chief subject, but so qualified by its present treatment as to assume a character quite different from any of those in which it has been already presented to us. As it appears in this place the passage is so completely fraught with the feeling of Mendelssohn, as to force upon us the supposition that it must have had some not inconsiderable influence in the colouring of the style of this mighty genius, whose marked originality of thought is surely not repudiated by our discovering a faint germ from which one of his most powerful characteristics has been developed, since the highest order of originality consists not in the thought, but in the fruit such thought is made to produce by the skilful cultivation of an accomplished artist under the genial warmth of an ardent imagination. A daring change into the key of C minor introduces another repetition of the two ideas, the alternation of which in different keys has as yet formed the whole working of the second part, with the exception of this Mendelssohnian phrase which is now made to form a third alternative. Then commences from this key of C minor, a sequence of modulations upon the opening phrase of the chief subject, answered in close imitation which returns at last to the same tonic of C minor. The long and important rest at this place in the original key of the movement, certainly with the variation of being minor instead of major, but still with the prevalence of the same harmonies of tonic and dominant, further accounts for the choice of the somewhat remote key of E major, instead of the more closely related fifth of the original tonic for the second subject; and here again we find the place of the movement accommodating itself to the expression, since, (to say nothing of the distinctive characters of keys, for as there be many who are insensitive to such distinction, any expression conveyed through such a medium must be to a certain extent esoteric,) the contrast of keys made by the transition from one to other cannot fail to produce upon naturally sensitive, still more upon educated hearers, the effect of a powerful variation of the character of the music with every marked change of tonality. Thus far in the second part we are presented with Florestan's impatience at his impotent captivity, relieved, if not consoled, by his glowing recollection of Leonore's passionate love, and intermixed with this is the real tenderness of the devoted wife which, unknown to him except by presentiment, is ministering to his comfort and softening his sufferings; then the powerful impulse that has stimulated all her endeavour excites in her a redoubled restlessness, a redoubled earnestness, and even a redoubled power,—such is the case with a sanguine spirit, the close approach of peril strengthens the capacity of resistance. This is broken off by a passage of wild impetuosity, that may be felt to denote the concentration of all the energies of our powerfully determined heroine upon the action of that awful moment, when, as it seems, the life or death of her husband, the sacrifice or the salvation, depends upon her strength of purpose and power of will, upon her capacity to assert the colossal force of her noble soul against the physical vehemence of the dastardly tyrant whom she opposes. This is again interrupted by a sudden change into B flat, with the trumpet call from behind the scenes, that no less startlingly interrupts the fearful action in the prison scene of the opera. The effect of this is not for language to tell,—who can appreciate it must hear it to judge it; who can not, will never accept its value from the description of others. Now we have that most heavenly beautiful phrase of melody from the quartet in the prison, where the characters lose all other consciousness in the devout thanksgiving

for their apparently miraculous preservation from a danger that had passed their power of resistance,—which they utter in half-suppressed and panting whispers, while Pizarro, equally spellbound by an intervention for which he cannot account, mutters his execrations that else would choke him, his murderous hand being unnerved and paralysed by the something more than terror which, possesses him. The trumpet call is repeated just as in the quartet, this time louder than before. Then we have again the passage of hopeful devotional melody, that comes upon us like the long drawn respiration of one in whom the capability of breathing has been suspended, by that mingled sense of terror and wonder which constitutes the emotion of awe, and engrosses the entire mental and physical capacity of a sensitive system. The last section of this melody is gradually accelerated on its several repetitions, by which we are led through an enharmonic change into F sharp minor, and then a most natural though very striking progression to the chord of D as a dominant, into the key of G, where we have a very extended recurrence of the chief subject, which however assumes here a very different and a much lighter character from the new orchestral treatment with which it is introduced, consisting of a solo for the flute with some passages of imitation for the bassoon, and a very slight accompaniment for string instruments. The lightness with which this elsewhere most exciting subject is here invested amounts to playfulness, and can only be supposed to indicate our heroine smiling at the troubles she has passed, while she recounts them depreciatingly to him for whom they have been endured, and by whom the relation is heard with what would be incredulous wonder, but for the boundless confidence that prompts him to anticipate every event in her narration. The chord of G is now changed into a dominant, preparatory to the final return to the original key. But before we proceed with our analysis we must once more pause to remark upon the form in which the first part of this overture is constructed, namely, with all that portion of it which is usually given in the key of the dominant, being in the key of the major third of the scale, which illustrates so forcibly the powerful convulsions of feeling the overture must be intended to express, and give such ardent colouring to the impassioned ideas comprised in this division of the composition, and upon the justification of and necessity for this peculiarity of form that we find in the arrangement of the whole design of the movement. We have spoken of the long delay in the original key at the commencement of this allegro; we have spoken of the large portion of the second part that stands in the key of C minor; it is now to observe this important employment of the key of G, which would be tautologous and highly monotonous had the ordinary use been made of this key which precedent teaches us to expect; lastly, we have to consider the very extensive recapitulation of the first part in this original tonic and the remarkably long coda, in all of which, constituting nearly one half of the movement, there is none but the most transient modulation from the key of C major, and this alone is enough to satisfy us upon all principles of propriety, that with so very great a prevalence of our principal keynote, a movement of the gigantic proportions in which this is cast requires more extraneous modulations and more remote digressions than would be admissible or even tolerable in a composition of the ordinary limits of an orchestral movement. To return. The subject is worked at some length upon the dominant harmony, and then we have a most daring passage, the peculiarity of which consisting of the bass instruments following the treble with the retardation (we cannot apply to it the customary technical term "suspension," so wholly irregular is the progressions) of every note, this peculiarity, we say, is only justifiable by the prodigious effect it produces, and is accountable only as an exception from all the accepted laws of music. Rushing like a torrent that bears everything before it, inexorable, irresistible, omnipotent, this tornado of notes expresses most vividly the more than human powers of a mighty human will which Leonore exerts under the influence of her constant "innere trieb," which brings her now to the full accomplishment of her entire purpose,—difficulty after difficulty breaks from under her feet, and she attains the pinnacle of her heart's vital desire, far, far above the summit of her fondest hope, the liberation and the rapturous embrace of him she loves.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of The Musical World.)

SIR,—Your leading article the week before last, upon the above subject, will appear to very many persons, and especially to the "profession," as calculated to annihilate the hopes of those whose sanguine temperaments had led them to indulge in presumptuous anticipations; yet so sure do I feel that you are as anxious as myself for the establishment of a National Opera, that I will not only take your comments in good part, but even rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded of placing the matter in a brighter light.

You ask, very pertinently, "Where is the money to come from?" and again say, "FIND but the money and BEGIN." All this is rational enough, and the want of an immediate and satisfactory answer would be held to end this discussion somewhat ignobly; but without being able to state positively that money SHALL be forthcoming at a moment's notice, I believe the "rationale" of the question is of easy attainment.

Your first question is a strictly commercial one, and must be so answered. Commercially speaking then, any individual who has a commodity to sell must first exhibit his goods before he can expect a purchaser, ergo, the musicians of England must exhibit a purchasable commodity, must show themselves an efficient and compact body capable of elevating their own art and worthy of enlightened patronage; they will then, and not till then, obtain preferment, either in the shape of a liberal "speculator," or, as I sincerely hope, in the shape of an "ENDOWED THEATRE," wherein the official appointments (such as are named in one of my previous letters) shall be made by the shareholders, upon the basis of *merit* only and thence descending, every chain of circumstance be made to correspond with its parent link.

"Find the money and begin" is your second suggestion, but so nearly allied to its predecessor that it may almost be said to merge into it entirely. I will, however, take it as I find it, and make answer by saying—who is the man that shall stand forth and say to the patrons of the lyric drama, "Give us £10,000 and we will find artists to earn it?" The question would be simply ridiculous. But let some 200 or 300 musicians, comprising directors, composers, vocalists, and instrumentalists, all efficient artists, and amicably bound together by such laws as will ensure perfect co-operation, stand forth and declare to the British public that they lack nothing but "patronage," and it will come, in the shape of a "theatre" and "subscriptions," even in the shape of "gifts" if they will; but it will never be given to an individual "jobber," or even to a community which shall not be above the suspicion of unfair practices.

In conclusion of this part of the subject I can only state that, to the best of my belief, Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the leading nobility of this kingdom are most anxious to see a National Opera established, and that an amount of patronage would be awarded to such from motives even partly political, it having been sufficiently proved that musical entertainments, properly conducted, exert a beneficial influence upon society. And here it must also be observed that a wide distinction must be drawn between the lyric and representative dramas; for whilst the former has been, spite of all drawbacks, obviously progressing, the latter has been retrograding; beyond which, a strong religious prejudice exists to the detriment of even Shakspeare himself, with what justice is not for me to determine; sufficient is it for my present purpose, that Right Reverend Bishops, Very Reverend Deans, Archdeacons, and Deacons are to be found in the boxes of Her Majesty's Theatre (I am not even quite sure that they do not stay through the ballet), whilst the most lax disciplinarian of them all would hesitate, for fear of scandal, to visit any non-musical entertainment within the walls of a theatre.

In a word, let but an English Lyric Drama demonstrate itself, let it become, as the *Times* says, "a great fact," and it may be made like its Italian sister, "fashionable;" without which endorsement notes "musical" would fail to become current.

Of course it will take time to effect this, agitation must be

carried on, arguments must be repeated, friends must be made, timid persons must be gently handled, enemies must be conciliated, and a fraternisation of interest effected before any great advance can be realised. In order to effect this, I seek to obtain the co-operation of half-a-dozen zealous, and if possible enthusiastic individuals, who will divide with me the labour of a somewhat extensive correspondence, and by an union of suggestions effect such a system of CENTRALIZATION as will draw into a focus the scattered talent which undoubtedly exists. By so doing I seek not to effect the interests of any man *detrimentally*, nor do I aim (as some have suspected) to damage the prospect of any future lessee of Drury Lane or Covent Garden; my object is general, not personal, and would readily seek friendship even to my own defeat, could it but serve a good purpose.

At present I can only state that with the best hopes of ultimate success, I do not calculate upon achieving anything by a "coup de main;" all must be the work of time and prudence; meanwhile let all who interest themselves in the matter come forward boldly, and let such as desire to take an active part in the matter favour me *at once* and *confidentially* with their assistance, by addressing a line to the Editor of this Journal.

I will conclude, Sir, by respectfully intimating, that if I have in any of my former letters at all hinted at making a National Opera the vehicle for producing unripe works, it was indeed a grave mistake, but without recurring to the actual words, it strikes me that the only allusion which was made to the works of *untried* composers was to this effect, namely, that managers were wrong in rejecting the works of untried men, simply BECAUSE they were untried, inasmuch as the first works of a musical author were usually fuller of melody than his second. *Par example*, a first Opera usually contains the melodies which have been treasured up for a series of years, and which become lavished, as it were, upon one fond "bantling of the brain," leaving a second proportionately bare of riches. Hitherto managers have treated for a musician's ideas, as hucksters have treated for apples, dealing only where they have dealt before, and frequently buying rotten goods. In a National Opera I would have nothing produced which should bring disgrace on the establishment, so far at least as judgment could foresee. But whilst I chose no Opera for its composer's name alone, I would reject nothing without a fair examination of its merits, even though written by "Thomas Noakes," or "John Styles."

With an abundance of choice I would select such Operas as contained the greatest amount of musical attractions, giving the palm to melody as somewhat ABOVE rather than BELOW musical declamation. Awaiting with anxiety the result of my appeal for co-operation.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
PHILO-MUSICA.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Would it not be as well, before this scheme proceeds further, to call on the projectors to say what they mean by a "National English Opera?" I have hitherto understood the words to signify the performance of operas in the English language by national (native) composers, else the double adjective is mere tautology; and besides, if, as you say in a late number, the plan is to include foreign operas and foreign singers, *cui bono*? We have been inundated with English operas since the time of Weber's *Freischütz*. There is an English opera now at the Surrey Theatre, and a good one too, although on a limited scale; and at Christmas we are to have another at Drury Lane. Let these gentlemen, therefore, say distinctly and at once what they mean; although, for my own part, I have no opinion of the scheme in either sense of the word.

Yours,
ASTANAX.

THE WORCESTER MUSIC MEETING.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir.—I have only this moment seen the account of the Worcester Music Meeting in your paper of the 29th ult., and your remarks on the absence from it of the Catholic families of the county; and I lose no time in putting you in possession of a few facts with which I think you must be unacquainted, and for which I hope you will find a place in your columns. Allow me, then, to say that the Catholics of Worcestershire have always been most anxious for the success of these meetings of charity, and have given convincing proofs of that anxiety by acting as stewards, before the number of the stewards was increased or any guarantee fund was in existence, and when the whole deficiency in the receipts (sometimes amounting to many hundred pounds) fell upon six persons. But, notwithstanding our exertions in the cause of the widows and orphans of Protestant clergymen, no sooner is it determined to place a window to the memory of Queen Adelaide in Worcester Cathedral, than an hon. and rev. gentleman, holding a living in the neighbourhood, immediately moves that no Roman Catholic (however superior his abilities as an artist) shall be employed; and this resolution is adopted by the majority of the subscribers.

I will not, Sir, trouble you with any remarks of mine upon the case, but leave it to your readers, with this statement before them, to say to which party the charge of illiberality or narrowmindedness attaches; and

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
A WORCESTERSHIRE CATHOLIC.

Reviews of Music.

"I'VE A HEART TO EXCHANGE"—BALLAD—Words by R. KITCHEN—Music by THOMAS BAKER. G. CASE.

Mr. Thomas Baker had a difficult task to accomplish, when he attempted to gather inspiration from the versicles of Mr. R. Kitchen, who is no poet. Words with less meaning, and so thoroughly devoid of art we seldom, or never perused. Nevertheless Mr. Thomas Baker, taking his tone from the intention—evident, it may be—of the un-poet, has supplied a lively and appropriate tune in D, with a neat and unpretending accompaniment. If we were hypercritically inclined we might take exception to the distribution of the notes for the voice in some places, but the song pleases us, and we are not in the mood to dwell on minor blemishes. Mr. Thomas Baker has been lately successful with several of his ballads. We should advise him next time, if he would desire to succeed, to choose a drawing-room, not a kitchen poet.

"WHEN FRIENDS LOOK COLDLY ON THEE"—BALLAD—THOMAS BAKER. Jullien and Co.

Mr. Baker is more at home in sad than in merry strains. His talent evidently leans to the lachrymose. The present ballad, in F, is a good specimen of the modern tender school, and apes the sentimental with success. The pathos is undeniable, and the *rallentandos* and *agitatos*, skilfully dispersed, declare a friendly disposition towards dramatic effect. The author of the words, with praiseworthy forbearance, has withheld his superscription.

Both Mr. Baker's songs are well suited to voices of mean compass.

"HARMONIA SACRA."—A selection of Anthems, Chants, Psalm and Hymn Tunes, as used in the respective churches of Cheltenham. C. Hale and Son, Cheltenham.

A useful selection of sacred pieces, as sung at the various churches in Cheltenham, of which three numbers are before us. The setting of Psalm 143, verse 2, which is anonymous, is a smooth, melodious, and well harmonised air in G, while the short compositions for four voices, of Mr. Uglov, in the chant form, are remarkable for their simplicity and harmonic finish, especially the Funeral Hymn, in A minor, which bears a faint resemblance to the opening andante of Mendelssohn's symphony in that key. The accompaniments are suited to either pianoforte or organ.

"THE GIPSY POLKA."

"LES LIONNES"—"POLKA ELEGANTE."

"STEEPLE CHASE POLKA."

"DER FRULINGS WALZER"—(THE SPRING WALTZ)—W. E. JARRETT.

"THE STAR POLKA"—J. T. SMITH.

"LES GRACES"—THREE POLKAS—EDWIN H. COBLEY. C. Hale and Son, Cheltenham.

We have to thank the Messrs. Hale for a goodly collection of new dances, in which particular department of musical publication, by the way, this great provincial firm would seem determined to dispute the palm with Jullien, Cramer, and Chappell, and other celebrated London houses.

We have already noticed favorably some compositions by Mr. W. E. Jarrett of a more ambitious nature, and we are glad to be enabled to speak in terms no less warm of these lighter contributions to the pianoforte. It is unnecessary to enter critically into pieces of so unpretending a character, and it is enough to state that the three polkas are all good of their kind, and well adapted to the purpose intended, but that our favourite is the Gipsy Polka, in C, which is not merely graceful and rhythmical, but new. The Frulings Walzer is more extended, and offers more opportunity to Mr. Jarrett for displaying his musical facility and acquirements. The opening theme in F is extremely elegant, and the *cantabile*, which may stand for principal trio, is judiciously opposed to it in character. The second appearance of this trio with a new accompaniment is remarkable for its happy and ingenious treatments. We can recommend both the polkas and the waltzes with equal confidence.

The "Star Polka" of Mr. Smith is pretty, sparkling, and well written. The opening subject, in E flat, is attractive without being hackneyed, and the trio in the subdominant is well contrasted and equally good in its way. This polka is appropriately dedicated to Mr. Jarrett.

We cannot afford quite such unqualified praise to the "Les Graces" of Mr. Cobley, which is somewhat square in style, but not deficient in spirit, especially the last of the three, Euphrosyne, which is bustling and animated.

"O JEHOVAH! OUR LORD"—Milton's Paraphrase on the 8th Psalm—W. E. JARRETT. C. Hale and Son, Cheltenham.

Mr. Jarrett's setting of Milton's paraphrase, has the fault of being fragmentary and disconnected. It has, however, some good points of harmony, and displays considerable appreciation of the words in the opening portion in A flat, which is devotional and pure, dating from which point, the absence of intelligible plan renders the composition uninteresting.

Miscellaneous.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Jullien's term of conducting expired last week. As it to make the most of the closing nights, the admirers of the popular *chef d'orchestre* flocked in crowds, and made gala each night of the week. Jullien has become more than ever the favourite with the many, and wherever he erects his standard, thither will congregate hundreds and thousands who follow him as the surest and most brilliant star of their amusements. Nor, with all they were led to anticipate this grand year of the Exhibition, when everything was expected to assume an herculean form, were the visitors to the Surrey Gardens in the least disappointed. Ever ready and ingenious, Jullien found new modes and new matters for their entertainment, and in no previous year has the music been more happily selected, or more successfully varied. The novelties produced by Jullien were numerous and excellent, and all greatly admired. The band was on the

former scale of efficiency and completeness, and, in short, no possible fault could be found with that portion of the amusements entrusted to the great conductor. Jullien retires from the head of the musical department of the Surrey Zoological Gardens with new laurels added to his wreath of fame and popularity. In the absence of Jullien we know no one to whom the conductorship and general direction of the music could be so safely entrusted as Mr. Godfrey, who took his place in the orchestra on Monday, and was received in the most favourable manner by a large assembly of visitors. Mr. Godfrey is a zealous and talented musician, and an experienced head of a band of instrumentalists. We repeat, no better successor to Jullien could be found to direct the orchestra of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The Gardens have been very full during the week, and the arrangements in the musical department appear to have afforded universal satisfaction. Among the notabilities we may mention Jullien's celebrated "Great Exhibition Quadrille," in which we were particularly struck with the flute playing of Mr. D. Godfrey, son of the conductor, in some of the introduced variations, especially in the French air, "Partant pour La Syrie," in which he was most vociferously applauded. The tone of Mr. D. Godfrey is round and sonorous, and his execution extremely neat and finished. We shall keep our eye on Mr. D. Godfrey. Miss Messent, Mr. Hill, Mr. Manvers, Mr. Young, and Mr. Leffler still remain enrolled among the vocal band.

AN UNRIVALLED PIANOFORTE PLAYER.—We find the following extraordinary statement in the *National*:—"Count Orloff has just presented to the Emperor of Russia an extraordinary musical phenomenon in the person of a young Wallachian, called Frederick Roltz. This man has been born with four hands, each having five fingers. He was brought up by a clergyman, who taught him to play on the organ, but the young man in the course of time made a pianoforte for himself of considerably greater power than that of ordinary instruments. He enjoys excellent health, and, with the exception of his hands, presents nothing strange in his person. It is only from the elbow that the malformation commences. The arm there divides into two limbs, each ending in a hand with a double supply of fingers. These additional arms are regularly made, and the only remarkable point observed by medical men is the immense development of the deltoid muscle at the summit of the shoulder. The clergyman who had brought up Roltz at his death left him his small property, and the young man immediately purchased diamond rings, with which he loaded his twenty fingers. It was with them so adorned that he performed before the Emperor of Russia, who expressed his surprise at the musical powers of the young man. Roltz, it is said, is shortly to visit Paris."

CATHERINE HAYES left Liverpool on Wednesday, for America, by the steamer Pacific, accompanied by her mother and sister, Mr. A. Braham, Herr Mengis, Mr. L. H. Lavenue, the conductor, and Dr. Joy. The latter gentleman (for 18 years stage manager of the Dublin theatre) goes out as the director of the business arrangements; and if tact, courtesy, and gentlemanly bearing can smooth the way in the Far West, we are quite sure it will be accomplished under his guidance.—*Manchester Examiner*.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS. (From a Correspondent).—Mr. Albert Smith paid us a second visit here on Monday, and attracted a brilliant audience to his "Overland Mail," which he gave in the ball room of the Victoria and Sussex Hotel, both in the morning and evening. The names on his stall-plan comprised the Countess of St. Germain and party, Lady Otway, Lady Anne Tufnell and party, Lady Caroline Stirling and family, Lady Antrobus and family, Lady Dese, Lady Harriett Dunlop, Rev. W. T. C. Brande and Professor Brande, Lady Halkett, Rev. W. L. Pope, Rev. M. Rawsden, Mrs. Tighé, Mrs. Hankey and family, &c., &c.

LIVERPOOL.—Miss P. Horton is performing at the Theatre Royal. She appeared on Saturday in the petite comedy of *Sweethearts and Wives*, and also in the burlesque of *The Castle of Otranto*. The latter piece followed her performance of Rosalind, in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* on Monday evening. Her impersonation of Rosalind is a pleasant, if not an elaborate, portrait. Agreeable as may be the acting of Miss Horton, we yet admire her musical qualities still more, and in some of her songs find little to be amended.

ON MUSIC AFTER THE DELUGE.—After the Deluge, the first settlement of the sons of Noah was made in the plains of Mesopotamia. From this place population, learning, and intelligence were diffused over the globe; and the first migration of the Patriarch's descendants is supposed to have taken place about 2281 years B.C. when several of the younger branches of the family of Ham, if not Ham himself, travelled westward and southward and settled in Phœnicia and Egypt; others, soon after, migrated to the east, and the empires of Assyria, of Babylon, of India, and China, with the kingdom of Elam, or Persia, were founded and flourished; and in them the arts and sciences were assiduously cultivated, and advanced to high perfection, when the rest of the world remained in a state of barbarism and ignorance.

That Egypt was one of the first countries on the globe which cultivated arts and sciences, is certain from the testimony of the most ancient and respectable historians. To the Egyptians the invention of many arts, amongst others, music is ascribed; and though it is probable that the practice of it was simultaneous in several countries, and its invention, therefore cannot, with propriety, be attributed to any one man, or to any particular nation, yet as there must have been a beginning somewhere, (and no country has higher claims to antiquity than Egypt) we may trace a few faint records of the progress of the science, although it is exceedingly difficult to form any decided opinion as to the correctness of the time when or who was the inventor of music. What the music of the ancients really was, is not now easy to determine, but of this we are certain that it was something with which mankind was extremely delighted; and the historians and philosophers of the best ages of Greece and Rome, are diffuse in its praises. And so great was the sensibility of the ancient Greeks, and so soft and refined their language, that they seem to have been in both respects to the rest of the world, what the modern Italians are at present. For of these last, the language itself is music, and their ears are so polished and accustomed to sweet sounds, that they are rendered fastidious judges of melody, both by habit and education. But as to the superior or inferior degree of excellence in the ancient music, compared with the modern, it is as impossible to determine, as it is to hear both sides.—From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOS. JALLIS TRIMNELL.—The signatures are equally correct, the double sharps being used for abbreviation; and our correspondent is at liberty to use either, provided he does not send us a composition written in that key.

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No. 37.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

The most eventful season since Mr. Lumley first took the reins of government in hand at Her Majesty's Theatre has at length come to a termination, with a series of extra performances at "playhouse prices" (to use the adopted expression), which have brought a vast deal of money to the treasury. Before proceeding to offer any general remarks on the conduct and policy of the management during the year, let us chronicle the principal events in the order of their occurrence.

The theatre opened on Saturday, March 22nd, with Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, introducing for the first time to an English audience a new and youthful aspirant for operatic honours, in the person of Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez, daughter of the celebrated French tenor of that name, who appeared as Lucia. The other parts in the opera were supported by Calzolari, Balanchi (his first appearance), Romagnoli (his first appearance), and Lorenzo. A more legitimate success was never achieved by a beginner than that of Mlle. Duprez on this occasion. Her youth and prepossessing personal appearance at once won the sympathies of the audience, while her voice,—“not large, strong, piercing and vigorous, as in sopranos robust, but small, tender, fluty, *sympatica*”—in short, a highly favourable specimen of the Gallic organ of song, partaking even largely of the sweeter quality of the Italian, pleased unanimously; and the quiet intelligence exhibited in her acting made up the sum of attractions and confirmed the favourable impression. The acquisition of a new *prima donna*, in a special line, to Her Majesty's Theatre was welcomed unanimously by the press as well as by the subscribers; and the verdict of the Parisian *connoisseurs*, awarded just previously to Mademoiselle Duprez at the *Theatre des Italiens*, where Mr. Lumley first introduced her to the public, in company and under the auspices of her celebrated father, was not, as is often the case, set aside by the Aristarchi of the British metropolis, but loudly echoed and established. Signor Balanchi, a new basso, in the character of Bide-the-bent, was voted a respectable artist, with a good voice; and Signor Romagnoli, the new tenor, in Arturo, as a tall artist with no voice, who transposed his solo in the finale to the second act. Signor Lorenzo, in the part of Enrico, if he did not prove himself a Tamburini or a Ronconi, showed, at least, a great deal of dramatic fire, and not a little style. We are mistaken if this gentleman, with study, although his voice is rather pleasing than strong, do

not ultimately attain a position to be envied, by those who fail to attain it, and acknowledge it. Calzolari, “that excellent, and florid, and zealous, and always perfect,” and every thing but eager singer, the chosen *tenore di bravura* of M. Fétis and Mr. Lumley, was indisposed on this occasion—which was unfortunate, since it prevented him from doing justice to his indisputable powers. He, however, entirely regained his laurels in the progress of the season. The opening night was also distinguished by a new ballet, from the brain of the active M. Paul Taglioni, entitled *L'Isle des Amours*, in which the costumes and *tableaux* were after the manner of Watteau, the French painter, whose inventions have helped to colour the *emails*, and brooches, and ivories, and cameos, and other miniatures of his country, for nearly two centuries. So much was said at the time of this ballet—which gave a better augury of what was to happen in the choregraphic department at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the season, than what subsequently did happen—that we need say no more about it here than that its success was complete. It brought back to us, however, Amalia Ferraris, the agile, strong, and speedy, and pretty, and intelligent, and popular—more agile, strong, and speedy, and pretty, and intelligent, and popular than before, greatly improved, moreover, in ease of gesture, and meaning variety of pantomime. It brought us, also, Mademoiselles Petit Stephan, Ausandon, and Tedeschi (a new comer), as charming instalments of Mr. Lumley's whilome matchless *corps de ballet*. It brought us M. Gosselin, King of Terpsichorean professors, who teaches everybody, from Carlotta Grisi, to the tiniest *coryphée*, as an admirable actor of burlesque. It displayed M. Charles, the young and active, more young and active and bounding than ever; to say nothing of M. M. Venafrà, Gouriet, Ehrick, and Di Mattia, of whom to say anything must be to say something favourable. The music of M. Nadaud, in the absence of Signor Pugnì at St. Petersburg, sparkled with unborrowed light—that is, unborrowed from Signor Pugnì—and lost nothing by comparison. M. Nadaud conducted the ballet with his usual ability. One great feature in the evening's performance was the overture to *Masaniello*, played by the band, which followed the National Anthem, which followed the opera. By new engagements, such as Laub, Deichmann, (violins,) Vogel, (tenor,) Rowland, Pratten, and Muller, (contrabassi,) with the retention of Lavigne, Remusat, Tolbecque, Piatti, and others, too few to specify, Balfe, who exhibited his accustomed energy, quickness, and activity, had vastly improved the band—which also gave augury of brilliant results, not subsequently

realised, for reasons to be stated in a future column. And thus much for the opening night.

The repetition of the *Lucia*, on the following Tuesday, confirmed the success of Mdle. Duprez, and gave us Calzolari in renewed health.

On Saturday, March 29th, Auber's magnificent opera, *Gustave III.*, according to the promise of the prospectus, was produced, for the *rentrée* of Madame Fiorentini, who had made so favourable an impression in several performances at the end of the preceding season. The fine music which Auber has put into the mouth of the Countess Ankerstrom, was admirably suited to the *rentrante*, whose great and sonorous voice was perhaps never heard to more advantage. The Page was delightfully played by Mdle. Caroline Duprez; who, natheless, produced her greatest effect in the final rondo from *Le Serment*, another of Auber's operas, for the introduction of which, albeit she executed it quite as well as Madame Dorus Gras, the youthful songstress was rudely but not unjustly chid. The part of Gustave, the airs alone excepted, was unsuited to Signor Calzolari; who, however, appeared in a striking and appropriate wig. M. Poultier, of "sommeil" celebrity, a tenor from the *Academie Royale de Musique*, who was engaged to strengthen everything, materially strengthened the cast of *Gustave*, by assuming the small part of Ribbing; and with Signor Lorenzo, a picturesque and ponderous Ankerstrom, full of fire and intelligence, and M. Frederick Lablache, a correct and capital Dehorn, helped to make a legitimate effect in the grand lottery trio, where it devolves upon Ankerstrom to pistol his king and rival. The part of Arvedson introduced a handsome new mezzo-soprano—Mademoiselle Feller—who completely reversed the popular saying, "as ugly as a witch." Of the manner in which the last act of this fine opera—twin brother of *Masaniello*—was played at Her Majesty's Theatre we regret that we cannot speak in terms of commendation. Some of the most beautiful dances were omitted, and others of little or no merit obtruded in their place; so that the whole became a meaningless *melange*, instead of that thing of form and manner which proceeded from the brilliant fancy of Auber. The *Pas des folies* was newly musicked by Signor Pugni, who, fresh from St. Petersburg, took Auber's first theme and rolled it about in his icy grasp, like a shapeless and unsightly snow-ball. The general arrangement of the scene, however—thanks to the activity and ingenuity of Mr. Harris—in some degree redeemed, if it in no wise sanctified, the mangling of the music. More successful in making us forget even this merciless massacre of a beautiful work, was the first appearance for the season of the exquisite and unapproachable Carlotta Grisi. The absolute Queen of her domain, she lifted the sinning Signor Pugni (as she has often done before) on her airy pinions, bore him, *ni'd he wil'd he*, out of the swamp of his own mediocrity into the regions of ethereal perfection, where, streaming like a sunbeam, flying like an eagle in the golden clouds, flitting like a butterfly upon the wings of its desire,

Carlotta riveted the eyes of all beholders—or rather, made them wander wittingly, since, in the busy allegro, she was never one second in one place—dragging after her Signor Pugni like the devilish old man in the tale, the half ghastly, half unseen shadow of the petrified Peter (Schlemil), his misdeeds forgotten, and his ghastliness gilded by the sunny smiles and twinkling movements of the fairest and most richly endowed of the sparkling daughters of Terpsichore. In a word, Carlotta's reappearance was a new triumph, in spite of the clouds of dissatisfaction that had gradually gathered before she came before the foot-lights, but dispersed no sooner than she was seen, as at the burning influence of the sun's eye, or the streaming radiance of the midnight moon. Carlotta triumphed, and Auber was forgotten; but Pugni was not unremembered. There were those present who took notes. On the whole, the production of *Gustave* at Her Majesty's Theatre was a great "fait," but might have been a more perfect "geste." There were blots upon the performance which render unqualified praise impossible. If the production at the Italian theatre of the great operas of the French Academy be in obedience to a growing change of taste in the musical and especially the operatic public, it would appear that the only way to meet that satisfactorily would be to bring them out in as complete and perfect a manner as the means at disposal may admit of. We cannot think the true ends of art are a bit better served by the unfinished execution of fine works than by the faultless representation of those of less pretension. And this objection, we regret to say, we shall have frequently to urge in the course of the present *resumé*.

In spite of this, however, *Gustave* became one of the decided attractions of the early season, was played four times in succession, and was immediately followed by the *Masaniello* of the same composer, which, unannounced in the prospectus, was, to the general surprise, brought out on Thursday, the 10th of April, in many respects more efficiently than at the rival house. The cast introduced three new tenors—Pardini, Scotti, and Mercuriali—the first of whom, although labouring under indisposition, made a good impression in the character of the Neapolitan fisherman; the second proved himself utterly inadequate to sing the music of Alphonso; while the third, in the little part of Lorenzo, showed at least that he had a tolerable voice. Signor Pardini has continued since to preserve a respectable position as a second-rate first tenor; Mercuriali has grown into favour with the public as a first-rate second tenor; and Scotti has been blown out by the winds of passing events. The occasion was also marked by the first appearance of the popular Massol (seceder from the Royal Italian Opera), in his well known part of Pietro, in which he proved himself as unapproachable as ever, and was enthusiastically welcomed. Madame Fiorentini was the Elvira, and again showed herself perfectly at home in Auber's music. But the great feature of the cast, and of the night, was the Fenella, personated by Mademoiselle Monti, who came to us as "the first mime of Italy," and proved herself not only that, but much more—

—one of the greatest actresses the stage has ever seen. The effect produced by this admirable artist was recorded in enthusiastic terms by the entire press, and the wonder was that Mr. Lumley, throughout the remainder of the season, made no further use of such special and extraordinary talents. A new ballet of action, for Monti and Carlotta Grisi, was counted upon as a certainty by the subscribers and the public; and music by Edward Loder, who was known to be engaged in the theatre, was talked of with no less confidence. This would indeed have been a great fact, which the lively little Perrot would have doubtless accomplished; but, as the sequel showed, M. Paul Taglioni had other fish to fry—and fried them. It is well known that a new ballet by the celebrated librettist, M. St. Georges, was in the theatre, expressly intended for Carlotta Grisi, and for which Edward Loder was pledged to compose the music. Why this was suppressed it behoves Mr. Lumley's talented *maître de ballet* to explain; and moreover, how it happens that this same ballet of M. St. Georges, which was not found good enough for Her Majesty's Theatre, should yet be considered good enough for the Italian Opera at Berlin? *Hic jacet*—a mystery! But to return to *Masaniello*. The dances—the Guaracha, the Bolero, and the Tarantella—were more admirably executed than even on the stage of the Grand Opera at Paris. The *corps de ballet*—now completed by the addition of that charming trio, Julien, Lamoureux, and Rosa, with Esper, the pretty Spaniard—was more unapproachable than ever. The costumes were appropriate, beautiful, and Hispānic; and the Tarantella was footed to perfection by Amalia Ferraris and M. Charles. Marshall, too, in his scenery, wielded a gigantic and poetical brush; in short, the opera of *Masaniello* was more successful than that of *Gustave*—and deservedly so, since the great composer's music was given, with some slight exceptions, in its "integrity," without clippings, changes, cuts, or other mutilations.

We should have mentioned that, on the previous Tuesday, Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez achieved a third and well deserved success, as Amina in *Sonnambula*—the popular barytone, Coletti, making his *rentrée* as Rodolpho, and experiencing a warm reception; Calzolari playing Elvino, one of his best parts; and Mdle. Feller making a very comely and acceptable Lisa: that, after the opera, Carlotta Grisi once more floated through the *Truandaise* (pursued by the elastic Charles).

"Like an unbodied joy whose race has just begun—" to the visible enchantment of the *habitués*; and that, after this, Coletti appeared in the last scene of the *Due Foscari*, with laboured beard and sonorous organ triumphantly appealing to the sympathies of the audience. (We should have stated in our review of *Masaniello*, that Lorenzo made a step forward in Borella, and Balanchi a step backward in Silva—and that it was neither of their faults.)

The repetition of *La Muta di Portici* (*Masaniello*) on the 12th was memorable for the indisposition of Pardini, who, after the third act, was compelled to "give up," the part, and his place was supplied by M. Poulter, who sang the "sleep-song" in F, without shoes (as usual) and nearly all in his *false*—nevertheless, producing a very favourable impression, and not upsetting his Gallic reputation. Under the circumstances we shall say no more.

Thus much for the Ante-Easter season, with the additional observation that two events of importance, not announced in the prospectus, came off, to the surprise and satisfaction of the subscribers—the appearance of Massol, and the production of

Masaniello; whereby Mr. Lumley, in exceeding promise, by no means diminished enjoyment.

* * * * *

The after Easter season was inaugurated portentously by the arrival of the ponderous and popular Lablache, whose Dulcamara—though not Ronconi's, Lablache's—elicited, as it were, echoes of the antique roar, and bigly contrasted with the slender grace and dulcet delicacies of Caroline Duprez's fourth part, Adina—which, curtly coquettish, and capriciously quaint, raised her another step on the ladder of public estimation. To speak of Calzolari's Nemorino is to say that he sang sweetly, and acted somewhat over boisterously—an unusual thing with the accomplished florid tenor, who was, as it were, rudely rustic, uproariously suburban. As for Coletti in Belcore, he was not Tamburini, nor light, nor humorous, nor florid, but weighty, thoughtful, painstaking, and Coletti. The opera was followed by the re-appearance of Carlotta Grisi, after a short interregnum of influenza, in some fragments from *Les Métamorphoses*, M. Paul Taglioni's best ballet. On this occasion it was remarked, aptly and poetically, by ourselves, that "the influenza had not hurt her—how could it—it laid its hands upon her but to caress her." It sat upon her as it were an eager lover on the confiding lap of his mistress, gazing in her eyes and exclaiming, with blent bathos, "I am thine, thou art not mine!" So that, in sober prose, instead of Carlotta Grisi catching the influenza, influenza caught the Carlotta Grisi.

We should have said before, but this is the right place to say it, that at the next performance of *La Muta di Portici*, Pardini, having entirely recovered, resumed his part as the Vesuvian sprat-catcher; and the anxious M. Poulter was conveyed back to the dungeons of obscurity, from which but now he had deftly emerged, panting on tiptoe for distinction.

At this epoch the cry arose, "What will Mr. Lumley do with all his *prime donne*—nine, ten, eleven—Caroline Duprez, Alaymo, Fiorentini, Sontag, Barbieri Nini, Cruvelli, Ugalde Beauce, Stoltz, Giuliani, Parodi, Alboni—twelve, Nau—thirteen, Fisher—and fourteen, * * *—four of whom had already arrived, seven of whom, three whereof unannounced in the prospectus, came afterwards; two, both whereof announced in the prospectus, came not at all; and one who comes next season to play the * * *, of the celebrated * * *, "What will Mr. Lumley do with all his *prime donne*?—we asked the question ourselves in a well-written leader, which was loosely reduced into French by our capital *confrère*, P. A. Fiorentino, and our careful contemporary, *Le Menistrel*. To the query, thus doubly echoed, no answer came; the resolution was in the womb of time, which after fructified and bore it—a child with many heads and hands.

We now come to an event (we record the date—Saturday, April 26th), which, pompously announced, prognosticated prodigies. We do not, with the vile object of a pun, allude to the production of *Il Prodigio*, but to the first appearance of Mademoiselle Alai(y)mo, as the heroine in Donizetti's tragedy-opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Of the middle height, slight and graceful figure, expressive face, tinted *teint*, and broad forehead—a pupil, nay a friend, of the gifted author of *Fridolin*—the dark *debutante* achieved a decided success, which was duly chronicled, with the reservation that Mdle. Alai(y)mo wanted nothing but voice, physique, stamina, and experience, suited to the proportions of a vast amphitheatre, to move to the quick the thousands that assemble readily within the walls of Her-

Majesty's Theatre—distributed horse-shoe-wise, with amber hangings—at the bidding of Mr. Lumley; but these wanted necessarily confined the effects within the means of the young and intelligent artist to arias of less bulk and circumference. The *rentrée* of the gentle Gardoni, as Gennaro the graceful, with "another volume added to his voice" by the *Morning Chronicle*, (Gardoni's voice is now in five volumes—when he first appeared in 1847, it had (a) volume, and up to the present year, 1851, the press has recognised another annually), added materially to the delights of the evening, while Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, who also re-entered as Orsini, was complimented by an encore in the "Brindisi." Of the Alfonso of Lablache we need say nothing.

About this time, on a long Thursday, when the Lablaches, *père* and *fils*, had voiced and footed twice through the presumed comic duet from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, the curtain re-rose, and behold the Crystal Palace in appropriate effigy. *Il s'agissait* of a mask, wherein the whole company, operatic, choregraphic and statistic, in costumes of every clime, started, as it were, by magic from a shapeless rainbow. What they had to do we could not well make out, until Balfe, waving his baton, a psalm for the whole vocal *corps* was struck up to some verses, by Barry Cornwall, commencing with this strikingly original line:—

"All hail."

The semichorus, with an organ behind the scenes, had an effect. The national anthem, solos by Fiorentini and Caroline Duprez, was introduced; and the whole wound up with a lively *cabaletta*, composed, as we understood, for the occasion, by Balfe, who, retiring from his place, left Nadaud to the baton to direct a series of dances of all nations, in which Carlotta, Ferraris, and the principals were all employed. It is enough to add that the new *divertissement* was a complete *fiasco*; any thing stupider of its kind we never witnessed. We wonder at M. Paul Taglionni. Balfe of course could not help it.

An event of the highest importance, which had been anxiously expected by the subscribers all the season, took place on Saturday, May the 3rd. Need we say we allude to the first appearance of Madame Sontag, who, as Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, renewed her triumphs of the previous season, was enthusiastically received, and ably supported by Gardoni as Tonio, and Frederick Lablache as Sergeant Sulpizio.

After more than one postponement another fact of the season was consummated, in three acts, by the transplantation of Alary's opera buffa, called *Le Tre Nozze*, from the boards of the Italian Opera, at Paris, to those of Her Majesty's Theatre. Of the reception accorded to this work, and of the manner of its performance, of the polka sung by Madame Sontag and danced by Lablache (the feature of the opera), of the two encores—the trio, with the shake for Madame Sontag, and the polka final—of the *debut* of the barytone, Ferranti, in *Cricca*, of the *rentrée* of that useful and intelligent artiste, Madame Giuliani, as Vespina, of Gardoni's Chevalier, and certain incongruities in the costumes, of the battery in the *Post*, and the praises in the rest of the papers, enough has already been said to render anything more at this juncture superfluous. Suffice it, the *Tre Nozze*, if not a failure, was as not a success, and though repeated several times, it failed several times to impress the *cognoscenti* with a high idea of its merits, or to shake the *dilettanti* from their chronic lethargy.

And now to speak of an event, the mere allusion to which fills the pen with extemporaneous ink, and covers the paper with words of fire. Need we say we allude to the first performance of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, with Sontag,

Fiorentini (vice Parodi), Giuliani, Coletti, Lablache, Calzolari (vice Gardoni), and Scapini, a new importation from Mr. Lumley's Parisian *troupe*, who successfully explained to the audience how the music of the Commendatore should not be sung. The remarkable points of this performance were the restoration of that part of the music in the last scene usually curtailed at this theatre, and the escape from the usual encore of the "Il mio tesoro," ingeniously managed by Signor Calzolari. Of the general performance of *Don Giovanni* we shall have much to say in our *Coda*! Meanwhile *Fidelio* is announced for Thursday.

(To be continued in our next.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The cheap prices during the week were so successful that the performances have been continued this week for five more nights—positively the last. We have nothing further to do respecting these ultra-extra-entertainments than to record the particulars thereof, which were as follows:—

On Tuesday the *Barbiere* was given, with the two last acts of *Fidelio*, a *divertissement* for Caroline Rosati and the principal ballerinas, and an extract from *Lucrezia Borgia*. The novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Signor Paltoni, who played Bartolo in the absence of Lablache. To undertake the part of Bartolo after Lablache with any hope of success, would be volatile and unremunerative. Paltoni has merit as an artist, and shone with great respectability on the present occasion. His humour is decidedly Paltonian rather than Lablachian, and he did his best with Rossini's music.

On Wednesday the first act of *Norma*; the grand *divertissement* from *Il Prodigio*; selections from *Der Freischütz*; the last act of *Otello* (for Sontag and Pardini); the last act of *Anna Bolena*; and *La Saltarella* for Caroline Rosati and M. Silvain.

On Thursday *La Sonnambula*, with selections from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; the *Pas de cinq* (*divertissement*); an extract from *Linda di Chamouni*; and the ballet *Les Cosmopolites*.

Last evening was presented the *Barbiere*, compressed into one act; a selection from *Lucrezia Borgia*; the last act of *Ernani*; the last act of *Otello*; the *Quadrille Français* from *Les Cosmopolites*; and *La Saltarella*.

CORBARI.

Every lover of the Italian Opera will be enchanted to hear that Mr. Lumley has engaged this accomplished and charming singer, as principal *comprimaria*, at the *Theatre des Italiens* in Paris. Corbari is also, we believe, to have certain *premiers rôles*, adapted to her special talent. Corbari will, moreover, return next season to London, where her place has never yet been filled up—simply because, in her line, she is without an equal. To the attractions of a lovely person and a voice exquisitely beautiful and *sympatica*, Amalia Corbari adds a knowledge of music very unusual among singers, a fund of grace and feeling, and a rare dramatic intelligence. Such a combination of qualities raises Corbari into a higher atmosphere than that which *comprimarie* in ordinary are wont to breathe, and in good earnest constitute her a *prima donna*, in the fullest acceptation of the term. Mr. Lumley is happy in possessing such a treasure.

ALBONI.

The reappearance of this magnificent singer at the Grand Opera of Paris, in the part of Fides, has given a fresh impulse to public excitement, and the *Prophete* of Meyerbeer is again filling the treasury of the establishment. Alboni's impersonation of Fides, without a sign of exaggeration or superfluous intensity, charms by its depth and earnestness. If Meyerbeer had composed the music expressly for her he could not have fitted the peculiarities of her voice and means more thoroughly. As an example of pathetic singing it is impossible to surpass the expression Alboni gives to the air, "Ah, mon fils!" The heart is touched and the ear delighted with this exquisite display of feeling. In the great *aria di bravura* in A flat (act 5), Alboni unites unsurpassable finish of execution to a boldness and elevation of style, and a warmth and animation of delivery, that raise her hearers to the highest pitch of ecstasy. Here the applause is fairly divided between the orchestra and the audience, the rows of the real *claque* being completely lost in the genuine outbreak of public enthusiasm. Never was a more decided, never a more legitimate triumph achieved by a singer than that of Alboni as the heroine of Meyerbeer's last *chef d'œuvre*.

It is rumoured that the *Barbiere* of Rossini will be shortly produced for Alboni, but we cannot answer for the truth of the report.

A NEW COMIC OPERA.

The world of music will be astonished and delighted to know that the great Meyerbeer has finished a *comic* opera, the principal part in which is destined, *on dit*, for Mad. Sontag. We shall look forward with the utmost anxiety for this new child of the illustrious composer's fancy. "Meyerbeer comic!"—the reader will ejaculate, incredulous. Yes, Meyerbeer comic—really and legitimately comic—as the sequel will show. Lucky Mad. Sontag! Lucky Mr. —!

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah* was repeated on-Friday 5th, under the direction of Mr. Costa, to an audience that thronged Exeter Hall again to overflowing. The performance was one of the most perfect that even the Sacred Harmonic Society has ever given of this noble and difficult work, and it was duly appreciated. The principal vocalists were Madame C. Novello, Miss E. Birch, and Miss Dolby, of whose admirable rendering we could only repeat what we have said on former occasions and Madame Macfarren, who more than confirmed the excellent impression her singing in the *Messiah* created the previous week by her faultless singing this week, especially in the grand declamatory scene for Jezebel, with the chorus, which she gave with an energy and clearness of enunciation that could not be surpassed. We have long advocated the claims of this highly intelligent and promising singer, and are glad to find that the public are beginning to recognize and appreciate her great merits. Madame Macfarren has had too few opportunities of showing the talent she possesses to advantage. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Walker, Mr. Whitehouse, Herr Formes, and Mr. Smythson, were the male vocal solists. The *Creation* was given last evening.

FIDELIO.

(Concluded from our last.)

Now we come to the recapitulation of the first part. The subject is resumed from the place where it is given with the full force of the orchestra, and assumes the tone of enthusiastic exultation. This is here contrived without the startling interruption of the chord of F sharp, which before brought about such a sudden and complete revulsion of feeling, and with a skilful condensation that is equally judicious in the plan and pertinent to the expression we are brought to a half close on G. This introduces the second subject in C major, with a transitory digression into D flat, corresponding with that into F natural, when the subject was given in E. So we proceed with the matter of the first part, given now in the original key of the movement, until where, after the passage of syncopated chords to which we have made especial allusion, we had some four conclusive bars of tonic and dominant upon a pedal bass, in place of which here the coda begins with a passage of great simplicity, but of most exquisite beauty for wind-instruments in octaves, in which there seems to be poured out a whole heartful of melting love, of ecstatic tenderness. The delay upon the acute A, the major ninth of the harmony, conveys to us that most exquisitely subtle and delicate feeling which is so completely at the utmost extreme of pleasure, that to exceed it would be to pass into the acutest, keenest pain,—or, perhaps better, it is that link between pleasure and pain which is so equally composed of both or of a third, a nameless feeling that is neither, as to be only ascribable to joy or anguish by reference to the circumstance of sorrow or delight that stimulates it. This passionate excitement subsides into the fond memory of early happiness, conveyed by the second subject, which is given for a third time, but, by a most ingenious stroke of mastery, we have it now without the digression into the minor second of the key, the same phrase occurring here without modulation, and then prolonged with that fond dalliance in which a composer sometimes shows himself unwilling to quit a favourite thought, and in this case makes his hearers no less eager to detain him. Here the original expression of the passage must surely be recovered; what poignant anguish we feel in the absence of a joy that has no longer being but in recollection, is equalled by the exquisite pleasure of recalling a past sorrow, and contrasting it with the happiness that has filled its place, and then indeed we linger with an equal delight over the memory to the grief in which we as unrestrainedly indulge when pain is the present and pleasure is the past; and this we find depicted in the music. Some phrases in unison of broken rhythm happily relieve the long continued regular swing of the movement, and prepare us for new excitement in the wonderfully worked up *stretto*, which is introduced by a very greatly prolonged passage of scales of most singular construction, that surpasses even the many points of preparation that give to this overture so peculiarly the character of excitement, and always lead to their climax with such powerful effect.

The purport of the *stretto* must be to embody the same feeling as the concluding movement of the last finale, namely, the most enthusiastic, joyous, and unbounded rapture: and we marvel to find this feeling, that most rarely of any meets with adequate expression, again in the same work most vividly brought before us, and through a medium entirely different from that by which it is elsewhere conveyed. The tumultuous passage that leads to this grand outburst of ecstatic exultation preeminently disposes the hearer for the appreciation of that which it introduces, and the *stretto* itself completely fulfils expectations that have been raised to the highest. It consists of a brief recurrence to the chief subject, sufficient only to connect it with the general plan and feeling of the movement, which at once breaks off into a very vigorous continuation, that now appears for the first time in the design, but so satisfactorily grows out of the subject, as to seem in this place to be a natural part of it, and to belong most consistently to the whole. This passage is an evident recollection, if not an intended appropriation of an idea that occurs in the same situation in the first overture, which is curious, if not important to remark. Then we have another idea, quite new to the plan, of a right brilliant and rejoicing character. Next comes the powerful passage of

syncopated chords that concludes the first part, which is repeated with increased force of instrumentation, and prolonged with admirable effect. This prolongation brings us to a dominant pedal, on which a succession of sustained harmonies, ascending by semitones, indicates the approach to the final full close, but this is delayed by a transitory digression, which hints at a modulation into A minor, which modulation greatly enhances the effect of the tonic cadence when it is ultimately introduced. Then we have an alternation of tonic and dominant harmony upon the first two bars of the chief subject, and then a very long continuance of the chord of the key note, during which the third bar of the subject, that is turned to such wonderful account in the working of the second part, is the ground work of the passage; and so this great masterpiece, perhaps the most laboriously perfected of all the works of Beethoven, is brought to a grand, a noble, and worthy conclusion.

The second overture, the sketch for this glorious composition, has been departed from and improved upon in the finished work in the following particulars. The passage of syncopated chords at the end of the first part is in the original much longer, and also the conclusive alternation of tonic and dominant, to which this leads, is longer than in the after composition. We have a recurrence of considerable length to the chief subject, given in imitation, that in the accepted overture is judiciously omitted. The "Free Fantasia" of the second part is made up for a long time of the working of the first phrase of the second subject, that which recalls the aria of Florestan, in alternation with the third bar of the chief subject, which, in its treatment here, as in the finished work, forces upon us the thoughts of Mendelssohn, and of that peculiar feeling in music which belongs especially to this composer. Then we have a recurrence to the chief subject in the key of D; and out of this grows a very long and elaborate development of the first two bars of the subject, comprising, as a very small portion, the same sequence of modulation from, and back, to, the key of C minor, that occurs in the other overture with prominent effect. This "Free Fantasia" of the second part is very greatly more extensive as to length, and excursive as to modulation, than the corresponding portion of the finished work. It contains many admirable points, to relinquish which must have been matter of no little difficulty to the composer, but it is upon the whole so diffuse as to have a decided effect of lengthiness from which notable fault, the close kneading together of all the members, and the admirable compactness of the whole in the Great Overture, so eminently exempt this most carefully contrived composition. Then we have a passage of quavers in unison, very much longer than the corresponding passage in the finished work, which at last is broken off with the trumpet-call, illustrating the impressive interruption of the scene in the prison, but this is introduced here in the key of E flat, not as in the other overture; and in the quartet, from which it may be said to be quoted, in the key of B flat, and the passage for the trumpet is quite different. Instead of the most beautiful passage of melody, that in the other overture, and the quartet, immediately follows upon this strikingly dramatic interruption, we have here the working of the chief subject resumed for some eight bars, and then a repetition of the summons, for the trumpet. There are then a few bars of mysterious character, but not of very obvious signification, which by an enharmonic change, lead to a short episodic adagio in the key of C, corresponding with a similar interlude in the first overture, inasmuch as it is, like that, composed of the melody of Florestan's aria, but it is very much indeed shorter than the movement with which we compare it. This adagio is immediately followed by the stretto without any recapitulation of the first part, and the stretto is, with only such modifications as elsewhere distinguish these two overtures, the same as in the finished work. We must observe, however, that in the printed score of the second overture we are told of some pages of the MS. being lost, which are supplied in this edition from the corresponding portion of the finished overture by Mendelssohn, and the world had sufficient respect for the judgment of this great master to take him as a satisfactory authority for the insertion which, from the natural manner in which it fits with the context, has all the appearance of being a restoration of what Beethoven is likely to have first written. We will only specialise of the modifica-

tions to which we have alluded, the halving the time of the bars of the chief subject, with which the stretto commences, the effect of which Beethoven must have found to be trivial, if not ridiculous since he writes these bars in the finished overture in the same rhythm in which they appear in other portions of the composition. For all other distinctions of detail we refer our readers to the two scores, promising that the interest of the examination will very well indeed repay the pains.

The fourth and last overture, and that which from the time of its first performance has held its place as the accepted overture to the opera, comes next under notice. This differs entirely from all the other three, and it is to us less interesting than either of them; but it possesses the great merits of clearness and brilliancy, and these, no less than its comparative brevity, befit it especially for its intended purpose of a theatrical prelude.

The four bars of allegro with which it opens, although not identical with the opening symphony of the allegro in Leonore's aria, powerfully remind us of this, and must, we think, be intended to convey the same feeling. The identity of key, which is also the same as that of the second subject in the second and third overtures, helps, together with the similarity of phrase, to awaken a like idea in the hearer; and we are thus, we believe, justified in the supposition that the sentiment of this song:

"Ich folg dem innern Triebe,
Ich wanke nicht;
Mich starkt die Pflicht
Der treuen Gattin Liebe,"

is intended to be embodied in this which, under certain modifications, constitutes the chief subject of the overture.

The eight bars of adagio that interrupt this bold and spirited beginning, suggest the hesitation, not of fear, not of unsettled purpose, but of that apparently natural diffidence in woman which, whether it be intuitive or whether it be educational, is indeed one of the most beautiful, or at least one of the most graceful and attractive points in female character, and which we may well suppose would make a heart, with all the firmness of Leonore's, yet tempered with all her poetry and consequent delicacy of feeling, pause with that modesty which so greatly enhances the heroism of her actions, before entering upon an enterprise so fraught with perils as to call forth the exercise of the most masculine energy, and so full of embarrassing perplexities, as to tax the nicest feminine scruples.

With the resumption of the allegro we may suppose that the "innere Trieb" again stimulates her; and in the recurrence of the adagio we find Leonore turning once more from the noble course of action upon which she is about to enter, to the delicate stream of passion which bears her on to undertake it, from the deeds without to the feelings within, to the scrupulous, delicate, diffident love of a woman which, while it makes her hesitate, first prompted and still urges her to the deeds of a hero.

A change comes over the spirit of the picture. Whether the composer intended to follow the progress of Leonore's thoughts, or draw a cloud over them and present an entirely new scene to the hearer, imports little. The gradual and almost imperceptible modulation into C major, brings us surely into the prison where we may suppose our heroine to accompany us with her thoughts, and upon the idea of his attenuated form, his sufferings scarcely to be supported, to feed her determination to deliver her captive husband. The passage that here follows with its very extraordinary and striking arrangement for the orchestra, is the development of an idea in the duet for Pizarro and Rokko, where the latter describes the prisoner in his care as him "Who scarcely lives, but rather hovers like a shadow." The return to the key of E, with the half-close on B, suggests the impotent impatience of the captive; and then we have his gradually sinking into a state of dreamy unconsciousness, lost in visions of tenderness with which his true love illuminates the deep abyss of his despair.

Now we enter fully upon the allegro, the important movement of the overture, of which the two short fragments that have already appeared have been as a kind of foreboding, and to which the whole matter that has been given before this point, consisting of

an alternation of allegro and adagio, forms an introduction. A definite, tuneful, and clearly rhythmical melody, assigned first to the horn and afterwards to the clarinet, with the accompaniment of reiterated notes in syncopated accents for the violins, suggests the idea of the heroine pursuing with cheerful firmness her arduous and hazardous task. The excitement of the feeling increases from where the violins ultimately take up the subject, until the entry of the full orchestra, with a new phrase of much brilliancy, which must be intended to convey (although very feebly in comparison to the noble manner in which we feel the same idea to be illustrated in the other overtures) the exultation of the heroine in the growing consciousness of her own strength of purpose and power of will.

This is suddenly broken off by a descent in unison upon an A sharp, which introduces, wholly without preparation, the second subject, representing the sudden check of Leonore's ardent anticipations of success, by the poignant sense of her present sorrows, which is cruelly augmented by the ungenial appearance of seeming gaiety she is compelled to assume. So we are disposed to translate the alternate pathetic syncopated phrases for wind instruments, and playful passages for violins, that constitute the dominant subject; and we hope that such a rendering will not be found irrelevant nor unworthy. We fancy in this, *Fidelio*, as he is known, or supposed to be, in the disguise of the jailor's assistant, making himself the esteemed, and so the indispensable, because the ever gay and willing, inmate of old Rokko's household, and to put disguise beyond suspicion, becoming the accepted lover of Marzelline, and the acknowledged rival of Jacquinio; but all this, however well-feigned pretension, cannot mask from herself the aching, anxious heart of Leonore. Her restless impatience in this fictitious position, is indicated in the continual change of key that characterizes this subject. The transition into E is very vigorous; and the codetta of the first part which this introduces, brings the heroine again before us in her truly noble character, stimulated by the difficulties that surround her to the most arduous exertions to surmount them. The responsive phrases for wind and string instruments upon a tonic pedal, is very Beethovenish and highly effective. Then we have a phrase that is not identical with the opening of the overture, but so closely in accordance with the feeling of it as to suggest it obviously, and we are sure intentionally, to the memory, and thus the first part closes.

Without any break in the continuity of the movement, the second part, which is very brief and concise, commences with a sudden change into the key of G, that imparts quite a new colour to the feeling of the chief subject, denoting, as it seems to us, that the same one constant thought, however modified by the circumstances of her position, or the feelings of the moment, is ever and for ever present in her heart. One phrase of this chief subject, and afterwards two phrases together, carried through several keys, and then upon a long dominant pedal, constitute the whole of the working of the "free Fantasia," the unusual shortness of which is to be accounted for by the great extension of the coda, that renders closeness in this portion of the movement a most necessary part of the design.

At the return to the subject in the original key, we are charmed with the effect of a counterpoint of quavers that is superadded upon it, which gives to it an entirely new interest, and shows the fancy of the composer to be most fertile when such is least expected. From henceforward we have a recapitulation of the first part. In this portion of the design there is one piece of very singular but certainly judicious arrangement; namely, in the giving now what was before the dominant subject in the key of A, instead of in the original key of the movement; this, like the brevity of the "free Fantasia," is accounted for by the great extent of the coda, which is all in the key of E, so that a short digression in this place forms a grateful relief, and prevents the monotony of key that would otherwise prevail. The departure from the usual custom is made with the same intention as, in the second and third overtures, the giving the second subject in the third, instead of in the fifth of the original key, it occurs at a different position in the movement, but it is equally well calculated for good effect, and admirably fulfils its purpose. The course of modulations through which the second subject proceeds being here somewhat extended, brings us into the

key of C, in the place where, in the first part, we had the modulation to E, which has a remarkable effect of unexpected brightness; and then, by another change in the course of the modulation we are brought here to the same full close in this key of C that we had before in the key of B. The introduction of an augmented sixth introduces suddenly a half-close on B, and this brings in the opening phrase of the overture in the original key, and in the original form, in which it has not appeared since the opening, but with the addition of two trombones that have not been employed throughout the score until this point, and which must have been designed to give great additional force to the subject at its recurrence, but which, to our constant surprise, on repeated hearing of the performance with most careful attention, make no perceptible difference in the effect.

This dashing phrase is interrupted, as at the commencement of the overture, by the same adagio, with the addition of a passage of triplets distributed successively to the different instruments, which may perhaps be meant to figure the dawn of hope that dispels the hesitation, the sense of her own weakness, that was about to paralyze the efforts of our heroine when her energies were at the highest, and the occasion for their exercise paramount. Be this as it may, we affect not the passage; and this candid acknowledgment of our want of interest should excuse, if it need excuse, the insufficiency of our explanation of it.

Now begins the coda, or stretto, in an accelerated tempo, with an exciting passage of unison, formed on the accent of the principal subject, that works up to a tutti, in which we have the first phrase of this subject with an accompaniment of triplets in arpeggio, reminding us, it must be intentionally, of the figure in the last adagio. After some alternation of tonic and dominant, we come to a tonic pedal, finishing with a much prolonged dominant harmony, a combination that is perhaps more intensely exciting than any other in the whole range of harmony, because demanding more imperatively than any other to be resolved; and one in which Beethoven very frequently and always effectively indulges, never, we believe, more effectively than in the four bars introduced in the third of these overtures, immediately before the chief subject is first given with the forte of the full orchestra. Then we have a very bold passage, in which the violins and basses proceed by contrary motion against the iterated notes of the brass instruments; and then a repetition of the opening phrase upon different intervals of the common chord, and so the overture concludes, with exhilaration and brilliancy.

Here then, we close our remarks upon this great, this noble masterpiece; and we close them as we began, with the perfect conviction that *Fidelio* is, on the grounds we first adduced, on the grounds of its overgrowing interest from first to last, and of the manner above all praise in which the interest of the action is not only illustrated, but heightened by the music, on these grounds we are convinced that *Fidelio* is the most perfect work existing on the lyric stage. In our observations we have endeavoured to particularize every point of importance throughout the opera—to do justice to many of them would have been impossible—and we shall be truly gratified if this analysis of all that is expressed, and all that is suggested to us throughout the work, may in any respect assist some who are less familiar with Beethoven's only dramatic production than ourselves to the happy appreciation of its transcendent beauties. There exists, we understand from the preface to Mr. Mould's interesting edition of the opera, an aria with chorus for the character of Pizarro, of which we have in vain sought to obtain a copy, as we expected to find in it at least some very curious matter for remark. With the exception of this one piece which, although it may have been written for *Fidelio*, certainly belongs not to it, we have in these papers omitted to notice nothing; and we take leave of our patient readers, flattering ourselves that in having done our best with the subject, we have fulfilled our duty.

G. A. M.

GRISI AND MARIO.—The "incomparable pair" are reposing themselves at St. Leonards, after the fatigues of the season, previous to starting for St. Petersburg. They go by land, via Warsaw.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We announced to our readers in April last the intention of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to throw open the Abbey on the Sunday evenings throughout the months of May, June, July, and August, in order to afford additional church accommodation for the numerous strangers expected to visit London for the Great Exhibition. The crowded congregations on each Sunday evening have fully compensated the clergy attached to this ancient institution for the additional labours devolving on them, and there can be no doubt that much good has resulted from the earnestness with which they have prosecuted their praiseworthy object. In order, at the same time, that such Protestant foreigners who might attend the services should not go away impressed with a bad opinion of the musical portion of the ceremony, the Dean and Chapter increased their choir to nearly a hundred voices, calling into their aid the kind and gratuitous services of some of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society and of the Purcell Club. Having attended on several occasions it gives us unfeigned pleasure to announce our unqualified satisfaction with the manner in which the musical service has been performed, and we may venture to hope that the great success which has attended the experiment may not be lost sight of on future occasions. The concluding evening service took place on Sunday evening last, when the Abbey was filled in every corner by a most attentive congregation. A very impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Lord John Thynne, the sub-dean, in which he eloquently alluded to the success of their labours, and expressed his earnest hope that when the hundreds of thousands who had visited London on this remarkable occasion returned to their homes they would not fail to turn to good account the instructive lessons they had received, and give praises to God singing the final anthem, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Amen!" The choir immediately sang this grand chorus from the *Messiah* and, accustomed as we have been to hear it performed at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts with a full band and chorus of 700 performers, we were hardly prepared for so grand an effect. The impressive manner of the preacher, the deepening shadows of the aisles of the venerable edifice, the flickering lights from a few branches, and the breathless attention of the numerous congregation imparted to this sublime composition a solemnity such as we have never before experienced when listening to it.

As an acknowledgment of the voluntary labours of all parties concerned, the Dean and Chapter invited the clergy and those engaged in the musical portion of the service to an entertainment on Monday last in Westminster College Hall. The Rev. Lord John Thynne presided, supported on the right and left by Professor Taylor and Mr. Brewer, the Secretary of the Sacred Harmonic Society. There were also present, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, the Rev. Mr. Jennings, the Rev. Mr. Cureton, the Rev. Mr. Haden, the Rev. Mr. Lupton, the Rev. the Precentor, and the other clerical officers of the Abbey. A most elegant dinner was provided, and after the cloth was removed the usual loyal toasts were drunk, followed by some unaccompanied vocal music rendered in a style but rarely heard, and the company separated highly pleased with the kindness and urbanity of the dignitaries of the church with whom they had thus been brought in contact.

In thus announcing the conclusion of their labours we cordially congratulate the Dean and Chapter on the liberal views they have displayed throughout the whole proceedings, and their anxiety to keep pace with the times as developed in the eventful year 1851.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—In reference to the letter signed "Astyanax," in your print of last week permit me to state that the term "national," as applied (in a sense which may appear to savour of tautology), is merely given to distinguish the contemplated undertaking from all others, by investing it with a character of universality in opposition to that of exclusiveness, which invariably attaches to a private lessee-ship. My own particular views would perhaps lead me to exclude *adaptions from foreign works*, as implying a misnomer, but others are of a different opinion, and mine should be made to bow to the majority. Be this as it may. A national opera may clearly embrace any authorship which should *originally* appear in an English dress, and welcome any artist who is capable of vocalising in the English language.

With reference to foreign operas, such as, for instance, have been performed, and respectably too, at the Surrey Theatre, there is no earthly reason why they should not continue to be performed, but let it be in such places only; for whilst "*La Sonnambula*" and "*Les Huguenots*" shall continue to be superbly produced at the two Italian Operas, I am of opinion that few real lovers of music would care to witness a less perfect representation, in our ideas at variance with the genius of the composer's thoughts.

With reference to the projected scheme, of which "Astyanax" does not approve, I have only to repeat my assurance that if the "profession" will but coalesce and show a bold front, there are great things to be done. If the "profession" will *not*—there is an end of the matter; my scheme has but one object, the obtaining of "fair play" for both composers and vocalists. Should the same end be attainable by any other means it will be welcomed by none more sincerely than by

Sir, your obedient servant,
PHILO-MUSICA.

THE CURATE OF ODDINGLEY *versus* THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of The Musical World.)

DEAR SIR.—By one master-stroke, you last week conferred a decided favour upon the readers of the *Musical World* by introducing a curiosity to them. You honoured the pages of your valuable paper, and performed an act of charity, by rescuing from his obscurity, and introducing to town, the "*faithful, sorrowful*," and exemplary bit of piety, the Curate of a place called Oddingley, which up to this time, has been something like Coventry "out of this world and all others;" but which will now of course become notorious through the magnanimous "Lucius Arthur,"—its Curate! who raised his puny voice to the injury of *Charity*! and dared to call the great professionals assembled in the cathedral orchestra, by the gentlemanly title of "thieves." I am sure they would feel the compliment, and in *their own minds*, return it in full.

This week, however, the "bit of piety," sends forth another groan from his "sorrowful" heart, which I think ought not to be lost to the world. I subjoin it more especially for the benefit of the professional lady and gentleman "thieves," who took part in the musical festival. You will perceive he rather draws in his horns, snail-like, and, harmless though they were—I question very much if his own conscience has not informed him that "The opera and theatre performers"—whom he now compliments, by calling "thieves," *spiritually* speaking, have at least humane and charitable hearts! But now let the little man—the pattern "bit of piety," speak for himself.

To the Editor of the Worcester Herald.

Tibberton, near Droitwich, Sept. 4th, 1851.

SIR,—I have seen your remarks upon my letter about the Musical Festival. The question itself I have submitted to the Bishop, but I never charged the "professional persons" with being "thieves," in what seems to be your sense of the word, any more than our blessed Lord did those whom He found in the Temple. Apart from all considerations of their common honesty, what I am persuaded of is that those who attend such meetings do (however unintentionally) "rob God" of His honour, in His House of Prayer.

While all Christians, lay as well as clerical, are holy, yet as a Clergyman of the United Church of England and Ireland, I know that we have an authorized "form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons."

I am, Sir, Your faithful Servant,

LUCIUS ARTHUR.

Curate of Oddingley.

[What does Mr. Arthur mean by talking about having "submitted the question to the Bishop," when he tells us in the same breath that he had already decided the said question in his own mind? Is this the way for a Clergyman to treat those set over him in the Church? Evidently, Mr. Arthur regarded his Diocesan as a convenience when he thus used him as the butt of a letter in which to discharge his morbid notions about Musical Festivals. "Submitted the question to the Bishop," indeed! Mr. Arthur knows that he submitted the question to public discussion by printing and publishing his letter consentaneously with his submitting it to his Lordship. We have said enough on such a matter, or we might notice his "making, ordaining, and consecrating" notions also.—ED. W. II.]

You will observe the Editor of the *Worcester Herald* handles the little gentleman rather roughly. I really should think it would be advisable for the "faithful, sorrowful" Lucius Arthur!! Curate of Oddingley!!! to retire again into his obscurity, and let his busy pen rest in peace.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours right respectfully,

ANTI-CANT.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—*Grandmother Grizzle* is a product of Devonshire, and like some of its cider rather sour and calculated to produce anything but agreeable sensations in those that make her acquaintance. *Grandmother Grizzle*, in fact, is always finding fault with everything and everybody, and, like a Damascus blade, celebrated far and wide for her temper, which is a most atrocious one. But one day, *Grandmother Grizzle* takes a little more wine than she usually does. This sets her thoughts wandering back again to the days of her youth. Like a Roman Gentleman who lived some time ago—and with whom we enjoyed, when at school, a nodding acquaintance, for we regularly, *horribile dictu*, went to sleep over him—*Grandmother Grizzle* exclaims mentally—not in the precise words, but something to the same effect:—

"O, mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!"

And with the exclamation, a whole train of recollections warm her heart as they once did that of Justice Shallow when he reflected on "the mad days" he had spent. The result of all this is that the old Lady suddenly becomes an altered being—kind, good-natured and affectionate—to the immense astonishment of everyone connected with her, but more especially to that of a servant, played inimitably by

Mr. Buckstone. Such is the subject on which a very lively and cleverly written farce has been written for this theatre, and which, thanks to the clever acting of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, will, when the pruning-knife has been judiciously applied to it, no doubt become a favourite with the public.

ADELPHI.—*Où est mon carrosse ?* said the Grand Monarch one day at Versailles, thereby making masculine, as if by magic, the word *carrosse*, which had been feminine ever since the French language had been invented. After the most mature deliberation and profound thought, we have come to the conclusion that this anecdote affords a satisfactory clue to the mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask, who has since formed the subject of so many plays and romances, and furnished a sign-board for a linen-draper's shop in the *Rue Coq-héron*. Louis XIV. was, as is well known, extremely susceptible of his dignity. Having said *mon carrosse*, he was far too great a man to own he had committed an error—in fact, we rather think he had not committed one at all, sharing, as we do the belief, prevalent at that period in France, and, luckily for order and freedom, still prevalent in Austria, that a crowned head can never be wrong. Now, at the period of the regal alteration of grammar we have mentioned, there happened to be at the Court of Versailles on a visit, a young English nobleman, of the old family of the De Boshes, with a most agreeable exterior, and that profound contempt for anything like study which characterised the scions of nobility of those days, as, we are proud to say, it does of our own. In consequence of the high state of mental culture, young Augustus de Bosh enjoyed, as a natural result of this he was not over accurate as regards the genders of French nouns, and happened, in the king's presence, to use the expression "*Mon voiture*." Without making any allowance for the advance of aristocratic education, which smiles with contempt on such things as concord or gender, the blood of Louis was raised; he thought it an insult offered to himself. Need the rest be told? The reader must see the end—but as he may not, we will inform him, that it was Augustus de Bosh, and no other, who was shortly after sent to the *Château Pignerol* in the greatest haste and an iron mask.

In support of our supposition, we may mention that the prisoner wore fine linen, that he played on the guitar, and that he carved his name on the silver plate on which his steak and onions were served up, and then threw the plate out of window. Is not this conclusive? we should say so; but, however this may be, we certainly think that we have as much chance of being wrong as any of the other writers, who have given the subject their consideration. Among these gentlemen we may mention the authors of the *Queen's Secret*, brought out at this house last Monday, who make the Man in the Iron Mask two personages instead of one.

The idea is certainly a bold one, with that strong dash of improbability which always imparts so high a flavour to dramatic works. We shall not attempt to enter into the plot, but shall merely observe that the piece was very successful. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise, considering the really striking situations in which it abounds, and the excellent manner in which it was played by Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste, supported by the Misses Woolgar and Fitzwilliam.

The *Queen's Secret* will certainly be held by all lovers of good acting and interesting plot, a secret worth knowing.

OLYMPIC.—Last Monday, a new farce, under the quaint title of *I've eaten my Friend*, was produced here with the greatest success. Mr. Compton, as the supposed Anthropophagus, made the audience roar with laughter. We have seldom seen him in a character which "fitted" him better

He was ably supported by Messrs. G. Cooke and Shalders, and Miss Isabel Adams.

The applause at the fall of the curtain was unanimous and long protracted.

MARYLEBONE.—An impenetrable cloud seems to hang over the destinies of this theatre. It is undeniable that every experiment that has hitherto been tried with it has failed. On Monday last it was opened for the first time for the performance of English opera, but with no change in the directorship. As steady well-wishers to the establishment we shall await with some interest the result of the experiment, but we are compelled to say that it must be made in a bolder and more liberal spirit than was evinced on Monday, if the hope of success held out by the state of the house is to be realised. The opera was "The Sonnambula," the principal performers being Mr. and Mrs. Donald King, Miss Lanza and Mr. Gregg—so far, well; but the orchestra and chorus were in a state of utter inefficiency. In a well known ballad opera like the "Sonnambula," time and practice may work effectual improvements; but Mr. Wild is quite conversant enough with matters musical as well as matters dramatic, to know that it will be vain to attempt such works as the "Huguenots" and the "Daughter of the Regiment," (both of which are already advertised), until the above deficiencies are removed. Nobody is ignorant of the heavy pecuniary risks incurred in attempts to improve theatrical property; but we speak with candour on this subject from a conviction that to meet the public demands liberally is the only way to ensure a chance of success to experiments of the kind. The principal singers exerted themselves with their wonted effect. Mrs. Donald King's qualifications both vocal and histrionic are well adapted to ballad opera, while her pretty and expressive features, nice figure, and luxuriant tresses, give her more than the ordinary share of personal attractions. On her *entrée* she was somewhat timid, and the usual effects of nervousness were for some time visible; but she rallied, and gave the first scene in the second act with so much truth and feeling as to elicit a call. She was equally successful to the end. Miss Lanza's vocal attributes are moderate, but she acted the little part of Lisa with more spirit and naïveté than we ever saw it performed on the English stage. The singing of Mr. Gregg, who, we believe, is new to the stage—seems to possess some latent excellencies, but we must decline saying more until he gets more justice from the orchestra. Mr. Donald King is too well known to the public to need remark. The house, although not crowded, was well filled.

(Omitted last Week.)

Reviews of Music.

"CONCERTO, POUR LE VIOLON—AVEC ACCOMPAGNEMENT D'ORCHESTRE, OU DE PIANO—DEDIE AU PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON—PROSPER SAINTON. Schott and Co.

Any new contribution from the pen of M. Sainton, who holds so worthily the two important posts of solo violinist to Her Majesty the Queen of England, and chief professor of the Royal Academy of Music, must be welcomed with avidity by the amateurs and professors of the instrument on which he is so distinguished a performer. The work under consideration is doubly valuable, as a labour of love and serious purport. M. Sainton has already proved his capabilities in the brilliant school by several popular and well-known *fantasias*; and it gives us pleasure to find him quite as much at home in a graver and more ambitious style.

M. Sainton's concerto is in A major, a favourite key with composers for the violin, from Viotti to Spohr and Molique. It should, however, be rather termed a concertino than a concerto, since it

consists wholly of a single movement—a bold and energetic *allegro moderato*, so well varied and developed, nevertheless, as to lend it all the interest of a regular concerto. The opening tutti for the orchestra though short, is very effective. The two principal motives, afterwards elaborated and set forth in the solos, are presented in simple harmony, with strength and decision. The first solo, in the tonic, is majestic, and leads to a triplet passage of double and triple notes, *a la bravura* which demands that broad and well-accentuated execution for which M. Sainton's playing is remarkable. The second subject, after some natural and well-conducted progressions, is then introduced in the dominant key, ornamented in a tasteful manner. Another elegant *trait de bravoure*, in semiquavers, succeeds, still in the dominant key, which is extended to considerable length, and with striking effect leads up to a brisk tutti for the orchestra, coming to a half close in C sharp. The next solo (properly the second—since what we have described is simply the two sections of one grand solo) commences in F sharp minor, *nel stylo passionato*, and gives good occasion for the display of large phrasing and masterly bowing. The second principal theme is then presented in a modified form in the key of F sharp major; and here the player, be he ever so able, must look sharp after his intonation (he may take M. Sainton as a model) or he will be quite abroad in the *bravura* passage of semiquavers, in the same difficult key, and the daring *trait d'octaves*, which brings it to a climax with such force and energy, leaving the orchestral tutti to modulate back again to the original tone of A major. At this point the first theme is re-introduced, and after some more trying passages of double-stopping and arpeggios, cleverly developing the prominent idea, the concerto comes to a satisfactory and brilliant close.

Altogether we consider this concerto, or concertino, by far the most finished and musician-like composition which M. Sainton has given to the public. The pianoforte arrangement has been skilfully made, and a more agreeable (and at the same time, be it understood, more difficult) duet could hardly be desired. Of course, with the advantage of the orchestral accompaniments, the effect would be tripled. We observe that M. Sainton has dedicated this piece to the President of France. It is the enviable privilege of illustrious personages to be honoured by the flattering homage of eminent artists.

"ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SCORES OF THE GREAT MASTERS FOR THE ORGAN."—W. T. BEST. J. Alfred Novello.

This valuable contribution to the library of the organist, issued by Mr. Novello at a reduced price, should be in the hands of every professor of the "king of the instruments." The name of Mr. W. T. Best, one of the most accomplished organists in Europe, and an admirable musician in the bargain, is quite enough to recommend it. We need scarcely say that the collection is as rich and well varied, as the arrangements are able and appropriate; or that Mr. Best's thorough familiarity with the treasures of art which the "great masters" have bequeathed us, is unquestionable. The introduction and fugue of Mozart in C minor—one of the grandest specimens extant of the severe school of writing—equal to anything of Bach or Mendelssohn; the sublime chorus in A minor, "Who is like unto Thee" (*Israel in Egypt*); the graceful *andante* in F, from Mozart's Sixth Quartet; the splendid fugal chorus in C minor, "He trusted in God" (*Messiah*); the *andante* in A flat from the C minor symphony of Beethoven; the *andante* in F from Mozart's Quartet in D minor; the fine chorus from *Samson*, "Round about the stary throne;" the deeply impressive and poetic chorus, "Wretched lovers," (*Acis and Galatea*); the melodious *largetto* in A, from Beethoven's second symphony; the famous chorus, "Let their celestial courts" (*Samson*); and the unrivalled choral climax to *Israel*, "I will sing unto the Lord," together with some curious specimens from Dr. Croft (fugue), Weinmann, Graun (fugue), Benedict Ducis (Descant on the Chorale, "Nun treut euch lieben"), Spohr (fugue), and F. Schneider (motet), the brief prelude to the third part of the *Creation*, and an elaborate and almost impossible grand study composed by Mr. Best himself expressly for this work, makes up one of the wealthiest and most interesting selections of

pieces ever offered to the studious and aspiring organist. In short, the merits of the publication are self-evident, and need no advocacy.

"CHRISTMAS BELLS"—A Sacred Song—Dedicated to the Editor of the Family Tutor.

"WHAT IS DEATH?"—A Sacred Song—Dedicated, by permission, to the Editor of the Family Tutor. Written and Composed by SOPHIA ELIZABETH YOUNGE. Lewis and Co.

The first thing which strikes on a perusal of these very pleasing, but wholly unpretending songs, is the great superiority of the words to which they are allied over the general mass of ballads, sacred and secular, which we are in the habit of receiving. Had we space, we would quote both the poems of Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Younge; but it is impossible for us to find room for more than one, and are constrained to give the shortest, "What is Death?" which is, nevertheless, a favourable specimen, and will serve quite well enough to show the correct ear and pure poetical feeling of the fair authoress.

"What is death? Oh, what is death?

'Tis the snapping of the chain,

'Tis the breaking of the bowl,

'Tis relief from ev'ry pain;

'Tis freedom to the soul!

'Tis the setting of the sun

To rise once more to-morrow;

A brighter course to run,

Not sink again in sorrow!

Such is death! Yes, such is death!

What is death? Oh, what is death?

'Tis the fading of the flower,

When summer children die,

To bloom in heaven's bow'r,

And blossom in the sky!

'Tis the breaking of the shell

Which holds the pearly gem,

Freed from its earthy cell,

To grace a diadem!

Such is death! Yes, such is death!

What is death? What is death?

'Tis slumber to the weary,

'Tis rest to the forlorn,

'Tis shelter to the dreary,

'Tis peace amid the storm!

'Tis the entrance to our home,

'Tis the passage to that God

Who bids his children come

When their weary course is trod!

Such is death! Yes, such is death!"

We need hardly insist, to the intelligent reader, that the above is real poetry; and when we add that the music expresses the sentiment of it in a simple and unaffected manner, besides being correct and well written for the voice, we have said enough to recommend it to amateurs and professional vocalists. The "Christmas Bells" is longer, and, though still endowed with a sweet melancholy, it is, on the whole of a more cheerful character than its companion. The introduction of the chimes in the symphonies is pretty and pleasing, and the melody, like that of the first song, is exceedingly homely and taking, and the second part, in the minor key, makes a very agreeable contrast. Altogether, in spite of their entire want of pretension, there is a charm about these little songs which proves that they are genuine offsprings of the heart, not make-offerings for the shop.

"THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES"—TWELFTH SET OF WALTZES.—A. FLECHE. Charles Jeffreys.

M. Flèche is not only one of the most prolific of our resident waltz composers, but one of the best, and the present twelfth set is a happy specimen of his invention and of his abilities in setting down his musical ideas. All the three figures are tuneful, catching, and essentially promotive of the dance, while the introduction is pretty, and the *coda* effective and brilliant. We recommend the waltzes of M. Flèche, without fear, to our lady readers. Moreover, the title page has a lithograph of three ravishing "Lancashire Witches," from the inexhaustible store of Brandard, and the favoured press of Hanhart.

"LA HAYES QUADRILLES," FOR THE PIANOFORTE—DEDICATED TO MISS CATHERINE HAYES.—THOMAS D. SULLIVAN. Wessel and Co.

Inspired with such a theme as the "Irish Nightingale" a less able musician than the author of these quadrilles could scarcely fail to accomplish something worthy. It will surprise no one, therefore, when we say that "La Hayes" has been worthily apostrophised in the present set of *contre-dances*, which have not merely the distinction of original tunes, for each separate figure, but are vigorous and striking. We may prophecy that, during the absence of the *prima donna* in America, Mr. Sullivan's quadrilles will be frequently used, in the towns and cities of Ireland, to enliven the winter hearth with dance and merriment.

HANDBOOK OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS OF VOCALIZATION.—LEOPOLDINE ZISKA. Ewer and Co.

Under the above title we have a compact and useful little musical treatise for the use of students, dedicated by the authoress, Mme. Leopoldine Ziska, to Lady Kerrison. The work is edited by Leopold Wray, and the combined talents of authoress and editor have been judiciously employed in producing a handbook, the merits of which deserve to be recognised by the musical world in general. The observations contained in the preface are characterised by plain truth, which, after all, is the best master for those desirous of useful knowledge, and the "Four Elements of Vocalization" themselves are arranged by the authoress with such clearness, combined with practical good sense, as to justify a hearty recommendation of the treatise to all students, whether amateur or professional, who seek to attain distinction in the vocal art. The examples attached to the work are selected from works of the best composers, and are calculated to afford amusement as well as instruction; a combination too frequently disregarded by those to whom the education of youth is confided.

THE LAW AS TO MUSIC AND DANCING LICENSES.

In consequence of the great public attention which the law affecting the music and dancing licenses, not merely in and about the metropolis, created some year or two since, especially among the magistrates themselves, with whom there was an unusual difference of opinion upon the subject, it will be recollected that a committee of 12 justices was appointed by the Court to take the matter into consideration, to obtain the opinion of eminent counsel, if necessary, and to report to the Court the conclusions at which they arrived. After extending their deliberations over a period of 16 months the committee have made their report, and the Court has adopted it, and passed resolutions in accordance with its recommendations. The report is as follows:—

"Your committee have to report that the powers possessed by the Court in the matter referred to are derived from the act of 25th George II., c. 36, the provisions of which are, however, to some extent restricted by subsequent enactments. The second section of the act provides that any house, room, garden, or other place kept for public dancing, music, or other public entertainment

of the like kind, in the cities of London and Westminster, or within 20 miles thereof, without a license from the court of quarter sessions (who are thereby authorised and empowered to grant such licenses as they, in their discretion, shall think proper), shall be deemed a disorderly house or place, and renders the keeper thereof subject to a penalty of £100, or otherwise punishable as the law directs in the case of disorderly houses. The same section further empowers a constable or other person being thereto authorised by a warrant of a justice of the peace, to enter such houses and places, and to seize every person who may be found therein that they may be dealt with according to law. The fifth and several subsequent sections of the act contain provisions for encouraging and facilitating prosecutions against persons keeping disorderly houses; and the 12th section empowers two or more justices to deal in a summary way with the parties brought before them under the second section already mentioned. Upon considering the effect of the above provisions, your committee found that doubts were entertained by different members of the bench upon three points, viz.—

1st. Whether the Court is legally authorized, on the grant of a license under this act, to limit it to one particular entertainment, as to music only, or dancing only; or whether a license, if granted at all, must not extend to every kind of entertainment within the purview of the act. 2d. Whether, assuming that the words 'Other public entertainment of the like kind' includes scenic entertainments, the power of the Court to grant licenses for such purposes is not taken away by the act of the 6th and 7th Victoria, c. 68, for regulating theatres. 3d. Whether the power given to the justices by the act of George II., to grant warrants for the apprehension of persons found in unlicensed (i. e. disorderly) houses, is not repealed by the act of the 5th of George IV., c. 83, respecting the punishment of idle and disorderly persons. The great practical importance of the above questions, and the difficulty felt by many members of the bench in dealing with them, rendered it (your committee thought) desirable to take the opinion of counsel upon them. They therefore gave directions that a case should be drawn up and submitted to Sir Frederick Thesiger and Mr. Crompton, which was accordingly done, and the case with the opinion of those gentlemen upon it, is annexed, by way of appendix, to this report. It will be seen that the opinion is decidedly in favour of the power of the Court to grant partial licenses; that according to the same opinion, the Court of Quarter Sessions has no longer the power (if it really ever had) to grant licenses under the 25th George II., for the performance of scenic entertainments, and that the counsel think that the Justices retain the power of issuing warrants, for the apprehension of persons found in disorderly houses, although they appear to doubt whether that power can be exercised with much practical benefit. Upon the first of these points your committee have no hesitation in adopting the construction now put upon the statute, which they believe may be acted upon by the Court with perfect safety. If the Court concurs in this view, it has power at once, without any further legislative enactment, to carry into effect one of the recommendations made by the Assistant Judge in his printed letter of last year, by restricting within narrower bounds the granting of licenses for public dancing, and allowing a wider scope to entertainments confined to music, particularly when not held at taverns. Your committee think the suggestion to be entitled, at the least, to serious consideration. But, whatever may be done in this respect, your committee think that some alteration is requisite, both in the form of the notices for applications for licenses, and in the form of the licenses themselves, and in the endorsement thereon. Your committee think that every sort of entertainment for which the applicant wishes to obtain a license, or for which the Court intends to grant one, ought to be distinctly expressed on the face of the notice, or of the license, in order, on the one hand, that the Court may be able to judge of the legality, as well as propriety, of what the applicant wants; and, on the other hand, that the latter may be free from all doubt respecting the extent of the privilege conceded to him. The general expression, "other entertainments of the like kind," introduced into the act of the 25th George II., was intended, your committee believe, to enable the Court to judge whether any entertainment (other than music or dancing) for which a license may be applied for, was or was not within the scope of the act. By inserting the phrase in the license, the Court however, throws upon the license the task and responsibility

of determining what it is that the act contemplates, instead of deciding the question itself. Upon the second and third points referred to counsel your committee see no reason to doubt the accuracy of the opinion given. They think, therefore, that all licenses granted under the 25th of George II., ought to be so expressed as to preclude any reasonable intendment of their authorising the exhibition of scenic entertainments. With respect to the subject generally your committee agree in the opinion expressed by the Assistant Judge in the printed letter already referred to, that additional regulations are wanted for the supervision and control of places of public entertainment, and for the summary punishment of misconduct on the part either of the managers or frequenters of such places. They further agree with the Assistant Judge, in thinking that some of the restrictions now imposed by law on those places are not well adapted to the existing condition of society. But these topics are so fully discussed in the letter of the Assistant Judge, as to enable the Court, without any further assistance from your committee, to determine upon the course which it may be proper to adopt. Your committee does not appear to be authorized, by the terms of the present reference, to take any steps towards obtaining an alteration of the law, either by an application to the government, or by a direct appeal to the legislature.

"In the case laid before counsel the provisions of the statutes, 25th George II., and 6th and 7th Victoria, c. 68, were set forth, and the following questions were submitted,—First, whether the Middlesex justices were at liberty to grant licenses, under the 25th George II., for any one sort of entertainment of the nature specified or referred to in that act, exclusive of all others, viz.,—for 'public dancing or music,' or for 'public music only;' or, whether the the justices' powers are confined to the granting of licenses for 'public dancing, music, or other public entertainment of the like kind,' collectively? Second, whether the statute 6th and 7th Victoria, c. 68, does or does not indirectly repeal the statute the 25th George II., c. 37, so far as relates to 'other public entertainments of the like kind,' and whether persons who, 'under colour of the licenses granted under the 25th of George II., suffer scenic representations to be performed in their houses are not liable to the penalty given by the 6th and 7th of Victoria. Thirdly, whether the enactment of the 5th of George IV. cap. 83, takes away the power given to justices of the peace by the 25th of George II. to issue their warrants to constables to enter the houses or places therein mentioned (and which by the last mentioned act are to be deemed disorderly houses or places), and to seize the persons found therein.

"OPINION.

"1. We are of opinion that the Middlesex justices are not compelled to grant licenses for 'public dancing, music, or other public entertainment of the like kind collectively, but that they may at their discretion grant the license for music only, or for dancing only, or for music and dancing; nor can we entertain any doubt on that point when we observe the words of the act to be in the disjunctive, which seems to leave no ground for any other construction.

"2. We should have thought, if the question had been open to us, that the 25th of George II. did not apply to scenic representations at all, but the words, 'other public entertainments of the like kind,' have been so long treated or acted upon as including scenic representations, that we are precluded from expressing our own independent opinion upon the point, and are compelled to accept the interpretation which has been put upon them, and from which it necessarily follows that the 6th and 7th Victoria, c. 68, does indirectly repeal this portion of the 25th George II., and that parties would be liable to the penalties of the latter act for suffering scenic representations to be performed in their houses.

"We are of opinion that the 5th George IV. does not repeal the 25th George II., as to the power given in the last-named statute for justices to issue their warrants to constables to enter disorderly houses. We find some difficulty in understanding what the act intended should be done with the persons not the keepers of the houses who may be seized 'in order that they may be dealt with according to law.' Provision is made for punishing the keepers of disorderly houses, but nothing is said as to what is to be done with the persons found in them.

"F. THESIGER.

"CHARLES CROMPTON"

Under the recommendations contained in this report an important alteration has been determined upon as to the forms of the licenses to be granted at the approaching Michaelmas session, not only to new applicants, but to applicants for renewals. The Court will not in future insert in the licenses to be granted under the act 25th George II. chap. 36, the words—"Or other public entertainment of the like kind," but will in all cases specify the particular entertainment which may be given. A notice to this effect will be forwarded to all persons at present licensed, and advertised for the information of those who intend to apply for licenses at the Michaelmas session. At the next meeting of Middlesex magistrates a proposition will be made to alter the standing orders in accordance with these new regulations, and that in future, applicants give fourteen days' notice, instead of seven as heretofore, to the clerk of the peace, and to the clerks of petty sessions, of their intention to apply.

Poetry.

SONG.

Why so tearful?
Pray be cheerful,
Charitable, good, and kind:
Grief disowning,
Cease that moaning,
Leaving sorrow all behind.

Melancholy
Is but folly,
Gentle Fortune will not smile,
If to grieving,
Pleasure leaving,
Thou wilt give thyself awhile.

Never languish
Filled with anguish
For anticipated woes;
Pleasure's fire
Will expire
Soon as fear her features shows.

Wilt thou flourish?
Ever nourish
Honor, truth, and temperance,
Wilt thou perish?
Only cherish
Sin's intoxicating trance.

HERMANN LANG.

LINES FOR MUSIC (COPYRIGHT).

Dear girl, what on earth have I now to desire?
I love and am cherished by thee in return;
And the feelings thy charms in my bosom inspire,
Are equalled by those which in thy bosom burn.
But still I'm unhappy—my bliss may soon pale,
It may not endure; it is this that I dread,
For the rose that with fragrance to-day scents the gale
May lie, ere to-morrow, all scattered and dead.
There is but one thought that could ever console,
Could aid me so great a misfortune to bear:
It is that when Gladness has fled from my soul,
I still should remember that once she dwelt there.
Ah! this recollection would mantle with green
The ruins of Hope; it would never decay,
Like the moss which on some shattered column is seen
Growing only more strong as this crumbles away.

Any application for these verses to the Editor, M. W.

Miscellaneous.

THE ANTIQUITY OF VOCAL MUSIC. AND WOMEN BEING ALLOWED TO TAKE PART IN THE PERFORMANCE OF RELIGIOUS RITES. — After Noah left the ark we find he built an altar and returned thanks to God, after the manner of the children of Seth, and in the 31st chap. Genesis, 27th verse, where we find that Laban having overtaken the fugitive Jacob on the mountains of Gilead, says to him, "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." This proves that the discoveries of Jubal were preserved by the descendants of Noah, and also that instruments of wind, strings, and percussion were then in use.

After the miraculous escape of Moses through the Red Sea, the Hebrews break out in a song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord—which song was accompanied by Miriam the sister of Aaron, together with all the women, and Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out with her, with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them, saying, "Sing ye to the Lord, &c." and is an early instance of women being permitted to bear a part in the performance of religious rites, as well as of vocal music being accompanied by instrumental, and by dancing.

The instruments with which these songs were accompanied are decided by all the ancient authorities, to have been the ancient cymbal, made exactly like our modern tambourine, but the name timbrel was applied to all kinds of instruments of percussion. Now as Miriam was an Egyptian, and just escaped from the country where she had been educated, it is natural to suppose that the dance used now, and established afterwards by the Hebrews, in the celebration of religious rites, was but the continuation of an Egyptian custom.

St. Stephen tells us, in the 7th chap. Acts, 21, 22 ver., that Moses, having been educated by Pharaoh's daughter, "as her own son, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." And Clemens Alexandrinus particularises his acquirements, by affirming that he was instructed in his maturer age by the Egyptians in all liberal sciences, as arithmetic, geometry, rhythm, harmony, but above all medicine and music.—*From J. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

SAINT MARTIN'S HALL.—An evening concert was given here on Monday, the proceeds of which, had there been any, were to have been presented to the Society of British Musicians. The concert was given by Herr Hennen, the pianist; but what connection the Herr has to the Society, or under what obligations he laboured which induced him to transfer the profits resulting from his benefit to the Society, we do not know. Unfortunately, Herr Hennen's most praiseworthy and munificent intention was completely knocked on the head by the fact that there was no profit at all; in short, Herr Hennen's profit was a loss, there not being more than from eighty to one hundred persons present. Now, to our thinking, and to make use of a homely expression, the public, in searching for a pleasing entertainment, might have gone farther and fared worse. The concert was in reality a very good one, and comprised some names of high ability. Among the singers were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Poole, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes; while the instruments included the names of Herr Hennen (pianist), Herr F. Hennen (violin), Richardson (flute), and Piatti (violoncello). There was also an excellent orchestra, with recruits from Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Tolbecque was the conductor, and—in consequence of the numerous extra nights which were given at Her Majesty's Theatre during the season, whereby his conducting powers were called into unusual play during the non-Balfé nights—was in great force, and conducted like a conductor of weight and substance. Where were the public, we ask, and why did they not turn Long Acre-wards, and partake of the excellent fare set down before them? Perhaps Herr Hennen did not advertise widely; the *widest* way to advertise, by the bye, would be to have your posters on the enormous vans which cheat the stamp office daily in the thoroughfares. But touching the en-

tainment. The concert commenced with the overture to *Masaniello*, played with unction and animation, not to say fire and brilliancy, which have already been frequently said, by the band. Mrs. Alexander Newton gave the "Casta Diva" with real brilliancy and undoubted fire. The execution of the passages in the *cabaletta* was admirable. The eighty or one hundred persons were all delighted with Mrs. Alexander Newton's charming voice and dashing style. Herr Hennen played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor for the pianoforte, and proved himself a player of ready finger and flexible knuckles. The Concerto, however, appeared to us to be a trifle removed from the powers of the Herr. Nevertheless, the Herr found his admirers, who stoutly battled in his cause, and proclaimed him a "something." Formes was encored in the grand air from the *Zauberflöte*. Formes has a tremendous voice, and is a tremendous singer, and always produces a tremendous effect. Herr F. Hennen came out in *Vieux temps* andantino and rondo from his E concerto. It was a trial for Herr F., an ordeal—but he played well, nay, very well, and came off with flying colours, and was encored in the rondo by the eighty or a hundred. After the popular duo, "Da quel di," from the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, or, *Linda di Chamouni*—without affectation, we forget to which opera the duet belongs—which sopranos and tenors have torn to shreds and patches, very nicely sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton and Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Piatti enchanted the eighty or a hundred with one of his most admirable performances; after which Mrs. Alexander Newton gave the "Lo! here the gentle lark," of Shakspeare and Bishop, in brilliant style, and was encored; Mr. Richardson played a flute obligato; Herr Formes sang Schubert's "Der Wanderer," tremendously of course; and the first part terminated with Mendelssohn's Wedding March, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, played in a style of admirable inefficiency by the band. There was an interval of ten minutes between the first and second part. In the course of about half an hour the second part opened with Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and then Herr Hennen performed Hennen's (self's) 8me. Etude de Concert on the grand pianoforte. Herr Hennen's pianoforte compositions are not to be despised, if we are to judge from the above specimen. Miss Poole was vastly admired in Alexander Lee's ballad, "The Spirit of good," and her vast admirers encored her simultaneously. Contrary to the usual way Miss Poole did not substitute another song—a practice, we think, highly deprecatory, being not at all complimentary to the wishes of the audience. Now-a-days if the auditors wish to hear a song repeated they must *not* encore it. The other day we were present at a concert—a semi-private one—where a gentlemanly barytone treated his hearers to Rossini's buffa song, "Largo al factotum." He was encored boisterously, whereupon he came forward and, much to the surprise of the audience, commenced "Sally in our Alley." Well, we suppose singers only obey the fashion in singing what they are not requested to sing. Mr. Richardson was also encored in a solo with variations on the flute; and Mr. Bridge Frodsham followed with Mr. Clement White's charming and expressive ballad, "Ah! why did'st thou tell me of love?" which he sang with great taste and simplicity. Another fantasia on the violin for Herr F. Hennen; another song for Formes—the drinking song from *Der Freischütz*—given tremendously, of course; another solo for Piatti, on the violoncello, inimitably played; another ballad for Miss Poole—"The young Lady's No;" and the concert was brought to an end with a grand pianoforte "Scherzo Finale," with full orchestra, composed by Herr Hennen, which played ourselves and every body else out in a most satisfactory manner. The eighty or a hundred retired, all agreeing that the concert was an entertaining one, and that it was very thinly attended.

DEPARTURE OF MISS CATHERINE HAYES FOR AMERICA.—The departure of Miss Catherine Hayes for New York, in the Pacific steamer, Captain Nye, this afternoon (Wednesday, the 3rd), has caused very general excitement. Many persons came expressly from Ireland and from London to witness her embarkation. On Monday night, at the Theatre Royal, was the farewell concert. The house was crowded to overflow, and the orchestra was turned into stalls, the band being placed on the stage. The sensation produced by Miss Hayes's singing was prodigious, and certainly never have I heard her sing as she has done here and at

Manchester. It was on the second time of giving the "Ah! non giunge" that the house was so electrified. She seemed inspired and resolved to leave a lasting impression behind her, for she revelled in almost unparalleled difficulties, concluding with a prolonged shake of surpassing beauty and brilliancy. Her "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the "Harp that once in Tara's hall," on the encore, and the "Ah! mon fils," provoked similar displays of rapture. The ovation, when she was called upon the stage, was, I am assured by those who witnessed the *Lind* *furor* here, quite equal in vehemence and duration; the cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs lasted several minutes, and one lady threw a costly *cadeau* on the stage. Yesterday evening a farewell banquet was given to Miss Catherine Hayes at the Adelphi Hotel, and at noon, this day, the floating-pier was crowded with spectators to witness her departure in the tug steamer to join the Pacific, off the Rock Ferry. A large number of persons went in the tug and loudly cheered her when on board. Captain Nye escorted Miss Hayes to the paddle-box, from which her handkerchief was long seen waving a final adieu, as the ocean palace glided down the Mersey and rounded the Rock Lighthouse. There are upwards of 200 passengers on board, including several persons of distinction in the United States. Miss Laura Addison has gone out by this steamer; Mrs. Warner, Madame Thillon, and Mr. Hudson left by a previous boat. The weather was magnificent.—*iverpool Paper*.

DOCTOR BACHEZ, the philosopher and operative agent, is in town on very important business.

ALBONI made her *rentrée* as Fides in the *Prophète* on Wednesday, at the Grand Opera, Paris.

HIRING PIANOFORTES.—MARLBOROUGH STREET.—Elizabeth Sammon, No. 6, Foley-place, was brought up the week before last for examination, charged with having been concerned in fraudulently obtaining two pianofortes from Messrs. Rust and Stahl, No. 320, Regent-street. It appeared that a person of gentlemanly appearance called, in July, at Messrs. Rust and Stahl's shop and hired a pianoforte for a lodger, at so much per month. The pianoforte was sent to No. 6, Foley-place, where the person lived who made the bargain, and who gave the name of Sammon. In a day or two afterwards the same person called again, and said he wanted to hire another pianoforte for another lodger. A second pianoforte was sent, the value of each being 30 guineas. From information which Mr. Rust subsequently obtained, he went in person to No. 6, Foley-place, and saw the prisoner, from whom he demanded the return of the pianofortes. The prisoner said they were locked up in one of the rooms, and dared him to take them away in Mr. Sammon's absence. Mr. Rust applied to the police, and succeeded in gaining information that the pianofortes were in the hands of a pawnbroker named Clarke, in Long-acre. The prisoner was taken into custody, the person who came to the shop on both occasions and hired the pianos not being to be met with.—Robert Tilling, carman, proved the delivery of two pianos from Messrs. Rust and Stahl, at No. 6, Foley-place. On the first occasion witness saw Mr. Sammon, as well as the female prisoner. On the second occasion the female prisoner only was present.—William Barnes, painter, had been employed to do work at No. 6, Foley-place. The person who employed and paid him went by the name of Bowsley. The prisoner then represented herself as the housekeeper of Bowsley.—Edward Perryman, assistant to Mr. Barnes, helped to remove one of the pianofortes from No. 6, Foley-place. The piano was taken away in a coal van, but witness did not know where.—Mr. Clarke, pawnbroker, 55, Long-acre, had known the prisoner for about 12 months, and had taken articles in pawn from her. There might have been a piano among them.—The case was remanded at this stage of the proceedings for a week for the production of the pianos. On Tuesday Mr. Clarke was in attendance with his books, but not with the pianos.—Mr. Bingham inquired why the pianos were not produced?—Mr. Clarke understood his books only were to be brought into court.—Mr. Bingham said the pianofortes must be produced, and remanded the case again for that purpose.—*Times*.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the great Lion Pianist, is expected in London for a short visit.

JETTY TARRZ intends to pass the autumn in Paris.

"THE LAST NIGHTS OF JULLIEN" (*from Punch*).—Horror-struck were we all last week to see the walls of London placarded with the above terrible announcement. We could not imagine what fearful crime Jullien had committed, that his nights should be numbered like those of a common criminal. Knowing that he was a leader of the greatest execution, our first impulse was to send off to Newgate to make inquiries what sort of nights the ill-fated Maestro had lately passed. We were most anxious to know whether, in the phraseology of the penny-a-liner, "his appetite had remained good to the last," and whether, "as the termination of his career approached," his usual firmness had in the least deserted him? These inquiries, however, were never made at Newgate, or Horsemonger Lane Gaol, or anywhere else; for, in the meantime, our forebodings had been quieted by the agreeable discovery that the "Last Nights" which had so much alarmed us had reference merely to an engagement at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where Jullien has lately been flourishing his *baton*. His ambrosial curls and monstachios and spotless white waistcoat have not been sacrificed, we rejoice to say, to the severe requirements of any prison regulations. Our Jullien, thank heaven! is still preserved to us; but really managers should be careful not to shatter our nerves by such startling announcements.

SIR WILLIAM DON.—When the last accounts left America, Sir William Don, the theatrical baronet, was at Montreal. A New York paper states that his success in America had been so great that he had been enabled to send home two thousand pounds to pay some debts.

FIDES IN THE PROPHECY.—The part of Fides is the most plastic of parts and yields to all capacities and styles. Grisi, who already knows the music by heart, will make her *rentree* in it at St. Petersburg.

FORMES.—The German *basso* has not yet concluded terms with St. Petersburg.

MR. FRASER, the well-known English tenor, has undertaken the management of the Marylebone Theatre. Opera will be the staple attraction. The theatre will re-open on Monday.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Nothing positive has yet been arranged about Mr. Bunn's winter campaign. There seems to be a difficulty about the company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Webster, we are informed, intends shortly to close this theatre, and to re-open it at the end of next month, with Macfarren's *Charles II.* and an improved band and chorus. The reinforcement in these departments is essential to future success.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Through the great zeal and activity of Mr. Brown, honorary secretary, all the stewards are already secured for the Gloucester meeting of 1853.

HARROGATE.—(CHELTENHAM PUMP ROOMS).—Our talented and popular pianist, Julian Adams, gave his Annual Concert, last evening (Tuesday), when a crowded and fashionable audience testified their appreciation of his abilities by their presence. Mr. Adams was assisted by Miss M. B. Marsh, Madame Bouran, and Mr. Lawler (of London concerts), who gave Atwoods *terzetto*, "The Curfew Bell," effectively. Mr. Lawler sang "Largo al Factotum," and "The Wolf," &c., with his usual talent. Miss M. B. Marsh gave the *Cavatina*, "Qui la voce," in such a manner as to command the warm applause of the audience. Mme. Bouran took part with Mr. Lawler in Barnett's "Singing Lesson." Mr. Adams' execution on the piano and concertina are too well known to require comment. On this occasion he gave selections from Thalberg, Adams, &c. The band, judiciously selected, performed the overtures to *Semiramide*, *Le Cheval de Bronze*, &c. The concert appeared to give general satisfaction—a result well due to the talented artists by whom Mr. Adams was assisted.

PENSION TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—Lord John Russell, while in attendance on the Queen at Holyrood, intimated by letter to Professor Wilson, Her Majesty's intention to bestow a pension of £300 a-year upon him, in consideration of his eminent literary services.

MADAME VIARDOT has left London for Paris. The great artist has thrown up her engagement, for the present, with the Grand Opera, finding repose necessary. She will be succeeded by the new German *star*, Mdle. Wagner, for whom Meyerbeer has destined the chief part in his *Africaine*.

LABLACHE.—The great basso reached his residence, near Naples, directly after the earthquake. Although on the verge of the damage produced by the earthquake, his house and property were untouched. The shocks were distinctly felt, but no loss was sustained. Lablache is now in excellent health and spirits, sunning and breezing himself on the banks of the finest bay in the world, taking in instalments of renovation for his winter campaign at Paris.

MADAME GIULIANI has left London for Brussels.

TAMBERLIK.—The great and unapproachable *tenore di forza* left London on Wednesday evening for Paris, *en route* for St. Petersburg. He goes by sea, via Stettin.

CARLOTTA GRISI has returned to London from a pleasure trip in the highlands of Scotland. The Queen of the Dance will start for St. Petersburg, via Stettin. The Emperor of the Russias is robbing us of all our treasures! Envious purloiner! Never mind—we shall have them back again next year.

MDLE. BERTRANDI, the new *comprimaria* of the Royal Italian Opera, left London last night for Milan.

AMALIA FERRARIS, of the "feet of brass," left last week for Naples, where the accomplished *danseuse* has an engagement to fulfil.

VIVIER, the humourist, and cornist, and artist, and soap-bubble-ist, and *chargeist*, *par excellence*, is at Canteres, in the Pyrenees, washing away his sorrows and fatigues.

RONCONI and TAMBURINI have both fled—fled—fled—"like the arrow in the noon"—where, oh where! We do not know.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—In the English department (Class 10), the display of brass wind instruments is not very extensive; but in one or two instances it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. M. Kohler (540), well known in England and India as being one of our largest and first manufacturers of these instruments, contributes specimens of his patent valved wind instruments. They are distinguished by the highest character of workmanship, correctness of model, and elegance of form. The patent valves are an improvement on the old sort of valves, as, by diminishing the number of acute angles, less obstruction is offered to the passage of the wind, consequently producing a richer, clearer, and more even tone, and giving greater certainty and regularity to the notes, as well as offering considerable facilities for execution, by lessening the difficulty and exertion in producing them. M. Kohler has also introduced a spiral spring, in place of the watch spring, which was so very liable to break and get out of order.—*Illustrated London News*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D.—The quartet does not properly belong to the Opera. It was introduced from the *Torvaldo e Dorlisha*, an early opera of the composer.

THOS.—Donzelli made his first appearance in London, in Roderico Dhu in *La Donna del Lago*; and Tamburini, some few years after, in the *Cenerentola* as Dandini. We do not remember in what character Lablache made his first appearance on the London stage, but fancy it was Figaro in the *Barbiere*, a favourite part of his for many years. Pasta's first part was *Deademona*; Pisaroni's, Malcolm Græme; Sontag's *Rosina*; Grisi's *Ninetta*; and Alboni's *Arsace*. All the above, our correspondent will perceive, chose Rossini's operas for their *debut*. Jenny Lind not only did not choose one of Rossini's, but never appeared in any one of his in this country. Here, at all events, she was decidedly original.

VIATOR.—It was Coletti, not Fornasari—in the year 1840.

L. S.—Correspondent must consult Vol. 27. of *Musical World*.

VERAX.—Sontag, certainly. The question, however, is a delicate one.

J. M. S.—Jullien will resume his concerts as usual at Drury Lane in November. We have heard nothing about the "Grand National Concerts" at Her Majesty's Theatre during the winter months, and presume they received their quietus last season.

INQUIRER.—Bourcicault is the author of *London Assurance*, although, we believe, he was assisted in its concoction by Mr. Brougham, the Irish comedian, now in America.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our last.)

Tuesday, May 20th, was the most memorable night of this memorable season. It was doubly memorable—memorable for the production of *Fidelio* on the Italian stage, and memorable for the first appearance of Sophie Cruvelli, after an absence from London of two years. The triumph achieved by Beethoven's dramatic masterpiece, and the brilliant success of the young singer, as Leonora, the most arduous and difficult part in the lyric repertoire, have been recorded so often, and at such length in these pages, that a simple reference to them is enough. In bringing out *Fidelio*, Mr. Lumley not merely elevated the taste of his subscribers and the public, but added another *Don Giovanni*, another solid and continuous attraction, to his catalogue of operas, which the frequency of its performance, and the money it brought to the treasury, effectively proved. On the other hand Sophie Cruvelli, by her conception and execution, musical and histrionic, of the character of Leonora, although only twenty-two years of age, placed herself at one step in the foremost rank of living dramatic singers. We have seen all the *Fidelios*, from Schröder Devrient and Malibran down to those of the present day, including the justly celebrated Mdlle. Wagner (who is now playing it at Berlin), and we assert, without the slightest hesitation, that not one of them has approached so near to the lofty ideal of Beethoven as Sophie Cruvelli. With such a conviction we are justified in reserving criticism for hereafter, in prophesying for this already great, though very youthful artist, a more splendid and glorious career than has been achieved by any other whomsoever, since Malibran, by the power of genius, established her superiority over all her rivals. Sophie Cruvelli is no less incontestably a genius than Malibran; and no less richly endowed with the natural qualifications of voice, strength, endurance, and personal attributes, to make her ultimately the equal of that most gifted and lamented lady, who, cut off in the prime of her womanhood, threw a shadow over the prospects of the operatic drama, which can only be dispersed by a star of equal brightness. Four months have elapsed since Sophie Cruvelli appeared in *Fidelio*. We have watched her career with unceasing interest. We have seen her successively, and more than once, as Norma, Florinda, Cherubino, Elvira (*Ernani*), Linda, and Rosina; and every occasion has served to strengthen our conviction that Sophie Cruvelli is now the most promising, and will eventually be the first dramatic singer of her day. We

have more than once expressed this opinion in the course of the present season; and now, at the end of it, we reiterate it with increased assurance of its justice.

The general performance of *Fidelio* at Her Majesty's Theatre, although there was a great deal to praise, left much to be desired. Mr. Sims Reeves was admirable in every respect as Florestan, his performance being distinguished by the highest intelligence, and the finest musical appreciation. Mme. Giuliani, in Marcellina, was, as she always is, correct, artistic, and pains-taking; and Mercuriali rose a step in the good graces of the connoisseurs by his impersonation of Jacquino. Coletti was out of his element in Pizarro; and the Rocco of Balanchi, although a careful artist, was by no means what it might have been. Casanova, too, who undertook the part of the Minister, forgot to learn the music, and Balfe for the first representations was compelled to sing it for him. The necessities of the Italian stage compelled the introduction of recitatives into *Fidelio*. We quite agree with our collaborateur, Mr. Macfarren, in his condemnation of this liberty being taken with Beethoven's score; but, we, nevertheless, are bound to acknowledge the talent and discretion with which Mr. Balfe performed a task that could not have been welcome to him as a musician. The orchestra worked zealously in the two overtures and accompaniments; but the chorus, coarse and imperfect in both the *finales*, entirely spoiled the impressive scene where the prisoners, at Leonora's intercession, are allowed to breathe the air of heaven. On the first two or three nights some of the principals assisted in the prisoners' chorus; but as they evidently (F. Lablache excepted) knew nothing about the music, Mr. Ganz, the chorus-master, subsequently dispensed with their assistance, and the general execution of the choral parts, if much was not gained, left nothing to be deplored. In spite of these, and many other drawbacks, the success of *Fidelio* and of Sophie Cruvelli was immense; the audience, the most crowded of the season, was enthusiastic, and the papers, the next morning, teemed with apostrophes to the beauties of Beethoven's music, and the gifts and talent of its young interpreter—in whom, to use the words of the *Daily News*, were concentrated "every quality of a great artist—voice, taste, style, expression combined—to charm and move her hearers"—a truer sentence than which was never uttered, not even by the *Post*, when it pronounced Cruvelli's singing of the adagio, in the grand air, "a joy for ever to all who were fortunate enough to hear it," and the *allegro* of the same "a magnificent performance from first to last," adding that the audience by this time felt that

"one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage was before them;" nor by the *Herald*, when it declared that her "success in one of the most arduous parts which either actress or singer dare grapple with was affirmed by the universal verdict of the house;" nor by the *Chronicle*, when it felicitated the management on having achieved, with Mdlle. Cruvelli, the new debutante, "at once the most legitimate and extraordinary success;" nor by the *Times*, when, at the end of a long and elaborate notice, it declared that "the Italian stage had thus gained another great dramatic singer, in the person of a foreigner, and if we be not mistaken, a genius;" nor by the *Athenæum*, when it eulogised Cruvelli's, "magnificent natural endowments;" nor by the *Illustrated News* and the *Britannia*, when they extolled her "magnificent voice," &c., a truer sentence, we repeat, was never uttered, nor one more correctly to the purpose, nor one, by the way, more impossible to reverse—since the course of time has already stamped it, and continues to stamp it, and will continue to stamp it more and more indelibly—for Sophie Cruvelli is a genius; and the march of genius is ever onward, onward, heedless of toil, despising obstacles, sure of its object, the goal being ever in sight.

The following Thursday, which was as long as it was extra, was remarkable for fragments. There were fragments of everything, except the *Barbiere*, the whole of which was given to a delighted auditory. The novel point in the cast, and not the most delightful, was Signor Ferranti, the new barytone, who showed himself wanting in most of the requisites which constitute an unctuous and vivacious Figaro. His Figaro was neither unctuous nor vivacious. Of Casanova in Basilio, we would say—"why not Coletti?" Madame Sontag's Rosina we should have liked better had the accomplished artist been less lavish of ornaments and changes, or more studious to render them appropriate to the text of Rossini, which, to our superficial judgment, is sufficiently brilliant and sufficiently florid to command the respect of the most brilliant and florid of vocalists, who do not always, like Goldsmith, "adorn what they touch." We were induced to this reflection by the remembrance of Alboni, who managed to make "Una voce poco fa," and "Dunque io son," as effective as the composer could have wished without altering a note of either. Calzolari's Almaviva, as far as vocalisation goes, is one of the most correct and finished that the stage can boast; and Lablache's Bartolo, to quote our own words, "is prodigious." But why does the burly basso omit the great air—we forget in which key, but we remember in the first act? By the way, Madame Grimaldi played the part of Marcellina, and sang the *aria*.

At this juncture the Corypheic department of the ballet was materially strengthened by the engagement—at the suggestion of the irresistible Carlotta—of Mademoiselle James, an Englishwoman, although a Mademoiselle, who danced the *Anglaise* in the *divertissement*—of which, in our last number, we forgot the name, but which we are now in a condition to denominate *Les Cosmopolites*—with grace, agility, and character,

Meanwhile *Fidelio*, several times repeated, drew crowded houses, and the success of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli went on augmenting, and received an additional impulse from the comparative failure of the Leonora at the rival house.

At this epoch the *Soirees Extraordinaires* began on a Wednesday (May 28th), and complaints were made in several musical quarters of the introduction of a strange instrument into the score of *Fidelio*. The excuse, however, was valid—since, neither the instrument itself nor an executant thereon, for which Beethoven wrote a particular part in a special scene, being extant in this country, Mr. Lumley found it impossible to find one; and the *chef d'orchestre* was compelled, à rebrousse poils, to substitute another in its place. The instrument intended by Beethoven was the *contra-fagotto*, or counter-bassoon, the same for which he wrote a part in the C minor symphony.

On Saturday, May the 31st, Cruvelli appeared in her second part—Norma. Her brilliant triumph in *Fidelio* had raised anticipation to the highest pitch. Anticipation, however, was not disappointed. It preserved its position and did not tumble. Cruvelli's Norma was found equal to her *Fidelio*, to say more than which would be to say too much. Her success was decided, and the Druid priestess remained throughout the season one of her acknowledged great parts. It is sufficient to mention that Pardini was Pollio, Giuliani Adalgisa, and that Lablache, on the first night, was Oroveso, and subsequently, at various intervals, as suited his health, convenience, and humour. Meanwhile the *Soirees Extraordinaires*, which began, modestly, once a week, threatened to become more busy and numerous; and *Don Pasquale* was revived on a Thursday, for Madame Sontag, whose Norma is one of her most charming impersonations; while Lablache, as the fat and amorous bachelor, was fat and amorous and Lablache. Ferranti appeared to more advantage in Doctor Malatesta than in any previous performance; and Calzolari was as excellent as ever in the lover, Enrico.

Wednesday, June 11th, although memorable for a superb performance of Norma by Sophie Cruvelli, which threw D. R. into ecstasies, and brought to his recollection Malibran, who was snatched away from us "with the sunshine in her eyes," was darkened by an event, which cast the subscribers into spiritual mourning, and snuffed out the ballet—the farewell representation of Carlotta Grisi, who, as if to make her loss the keener felt, danced her very best, which is as much as to say, better than any body else ever danced, or is ever likely to dance. Cruvelli's singing was the rising sun, to which Carlotta Grisi's dancing was the setting; the one as gorgeous as the other, only differing in quality, position, and intensity of colour. Light delighted itself in showing its glory in the two most opposite manners—morning and evening. Noon will come next year, when both return—Sophie and Carlotta—to charm the ears and eyes, and move the hearts of the *habitués* of Mr. Lumley's fairy palace in Pall Mall. Carlotta's departure, without having performed in a new

ballet, gave rise to a multitude of reflections which we propose to revive and discuss in the tail of this *résumé*.

On Thursday, June the 12th, the last masterpiece of the greatest of French composers, the *Enfant Prodigue* of Auber, was produced under the Italian title of *Il Prodigio*, with a completeness and splendour, which in some respects rivalled, and in other respects surpassed, the performances at the *Theatre de la Nation* at Paris. We need not, at this juncture, enter into any review of the merits of this great work, destined, we are sure, to be one of the most lasting of its author, sufficient having been adduced, on various occasions, to make known our favourable opinion to the readers of the *Musical World*. Without, therefore, touching on Scribe's *libretto*, or Auber's music, it is enough to recal some incidents which rendered the first representation memorable, independent of both poet and musician. The cast included Madame Sontag, as Jefelete; Madame Ugalde (her first appearance in London) as Nefte; Carolina Rosati—the crow-haired, sun-eyed, Greek-nosed, swan-necked, lily-armed, bird-bodied, leopard-legged, and mouse-footed—as Lia (her first appearance this season); Gardoni, the graceful, as Azael; Coletti, the careful, as Bocchoris; Mercuriali, the manly, as Amenophis; Massol in, his original part of Reuben; and Scotti, Scapini, and Casanova as the satellites to this army of planets, moving round the sun of Auber's genius. Madame Ugalde was found worthy of her great Gallic reputation, but less precisely fitted for the stage of the Grand Opera than for that of the *Opera Comique*, of which she is, at present, the most brilliant ornament. All that had been said of Massol was confirmed by his impressive performance of Reuben, which, although somewhat shackled by a less familiar tongue, he managed to invest with the highest dramatic sentiment and passion. The part of Jefelete was better suited to Madame Sontag than had been anticipated by those familiar with the talent of the accomplished songstress, and were aware how almost exclusively it leaned to the florid and ornamental style. There is nothing florid or ornamental in the music which Auber has allotted to Jefelete; nevertheless, Mme. Sontag sang the airs with such exquisite purity and feeling as to disclose a new "side," as our cotemporary, the *Times* quaintly expresses it, in her talent, which henceforth we shall be happy to recognise as approaching the universal. Of the other characters those who would learn further particulars are referred to No. 24 of the *Musical World*, for the current year, wherein they will find everything discussed at full length; not forgetting Marshall, who dipped his brush in the sunbeams, and his head in the folios that treat of Egyptian antiquities, and the modern treatises of Nineveh marbles, with their actual entities, at the British Museum. To Carolina Rosati, the winged, and prism-smiled, the enchanting *troupe* of *Coryphées*, the "step of daggers," the ballet in general, and the dance music in particular, the memory fondly clings, as to a pleasant dream, faintly receding at the approach of morn, when the sun foretells his coming by prophetic rays, which, with busy banging, assail the eyelids, chasing night and sleep, that, like two

scared crows "fly away afeard," (*Brendallah*). Whether it was to Auber's particular method of scoring for the orchestra, or that Balfe, inwardly impelled by a new and unknown impulse, was urged to extra eagerness, we know not; but it was generally felt and acknowledged that the band had not been heard to such advantage previously during the season. It was as a powerful cohort, anxious, united, and strong. As for Mr. Harris he was more than usually active and zealous, and the value of his talent was triumphantly demonstrated in the great scene of the temple and yet other gorgeous and splendid panoplies. Although the performance did not conclude till half-past one, the opera was completely successful, and remained one of the greatest favourites of the season.

On Saturday the 21st, Marie Taglioni made her *rentrée* in a fragment of the old and popular ballet, *La Sylphide*, originally made famous by her celebrated aunt, and was received with special favour. On the Thursday following a miscellaneous night, after the ninth performance of *Fidelio*, the scene from Gnecco's opera, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, was produced for Madame Ugalde and Lablache. Of this it is enough to say that Lablache was as humorous as ever, and that Madame Ugalde made a decided advance in public esteem.

The second grand concert took place on the Monday following. Signor Sivori repeated one of the unpublished compositions of Paganini (the "Witches' Dance"), and introduced another, *Il Movimento perpetuo*, playing as finely as on the previous occasion, and leaving the critics as indifferent as before to the beauties of the manuscripts in question. The rest of the concert was of the usual miscellaneous character, all the principal artists appearing, with the exception of the Mademoiselles Cruvelli, who were preparing for the forthcoming *Florinda*.

On Thursday, July the 3rd, one of the most important pledges of the prospectus was fulfilled, by the production of a new Grand Opera in three acts, from the pen of the celebrated pianist, Sigismond Thalberg. The performance of *Florinda*, and the general impression it created, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. It went to establish the fact, that it is one thing to write pianoforte fantasias, addressed to supple fingers and light tastes, and another thing to compose an *Opera Seria*, in which the essential elements of melody, dramatic truth, effective combinations, and masterly orchestral scoring, shall be involved. If this truth were ever doubted, it was here established by Mr. Thalberg, a gentleman deserving and possessed of the highest amount of respect in that particular department of art which he has adorned in a style of his own invention, for so many years, and in which he has had so many imitators, more or less successful or unsuccessful. Mr. Thalberg had every advantage to render success probable, but the result proved that success had been improbable. Sofie Cruvelli, in whom was concentrated the additional interest derived from *Florinda* being her first original part in London, did everything in the power of a human *prima donna* to make music effective which was not written for effect. Lablache,

whose labour would be dishonoured by a comparison with any of the twelve of Hercules, exerted himself with such super-human zeal and good will, that the least Mr. Thalberg could do in return, had he a voice with the disposers of demigodships and astral honours, would be to secure him an apotheosis, and a corner in the constellation of the Great Bear. Sims Reeves, in a very uninteresting part, also did wonders. The other performers were Calzolari, Coletti, and Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli, who, in the character of a Page, had little more to do than hold her tongue and look pretty, which she accomplished to perfection. Balfe took more pains with the opera than he probably would have done had it been his own composition. The orchestra and chorus were completely up to the mark, and the utmost expense and exertions were lavished on the ballet, costumes, and general *mise en scene*. Nevertheless, although the performance was received with the greatest indulgence, every point where applause could possibly be forced in being eagerly seized on, and encores demanded which unfavourably augmented the length of the opera, while to conclude, Her Majesty the Queen, who was present, commanded it for the following Saturday, on the occasion of the state visit. *Florinda* cannot be cited as a successful opera.

Wanting in those *ad captandum* qualities which appeal to the masses, it does not make up for their absence by any of those profound and more solid characteristics to which really great works owe their lasting reputation. It has been performed several times during the season; but we much doubt whether a future season will witness its revival. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was not lucky in having such a character as *Florinda* for her first original creation; and we entirely agree with a cotemporary, who in the course of an elaborate article declares that this young lady had "in all probability a more difficult and oppressive task to perform than was ever before imposed on a dramatic singer," and that "Mr. Thalberg was more fortunate in having such an artist as Mademoiselle Cruvelli to represent his heroine than Mademoiselle Cruvelli in having such a part as *Florinda* to create." "In short," to use the closing words of the *Times* notice—"Mademoiselle Cruvelli may be said to have been the good genius of Mr. Thalberg's opera, since without her it might have fared more ill even than its deserts."

We need say no more about Her Majesty's state visit, when *Florinda* was performed for the second time, than that it took place on Saturday, July 5th, under circumstances of the usual pomp and ceremony—that Her Majesty blazed in diamonds, and Prince Albert was dressed in Field Marshal's uniform, that in the national anthem, at the end of the opera, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mademoiselle Cruvelli sang the principal verses, and that the last was encored, which detained Her Majesty longer on her feet than was either loyal or polite on the part of her liege and loving subjects.

At this period "the celebrated Twenty Eight Spanish Dancers," headed by Dona Petra Camara, who previously had

created so great a sensation at the *Gymnase* in Paris, were brought forward by Mr. Lumley, with the hope that they would make the same impression here. Their dances, however, although pleasing were found to be too much of one character, and not sufficiently striking and interesting to constitute the *frais* of an evening's performance. They were afterwards used for a few nights to vary the *divertissements* before and after the operas. The spirit, however, exhibited by Mr. Lumley, in such a variety of ways, throughout the season, cannot be sufficiently commended in adding these attractions to his already powerful and brilliant ballet *troupe*.

The next event of note was the appearance of the wonderful little violinist, Paul Jullien, on an extra Wednesday night, when his performance of a brilliant solo was heard with astonishment and applauded with fervour.

Signor Puzzi's usual annual benefit, on Thursday, July 10th, was remarkable for the revival of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with Sontag, Fiorentini, Sophie Cruvelli, Coletti, Ferranti, Mercuriali and Lablache in the principal parts. The only novelty in this, however, was the appearance of Sophie Cruvelli in the Page, whose singing of the "*Voi che sapete*" on this occasion, though greatly admired for its finish and expression, was broadly criticised for the liberties taken with the text of Mozart. The evening was further remarkable for the reproduction of the *divertissement* called *Les Graces*, in which Carolina Rosati, Amalia Ferraris and Marie Taglioni vied with each other in good looks and sparkling steps; and for the reappearance (for this night only) of Carlotta Grisi, in one of her most popular and fascinating *pas*.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

CRUVELLI.

Our enlightened *confrere*, E. Viel, *redacteur* of the *Menistrel*, in a letter from London, to that journal, on music in England, renders full justice to the talents and accomplishments of this popular singer.

"Sophie Cruvelli," says our cotemporary, "maintains the high reputation in London of which Paris had previously awarded her the patent, although Paris had neither time nor occasion to appreciate all the largeness, suppleness, and variety of her talents. As charming in the *cornette* of Linda, or in the short cloak of Cherubino, as she is dramatic under the disguise of Leonora, or in the tunic of Norma, Cruvelli is able to bear all the weight of the most extensive and complex *repertoire*; the graceful and the terrible, the soprano or contralto, all is within her reach, I may say, all equally easy to her. No words can describe the effect she produces in the overwhelming finale of the third act of *Fidelio*, when the vibrations of her incomparable organ, pierce through the clamour of an orchestra and chorus of the most formidable dimensions."

CLEMENTI.

MUZIO CLEMENTI, the celebrated pianist and composer, was born at Rome in 1752. His father, a goldsmith, was very fond of music, and delighted to find in young Muzio a remarkable taste for that art. He spared no pains to enable him to study successfully, and his first care was to place him under the direction of his relative, Buroni, who was chapel-master in one of the churches of Rome. At six years of age, Clementi commenced singing the gamut, and at seven, was placed with an organist named Cordicelli, who taught him to play upon the harpsichord, and instructed him in the principles of accompaniment. At nine years of age, Clementi presented himself to an association for a situation as organist, and obtained it, after having complied in a satisfactory manner with the conditions, which consisted in accompanying a figured bass, selected from the works of Corelli, and transposing it into different keys. He was then placed under the direction of Sartanelli, an excellent singing-master, and two years afterwards entered the school of Carpini, one of the best contrapuntists at Rome. Clementi pursued his studies until he was fourteen years old. At this time an Englishman, named Beckford, travelling in Italy, heard him, and was so astonished at his talent for the harpsichord, that he urged the father of the young artist to permit him to take him to England, promising to watch over his fortunes. The proposal of Mr. Beckford having been accepted, Clementi was conducted to the residence of that gentleman, in Dorsetshire. There, with the aid of a good library, and the family intercourse, he soon acquired a knowledge of the English language, and pursued many other studies, without neglecting the harpsichord, which he cultivated assiduously. The works of Handel, Bach, Scarlatti and Paradisi became the objects of his meditations, and perfected his taste at the same time with his fingering. At eighteen years of age, Clementi not only surpassed all his contemporaries in the art of playing on the piano, but had composed his second work, which became a model of the sonata for that instrument. This was not published until three years after it was written. All artists spoke of it with admiration, and among others, Charles Emanuel Bach, a competent judge. The fame which this acquired for Clementi obliged him to leave his retreat in Dorsetshire, and reside in London. He there immediately received an engagement to preside at the piano at the opera, which contributed to perfecting his taste by the frequent opportunities of hearing the best Italian singers. His style was elevated, his execution acquired more finish, and his work soon spread his fame through the continent. About the year 1780, he resolved to visit Paris, agreeably to the advice of Pacchiarotti. He was there listened to with enthusiasm, and the queen, before whom he had the honour of playing, afforded him strong testimony of her satisfaction. Struck with the contrast between the impetuous admiration of the French and the cold approbation of the English, Clementi frequently said, that from that time he did not think himself to be the same man. During his stay at Paris, he composed his 5th and 6th "operas," and published a new edition of his 1st, to which he added a fugue.

At the beginning of the year 1781, he departed for Vienna by the way of Strasburg, where he was presented to the Prince of Deux-Ponts (late King of Bavaria), who treated him with the highest distinction. He stopped also at Munich, where he was equally well received by the Elector. Having arrived at Vienna, he became intimate with Haydn, Mozart, and all the distinguished musicians of that capital.

The Emperor, Joseph II., who was very fond of music, frequently took pleasure in listening to him for several hours, and sometimes passed whole evenings with Mozart and Clementi, who succeeded each other at the piano. Clementi wrote at Vienna his op. 4 (three sonatas), published by Artaria, op. 8 published at Lyons, and six sonatas (op. 9 and 10), published by Artaria. On his return to England, he published his famous *Toccata* with a sonata (op. 11), which had been published at France, without his knowledge, from a copy filled with errors. In the autumn of 1783, John Baptist Cramer, then fifteen years old, became a pupil of Clementi, after having received lessons from Schoröeter and F. Abel. In the following year Clementi took another journey to France, whence he returned at the beginning of the year 1785. From that time to 1802 he did not leave England, and devoted himself to teaching. Although he had fixed the price of his lessons at a guinea, his pupils were so numerous that it was difficult for him to find any time for composing. It was at this period that he wrote all his works from op. 15 to op. 40, and his *Introduction to the art of playing the piano*. About the year 1800, the bankruptcy of the house of Longman and Broderip caused him to lose a considerable sum; many merchants of the first rank engaged to unite in business to repair this loss; he took this advice and formed an association for the manufacture of pianos and the sale of music. The desire which he felt of giving to every instrument he made all desirable perfection, induced him to give up teaching in order to devote himself to mechanical studies and an active superintendence. His enterprise was crowned with success, and his house became one of the first in London.

Of the distinguished pupils Clementi formed, we may mention John Field, one of the most skilful pianists of his time. It was with this favourite scholar that in the autumn of 1802 he went to Paris for the third time. He was received there with the highest admiration, and Field excited astonishment by the manner in which he played the fugues of Bach. The two artistes in 1803 took the route to Vienna, and Clementi had intended to entrust Field to the care of Albrechtsberger, to be instructed in counterpoint. Field at first consented, but at the moment his master prepared to depart for Russia, he supplicated him with tears in his eyes to be permitted to accompany him. Clementi could not resist his entreaties, and they both started for St. Petersburg. There a young pianist named Zeuner, attached himself to Clementi, and followed him to Berlin, and afterwards to Dresden. In this city a young man of the greatest promise was presented to him, named Klengel, whom he received as a pupil, and with whom he returned to Vienna in 1804. Klengel became from that time one of the first organists of Germany. Kalkbrenner also applied to Clementi, and received such advice as carried his talent to the highest degree of perfection. In the following year Clementi and his pupil Klengel made a tour to Switzerland. Clementi afterwards returned to Berlin, where he married his first wife. He went with her to Italy in the autumn of the same year, and stayed at Rome and Naples. On his return to Berlin Clementi had the misfortune to lose his wife. The grief he felt in consequence caused him to leave abruptly for Petersburg; but not finding solace excepting in the distractions inseparable from travelling, he remained but a short time in that city, and returned to Vienna. Having heard, a short time afterwards, of the death of his brother, he repaired to Rome on private business. The war which then desolated Europe obliged him to remain a while at Milan, and several

other cities of Italy; but finding a favourable opportunity, he returned to England, where he arrived in the summer of 1810, after an absence of eight years. The following year Clementi married again, and an amiable companion consoled him for the loss of his first wife. Clementi composed but one sonata (Op. 41) during the eight years of his travels, having been absorbed in the composition of his symphonies, and the preparation of a choice collection of pieces for the organ and harpsichord, selected from the works of the greatest composers. The Philharmonic Society having been instituted, Clementi brought out two symphonies, which were performed several times and highly praised. In the month of March, 1824, he gave some new pieces to the Philharmonic Society and the King's Theatre.

The works of Clementi consist of a hundred and six sonatas, divided into thirty-four ops., of which there are forty-six, with an accompaniment for the violin or flute and violoncello; a duo for two pianos; four duos for four hands; a chase; a toccata; a set of characteristic pieces, in the style of several great masters; three capriccios; a fantasia upon the air, "By the light of the moon"; twenty-four waltzes; twelve *mont-ferrines*; an introduction to the art of playing the piano (*Gradus ad Parnassum*), divided into twelve parts, a work which passed through twelve editions in England, and was reprinted several times in Germany and France, besides symphonies and overtures for a full orchestra. Clementi was also the editor of a fine collection of choice pieces of the great masters, published at London, in three volumes, folio. The style of Clementi's compositions is light, brilliant, and full of elegance, and his sonatas will remain classic a long time; but it cannot be denied that there is a barrenness in his themes, and that he is wanting in passion. Except some slight mistakes his works are generally well written. As a pianist, the eulogiums that have been lavished upon him are without bounds, and the greatest artists agree in pronouncing him chief of the best school of mechanism and of fingering. It is he who fixed the principles of the fingering and mechanism of execution. Many complete editions of his works have been published at Leipsic and at Bonn.

Clementi enjoyed the highest consideration in England, and the most distinguished artists testified their respect for him. Possessed of considerable wealth, he gave up, during the latter part of his life, the direction of his establishment for the sale of music, and the manufacture of pianos to the care of his partner, Mr. Collard; and having retired to an estate in the country, he lived in repose, and seldom went to London. On one of his visits to that city, Cramer, Moscheles, and many other celebrated artists gave a dinner to the patriarch of the piano; and towards the end of the evening, they prevailed upon him to play. He extemporised—and the freshness of his ideas, and the perfection of his playing, excited surprise and admiration. Clementi died soon after this, on the 10th of March, 1832, at eighty years of age.

Dramatic Intelligence.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The production of *Timon of Athens* here on Monday excited the usual interest of a Shakspearian revival at Sadler's Wells, the house being early filled in every part. It is generally allowed, that the last two acts of this play are among the greatest inspirations of the poet, and *Timon* may possibly be added to those characters, of which, (as has been said of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and others), the stage has

hitherto found but few adequate representatives. In spite of the grand ideal of the principal character, and the contrast and relief afforded by the other parts, the play wants that which alone can give it permanent popularity at the theatre—an action of interest and continuity. Indeed so well has Mr. Phelps been aware of the necessity of helping out the piece by scenic aid, that a moving Diorama of the March of Alcibiades and his army from the walls of Athens to *Timon's* retreat in the woods, has been introduced. The pruning knife also has been pretty freely used. The little part of the clown has been omitted, together with the scene in the last act, between *Timon* and the Poet and Painter, which latter it would have been better to retain. One of the most subtle and striking points of this play is the contrast between the cynicism of *Timon* and *Apemantus*. With *Timon*, as has been well said, "It is all up-hill work;" but *Apemantus* is the true sceptic of nature, who "abhors himself," and delivers his gibes with all the cold-blooded ferocity of baffled pride and will.

Timon.—"Thou art proud *Apemantus*!"

Timon does not possess much interest with the audience, until his burst of fury at his creditors.

"What! are my doors opposed against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place in which I've feasted, does it now, like all mankind, show me an iron heart?"

* * * "Cut my heart in sums!" * * * tell out my blood!
* * * Take me, tear me, and the gods fall on you," &c., &c.

This, and the mock grace at the pretended banquet which follows, were among Mr. Phelps's happiest points. His soliloquy outside the walls,

"Let me look back upon thee, oh thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves," &c.

was given with the vehement power in which he excels, and his address to the gold which he digs up, told with equal force upon the audience.

"Why this—

We'll lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions."

* * * "Come damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations,

I will make thee do thy right nature."

Can Greek tragedy show such lines?

Mr. Phelps's delineation of this wonderful and strange creation of Shakspeare's mind, possibly came as near to the stern power of the poet's ideal as we can reasonably hope to see on the modern stage. The *Apemantus* of Mr. George Bennett, although hardly savage enough, was pungent and well conceived. The scenery and appointments of the dramas of past times have become objects of increasing curiosity, from the strict attention to records which now distinguishes them. The banquetting-hall of *Timon* and the view of a part of the city from the walls, are of great interest as well as beauty, and *Timon's* retreat in the woods is admirably designed and painted. We regret that we cannot speak in praise of the music introduced. The noise of the drums and cymbals that accompanied the March of Alcibiades, was anything but harmonious. The play was listened to with great attention, and received at the close with loud and unanimous applause.

HAYMARKET.—We have paid another visit to *Grandmother Grizzle*, who seems likely to enjoy a green old age here for some time, thanks to the exertions of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the inimitable humour of Mr. Buckstone, and the prettiness of Mrs. Buckingham.

THE MUSICAL WORLD

SURREY.—Thanks to the musical taste over the water, and the enterprising management of this theatre, Mozart is becoming as welcome here as any of his less gifted compeers, and the production of *Don Giovanni* has been as successful as any novelty of Mr. Shepherd's operatic season. After having been accustomed to hear the work at our two great lyrical establishments, we, of course, went to the Surrey with moderated expectations; but taking everything into consideration, these were amply fulfilled. Mr. Borrani as the Don, Mr. Travers the Octavio, and Mr. F. Romer the Leporello, all acquitted themselves to the best of their abilities. Miss Annie Romer plays Donna Anna, and Miss Poole, one of the most accomplished of our native lyrical vocalists—is the Zerlina. The rest of the parts are creditably filled. The vocal qualifications of Miss Jane Coveney who plays Elvira, are slender; but she is handsome and well formed, and is a graceful and pains-taking actress. The laurels were divided between Mr. Travers, who was encored in "Il mio Tesoro" (we don't remember the English words), and Miss Poole who obtained the like honour in "Vedrai Carino" (of which we also forget the vernacular transmutation). There was now and then a little unsteadiness in the orchestra, but not more than a few repetitions of the opera will probably remove. Let us hope that Mr. Shepherd will follow up his spirited and successful experiment by the production of *Figaro*.

Owing to the indisposition of Miss Romer, in the early part of the week, Miss Annie Romer, rather than see the public disappointed, undertook Miss Romer's part in *Der Freischutz* at two hours' notice and went through her arduous task with the most triumphant success. This fact deserves to be noticed, as it not only shows Miss Annie Romer's great proficiency as a vocalist—so great that it enabled her to study, in an incredibly short period, a part with which she was previously totally unacquainted—but it proves how ready she is to oblige the management, a circumstance which, we are sure, the management will not forget.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE, AND NEW STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. W. R. Copeland, the lessee of this theatre, is evidently of the opinion of our transatlantic brethren, that there is nothing like going ahead, and, consequently, the worthy manager, not content with producing one new piece at a time, favoured the public, last Monday, with two first nights, like George Colman's "two single gentlemen"—rolled into one. The entertainments commenced with a comediotta, by Maddison Morton, Esq., entitled *A Hopeless Passion*. The action passes at Madrid, in the time of Philip V. whose accession to the throne of Spain gave rise to Louis XIV.'s celebrated expression, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées."

At the rising of the curtain, we find that the particular period of Philip's reign chosen for the play is that when the Archduke Charles of Austria was using very forcible arguments—in the shape of cannon balls and bayonets,—the latter then a novel invention, to assert his claim to the throne. A certain Don Terribio de Portobello (Mr. Tilbury) in high favour with Philip, has been intriguing with the Archduke's party, and, in every sense, genteel and vulgar, "selling" his master. But great as may be Don Terribio's title to the name of a profound diplomatist, and it is certainly very great, as like most others of the same class, he is made a perfect fool of in the end, he is outmanœuvred by his ward Donna Beatrice de Sandoval (Mrs. W. R. Copeland), a perfect Talleyrand in petticoats, who discovers his machinations to the King, after having, by the most ingenious system of mystification, first made him give his consent to her union with Gaston de Courville (Mr. Morton), a young French nobleman. Such is a slight and meagre outline of one of the best contrived and most

elaborate plots with which we are acquainted. Surprise follows surprise, and every incident is as necessary to the success, as the first proposition of Euclid is to the two that are based upon it. Mr. Tilbury's impersonation of Don Terribio was a very excellent piece of acting, but why, in the name of all that is anachronic, will Mr. Tilbury wear a coat of the reign of George the Second, or the youth of George the Third, at the court of Philip V.? He might almost as well have played the character in a Joinville tie, and a Nicoll's Paletot, "registered according to Act of Parliament, and warranted, etc., etc." Mrs. W. R. Copland gave Donna Beatrice with great spirit, and with that distinct and clear enunciation which the gentlemen who "do" the opening and pro rogation of Parliament are always accustomed to attribute to her Majesty, and which we could desire to find a little more prevalent among some actresses of the present day. At the conclusion of the piece, the curtain fell amid general applause. The second novelty of the evening was a *pièce de circonstance* founded upon the assumption of the principal part of male attire by the American ladies, and was, like most pieces of the kind, not remarkable for any particular plot. The grand feature was the appearance of Miss Marshall in the "Bloomer" costume, and a most lovely "Bloomer" she made. If ever the dress does become general in England, it will be because everyone who has seen Miss Marshall in it, with her natty jacket, her umbrageous straw hat, her flowing trousers—*lemot est lâche*—and her captivating blue boots, will insist that his mother, sisters, wife, aunts, and cousins shall adopt it forthwith. Miss Marshall is decidedly a great acquisition to the establishment. Mr. Rogers, as Nobby Nick, a travelling showman, was funny but rather too boisterous. This is a fault he must guard against, as it is one which appears to be growing on him every day; exaggeration is not nature. The title of the farce, by the way, is "A Figure of Fun." After the "tag," spoken by Miss Marshall, who promised to appear again as a Bloomer—we hope she will do so a great many times—the curtain once more fell, and another success was achieved by the management.

Original Correspondence.

FIDELIO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—The thanks of the whole musical world are due to Mr. G. A. Macfarren for his most able and interesting analysis of Beethoven's mighty and inspired production, *Fidelio*. No doubt, all your readers have felt equal interest with me in perusing each portion of it, as it appeared in the pages of your valuable *World*. If the talented author would allow me to suggest the publication of the "Analysis" entire, in the shape of a pamphlet, or, hereafter, in conjunction with other papers of the same kind, which I hope will emanate from his pen, I think he would confer a boon upon many, who from various causes, have not the advantage of reading the *Musical World*, though they ought to do so, of course.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours right faithfully,

J. A. BAKER.

Birmingham, Sept. 16th, 1851.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

1A, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, Sept. 17th.

SIR,—I understand it has been reported that I sailed for America with Miss Hayes. Now as it is not true, I shall be very much obliged if you will be kind enough to contradict the report in the *Musical World*.

Yours very truly,

M. WILLIAMS.

MUSICAL MODESTY IN INDIA.

(To the Editor of The Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to hand you underneath an original advertisement for a concert, extracted from a recent East Indian Newspaper. The modesty of the musical professor shows itself in every line.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

COLOPHANE.

Sept. 14, 1851.

"The humble servant to the public, Peter Damian Ribeiro, having been a resident in this beautiful and wealthy Presidency for the period of more than 20 years, and during this time there having appeared many performers in Bombay periodically, who have cut their respective figures according to each one's musical talents, and left this entirely satisfied with what they had amassed, with applause and thanks of the community at large, although in their performances they have not exhibited any new and scientific composition, but all borrowed pieces, which renders it impossible for any musical performer to convey to his hearers those feelings which nothing but an original composition alone can stimulate, as for instance, Aristotle or Demosthenes whose feelings none can or will be able to express. The undersigned, professor in music, begs to make patent to the world, particularly to the gentry of Bombay, his musical abilities, and proposes to give a concert, of which a programme will be forthwith published. It will be dedicated to the Hon. Sir Erskine Perry, Knight, the worthy Chief Justice of Bombay and its dependencies, as a token of the gratitude which he owes to His Lordship for the kindness and frequent favours he has received, and hopes always to receive at his hands.

"Dated at Colaba, near the Bombay Times Office, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1851.

"PETER DAMIAN RIBEIRO.

"Professor of Music."

MR. BRIDGE FRODSHAM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—SIR,—In one of your numbers of August there is a critique on the concert of Miss LUTITIA PITT, and in conjunction with others during the evening you kindly noticed my being encored in Clement White's ballad, "Ah why didst thou tell me;" but in that notice you used the word "BISSED." Now I have some FEW FRIENDS WHO ARE LIBERAL ENOUGH to say it is a mistake of the printer, as it should have been HISSED. As such was not the case, and to decide the question for a provincial MUSICAL FRIEND (a subscriber of yours) who defended me to some country amateurs, I have thus intruded on your time and space, and rely on your polite attention and kind consideration for a young vocalist, and am yours very respectfully,

BRIDGE FRODSHAM.

[Mr. Bridge Frodsham is quite correct—we said "bissed."—Ed.]

THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In musical matters I detest doubts, for I have witnessed the sad state of incredulity, the utter disbelief in any maker or instrument, to which the Boehm controversy has reduced flute players; and I have heartily prayed that our convictions may not be similarly disturbed with regard to Pianofortes. It was then, with great satisfaction that I read an article, published in the *Morning Post* of the 15th ult., in which the writer demonstrates, with great force of assertion, the entire superiority of Erard's Pianos over all others. Sir, I was delighted. I said "Here we have a professional opinion, nay, a decision, emanating from the person of all others best qualified to appreciate the merits of the question," for the author is avowedly Mons. Erard himself. This, Sir, was my happy state of mind. I thought at length to have attained to conviction. Alas, reflection has since suggested doubts whether I may not, after all, have built upon a foundation of sand. For whereas Mons. Erard refers to the universal (?) preference of musicians, as furnishing the most conclusive evidence in his favour, yet he complains that by them the introduction and

progress of his instrument has been the most strongly opposed. Again, in relating the story of the judgment of King George, pronounced at once, as he tells us, in favour of Erard's instrument. In this case, I say, not to mention that I have heard a very different version, I cannot get over the fact, that while the decision of amateur royalty is triumphantly cited, that of Mr. Cramer, present on the occasion, and more competent, one would think, in such matters, is never once alluded to. Now, my version of the story represents him as favourable to instruments "of the old construction."

My doubts became stronger still when I read a letter from Messrs. Stodart, and another from Messrs. Broadwood, wherein both houses refute the claims put forward by Mons. Erard with regard to certain inventions.

I thus again find myself launched upon the ocean of uncertainty. Your kind pilotage, Mr. Editor, may perhaps conduct me into some safe and peaceful harbour. Pray do not withhold it from your sincere admirer,

AN AMATEUR.

Provincial.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.) The annual benefit Concert of our talented and highly esteemed townswoman, Miss Amelia Hill, took place on Tuesday evening the 11th instant. The Hall was crowded to excess, which we could attribute to the fact of Concerts having been for a long time past "a dead letter" with us, were we not convinced that the announcement of Sims Reeves, whose magic name has figured on our walls in all shapes and sizes for some days past, had a good deal to do with it, and, moreover the numerous friend of the fair *beneficiaire* were all exerting themselves to the utmost for their townswoman. The artistes from London were Sims Reeves, Frank Bodda, Miss Eyles and Miss Kate Loder. Sims Reeves was received with reiterated storms of applause. All his songs were vociferously re-demanded. We never heard him sing the divine air, "In Native Worth" more chastely.

Miss Eyles, who made her first appearance in Birmingham was very favourably received, and encored in both her songs. We hope ere long to welcome this lady again to our town. Frank Bodda, we thought not in good voice. His *Aria Buffa* "Largo al factotum," was very spiritedly given and redemanded. A similar compliment was paid to his Irish Ballad "Thady O'Toole," a *fool* of a thing, by the way, but for which he only bowed his acknowledgments. We had another *debutante*, Miss Marianne Hill, sister of the *beneficiaire*, who although very nervous acquitted herself very creditably in a couple of duets with her sister. Miss Amelia Hill pleased us better than usual. She seemed to have lost a great deal of her nervous timidity, and consequently, her voice which is very pure in quality, appeared to much greater advantage. She sang Rodes air with variations, a difficult task for her, quite to our critical satisfaction, although Louisa Pyne's delicious singing of the same air was still ringing in our ears. *En passant*, we may remark we thought Miss Hill undertook too much by one half, singing no less than nine times, beside *encores*. We think she would do well to avoid this fault in future. There were two or three concerted pieces, which, excepting Barnett's "Magic Wove Scarf" were only common place.

The Pianoforte playing of Kate Loder was the gem of the evening. She was encored in Schulhoff's *Carnival*, for which she substituted Stephen Heller's pleasing bagatelle "Chant de Chasseur." She also appeared as a composer, accompanying Miss Hill in a charming serenade, with which we hope soon to be better acquainted. Thalberg's brilliant duet for two pianofortes was admirably played by Kate Loder and our talented young townswoman Miss Stevens, who well sustained her reputation as an accomplished pianiste. Mr. Simms ably discharged the duties of Conductor. The *encores* were, as usual in Birmingham very numerous, there being no less than eleven, which prolonged the concert far too much, though most of the audience remained to the last, and we trust enjoyed their respective journeys home by the light of the "Full Moon" which Miss Hill kindly announced in her programmes, would take place that evening. Altogether the con-

cert gave satisfaction, but—as your Manchester Correspondent says, “Oh! these butts”—there was no band, no orchestra! No doubt it answered Miss Hill’s purpose better to have the orchestra filled, as it was, by listeners and *payers*! rather than by performers and *receivers*! But we trust ere long no concert will be given in England to without an efficient orchestra. We are glad to notice that in this town, at least, there is now some hope of accomplishing this great and desirable end, as will be perceived from the subjoined extract from our Birmingham Journal.

“ESTABLISHMENT OF AN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—The condition of musical bankruptcy in which Birmingham has been placed for some years past has been owing in a great measure to the want of a good resident orchestra, and that want is in no inconsiderable degree the result of personal misunderstandings. With a festival unrivalled in England, Birmingham occupies a very low position in musical taste, so low that the few concerts we have are shorn of half their interest by the absence of an orchestra. It is with no ordinary pleasure we learn that a numerous meeting of the instrumentalists of the town took place on Monday last, at the Assembly Room, Dee’s Royal Hotel, which was kindly placed by the proprietor at the disposal of the artists brought together on the occasion. The result of the meeting was an unanimous resolution to establish a society, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Baker, for the study and performance of orchestral music in all its branches; and a provisional committee was formed to make arrangements for carrying out the intention of the meeting with vigour. The society has chosen for its title ‘The Birmingham Orchestral Musical Union,’ and we sincerely trust that under their auspices the musical reputation of the town will be elevated from its present miserable condition of prostration.”

HARROGATE.—MR. JULIAN ADAMS’ CONCERT.—This concert took place in the Cheltenham Room on Tuesday evening last, and was crowded to excess by every visitor of rank and fashion in the vicinity—the best proof that this pianist is justly appreciated by all who admire native talent. To speak of his pianoforte playing would be superfluous, having so long taken his position; but we are bound to express our surprise at his conducting the orchestra through long and difficult pieces entirely from memory, which was displayed in the overture to *Semiramide*, and the divertissement of Carl Buller; as also the selection of Scotch airs, which was admirably performed. Mr. Lawler was encored in the beautiful song of Rooke—“My Boyhood’s Home,” which was given with the greatest possible expression. This gentleman possesses a deep bass voice, and is one of our best vocalists. We were highly pleased with the comic duet—“The singing Lesson,” in which Madame Bouran was exceedingly humorous. Miss M. B. Marsh appeared to labour under disadvantage, and we were disappointed with the singing of “Qui la voce,” one of the most favourite pieces of Bellini. The orchestra was full, the performers all determined to exert themselves to the satisfaction of their director, Mr. Julian Adams, and the result was one of the best concerts we remember in Harrogate.—*Harrogate Advertiser*.

MANCHESTER.—GLOVER’S “EMANUEL.”—We are glad to find this oratorio is to be brought out in the Free Trade Hall, in the course of the present month. We have heard portions of the work given at the rehearsals, and have reason to expect its public performance will raise the talented composer in the estimation of his townsmen. Mr. Glover has the assistance of a number of gentlemen who are earnestly working to bring out this, his second work, in a manner every way worthy of the town. Already upwards of fifty pounds have been subscribed towards the expenses of the performance; and considering the very liberal offer of Mr. Glover and his friends to hand over the surplus proceeds to the Sunday-school fund for Her Majesty’s visit, we may reasonably expect to see the room well-filled on the occasion.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.—The distinguished vocalist, Madame Clara Novello, is about to appear at the Free Trade Hall, on the 30th instant, after an absence of seven years. The remembrance of her great triumph on the occasion of her last singing there, will no doubt cause much desire again to hear her. Along with her, besides the fine tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, the able bass, Mr. Delavanti, and the renowned violinist, Signor Sivori, we are to hear

for the first time in England Mdle. Caroline Beer, from the opera of Hamburg, whose reputation will be familiar to many of the German population of this locality. She possesses a voice of immense compass, particularly fine in the lower range, and sings with great passion and feeling. This is the opinion we have heard expressed of her powers by individuals on whose judgment we can rely.—*Manchester Examiner*.

CORSHAM.—A Concert took place at the British school-room on the 29th ult., when the room was not so full as we could have wished, but the company were highly respectable. The vocalists were Mr. and Mrs. Pyne, of Bath, assisted by two amateurs, who kindly gave their services. The band was led by Mr. Pitman, of Bath, and Mr. W. B. Sainsbury acted as conductor. W. Weaver, Esq., kindly assisted in the instrumental pieces. Mr. Vincent’s performances on the flute were greatly admired, as were also Mrs. Pyne’s, who was encored in “Within a mile.” The duet, “Born in yon Blaze,” was also encored. Mrs. Pyne’s sweet style of singing cannot fail to be appreciated. Altogether, the concert went off, like most concerts do, capitally. Some say an amateur concert would answer better; but the appearance of eminent professors gives a musical character to the thing.

CHELTEHAM.—The Cheltenham Floral Association held its last show of the season this afternoon, at the Pittville Spa. The weather was remarkably fine, and the attendance consequently numerous. We have not, indeed, for many years witnessed so gay and brilliant an assemblage of the rank, beauty, and fashion of Cheltenham and the surrounding neighbourhood, as was gathered together upon this occasion; and to render the scene still more gay and exhilarating, the band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance, and performed on the terrace in front of the Pump Room during the whole of the afternoon, the selection of music being quite first-rate, as the following programme of the compositions performed will sufficiently evince:—

PART I.

GRAND MARCH—“Athalia”	Mendelssohn
OVERTURE—“Fest”	Lindpaintner
WALTZ—“Herbst Blumen” (Autumn Flowers)	Labitzky
GRAND FANTASIA—“Robert le Diable,” selected	Meyerbeer
and arranged by C. Godfrey	
POLKA—“The Crystal fountain”	Jullien
DUO CONCERTANTE—“Cornet a Piston and Trombone”	Bender
SELECTION—“Ne touchez pas a la reine”	Boisselot
QUADRILLE—“The Great Exhibition”	Jullien

PART II.

GRAND SELECTION—“Le Prophete,” selected and	Meyerbeer
arranged by C. Godfrey	
WALTZ—“Donna Sabine”	Henrion
FANTASIA—On airs from “Lucrezia Borgia”	Donizetti
POLKA—“The Eclipse”	Koenig
POT POURRI—“The Marble Maiden”	A. Adam
INTRODUCTION—“Child of the Air”	Mountain
HELDAL SONG—“See here we bring”	Sylph
POLKA—“The Matagorda”	W. E. Jarrett
GALOP—“The Amazon and Tiger”	Karl Buller

The musical department was under the direction of Mr. Godfrey.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening week a Grand Dress Concert took place in the Concert Hall. The following was the programme:—

FIRST PART:

OVERTURE—“Clemenza di Tito”	Mozart
ARIA—Signor Tagliafico—“Liete voci” (Zaira)	Mercadante
SWISS AIRS—Madame Sontag	Eckert
CONCERTO—Violin—M. Sainton—(No. 9)	Spohr
CAVATINA—Mademoiselle Fischer—“Robert, toi que j’aime” (Robert le Diable)	Meyerbeer
DUO—Mademoiselle Fischer and Signor Tagliafico—“Se la vita” (Semiramide)	Rossini
ARIA—Madame Sontag—“O luce di quest’ anima” (Linda di Chaumonix)	Donizetti

SECOND PART.

OVERTURE—"Otello"	Rossini
SONG—Madame Sontag—"The soldier tired"	Dr. Arne
SONG—Signor Tagliafico—"Madamina, il catalogo" (Don Giovanni)	Mozart
DUETT—Madame Sontag and Mademoiselle Fischer—"Sullaria"—(Nozze di Figaro)	Mozart
DUETT—Pianoforte and violin—Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Sainton	Beethoven
AIR—Mademoiselle Fischer—"Ernani, involami" (Ernani)	Verdi
POLKA SONG—Madame Sontag (composed for her)	Alary
"THE WEDDING MARCH"	Mendelssohn
CONDUCTOR	Mr. Charles Hallé.
LEADER	Mr. Seymour.

The overture to *Clemenza di Tito* formed a spirited introduction to the evening's performances. The first vocal solo fell to the share of Signor Tagliafico, a gentleman whom we are always glad to hear, who did full justice to it. The Signor, indeed, sang very well in all the pieces committed to his care, and received, as he could not fail to do, many expressions of approbation, though we think he deserved an encore, for the style in which he gave the air from *Don Giovanni*, a chaste and finished performance.

The celebrated Sontag was, of course, the grand attraction. Her qualifications are too well known to require any comment from us. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and accuracy of the ornaments so lavishly introduced in the air from Donizetti, which was vociferously encored, the fair singer returning only to bow her acknowledgments. However, she yielded to the importunate demands of the audience at the conclusion of the Swiss air, with its astonishing echo passages, and gave "Home, sweet home," in the most charming manner imaginable, raising the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. She did not create such a sensation in "The soldier tired," in which, by-the-bye Mr. Ellwood's trumpet was very effective, and the polka song we thought scarcely worthy of her choice, though "composed for her," but her splendid execution would make anything more than passable.

Mademoiselle Fischer appeared very nervous; she gives evidence of having been in a good school, and will doubtless, ere long, obtain a due proportion of public estimation. Her most successful effort was perhaps in the duet with Madame Sontag, in which the voices of the ladies blended very nicely; and this duet, we should add, was one of the encores. When we heard the first vocal piece, Tagliafico's solo, we hoped to have been able to compliment the band for a more discriminating volume of tone in the accompaniments. "Liete voci" certainly was the best accompanied song we have heard for a long time in the Concert Hall, and the same improvement was kept up to within the last few bars of Madame Sontag's first solo, when the instrumentalists again forgot themselves, and completely drowned the singer: this was repeatedly the case during the subsequent pieces; still, on the whole, we consider there was a considerable improvement upon previous concerts. In the metropolis no musician is held in greater estimation for classical violin playing than M. Sainton. The concerto of Spohr was not a composition calculated for general comprehension, and no doubt would be felt tedious by those who cannot appreciate a style of music which had none of the *clap-trap* so much in vogue in music for violin. There were no displays of apparent impossibilities, no violent changes, all was quiet—some would say tame; but at the same time the performance of M. Sainton, was unimpeachable in point of refinement and correctness. The duet for pianoforte and violin by Beethoven, was very fairly divided between the executants. Sainton was heard to greater advantage than before, and Hallé as usual distinguished himself by his faultless execution. The hall was unusually crowded, and the temperature of the evening being remarkably close and sultry, the heat in the room was very oppressive: it seemed to cause a great fatality among the fiddle-strings, which were continually breaking, those of M. Sainton's instrument not being exempted from the list of casualties—his last performance being interrupted for a few moments in consequence. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's spirited Wedding March, from *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream, which seems to have a greater power in retaining the audience to the close than any other piece in the orchestral repertoire.—*Manchester Courier*.

Foreign.

BERLIN.—The operatic public here have the benefit of the antagonistic exertions of three rival *prime donne*, of almost equal pretensions, Mademoiselle Wagner, Madame Tucsek, and Madame Kæster. Mademoiselle Wagner has recently made her *rentrée* in *Fidelio* with such success, that she snuffed out all her predecessors. Madame Tucsek, in the part of Rezia, in *Oberon*, next appeared, and with such success that she snuffed out Mademoiselle Wagner. Lastly, Madame Kæster came forward as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, with such success, that she snuffed out Madame Tucsek. Mademoiselle Wagner then reappeared as *Fidelio* with such success, that she snuffed out both her rivals, and *Fidelio* was victorious. The genius of Beethoven towered above that of Weber and Meyerbeer. The rest of the company is but an "awkward squad;" nevertheless, Spontini's *Olympia* is to be represented on the 15th of October, with Madame Kæster as *Olympia*, Mlle. Wagner as *Statira*, and is not likely to snuff out *Fidelio*. Mr. Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, London, has been here, and Doctor Bacher from Vienna is expected. Either, it is bruited, has one eye upon Mlle. Wagner, and the other eye upon Madame Kæster. Another *impresario* is expected in a cloak, who, it is bruited, will have either eye upon both. Meanwhile Mr. Bunn, who, I am told, is in want of a *prima donna*, would do well to call a cab and drive to the London station, and there taking information of the route to Berlin, avail himself of that information, and proceed *via* Ostend to Berlin, and there inquire touching the future intentions of Madame Tucsek—VIVAT REGINA.—*From our own Correspondent*.

WEIMAR.—Liszt is getting up the opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, of his friend Berlioz, at the Court Theatre.

VIENNA.—M. Thalberg's *Florinda* is in rehearsal at the *Karntnerthor*, and will be shortly produced.

LEIPZIG.—The directors of the concerts of the *Gewandhaus*, have just published their manifesto.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

Now that the *flat* season has commenced, after the termination of the *sharp* operatic contest between the rival establishments of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, we present our readers with a few stray *crotchets*; and if perchance, any of our jokes be considered *thorough, base*, we trust they will not prevent any dissentient peruser from pursuing the "even tenor of his way."

ALBERT SMITH, *on dit*, recently ascended Mont Blanc in order to make himself acquainted with the "sliding scale," as popular amongst the Swiss, but not with the free-traders of Britain. Doubtless the facetious writer was well provided with *slips* whilst taking notes of his ascent.

MARIO the "Titan" of tenors, was *instrumental* in cutting short the operatic season at Covent Garden, having refused to sing at reduced prices. Mr. Gye deems the *primo tenore* a "tight 'un" to deal with.

JENNY LIND—whose advent has already been trumpeted—has been dubbed by the Manchester Cotton Lords a "spinning Jenny" in consequence of her having spun a rapid fortune in America. Speculation is afloat as to what will turn up when the fair *Suede* arrives in London.

CATHERINE HAYES the *gentle*, appropriately left for America, in the *Pacific*. How the *Swan* of Erin will please the Yankees after the Swedish *Nightingale* remains to be seen. Query? How can the pretty Catherine return from the *United State(s) single*?

MESSRS RUST AND STAHL have caught a Mrs. *Sammon* in the act of purloining some of their pianofortes. We congratulate them on *hooking their fish*, and trust that in all similar cases they will deal *forte* with the delinquents instead of *piano*.

ALEXANDRE BILLET's classical playing has so enchanted a certain "*bas bleu*" in the Metropolitan literary world, that the fair admirer has dubbed the "great Alexandre" a veritable "*Billet doux*."

BUNN's forthcoming campaign at Drury Lane remains for the present a mystery. *Bunn* it is well known, is no *cake* in theatrical matters; but whether he will realize a *plum* by his speculation is a question.

A NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA seems as far from being realized as ever. *Overtures* made to (not by) the profession generally would probably be rejected, and would thus prevent them *acting in concert*, and as *harmony* is requisite in matters musical, an operatic company would with difficulty be found to support with one *accord*, a national English opera.

JULLIEN'S DRURY LANE CONCERTS, and the November fogs will come simultaneously—the former's merry strains to neutralize the "vapours" inseparable from the latter. *Apropos* would it not be appropriate for the master of the *baton*, in consideration of his ample white waistcoat to open the campaign with the overture to the *Vest-al(e)*?

CARLOTTA GRISI will, it appears, *trip it* to St. Peterburg, via *Stettin*. Let us hope the fair *dansseuse* will not (to use a Latin term) "*stet in*" the ice *en route*!

LABLACHE'S COSTUMIER complains of the recently great sameness in the dress of the great *basso*, inasmuch as that the "*gros de Naples*" naturally requires a mixture of broad cloth.

Reviews of Music.

"THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL HARMONY."—Being a perfect System founded upon Discovery of the true Semitonic Scale—J. J. HAITE. Ewer and Co.—Cocks and Co.

This is an ingenious treatise, but so brief and so concise that the new discovery by which the author professes to separate his theory from that of all others, and to present for the first time a system of harmony "complete and incontrovertible," is scarcely made out with sufficient clearness. Mr. Haite assumes that the Diatonic scale has been ably treated by theorists, but that the Semitonic scale has never been understood. The first part of his work, not professing to differ from his predecessors, we need not examine. The last and shorter portion, treating of the semitonic scale, demands a few observations.

Everybody, who is at all versed in the theories of harmony which have been published to the world, is aware that the great stumbling-block in the way of musical philosophers and acousticians has been the minor scale. Even the harmonic systems have failed to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point. The minor third, in short, has been pronounced an artifice in which nature has had no hand, and with this bungling explanation has been dis-

missed. Mr. Haite gives as a reason of the minor scale having been a riddle to all theorists—that the theorists have not understood the principles of any scale. He allows to Schneider and Godfreid Weber the merit of having discovered that a sharp fourth, counting from the "scalic root," existed in the minor scale. This one step on the great ladder of natural truth he declares has conferred a vast benefit upon musical art; and we may presume has helped Mr. Haite to find out the remaining steps. Mr. Haite's scalic principle is, that there is a leading note to each interval of the common chord upon the first degree of the scale, major and minor. His "semitonic major scale" is therefore, C—D—D sharp—E—F—F sharp—G—A—B—C. His semitonic minor scale is A—B—C—D sharp—E—F—G sharp—A. In the major scale the leading notes are, of course, the D sharp, F sharp, and B:—in the minor B—D sharp and G sharp. "From this hitherto unsuspected fact," Mr. Haite adduces that the major scale, which left the devices of semitonic combinations altogether to the minor, "is now capable of inexhaustible variety," that a vast field is opened for new effects, and the brushwood that perplexed the feet of the elder theorists in their race to the house of knowledge, compelling them to explain what they knew not by such terms as "inventions" and "licences," for ever cleared away.

Having assumed all this, Mr. Haite develops his system with great ingenuity; and, admitting his premises, it would be difficult to controvert his deductions. But, as the logician says, "we deny his major," and denying his major, can hardly be enabled to admit his minor. Everything that can be derived from what Mr. Haite terms his "semitonic scales," and a great deal else in the bargain, may be deduced from the chromatic scale, from which Mr. Haite, to constitute his pet scale, takes two notes, D sharp, F sharp, in the major, and two notes, D sharp G sharp, in the minor (of the scales of C and A, quoted above), and popping them upon the ordinary diatonic scale, dubs it with a new name of his invention. But those who are entire believers in the theory of harmony and notation discovered by the late Doctor Alfred Day, and expounded in his "Treatise on Harmony," where it is shown that all the notes of the scale, diatonic and chromatic, are derived from the harmonics of three primal roots, the tonic, the supertonic and the dominant—those who have examined and admitted the truth of this discovery cannot by any means allow that a D sharp can belong to the key of C. Mr. Haite's principle of roots, in fact, appears to us quite as obscure, *unbased*, and inexplicable, as that of the Abbé Vogler, which consists of neither more nor less than a series of unfounded assumptions. We are surprised to find a modern theorist using his pen and bothering his brains to explain the vague nomenclatures of Doctor Crotch, and to tell us the derivation of what that more elaborate than perspicuous theorist denominates the "Italian sixth," the "German sixth," and the "French sixth." As part of a system of deriving, however, it may be cited for its singularity. For example: the "Italian sixth," F—A—D sharp—(counting from the bass) he derives from D sharp—F and A; the "German sixth," F—A—C—D sharp, he derives from D sharp—F—A—C; the "French sixth," F—A—B—D sharp, he derives from B—D sharp—F—A; appending to which curious examples of deduction, he assumes that enough has been said to place the full range of his system "under the control of the thorough musician." Perhaps, however, our musicianship is not sufficiently "thorough" to comprehend the *arcana* of Mr. Haite's Temple of Harmony; which, to our humane comprehension, we humbly avow to be a myth.

In the development of his system, Mr. Haite has recourse to sundry strokes, and other innovated signs, for which he makes a sort of apology, wholly unnecessary, since they are remarkably simple and easy to be retained in the memory. In short, while professing our inability to penetrate into the secrets of that part of his theory (from page 13 to the end) which treats of the "semitonic scale," we acknowledge to have read Mr. Haite's little book with a vast deal of interest, and no less respect for the talent and ingenuity with which, in so few pages, he has endeavoured to unfold and explain his peculiar views. It is worth the pains of examining, by all who concern themselves in speculations concerning the theory of harmony, upon which the whole art and science of music depend.

"NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION OF ALL MOZART'S FAVOURITE SONGS, DUETS, AND TRIOS." With the original Italian and German Words, and an entirely new English version by W. H. BELLAMY—Arranged from the scores of Mozart by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY. T. Chappell.

We have received eight numbers out of twelve of the above very valuable collection of songs, containing some of the most beautiful specimens of lyrical composition which the art can boast, and take the opportunity of communicating to our readers the fact of their publication. The editorship of Mr. Wesley, our great organist, and a musician worthy of his father's name, is sufficient to recommend them equally to professors and amateurs, and guarantees the excellence of the arrangements.

As specimens of the manner in which Mr. Wesley has performed his task, we may adduce the two exquisite songs of Cherubino from *Figaro*, "Non so piu cosa" and "Voi che sapete," in which the accompaniments have been adapted in such a manner as not only to suit the genius of the piano, but to convey powerfully the varied effects of Mozart's instrumentation. We have rarely seen any thing more finished, rich, and effective in the shape of piano-forte arrangements from an orchestral score. The numbers before us comprise the two songs from *Figaro* just mentioned, (Nos. 2 and 8); the Italian airs "L'Addio" and "Quando Miro" (Nos. 3 and 4); "Non piu Andrai," "Dove Sono," and the duet "Crudel perche" from *Figaro* (Nos. 9, 10, 12); and "I Moderni Cavalieri" (No. 5). We shall be glad to receive numbers 1, 6, 7, and 11, at Mr. Chappell's earliest convenience.

Although we have cited the two songs of Cherubino as examples, it is but just to say that every one of Mr. Wesley's arrangements shows the hand of a master, a musician of refined taste, and a devoted worshipper of Mozart.

Mr. Bellamy's English version is for the most part elegant and tasteful. The only objection we have to urge is against the translation of the "Voi che sapete," the sentiment of which is altered and entirely spoiled. Perhaps Mr. Bellamy wrote to order, and was told to eschew the aspirations and love breathings of the ardent and impetuous Page. In all the other songs Mr. Bellamy has paid fitting reverence to the text.

"REUBEN RAYNE."—Written by GEORGE JAMES COOKE—Composed by GEORGE BARKER. Robert Cocks and Co.

For a black melody Mr. George Barker's present offering to the muse must be pronounced decidedly successful. The song has a Columbian flavour, which might, as it were, have been apprehended on the banks of the Ohio, or in the country of the bones and banjo. We have a leaning for Yankee tunes, in certain humours; and at times would prefer the native wood-notes wild of "My ole masser tole me so," or "Poor Nigger Joe," to a melody of whiter or less alien origin. Mr. George Barker's tune is a tune—there is no mistaking its simplicity and straightforwardness—it is a purely primitive ballad, and nothing else, and must be accepted as such, and no more. If you want a refined ballad, or a metaphysical ballad, or a ballad with profound harmonies, or a ballad suggestive of high-wrought fancies and originalities, you must avoid Mr. George Barker's new American contribution to the music table, and seek for what you want somewhere else; but if you are pleased with a mild, genial, unsophisticated tune, too pure to admit of modulations, too homely to receive subtle harmonies, take "Reuben Rayne," you will be fitted to a T. As such we can recommend Mr. George Barker's ballad honestly.

Of Mr. George James Cook, the poet, we must plead utter ignorance. We have never read any of his works; but, of a verity, from the specimen before us we desire greatly to become acquainted with them. The poetry of "Reuben Rayne" is so original in more sense than one that we consider it would be unfair to our readers to deprive them of so great a treat as must be experienced in its perusal. And so for

REUBEN RAYNE.

When I was stolen from my home,
And made a captive slave;
They bound me with an iron chain,
I did his mercy crave.
All day I wept, at night I cried,
Oh! take me back again,
Unto my own dear peaceful home,
To my poor Reuben Rayne.

CHORUS.

Oh! pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
No friendly voice to cheer him now,
Oh! pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never smile again!

They sold me to a *Christian man*,
I did his pity gain,
He loos'd me from the cruel yoke,
And set me free again.
But oh! I could not Reuben find,
My own dear Reuben Rayne,
They told me he was dead and gone,
And sleeping on the plain!

CHORUS.

Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart,
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
We'll never meet again!

All night I sat upon his grave,
And sorely I did cry,
Awake, awake, my love, awake,
Or let me with thee die,
For in this wretched world of woe,
I ne'er shall rest again,
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,
My own dear Reuben Rayne!

CHORUS.

O! pity, then, poor Reuben Rayne;
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
We'll never meet again.

The originality, beauty, pathos and fancy of the above lyric cannot be readily surpassed. We should like to have more Reuben Raynes from the same graphic pen.

Miscellaneous.

ON THE SISTRUM, &c.—After the death of Saul there appears to be little doubt but the Lyre was greatly improved and many strings added to it, for we find it used with six, eight, ten, but not exceeding twelve or fifteen in number, and mention is made that David returning from the conquest of Goliath, met the women of the Hebrew city singing and dancing with Timbrels and Sistrums, which latter instrument belonged to the Egyptians, and consisted of a bar of metal, formed into an oval, and terminating in a handle, this handle was on a line with some small pieces of iron, bent a little at both ends, and extending from one side of the oval to the other, and these being struck with a small metal stick, produced various sounds, but they were of different forms according to the taste of the manufacturer; some had four bars across, others only three. Bruce says,—In Abyssinia it is used in the quick measure, or in allegros, in singing psalms of thanksgiving, each priest has a sistrum, which he shakes in a threatening manner at his neighbour, dancing, leaping, and turning round, with such indecent violence, that he resembles rather a priest of paganism, from whence this

instrument was derived, than a Christian. The Abyssinians have a tradition, that the sistrum, lyre, and tambourine were brought from Egypt into Ethiopia, by *Thot*, in the very first ages of the world.

After David became king of Israel music was held in the highest estimation, and his own genius for, and his attachment to the study and practice of it, as well as the great number of musicians appointed by him to officiate in the performance of religious rites and ceremonies proves that it had made rapid progress and advanced greatly toward a state of perfection, for it is mentioned i 1st Chron. 15 Chap. 8 verse, that David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord, with all their might, with singing, on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals, and on trumpets. And it appears that there were places established for the study and practice of music, by the approbation and under the sanction and patronage of the King of Israel.—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

JENNY LIND ALL OVER.—We had yesterday the pleasure of being shaved with a Jenny Lind razor, by a Jenny Lind barber, scented with Jenny Lind Cologne, combed with a Jenny Lind comb, brushed with a Jenny Lind brush, washed in a Jenny Lind bowl, and wiped with a Jenny Lind towel. After which we put on our Jenny Lind hat, walked into a Jenny Lind restaurant, and partook of Jenny Lind sausages. Then we took up a Jenny Lind paper, read a Jenny Lind editorial, smoked a Jenny Lind cigar, and throwing ourselves back in a Jenny Lind chair, fell into a profound Jenny Lind reverie.—*New Orleans Courier.*

MAD. SONTAG.—The medical gentleman who attended Madame Sontag, on Friday night, when she was accidentally wounded in the arm by Signor Pardini in the last scene of *Otello*, was Dr. Glück, physician to the Western Dispensary, well known as a skilful and eminent practitioner.

THE ORGANS IN THE EXHIBITION.—A deputation from the Law Courts Committee of Liverpool paid an early visit to the Exhibition on Monday morning, in order to hear the powers of the various English organs erected in the building. We understand that the object of this visit was to decide upon a builder for the great organ intended to be erected in St. George's-hall, Liverpool. The deputation was attended by Dr. S. S. Wesley, Dr. Walmisley, and Mr. W. T. Best, eminent members of the musical profession, whose services were called into requisition upon this occasion.

MISS STEELE has entirely recovered from her late accident, and has resumed her professional avocations.

MR. KEELEY.—We regret to state that this talented actor met with an accident when stepping into his carriage the other day, which has prevented his performing these last few nights. We are happy to hear, however, that he is fast recovering.

SIGNOR PALTONI, who made his debut at Her Majesty's Theatre this week, is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to sing with Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves.

MISS LOUISA PYNE and her sister will sing at Mr. Schloss' concert in Greenwich next week.

FALL OF THE THEATRE AT SIMLA.—The following is a letter from Simla, of the 25th of July:—"A fearful accident occurred here on the morning of the 24th; but the accounts regarding it were so varied that I did not mention it to you yesterday, preferring to wait until I could give you the facts as correctly as possible. Mr. George Chisholm, of Calcutta, who is up here this season, invited his friends of the Uncovenanted Service to a fancy ball at the Simla theatre on the night of the 23rd. From 7 to 8 o'clock, p.m. rain fell in such torrents that one might fancy a river was coming down from the heavens. The weather having cleared, however, after 8, guests to the number of about 80 of both sexes arrived, and the amusements of the evening commenced and went on gaily until about 1 a.m., when it was interrupted in a fearful manner. A sumptuous supper was laid out on the stage, whither nearly all the guests had repaired at this time. All were engaged; some in busily discussing the tempting things before them, others in attending to the softer sex, and others in promenading and talking lightly and gaily, quite inapprehensive of the danger that was at hand,—while a troop of happy little boys, dressed as khidmutgars ran to and fro with trays of sweetmeat and fruit and bottles of wine, fulfilling the duties of the characters they had assumed.

In the midst of this gaiety and thoughtlessness, this enjoyment of the present, one of the drop scenes was observed to fall half way down and vibrate, all eyes turned towards it, but it was generally believed to have been done by some wag, in order to startle the party. Apprehensions were thus quieted, and those were laughed at whose fears appeared to be awakened to the actual cause; matters went on as before, when one of the side slips shook as if something had fallen upon it; this was explained away by the supposition of one of the guests who had taken more wine than he could bear having staggered against it. Shortly after a second curtain dropped half way; parties ran about in search of the supposed wag, when down came a third curtain, the walls were observed to totter and the roof to shake. Now commenced a scene of appalling confusion and tumult, a struggle for precedence in the rush made towards the dancing-room or body of the theatre, a recklessness of the life of others though dear, and an exemplification of the priority of that law of nature 'self-preservation.' By the interposition of a Divine Providence the stage was cleared of all, men, women, and children, of the latter of whom several were sleeping in the green-room, before the roof tumbled in, when all were brought to a stand by the crash, but in another moment there was another scene like that just described, one door only was open, and of that one panel was jammed so that it could not be pushed back. The danger, however, was past, as the remaining portion of the roof and walls were staunch; but who could at such a time coolly examine the building? or who would believe the seeming madman who would pronounce the danger passed and recommend a quiet departure? It was a scene of, 'every man for himself'—a husband would rush out of the house, but not until he felt assured of his safety would he cry out 'My wife! my wife!' Then would he make a desperate attempt to break through the wall of human beings before him to effect a re-entrance into the house in search of his distracted wife, who, perhaps, was similarly endeavouring to return, shrieking the while 'My husband! my child!' I can scarcely believe I am writing the truth when I say that, with the exception of one khidmutgar, who was crushed to death under the stage while in the act of pouring out hot coffee, no accidents occurred. The band had, most fortunately, left the orchestra to take some refreshment a little before the accident occurred, or not a man of them would have been saved—their instruments are, however, all gone. The roof over the proscenium, the orchestra, and part of the second box have fallen in. I will make no remarks about the Providence which saved so many lives—such will suggest themselves to every one who reads this feeble description of the awful accident. Some say that the roof was weakened by the removal of some posts, for the purpose of enlarging the scene; others, who know the building, say that some of the beams were bent almost to breaking last season. But it is clear that the catastrophe is to be traced to the sinking of a well on the valley-side of the building; when that sunk and shook the whole stage fell in. The building was altogether badly built and frail. It was built for sale, not for durability. The chowkedar in charge of the building says that he observed in the evening that the wall had sunk, and gave notice of the occurrence to the wife of the person in charge of the building, but that no examination of it was made. I cannot, however, believe the story, for the person alluded to was at the ball with his wife, where they would never have been unless insane, after being apprised of the danger; for no man in his senses would enter a house at Simla, a wall of which he had been informed sunk, particularly in the rainy season. I almost forgot to say, that Sir Henry Elliott, Major Ramsay, Military Secretary, and Captain Bowie, Aid-de-Camp to the Governor-General, were at the ball, and that the former had a very narrow escape, as he was among those who were on the stage."—*Eastern Star*, Aug. 2.

EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Certain musical instruments, which have been exhibited for some time in London, have been brought to our Free Trade Hall, where they nightly excite as much attention as they did in the metropolis. They are the invention of an artist from Dresden, Herr Kaufmann, now a venerable old man, and his son, who both, with Fraulein Kaufmann, attend to display the wonders and perfection of the mechanism. The orchestron, an elegant looking piece of work as it is put on the stage, comprehends the wind instruments for an orchestra—flutes,

flageolets, clarionets, bugles, trumpets and bassoons, together with the roll of drums and clash of cymbals, and when playing by itself, might be taken for a perfect specimen of one of those street barrel organs which have so much aroused the ire of Col. Sibthorp. But in the one case a man is the motive power, in the other clock work; and in the nice adaptation of this clock work consists the novelty of this individual instrument. Complicated and difficult pieces, requiring fine variations of light and shade for their proper performance, —the grand coronation march from the *Prophete*, and the wedding march from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance—are performed with the utmost accuracy, and with a delicacy in the softer passages which is scarcely equalled by the forte passages, wherein the trumpet, horns, and trombones mainly create the harmony. Next are the chordaulodion, and the symphonion, similar instruments, the first imitating a piano and flute, the other a piano, flute, piccolos, clarionets, cymbal and drum. The next is the automaton trumpeter, a figure dressed in the costume of the middle ages, which executes pieces from his difficult instrument with vigour, clearness, and precision. All these are self-acting, playing as many tunes as barrels are provided for them. There is another instrument, not self-acting, on which Herr Kaufmann and his daughter perform; this is the harmonicon, an instrument which has a very narrow finger-board, and a back like an inverted grand piano. It is of the *orgue expressif* kind of instruments, but greatly superior to them. The great feature of all the instruments is less the beauty of tones produced by the pipes used than of the perfection of the mechanism employed. Touch the releasing springs of the orchestrion, the chordaulodion, and the symphonion at the same time, for a concerted piece, and that which is to begin instantly commences, though not a sound is heard from the other two, but precisely as the last note introductory to the others, reaches the ear, it is followed with amazing precision by them, making it clear that all the cylinders have been constructed with mathematical exactitude, for the instruments, it must be distinctly understood, have not any connection with one another. They alternately play and are silent, now one taking up a solo, and then another with it leading to full orchestral effects, in a manner which the intelligence and training of living performers often fails to attain. In the symphonion there is a very clever production of the wonders of double tonguing on the flute, which our best *artistes* have not excelled. The automaton trumpeter takes his share with the utmost promptitude, giving the calls and accompaniments clearly, and at the exact point in the composition. He produced double notes from the same instrument, and has, in this respect, been likened to Vivier, but though we are willing to acknowledge that there are enormous acoustical difficulties overcome in the automaton, we cannot go quite so far in our admiration and praise. The harmonichord is the only one of these instruments which is likely to be of use to the public, the others are merely astonishing instances of that success which so frequently attends upon philosophical acquirements, mechanical skill, and patient industry, for Herr Kaufmann and his son, had to bring all those to bear in their work. The tones of the harmonichord are produced by friction of a cylinder worked by the feet of the performer, and one peculiarity is that every shade of piano and forte can be produced by corresponding degrees of pressure upon the keys. Not equal in power to an organ it still has a sufficient volume of tone to make it available for small churches, or for chamber music, especially that in slow time, and requiring phrases to be emphatic. There is a slight metallic burr heard when the bass notes are played on, but with that exception the instrument seems to be perfect throughout, and the dulcet character of its upper notes strikingly rich. The effects of forte and piano are produced with ease, and in the latter there is a softness of note which sinks into the almost inaudible whisperings of the *Æolian* harp. Very large audiences have visited the Free Trade Hall every night, and more will be bound to attend.—*Manchester Courier*.

TUNING OF PIANOS.—All who have paid any attention to the phenomena of strained steel wires know that there is a tendency in a wire which has long been strained to a certain pitch to remain at that pitch, and even to return to it, or towards it, if suddenly altered. Thus if you tune a wire sharper than it should be—say

a quarter of a note, by way of experiment, and keep up to that pitch for a fortnight, and then let it suddenly down the quarter of a note, it will again grow sharper in the course of twenty-four hours, as though striving to regain its lost note. Now here is a hint for the treatment of pianos, and one which may be followed with advantage. It appears plain enough, from the principle here suggested, that if a piano were well and regularly tuned for the first year or two—say every month, or oftener, for the first year and a half—it would require a tendency to remain in tune, and behave better in that respect ever afterwards than if no such care were taken. Of course this treatment would not prevent an instrument from being affected by sudden variations of temperature, though it would in a considerable degree modify the effects of such variations. Among professional tuners of pianofortes, the man who gets through his work correctly in the shortest time, is generally to be preferred. An instrument which is long under the operation of tuning is not the likeliest to remain long in tune. The best tuners tune “hard,” as it is technically called—that is, with a smart stroke upon every key, and drawing the wire at once up to the required pitch, making little alteration afterwards. It would be well if Lord Stanhope’s principle of tuning were generally followed, by which the “wolf” is equally distributed throughout the scale. The result is extremely agreeable and pleasant to the ear, though the effect of some music is very much altered by it—the distinguishing characteristics of the several sharp and flat keys being thereby in a great measure done away.—*Manchester Courier*.

SCENE IN A THEATRE.—A most ludicrous scene took place at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday night. The play was “*Venice Preserved*,” and in the touching scene between *Jaffier* and *Pierre*, in which the former implores the latter to ask his life, a very respectable Irishman, on one of the front seats of the pit, hearing *Pierre* say he “must die,” rushed over the back seats, shouting out, “I’ll go fetch a priest, I’ll go fetch a priest—wait while I get a priest.” We need not add that the house was in convulsions, and the play stopped for a time.—*Liverpool Mail*.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEBUT.—Balfé’s voice had formed into a barytone. Being much encouraged by his friends, he was induced to apply himself to its cultivation, and studied very attentively for a year, at the expiration of which (1825) he gave up his position in the orchestra of Drury-lane, with the intention of going on the stage. The manager of the Norwich theatre, a Mr. Crooke, having come up to town to make engagements, heard him sing, and was so pleased that he at once offered him a *debut* in the part of *Caspar* in “*Der Freischütz*.” The eventful night arrived, but got such an attack of “stage fright” that the manager deemed it expedient to send for a bottle of champagne to get “the steam up;” and having given the debutant a couple of glasses of wine at the wing, he forced him on the stage. The first scene was got through tolerably well; but by the time the “incantation” scene was set, previous to which Balfé had been supplied with a little more champagne, he began to feel certain queer symptoms about the head, which were quickly communicated to his feet, so much so that in walking down the stage he overturned the iron pot which contained the combustibles for red and blue fire. In a moment the whole place was in a blaze. The horrible smell overpowering poor *Caspar*, he fainted; the ladies in the boxes screamed with terror; the alarm of fire was given, and Balfé lay insensible in the midst of sulphurous smoke and magic bullets. The curtain dropped, and he was taken off to the green-room more dead than alive. Crooke rushing out into the street, made a most pathetic appeal to the audience, who were leaving the house, and succeeded to get a few people to come back, on the assurance that the fire was completely extinguished, and that he would read the part. The next morning’s papers announced that a young gentleman, named Balfé, had made a *most brilliant debut* in the part of *Caspar*; and having commented very severely on the performance, prophesied that he would never do any good either as an actor or singer. How far the prophecy has been fulfilled will be found in the fact of his having visited Norwich some years afterwards with a lucrative engagement for the festivals; and more recently in the same city as conductor of her Majesty’s Theatre, when he accompanied Jenny Lind on a provincial tour. After this “blaze of triumph,” as Bunn would call

it, Balfé returned to London, mortified and disappointed.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MADAME CATALANI.—No musical performer ever had a higher idea of her talents than Madame Catalani, and she was apt to express it with amusing *naïveté*. When she visited Hamburg for the first time, M. Schevenke, the chief musician of that city, criticised her vocal performances with great severity. Madame, on being told of his dissent from the general opinion, broke out into a great passion, calling him among other things, an *impious* man. "Sir," added she, "when God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle, and it is profane to depreciate the gifts of heaven."

ANECDOTES OF BALFÉ'S EARLY LIFE.—The facility which he possessed, even at this early period of his career, of scoring musical ideas with rapidity, became well known to those with whom his professional duties brought him in contact. This talent was taken advantage of by a foreigner, who had just at that time arrived in London, and was beginning to acquire a sort of reputation for the possession of a tolerable voice and good ear, upon which stock in trade, coupled with unlimited assurance, he set up as a composer. Being, however, very ignorant of the theory of music, it became necessary, in order to carry out his views practically, to get some hard-working drudge to do what he used to call the mere mechanical part of the profession; accordingly, Balfé, of whose acquirements he had heard so much, was singled out for the purpose, his acquaintance cultivated, and in him he found just the person he wanted. Invitation followed invitation to sundry breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, which were no more liberally bestowed than heartily partaken of, and in return for this munificent hospitality, melodies and accompaniments for songs were written, which this distinguished foreigner sold, of course, in his own, and thereby acquired considerable reputation. But the crowning part of the imposture has yet to be told. The management of one of the theatres sent for him and requested his services to score an old opera from the pianoforte arrangement, stipulating, however, that the work should be done in one week. Here was a bold undertaking; but he was not a man to shrink from a difficulty, and so off he went to Balfé. "Now, you young rascal," said he, "if you can manage to score this opera, work night and day, and finish it in one week, you shall have ten pounds." "Ten pounds! a fortune! Make your mind easy, it shall be done." And so it was, for within six days he handed the score to his conscientious employer, who paid him the promised remuneration. "Hurrah, then, for a lark!" said Balfé; and calling on a chum of his, "My dear fellow," cried he, "I have earned a lot of money last week, so you must come along with me; and I'll frank you to Gravesend and back." The invitation was gladly accepted, and the next morning found them both in a steamer on their way down the river. Arrived at Gravesend, they did not much fancy the look of the place, so having made some enquiries about Rochester, they hired a pair of Rosinantes, and had a delightful ride to that town, where they put up at the best hotel. "What would you like for dinner, gentlemen?" "Everything you can give us," said the happy pair, who sat down to a splendid spread, attended by three or four servants. Balfé dubbed his friend Sir George, who called him Lord William in return; and the waiters, taking the hint, *Sir George and Lord William*ed them to their hearts' content. At last the two noblemen, what with sherry, champagne, and claret, became so *very* drunk, that it was deemed desirable to remove them to their respective chambers, a measure which was very carefully undertaken by the servants, under the immediate superintendence of "mine host." Balfé was the first to wake next morning, and, sitting up in his bed, began to rub his eyes, and "cudgel his brains" to find out exactly where he was, when the waiter entered the room with a message from Sir George to his lordship, to know when he would be pleased to take breakfast, and when he intended to start for London? These questions brought him at once to sober recollection, and keeping up the joke about the nobility, Lord William and Sir George breakfasted like princes, and shortly afterwards started on the road back to Gravesend, with the blessings of the landlord and his obsequious servants. A financial investigation took place shortly after their arrival in London, when it was very clearly ascertained, that of the ten pounds there remained but one, which soon followed in the same path as the other nine.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

ROSSINI.—When Rossini visited this country, I was introduced to him by Spagnoletti. He was a fine, portly, good-looking fellow, a voluptuary that revelled in the delights of the table as much as in the luxury of sweet sounds. He had just composed a dirge on the death of Lord Byron, the score of which he exhibited to me, obviously penned with great rapidity. I heard part of it performed, and thought it worthy of that great genius. I am not aware that this work has been printed. He sang the principal airs himself in a graceful manner and with a rich liquidity of tone; the easy movement of his voice delighted me; his throat seemed lacquered with Florence oil, so ripe and luscious were the tones he threw out. He was a perfect master of the pianoforte, and his mode of touching that instrument was beautifully neat and expressive. Garcia had brought his daughter, Malibran, then only fourteen, for the *maestro* to hear her sing; he accompanied her in a cavatina. When he sat down he had his walking-stick in his hand, for he was a great beau; and he contrived to hold it while he was playing; but his wife, seeing the incumbrance, drew it away. He was the most joyous, good-natured, well-fell fellow I ever saw; and I have no doubt, when at Carlton House, he broke through all ceremony, and was as much at ease with his majesty as represented. In his operatic pieces his style is as gay as himself; light and cheering, glowing with the brightest colours—a path so flowery that it gives birth to a new set of feelings in the musical science. Having none of the dark shades of Beethoven, we are lured among the gayest flowers of fancy. His compositions, though highly ornamented, possess a simplicity of thought intelligible to the most untutored ears. His style is full of voluptuous ease, and brings with it a relief from the cares of the world.—*Music and Friends, by Mr. Gardiner.*

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN.—The St. James's Theatre is crowded every night, the attractions being the performances of Miss Kate and Miss Ellen Bateman. These young children are real prodigies in the strictest sense of the word. The youngest, Ellen, is, perhaps, the wonder of the age, and we are certain no one will differ from us who has once seen her. Her talent is quite inconceivable. We are glad to find that the children have ceased playing in Shakespeare's plays, which made their talent appear in a false light, and threw their efforts into disrepute. Their performances during the past week have been confined to comedy and burlesque. A visit to the St. James's Theatre will not disappoint the highest expectation raised of Miss Ellen and Miss Kate Bateman.

MEYERBEER.—We are happy to inform our readers that the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*, the *Prophete*, *Robert le Diable*, *L'Africain*, the *Camp of Silesia*, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, *The Two Caliphs*, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, *Emma di Resburgo*, an oratorio which Weber admired, the new comic opera for Madame Sontag, and others *chefs-d'œuvre*, has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and will shortly leave Boulogne for Spa in Belgium. Meyerbeer has been recently nominated member of the senate of the Academy of Berlin, which senate is the directing committee of the studies of the pupils.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We have heard nothing with regard to the arrangement of Mr. Bunn's ensuing expected campaign at Drury Lane Theatre, except the fact that Mr. Frederick Osborne Williams is engaged by the spirited *impresario* as chorus master. The theatre, it is supposed, will open in January with a pantomime. Signor Schira is named on good authority as the wielder of the baton.

ROGER, the animated French tenor has been singing with great success at Hamburg, the Free Town, and Hombourg, the German spa.

FIDELIO.—Not only at Cologne, but half-a-dozen other towns in Germany, this masterpiece has been revived with invariable success. *Fidelio* had been laid aside because no one could be found to play Fidelio, but now that Mr. Lumley, represented by Sophie Crivelli, has shown the way, *Fidelios* have been springing up like mushrooms.

HERB STIGELLI, the talented tenor of the Royal Italian Opera, has been engaged for a month at Manchester.

BENEDICT has left London for Naples, to join the family of Mrs. Benedict, with whom he remains for a short time.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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IN consequence of the increased demand FIVE MORE NIGHTS will be given, viz., on

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our Last.)

[ABOUT the period at which we have arrived occurred the grand *fete champetre* at the "Chancellor's," Hammersmith, where the aristocratic and wealthy patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre, the literary and artistic celebrities who accept private boxes and stalls, the members of the independent press, who support the establishment, by holding a candle to its weaknesses, and the flower of the *troupe*, operatic and choregraphic, were summoned by the gallant *impresario* to meet in friendly confection. The visitors began to assemble about 3 o'clock A.M., and long before midnight, it was "joliment mèle"—a fairy rout in the grounds, and plenty to eat and to drink *par-lout*. When dancing began, all danced except those unaffected to the sport, who preferred rambling about the swards, penetrating into the thickets, or feasting *ad libitum* in the well-stored *salons-à-manger*—of either and every of which inclinations there were many partisans. If it is expected of us to record who were at the *fete*, that expectation will not be fulfilled. We can, however, "make short tale" by saying that every personage of any note, not urged to absence by more pressing and important duties, was present, and circulated freely at Mr. Lumley's *fete*—the second of the kind which has been held at the "Chancellor's," and equal in splendour to the first, which it will be remembered was given in honour of Messrs. Scribe and Halevy, in the memorable season of 1850, when the strains of *La Tempesta* first ravished the ears of the *élite* of the Operatic *dilettanti*, and wooed the most brilliant pens to eager and poetical apostrophe. To the curious foreigner and anxious stranger, the most interesting themes for observation were not the guests illustrious by rank, or wealth, or station, who had congregated at Mr. Lumley's hospitable bidding, but the literary "lions" and artistic "stars" that roared and twinkled in all directions, out-roaring the thunder of the military bands, and out-twinkling the light of the prostrated lamps, which, multi-coloured, glittered in the flower-beds, and on the grass, and in the tree branches—as it were glow-worms, fire-flies, and jack-o'-lanterns in multitudinous and eccentric regiments at your feet, above your head, and, so to speak, floating unsustained in the middle atmosphere. Thus, to see Rachel Felix flitting through the trees, darker than night—or Carlotta Grisi, whose tiny feet scarce made a pressure on the herbage—or Sophie Cruvelli flashing by, a meteor speeding to its unknown home—

or the three together—*Rachel, Carlotta, Sophie*—like the fates, the graces, or the attendant spirits that wait upon the Queen of Night; three shades more bright and beautiful than suns; a trinity in whose union is contained the world and mystery of mimic art, was far more an object of desire than to behold a dozen Dukes, or gaze on twenty Marquises, and twenty-five "attaches," à no matter what *ambassades*. To catch Thackeray in a corner, silently swallowing a goblet of champagne, with moody eye and melancholy elbow, meditating a new chapter against life, was more *appetissant* than to dodge the steps of General Narvaez, or follow the vagaries of ever so much of a Dowager. These *inter alia*; the rest may be imagined without our aid; and now, indeed, we recollect that the *fete* at Hammersmith, regatta and *feu d'artifices* to boot, having nothing precisely to do with Her Majesty's Theatre, must be looked upon as an episode, cut short accordingly—long episode being always a bore—and shut up in brackets, as parenthesis.]

* * * * *

ALBONI came out on Saturday, the 12th of July, in her favourite part of Cenerentola. The triumph achieved by this magnificent singer, who has carried the vocal art to the extremest point, can never be forgotten by those who were present on the occasion. That glorious voice retained all its richness, mellow tone, flexibility, roundness, equality, extended range, and voluptuous sweetness. That astonishing brilliancy—that never swerving certainty—that largeness and grandeur of phrasing which imparted to the *largo* more than its inherent dignity, and to the *cantabile* the full tide of its flow and measure—that pliancy of voice and complete control of the singer which raise the "Non piu mesta" to a miracle of florid execution, as delightful from its variety of colour and exquisite balance as from the ease with which the prodigious *tours de force* are realised, were still, as ever, incomparable. In short, Alboni was Alboni—Mariette Alboni, of the laughing eyes and silver tones—to be more than whom would be to be beyond the limits of perfectability—and so to escape the sympathies of human nature, which can only appreciate the finite. The youngest daughter of Italian song, upon whose shoulders had descended the mantles of so many Queens of *adagio* and *cabaletta*, was welcomed again with an enthusiasm that must ever rekindle at the first sound of a voice whose vibrations are to the air as the mysterious emotions of love to the soul—with an enthusiasm which belongs to her as a birthright. From the quaint romance, "Una volta c'era un Re," to the *rondo finale*, "Non piu mesta," it was one unbroken chain of

triumphs for Alboni, who never more completely vindicated her prerogative to be entitled the "last of the Romans"—the *dernier rejeton* of a hoar and mighty oak, which, old and weak at the root, in giving birth to this latest and most favoured child, had unsapped itself to the core, and become barren to the end of time. In rendering ample justice to the transcendent merits of Alboni, the critics justly complained of the inefficiency of those who surrounded her. Lablache and Calzolari excepted, the disposition of the characters was feeble and unsatisfactory. Ferranti was found quite out of his element in Dandini, and the ladies who personated the two sisters of Cenerentola were by no means what they would have been had they been more tolerable.

The *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated on the following Wednesday—an extra night—which gave Sophie Cruvelli an opportunity of vindicating her fame as a singer of classical music. Her "Voi che sapete" this time was purity itself—perfection, indeed—and the result was an encore even more unanimous and hearty than that accorded to the ornamented version, which had been previously represented. Nothing could surpass the "Voi che sapete" but the "Non so piu cosa," an exhibition of rare and impetuous feeling, which, in its turn, was only surpassed by the "Voi che sapete." In short, Sophie Cruvelli was Sophie Cruvelli, and ministered to Mozart as a chosen priest swinging incense at his shrine, and laying a sacrifice upon his altar. And yet, after this genuine triumph, the capricious charmer, in repeating the song, reintroduced the old ornaments and *floriture*, once more turning her back upon the temple. "Sophie," said D. R., in a censorious mood, "Sophie, you are incorrigible! Nevertheless, look to it—listen to the words of honest counsel, and let not the hollowness of vain palms, eating against each other, noisy emblems of a void, deter you from your better impulses. Sing Mozart for those who love Mozart—Verdi for those who love Verdi—Bellini for those who love Bellini." And Sophie did listen, and from that time forward, as has been duly noted down, never misused a melody of the divine master, whose genius could scarcely have a more kindred and inspired interpreter than the gifted young artist, who had persuaded Beethoven from his hiding-place, and restored his *Fidelio* to the world's love and the world's sympathies.

On Saturday, the 19th, *Ernani* was produced. Sophie Cruvelli was the Elvira. It is not a little to say of this young singer that, after performing in Verdi's operas for four years in various parts of Europe, she has preserved all the freshness and beauty of a voice unsurpassed in either quality, while, on the other hand, its strength, volume, and range have been materially augmented. Such a *physique* as Cruvelli's, however, is almost unprecedented, and as her case is only an exception, it may be brought forward to fortify the rule, that Verdi's music is inimical to the human voice, and tends to impair the human lungs (like Halévy's). We are sorry for it; but it is not our fault, and as we are paid for speaking the truth, we are compelled to tell it. We are the more disposed to admit Cruvelli in the character of Elvira,

from the fact of its having been her first essay in 1848, when she came before a London audience in the bloom of nineteen summers, and at once subdued them by her fire and genial impulse. It was also as Elvira, last spring, at the fall to Mr. Lumley's season in Paris, that Cruvelli laid the *habitués* of the "Bouffes," lions and all, scented and unscented, *vernis* and *non vernis*, at her feet. This makes us tolerate Elvira—and more than this, that *Ernani* is Verdi's best opera, and still more that Cruvelli's singing in the *cavatina*, "Ernani involami," is one of the most energetic and powerful vocal displays of these times, and that her entire performance in the last scene, with Ernani and the old gentleman of the horn, is a master-piece of passion and intensity, which we should really be sorry not to witness now and then.

Cruvelli's success in *Ernani* has been as great this season as before, and although Mr. Shirley Brookes maintained in glib prose, and with much eloquence, that it was not a good part for her, the public thought otherwise, and the *Chronicle* was at a discount. Much that Mr. Brookes adduced, however, was good and honest, and we remember, in a spirited article, ourselves to have advised Mdlle. Cruvelli to get the following words of the critic written in letters of gold, framed and glazed, and hung up in her study, as a daily memento and admonisher. "We have often recorded our unfeigned admiration of Mdlle. Cruvelli's high talents and genius, and feel that those who counselled her not to make her debut this season in her opening part of 1848, counselled well. Had she reappeared as Elvira instead of *Fidelio* she would scarcely have attained so soon the eminent position she has honourably won and which she will, we are sure, permanently retain." (We quote from memory). The counsellors who counselled *Fidelio* as the opening part for Sophie Cruvelli, were ourselves, in the *Musical World*. (See ante, May 17, No. 20). The result proved our wisdom and justified the praises bestowed upon us by the *Chronicle*, whose sentences we republish, with a reiteration of the advice to "frame, glaze, and hang up, in study." To conclude, Elvira added another to Cruvelli's successes, and the general performance of the opera was greatly strengthened by our admirable English tenor, Sims Reeves, whose *Ernani*, both vocally and histrionically, is an effort of first-rate ability. On the other hand, Scapini was but a sorry Silva; while, again, on the other (sic) other hand, Coletti sang the music of Carlo V. delightfully, and helped to secure the encore of the quintet in the catacomb finale of the third act, upon which Rossini made a funny parody, that, not remembering, we refrain from quoting.

The long expected opera of Auber, *La Corbeille d'Oranges*, composed expressly for Alboni, was adapted for the Italian stage and produced on Tuesday the 22nd of July. Alboni saved this joint composition of Scribe and Auber from the entire indifference of the public, by the most consummate singing—consummate even for Alboni, whose singing is *prima facie*, the consummation of the art vocal. Nevertheless, although Alboni was Zerlina, Zerlina was not Alboni, and after two representations Zerlina was "thrown into the basket,"

and the whole, including the oranges, deposited in the lumber-room of oblivion, who, applying his special attribute in *proprid personâ*, forgot himself, and went to sleep, dreaming that Zerlina was Florinda. Oblivion should have heard *Sappho—Sappho—Sappho*—he would never have forgotten that. *Sappho* sticks in the memory like a chronic pain in the side, or an obstinate lumbago, or a zealous sciatica, that will make you ache in defiance of opium, vapour baths, or brandy and water. The performance of Zerlina was further remarkable for the first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre of Mdlle. Nau, the French *soprano*, who in the part of Jemma (Alboni's daughter), sang a very elaborate *air-de-bravoure*, with great neatness and brilliancy. The other parts, if remembrance does not deceive us, were sustained by Calzolari, and Scapini or Casanova—we are always confounding the two. This was the third new work brought out by the enterprising director, and alas! the third failure. Such spirit and ill-adventure have seldom followed each other so persistently.

The next event of consequence was the revival of *Linda di Chamouni* for Cruvelli, on Tuesday the 29th July. Cruvelli had the disadvantage of coming into immediate comparison with Madame Sontag, who, after an absence of twenty years, reappeared before the English public in this very part, and had retained it since as her own property. As a dramatic performance, we may at once say that the Linda of Cruvelli was by far the most intellectual we have seen; whole in its vocal essentials, differing from preceding models, it equalled any of them, and, in some respects, was superior to them all. Still, on the whole, we agree with those critics who pronounced the part to be unworthy of her enthusiastic temperament. The feature which most impressed us in Cruvelli's performance was the last scene, in which the gradual return to reason of the heroine, bereaved of her senses by her misfortunes, was a master-stroke of art, worthy of any actress that ever trod the boards. The oftener we see Cruvelli the more we are convinced that had she not been one of the most admirable singers, she would still have been one of the greatest tragedians of the day. Carlo was the first part in which Sims Reeves came out at Her Majesty's Theatre. No one plays it better and no one sings it better than our superb *tenore*, who sustains the honor of English talent so triumphantly on the Italian stage. Coletti's Antonio, though differing materially from Tamburini's and immaterially from Ronconi's impersonation of the heavy indignant father, stands in need of no apostrophe at our pen. A more perfectly correct, intelligent, and bustling representative of the Marquis than Frederick Lablache could not have been desired. An event of special interest, however, was the first appearance of Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli, elder sister of the gifted *prima donna assoluta*, in the part of Pierotto, the Savoyard.*

* Our *collaborateur* is in error. This was not Marie Cruvelli's first appearance; the charming *contralto* had already sung with great success at the concert of Signor Puzi, and the first grand morning concert at Her Majesty's Theatre, the grand duet from *Semiramide*, with her sister Sophie.—Ed. M. W.

In addition to a voice of great flexibility and beautiful quality, Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli displayed a command of vocalisation, which proved her a thorough artist. Her acting was intelligent, though quiet and unassuming to a remarkable degree, while her highly prepossessing personal appearance lent an agreeable illusion to the part. It has been much regretted that this young lady should have appeared so seldom in the course of this triple season.

The revival of *La Gazza Ladra* brought forward the glorious Alboni in one of her most recently chosen parts, since she abandoned the absolute *contralto* for the universal line—the *soprano*, *mezzo*, *alto*, and everything. Of Alboni's Ninetta we need say nothing here, except—but we must pause for a line to admire the scrupulous manner in which the supreme vocalist adheres to the text of Rossini. In this particular **MARIETTA ALBONI** is an example for all the world—a model that Sontag, Sophie Cruvelli, and any of them might follow with advantage. Calzolari is always good in Rossini's music; his flexible voice and graceful manner of phrasing (essentially Italian, and of the best), being just suited to the fluent strains of the gorgeous "Swan of Pesaro." His Gianetto was as good as ever. As for Coletti's Fernando it must always be admired, while Lablache's Podesta can never enough be laughed at. Mdlle. Ida Bertrand was a highly finished and by no means bashful Pippo.

Meanwhile the *ballet* all this time was confined to fragments from this, fragments from that, fragments from the other—*Les Trois Graces—L'Île des Amours, La Sylphide* (Marie Taglioni), *Le Diable à Quatre* (Marie Taglioni), *Il Prodigio, Masaniello, &c., &c.*—but not the ghost of a new *pas*, much less a new *divertissement* or *ballet*. Carlotta had flown to the sea side in Scotland, and Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni constituted the strength and brightness of the coregraphic constellation. M. Paul Taglioni calmly rested on his oars, and allowed the new ballet of St. George's to float quietly down the stream of the channel, until it reached Ostend, and was *emballé* for Berlin, with music, not by Loder, but by Pugni—a rushlight to the moon! And now for Barbieri Nini.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JENNY LIND.

(From Mary Howitt's translation of Hans Anderson's *Life*.)

At this period of my life, I made an acquaintance which was of great moral and intellectual importance to me. I have already spoken of several persons and public characters who have had influence upon me as the poet; but none of these have had more, nor in a nobler sense of the word, than the lady to whom I here turn myself; she through whom I, at the same time, was enabled to forget my own individual self, to feed that which is holy in art, and to become acquainted with the command which God has given to genius.

The conversation was soon turned to her appearance in Copenhagen, and of this Jenny Lind declared that she stood in fear.

"I have never made my appearance," said she, "out of Sweden; everybody in my native land is so affectionate and kind to me, and if I made my appearance in Copenhagen and should be hissed!—I dare not venture on it!"

I said that I, it was true, could not pass judgment on her singing, because I had never heard it, neither did I know how she acted, but, nevertheless, I was convinced that such was the disposal at this moment in Copenhagen, that only a moderate voice, and some knowledge of acting would be successful; I believed that she might safely venture.

Bournonville's persuasion obtained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment they ever had.

At one concert Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs; there was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching people thought nothing about the concert room; the popular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised their omnipotent sway—the whole of Copenhagen was in raptures. Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade—the serenade was given; she expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish songs, and I then saw her hasten into the darkest corner and weep for emotion.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I will exert myself; I will endeavour, I will be better qualified than I am, when I again come to Copenhagen."

The Daughter of the Regiment and the Sonnambula are certainly Jenny Lind's most unsurpassable parts; no second can take their places in these beside her. People laugh—they cry; they become better for it. People feel that God is in art; and where God stands before us face to face, there is a holy church.

There is not anything which can lessen the impression which Jenny Lind's appearance on the stage makes, except her own personal appearance at home. An intelligent and child-like disposition exercises here its astonishing power; she is happy; belonging as it were, no longer to the world, a peaceful, quiet home, is the object of her thoughts—yes she loves art with her whole soul and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents by whom they were misused, and compelled to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support, nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"But have I not still a disengaged evening?" said she, "let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!"

Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds; when she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"It is, however, beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so!" Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have had a better or more ennobling influence on me, as the poet, than Jenny Lind, and I therefore have spoken of her so long and so warmly here.

A ROYAL MANAGER.—The privilege of the Teatro d'Oriente at Madrid having been offered for several weeks to public competition, without any acceptable offer being made for its purchase, her majesty has taken it on her own account, and named M. Temistocle Solera the director.—*Galignani*.

MEMOIR OF BENEDETTO MARCELLO.

BENEDETTO MARCELLO, a noble Venetian, whose family is mentioned by all the historians of Venice, was born in July 1686. His father, Agostino Marcello, was a senator; his mother, Paolina, was of the honourable family of Capello, the daughter of Girolamo Capello, and aunt of Pietro Andrea Capello, ambassador from the States of Venice to the courts of Spain, Vienna, and Rome, and also in England in that

capacity about the year 1743. Marcello's elder brother, Alessandro, had attained a great knowledge in natural philosophy and mathematics; and Benedetto after having been instructed in classical literature, and gone through a regular course of education under proper masters, was committed to his tuition. Alessandro lived at Venice, and had in his house a weekly musical meeting, in which his own compositions were frequently performed. Being a man of genius and rank, his house was the resort of most of the strangers that came to visit the city. The Princes of Brunswick, when at Venice, were invited to one of the musical performances; and Benedetto, at the time very young, being present, they took particular notice of him. In the hearing of Alessandro, they asked him, among other questions, what were the studies that most engaged his attention; "Oh," said his brother, "he is a very useful little fellow to me, he fetches my books and papers, and this is fittest employment for him." The boy was nettled at an answer which reflected as much upon his supposed want of genius as his youth. He therefore resolved to apply himself to some particular study, and soon fixed upon that of music. His principal instructors were Gasparini and Antonio Lotti. In the year 1716, the birth of the first son of the Emperor Charles the Sixth was celebrated at Vienna with great magnificence; and on this occasion a serenata composed by Benedetto Marcello was performed there with great applause. Marcello's compositions are very numerous. Two of his *cantatas*, *Il Timeo* and *La Cassandra*, have been much admired. He wrote also a *mass* which is celebrated. This was performed for the first time in the church of Santa Maria della Celestia, on the daughter of his brother taking the veil in that monastery. He likewise set to music the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, the *Miserere*, and the *Salve*. These, with many other sacred compositions, he gave to the Church of Santa Sophia, and was himself at the pains of instructing the singers in the manner in which they were to be performed. In the year 1724, appeared the first four parts of a *Paraphrase of the Psalms*, in Italian, by Giustiniani, set to music for one, two, and three voices, by Marcello; and in the course of the two following years four parts, including in the whole the first fifty psalms, were published. In the prefatory address of the poet and composer, the nature of the work is explained. Of the paraphrase they state, that the original text is as closely followed as possible, and that the verse is of various metres and without rhyme. Of the music it is observed, that as the subject required the words and sentiments to be clearly and properly expressed, it is for the most part adapted to two voices only. The writer says, however that it may and ought to be sung by a great number of voices, agreeably to the practice mentioned in the sacred writings, of psalms and hymns being sung by many companies and choruses. There are introduced into the work several of the most ancient and best known intonations of the Hebrews, which are still sung by Jews, and are a species of music peculiar to that people. These (which, for want of a better word, we must call *chants*), he says he has sometimes accompanied according to the artificial practice of the moderns; as he has also done by certain *cantilenas* of the ancient Greeks. The latter, he informs us, he has interpreted with the utmost diligence, and by the help of Alypius and Gaudentius, reduced them to modern practice. To those mysterious and emphatic sentences, in which the royal prophet has denounced the terrors of divine justice, Marcello has adapted a peculiar kind of music, a modulation, as he calls it, in the *madrigalese* style, with a commixture of the diatonic and chromatic genera. In doing this, he compares his labours to those of a pilot, who, in a wide and tempest-

tuous ocean, avails himself of every wind that may conduct him to his port, yet, in a long and dangerous voyage, is constrained to vary his course. A few brief directions for the performance of the several compositions, and a modest apology for the defects of the work, conclude this preface; which though written under the influence of strong prejudices, contains an ingenious and learned dissertation on the subject of poetry and music. For a character of the work we must refer to the numerous letters and testimonies of eminent musicians and others, which accompany it. In these it is stated, that some of the music had been adapted to German words, and performed with great applause, in the Cathedral Church of Hamburg; that the Russians had translated the paraphrase into their language, adapting it to the original music of Marcello; that, at Rome, the compositions were held in the highest estimation by all who professed to understand or love music; and that at the palace of Cardinal Ottoboni, there was a musical assembly once a week, in which some of the works of Corelli and one of the psalms of Marcello made constantly a part of the entertainment.

When the news of Marcello's death arrived at Rome, the Pope, as a public testimony of respect for his memory, ordered a solemn musical service to be performed on a day appointed for the usual assembly. The room was hung with black, and the performers and all other persons present were in mourning.

Charles Avison, organist of Newcastle, celebrated the above work of Marcello in his *Essay on Musical Expression*; and issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, an edition revised by himself. The execution of this design devolved, however, upon Mr. John Garth, of Durham, who adapted suitable words from our own prose translation of the psalms to the music; and, by the assistance of a numerous subscription, the work was completed and published in eight folio volumes. Several specimens of Marcello's psalms are to be found in Steven's Sacred Music; and parts of his fourth and seventh psalms, arranged for keyed instruments, are inserted in Dr. Crotch's selections. From the extent of his studies, it might be supposed that Marcello devoted himself wholly to a life of ease and retirement. This, however, was not the case. He held several honourable posts in the state, and, as a zealous and active magistrate, was ever ready to contribute his share of attention and labour towards the support of the government under which he lived. He was, for many years, a judge in one of the Councils of Forty; but from thence he was removed to the charge of proveditor of Pola, and afterwards was appointed to the office of chamberlain or treasurer of the city of Brescia. He died at this place in the year 1739, and was buried in the Church of the Minor Observants of St. Joseph's of Brescia.

Marcello left behind him, in manuscript, a *Treatise on Proportions*, another on the *Musical System*, and a third on the *Harmonical Concords*, with a great number of poetical compositions. His printed works inserted in the Dutch catalogues were "VI. *Sonate à Violoncello solo e Basso continuo, Opera Prima*; XII. *Sonate à flauta solo e Basso continuo, Opera Seconda*; and VI. *Sonate à tre, due Violoncello, o due Viole da Gamba, e Violoncello Basso continuo*" called "*Opera Seconda*." Mr. Avison has asserted that the psalms of Marcello contain the most perfect assemblage of the grand, the beautiful, and the pathetic in music, that had ever been known; yet there have not been wanting men of sound judgment and great skill, who assert that their general levity renders them more adapted to private entertainment than the service of the

church. That they abound in evidences of a fertile imagination, improved to a high degree by study, all persons must allow; but whoever will contemplate that style of music which in the purest ages, has been thought best adapted to excite devout affections, and understands what is meant in music by the epithets sublime and pathetic, will be apt to entertain a doubt whether these can, with greater propriety, be applied to them than to many less celebrated compositions.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The play-house prices having continued to fill the theatre during the past week, another series of five performances were given during the present week, and have proved as attractive as the former. The only novelties of the late performance have been the appearance of Cruvelli in two new characters, Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and Amina in *Sonnambula*—the last named, her first performance in London.

In 1848, Cruvelli's Rosina was considered one of her best impersonations, and it is not to be supposed but that Cruvelli's Rosina in 1851, with her powers matured, her experience quadrupled, her judgment confirmed, and her taste refined, would have been an improvement on her first essay. Admiration as Cruvelli's Rosina was when we first criticised it, it may be pronounced now as a first rate performance, brilliant in vocalisation, and replete with vivacity and *naïveté* in the acting. The value of Cruvelli's splendid voice was manifested in a high degree in Rossini's music, which being written for a *mezzo soprano*, requires fullness and power to give it due effect. The only fault we have to find with Cruvelli's singing in Rosina is the too lavish use of ornaments, and those not always consonant to the character of the music. The "*Una voce*," for instance, though a dashing and energetic vocal display, did not altogether satisfy us. We should have liked less embellishment and more certainty. In other respects the Rosina was entirely worthy of the fair singer. In the duet "*Dunque io son*," the trio "*Ah! qual colpo*;" and more especially the quintet "*Freddo ed immobile*"—in which we heard for the first time at this theatre, since Alboni sang it, the music of Rossini rightly given—the text was rigidly preserved, and the *ensemble* benefited in consequence. In short, bating the liberties taken with the "*Una voce*," which we must confess verged as much on the extravagant as those of Malibran in old times, and of Persiani and Sontag later, the new Rosina may be welcomed as one of the best on the present stage. With regard to the freedoms taken with "*Una voce*" it seems to have been the opinion with some of the greatest singers—among others the greatest of all, Malibran—that Rossini's melody was an excellent frame work on which to hang their embroideries; and as such merely they have used it. But with deference to all these embroiderers of Rossini—these gilders of refined gold—we prefer the melody with all its native adornments (and they are not stinted), more particularly ever since we heard Alboni, who without altering a note produced a far greater effect in the "*Una voce*" than any singer we ever heard—not excepting Malibran or Persiani, who thought more of their own ingenious fancies and devices than the text of the composer. Their only excuse was that the "*Una voce*" was hackneyed to death, and that with anything so used up it was necessary to introduce ornaments and cadences to profusion. Our answer is, such a melody as "*Una voce*" cannot be hackneyed. "*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever*."

Another novelty in the cast of the *Barbieri* was the Figaro of Lorenzo, who, always obliging and ready, undertook, without being ready, the part of the intriguing barber, in the absence of Signor Ferranti. Had Signor Lorenzo had time to study the music, we have little doubt, from the zeal and vivacity he displayed, both in his acting and singing, but that his Figaro, spite of the serious drawback of his voice not being sufficiently high, nor sufficiently flexible, would have been an adequate and recognisable performance. Signor Lorenzo deserves the greatest credit for the promptitude and boldness with which he accepts any character which may be allotted to him in the *repertoire*. He is undoubtedly one of the most useful members of Mr. Lumley's troupe.

Signor Balanchi, as might have been expected, took a different view of Doctor Bartolo from Lablache. His performance, indeed, was a very serious one. Perhaps, when he gets a little more used to the part, he may be induced to project into it the smallest amount of comedy.

On Saturday, the *Sonnambula* was given for the first time with Cruvelli, and was repeated on Tuesday. The great success achieved by Cruvelli led to this. A more thorough and legitimate success we have seldom, if ever, witnessed. Had the performance taken place in the heart of the season, we are inclined to think, the *Sonnambula*, with Cruvelli as Amina, would have proved the great feature of the year. As it is, it is much to be lamented, for the sake of the manager, for the sake of the public, doubly for the sake of the artist.

Cruvelli's Amina is altogether an original conception. She takes a view of the character different from that of all her predecessors, from Malibran, through the whole range of minorities, down to Grisi, Persiani, Lind, and Sontag. In the first act this contradistinction is especially observable. We need hardly say that Malibran's version of Amina is that which has been imitated by all subsequent impersonators of the somnambulist; but the overwhelming joyousness and superabundance of animal spirits which, in her acting and singing, appeared to illuminate the whole stage during the first act, was either unattempted or unattained. Cruvelli, on the other hand, seems overpowered by the near approach of her felicity. She enters the scene, smiling certainly, but her smile is dashed, not with a cloud on the brow, but with some inward emotion, which seems to have looked up all gladness in her heart, and refuses to let it wander into light. This feeling is scrupulously preserved throughout the entire scene, more especially when Elvira is present. Even at the very moment she signs the contract, when her happiness may be supposed at its height, there is no display of exhilaration: the artist draws a strong line of demarcation between hilarity and joy. She gives her hand passively to her lover, and the tremulous tones of the voice, and the half-drooping head, convey, beyond all words, the depth of her emotions. Physiologically speaking, Cruvelli's conception is correct. We learn from the highest medical authorities that the temperament of somnambulists invariably inclines to the melancholic. The slight shadow projected over the joy of Amina in the earlier scenes of *Sonnambula* is, therefore, referable to the highest standard of criticism, nature. But more than this, poetically speaking, Cruvelli's idea is, to our thinking, the right one. Tears, oftener than smiles, are the indications of a heart suffused with joy; and we are inclined to allow little real sentiment to that person who, in the hour of his dearest happiness, inflates his cheek with laughter, and varies his action with gambols. This may be good schoolboy hilarity at the renewal of the holidays, but it could scarcely, with poetical justice, be ascribed to one whose cup of earthly happiness was overflowing. At the same

time it must be conceded that Malibran's conception was the most striking and effective. With the eye of a great artist she perceived how necessary contrasts were to dramatic effects, and she purposely heightened the mirthfulness of the first scenes to bring out the tragic ones with more force. We shall not pause to consider whether, for the sake of aiming at the principal ends of stage performance, an artist is justified in overstepping the limits, if not the modesty, of nature. We shall leave that to more cunning casuists than we are. Such certainly has been done by most of the greatest actors and singers the stage has seen.

In the second act what is principally required is the power of representing strong passions, and in this we consider all the modern Aminas to have signally failed. In fact, up to the present moment, dating from Malibran, no singer, who has undertaken the part of Amina, has had sufficient tragic powers to realise the idea of the poet and the musician. It must be remembered that *Sonnambula* was written expressly for Pasta, when that great tragedian was in the zenith of her fame; and that it was acknowledged to have been Malibran's most wonderful effort. Malibran was equally as great a tragic actress as Pasta, but, in addition, she was a far greater comic actress, and thus her Amina was incomparably the best of the two. It seems somewhat strange that after passing through the hands of the two loftiest tragic artists of the operatic stage, Amina should have descended, apparently as a matter of right, to second rate tragic artists, or to artists without any tragic pretensions whatsoever. Jenny Lind's Amina, as a piece of acting, was passionless, and therefore, to us, was always, to a certain extent, deficient. However exquisitely beautiful and finished her singing might have been, there was no illusion, no abstraction in her acting; the mere art was ever too apparent. The same, in a still greater degree, may be affirmed of Persiani and Sontag, and other Aminas too numerous to mention.

As it appears to us, after having witnessed two performances, Cruvelli in Amina, as in *Fidelio*, is the only legitimate successor of Malibran. Despite the difference above noted, the resemblance between the two assumptions is striking in the main. The same tragic view of the character taken, and the same energetic means employed; the same passion and the same power displayed; and the whole conception on a larger and a grander scale than what we have been accustomed to witness, lead to this conclusion. If we add to this, that Cruvelli's voice, in its extent, volume, and quality, bears a great similarity to that of Malibran, we think we may close the parallel without violence.

In the recitative, "Care Compagne," and the first movement of the grand scena, "Come per me sereno," we were hardly prepared for what was to follow. Cruvelli was anxious—if not nervous—and tried, perhaps, to accomplish too much. Occasionally we should have desired more finish in a cadenza, and less contrast of tone. The *cabaletta*, however, was sufficient to make amends for a thousand such minor deficiencies. It was magnificently and brilliantly sung, and treated with admirable skill. One only attempted effect we should have wished away; viz., the dwelling too long on a low note towards the end; which certainly did not attune with such superb singing as was manifested throughout the movement. This practice of showing off the low notes should be carefully eschewed. They would tell much better if they were given less pointedly.

Of the second act of *Sonnambula* we can speak in terms of unqualified praise, and pronounce it Sophie Cruvelli's masterpiece. From the first moment of starting from her sleep in the Count's bed, to the despair of the finale, her singing and

acting were equally powerful, truthful, and intense. Indeed there were many passages which we are quite certain Malibran herself never surpassed. Of these we may cite the lines,

"Oh! Crudo istante!
Deh!—m' 'udite — io rea non sono."

which were given with prodigious power, and in heart-rending tones. The effect of this scene upon a cold and unused audience was unmistakable. At the fall of the curtain Cruvelli was called for three times, and received with deafening cheers.

The chief points in the third act were the "Ah! non credea smarti," and the rondo finale. The prayer,

"Gran dio!
Non mirar il mio pianto."

may be said to lie open to the same objection as the recitative and first movement of the opening cavatina. An occasional want of finish was observable. We never heard the "Ah! non credea" more exquisitely or more perfectly given—neither by Malibran, nor by Jenny Lind. The intonation was so faultless throughout, the quality of the *mezza voce* voice so delicious, the expression so pure and so touching, that the singing, without the least exaggeration, might have been pronounced divine. Sophie Cruvelli made her way instantaneously—that is, if she had not made it before—to the heart of every hearer by this eloquent and most pathetic appeal. The famous "Ah non giunge" was an overwhelming burst of joyousness, vocalised with exceeding brilliancy, and rendered with a warmth of colouring which can only be attempted by a voice of the calibre and quality of Cruvelli. Here every part of the voice was used with admirable effect, the highest and lowest notes being introduced without the least effort, and an encore was the inevitable consequence. The curtain again went down amid reiterated cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from all parts of the house, and Cruvelli was again summoned three times to receive the enthusiastic demonstrations of the audience. To conclude, Cruvelli's Amina must be placed beside her Fidelio and her Norma, and in the estimation of some, will rank before either.

Of Calzolari's Elvino we have spoken so frequently that it is unnecessary to say more here, than that it displayed his usual perfection of singing, and indifference of acting. We can hardly forgive the admirable tenor for displaying so little fire in such a part, and with such an Amina.

Signor Lorenzo's Count Rudolpho is commendable for its gentlemanlike deportment, and the careful manner in which the popular air, "As I view these scenes so charming," was rendered.

Mademoiselle Feller makes the prettiest and most Count-captivating of Lisas, and, moreover, sings the music well.

The band and chorus, under the strenuous exertions of Balfé, are to be commended mightily. They are perfectly at home in Bellini's music.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ADELPHI.—On Monday last, long before the curtain rose, this theatre was not only crowded to the ceiling—as the phrase goes—but packed even to the very lobbies with the friends and admirers of a lady who has won the applause of the public by her talent and energy in the direction of the most popular theatre in London, and secured the esteem and admiration of all who are fortunate enough to know her in private life, by her uniform affability and kindness. In a word, the crowd that was gathered within the walls of the Adelphi on the

evening mentioned, had come to bid a heart-felt adieu to MADAME CELESTE, previous to her departure for the United States of America, where she purposes giving a series of farewell performances. The pieces selected for Monday evening were *The Queen's Secret*, *Flying Colours*, and one act of the celebrated *Green Bushes*. Any attempt to criticise Madame Celeste's rendering of the heroines of these three productions would be a piece of mere superfluity on our part—they are all as familiar in the minds of the public as household words—suffice it to say, that the fair *beneficiaire* played as she—and only she can play this style of character, and more than earned the thunders of applause which greeted her exertions throughout the evening, and the showers of bouquets lavished on her at the fall of the curtain.

The following was the address delivered by the fair lessee, before parting from her friends.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my kind, good, indulgent patrons, it is with feelings of gratitude beyond my power of expression that I appear before you, to bid you for a time adieu.

To this country, so generous in its sympathies to the stranger, wherever born, I owe my present proud position, for you gave a value by your golden opinions to that little talent my warm-hearted American friends discovered and encouraged. My direction of this theatre, through the liberality of the Manager and the affectionate zeal of the company, has been a labour of love and if you appear as the nightly evidence, I feel I am repaid beyond my deserts.

No occasion ought I to omit—especially such a one as this, with their flattering eulogiums so newly locked in my memory—to thank the press collectively and individually. Without them the actor's calling would cease to be an art.

Nothing, Ladies and Gentlemen, could take me from you but a duty of gratitude I owe to those in the New World, who first took me by the hand; and I should not think I had done that duty, if I did not visit them again and with respect and love take a long, a lasting leave.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my heart is too full to say more than with all my heart I thank you, and with all my heart I bid you adieu.

After the conclusion of the performance, the members of the company assembled in the green-room, and Mr. Paul Bedford, in the name of his comrades, presented Madame Celeste with a most elegant bracelet as a small token of the respect and admiration, with which she has inspired everyone who has any relation with her in her capacity as a manageress. Madame Celeste returned thanks in appropriate terms, and thus ended an evening which will long be remembered in the Adelphi annals.

Mr. J. Silsbee, an American delineator of "Yankee eccentricities," who made his first appearance on Tuesday night, is probably the best actor of his class ever seen by a London public. Mr. Hill, whose line of character he adopts, was smart and lively, but small in his style, whereas Mr. Silsbee's humour is large, unctuous, and broad. He is grave without being dry, and the solemnity of his countenance, as abundant Yankeeisms roll from his tongue, is one of his most amusing peculiarities. Nature has done much in qualifying him for a low comedian. His face is large, and capable in itself of exciting the risible muscles, and his thick-set figure is susceptible of the most ludicrous make up. His dialect is the broadest that has yet been heard, and his articulation is so rapid that, though he has a sonorous voice, great attention is required to catch the whole of his words. His effect on the audience was immense. A roar greeted his entrance, and a roar accompanied him throughout his performance. This is of itself an evidence of rare merit, for Yankee peculiarities have almost been done to death, and with an inferior actor would be all but intolerable.

In Mr. Silsbee's manner there is, however, such evident originality that he imparts freshness to a school of drollery which was fast becoming ineffective. The piece in which he plays, and which is entitled *The Forest Rose and the Yankee Ploughboy*, is not ill-written, as far as regards the part assumed by Mr. Silsbee, a 'cute rustic in the vicinity of New York, who knows everything, particularly the art of love-making, and keeps a shop at which everything is sold. He tells droll stories, he has an overwhelming stock of the class of metaphor called Johnathanisms, he coaxes the unwary out of small sums, and he dances furiously in the Cape Cod Reel, a wild Terpsichorean exhibition, which was enthusiastically encored. But the portion of the piece in which this one character is not set forth is meager in the extreme, an imitation apparently of the half-sentimental farce, of which we have a specimen in the venerable *Turnpike Gale*. If the work were so trimmed as to make it approach as near to a monologue as possible, the improvement would be very great. At the conclusion, Mr. Silsbee, in answer to an universal call, made his appearance, and delivered a short speech, in which he still retained his Yankee manner. He expressed his gratitude for the warm reception he had met, apologized for a cold, hoping to be "stronger and slicker" another time, and wound up with a general benediction amid renewed shouts of applause.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Harley's benefit, which took place on Wednesday night, was made the occasion for reviving Mr. Morton's *Town and Country*, a play which belongs to the class of "acting dramas," but which is not very familiar to modern playgoers.

Town and Country is by no means a bad specimen of the sort of drama that was considered a legitimate comedy some forty years ago. The broad principle is laid down that fashion and vice are synonymous terms; the country is made the seat of innocence, and a gentleman who takes a rural trip from the Western Metropolis is necessarily a mischievous fiend, issuing from certain pandemonia called "clubs." Virtue is not content to act, but loves to talk, and the honest personages of the drama put vice out of countenance in good set speeches, which no situation of passion or perplexity can deprive of an ample proportion of metaphor. A plain-dressed gentleman knocks at your door, and while you are pondering who he is, he edifies you with an abstract dissertation on the advantages of an honest heart or the importance of the social duties. Every word he utters is carefully picked; he never opens his mouth but out flies a trope; nevertheless, you clasp him to your heart as a personation of rectitude. They certainly revered virtue, did the dramatists fifty years ago. They beautified her, they dressed her out, they set her up as a conventional idol, with which they attacked conventional vices, likewise creatures of their own brain. Even in the "funny" parts of the play virtue was still triumphant, and the public was taught to laugh triumphantly when the sophisticated townsman was beaten in a passage of wit by the less sophisticated rustic. Polished sarcasm belonged to the wicked town, "cuteness" was the intelligent side of provincial virtue.

We do not treat things in this way now. We do not divide society into two categories, of simple virtue and accomplished rascality, and conceive we are teaching a grand moral lesson. Hence, a piece like *Town and Country* will appear strange to many who are not familiar with the conventions of their fathers. The abduction of Rosalie Somers, and the consequent distress of her lover Reuben Glenroy, would now be matter for two acts; a few more visible effects would make a domestic melodrama of what was once called a comedy, and the studied oration on the beauty of virtue

would be condensed into a few pungent lines. All would be treated differently from beginning to end.

Nevertheless, the piece has a technical merit, which can still give it vitality, when it is taken in hand by a company of varied talent. It employs a great number of actors in distinct parts, and the qualities of these may be leisurely observed, while they work out a simple but not uninteresting plot. The dialogue was not meant to be read, but to be heard; the piece was written for the stage, not the closet, and the author always had the performers filling up in his mind. Hence the great success of *Town and Country* last night. Written to afford opportunities of histrionic talent, it was sustained by a company who completely met the exigencies of the occasion. Not a part was weakly played. Reuben's set speeches sounded antiquated, but his temporary madness, and his burst of brotherly love in the midst of anger, were finely rendered by Mr. Charles Kean. Rosalie has not much to say or do, but by her air of touching simplicity Mrs. Charles Kean could endow her with interest. Cossey, the warm citizen, the best written part in the piece, who detests alike the country and the west end, and who is so well stocked and withal so liberal with ready cash, that one marvels he does not discharge the national debt in a patriotic freak of benevolence, is acted with such glowing heartiness by Mr. Addison that the audience feel a personal friendship for him before the play is done. And so on with the minor characters, including a very trivial manufacturer, named Trot, whom Mr. Harley, notwithstanding it was his benefit, modestly selected for himself. Rarely, indeed, do we see a piece better acted than this *Town and Country* at the Princess's Theatre; and when the audience called heartily for Mr. Harley and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, it was a spontaneous acknowledgment of two hours' enjoyment.

The abridged version of the *Honeymoon* followed, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean played with their wonted spirit, while Mr. Harley represented the Mock Duke with infinite humour.

The house was completely crowded in every part.

SURREY.—It is, we understand, Mr. Shepherd's intention to continue the Opera Season here until Christmas, and the temperature of public feeling, as manifested by the uniform state of the house, seems amply to justify his purpose. The production of *Linda di Chamouni* has been as successful as any novelty of the season. The music of this opera is, like most of the author's works, of a mixed character. Without an approach to the imaginative or creative powers, it contains a good deal of what is pretty and graceful, mingled however with quite the usual portion of common place. One of the most pleasing things in the opera is Linda's first song—the well known "O luce di quest'anima," and the work possesses a large share of popularity, and being far less difficult and elaborate than Mozart's operas the execution was all the more satisfactory. The part of Linda requires great physical power in the artiste. Miss Romer's voice is not quite what it used to be, but enough of its qualities remains to enable her to get through her task with efficiency. The Surrey audiences are enthusiastic—Miss Romer was encored both in the duet with Carlo and in that with Pierotto. The latter part, which was given to Miss Poole, is hardly worthy of her; but she sang with her usual taste and delicacy, and acted with the truth and simplicity which are natural to her. Mr. Travers, as Carlo, sung with his usual energy and discrimination. Borroni was the Antonio. Mr. D. Corri, the Marquis, and Herr Kuzler, the Curé. This last named gentleman has a barytone voice of good quality and considerable power, and sings

with the confidence and self-possession of a good musician. Shall we have *Figaro*, Mr. Shepherd?

MARY-LE-BONE.—The performance of *Guy Mannering* drew together a tolerably large audience here on Monday. We cannot, as yet, announce any of those improvements in the orchestra and chorus at the necessity of which we have already hinted, and which are so very needful to ensure certain and permanent success. Mrs. Donald King, however, sings as nicely and looks as pretty and lady-like as in fact she cannot help doing, and the piece being, histrionically, very fairly played, may repay a visit to the theatre.

A PLEA FOR OPERATIC BASSES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR, The construction of one opera is so like another in the present day, that I presume we may as well consider the model to be firmly established, and any attempt to improve it almost hopeless. Nevertheless, as it is the duty of every person interested in the progress of the art, freely to deliver his opinions upon all matters connected with it, I have little doubt that when I state my object to be the fostering of a spirit of good feeling, my observations will not only be read with the greatest degree of interest, but I shall be presented with the unanimous thanks both of the musical profession and the public at large. I have observed lately with much regret, that the principal tenor of an opera is almost invariably the successful lover; he it is who basks in the sunny smiles of the *prima donna*; whilst the bass is too often made painfully to feel his situation as the rejected lover, and compelled to groan out his hopeless passion in rocky passes or dreary caverns. During the whole progress of the opera, the happy tenor has little to do but to make love and enjoy himself. Sometimes he is rowing in a gondola, and sometimes serenading in a garden; sometimes transported by unknown hands to a fairy palace, and sometimes banqueting in a moonlit grove. In every situation he is the favoured individual; and, whilst many of the characters are buffeted about by fortune, he generally contrives between singing, flirting, and feasting on the good things of this life, to spend a very pleasant time of it.

Meanwhile, however, the poor bass leads the life of any dog. If he be a lover, he is generally rejected in the first scene; and to add insult to injury, the tenor, in the pride of his superiority, is very apt to hasten his departure by some such phrase as "Tyrant begone!" which being very high, and delivered with the chest voice, is extremely likely to get a round of applause. There is a limit to all human endurance, and if moral men with bass voices do turn out villains after the first scene, I can't wonder at it. Having once vowed vengeance against the tenor, by touching the hilt of his sword, the poor bass must now give up the last claim to sentiment. He is usually to be seen surrounded by a number of suspicious looking gentlemen, who are extremely partial to drink, and who, in a grand chorus, declare their determination to stick to him to the last. He now generally appears enveloped in a cloak; and—although he has forfeited all hope of the friendship of respectable people—for the sake of his voice in the concerted music, he is allowed to sneak in at the back, where he often creates much effect by imaginary stabs at the tenor, after the manner of the warriors at the fairs, who never thrust at each other save upon the accented portions of the bar.

I have thought much upon this subject, and cannot be made to see that gentleman with dark whiskers and bass voices should be thus discouraged in their amours. It is true that the stage is but a mimic representation of life, but, if such things are allowed to be continually placed before a public audience, who knows but they may prove extremely prejudicial to the rising generation? The notion may eventually so take possession of the people, that the claims of suitors shall be estimated by the compass of their voices, and a good tenor *ut de poitrine* be equivalent to a round sum at the banker's. Happy tenors may marry and rear up families,

whilst despised basses may go to their graves unpitied and forlorn. Many persons may say that a bass voice is necessary in an opera, and that those who happen to possess one are sure of receiving a good salary in an establishment devoted to music. This is true; but it is my wish that all principal singers should be placed on an equality; and, in consideration of the degradation to which basses are continually subjected, I would suggest that the scale of salary should be regulated by the pitch of the voice, and that tenors should consequently be contented to receive less money, on account of their enviable situation amongst other vocalists. It is true that this might sometimes occasion absurd attempts to alter the pitch of voices; for whilst a sentimental bass would endeavour to force his voice upwards, in order to make love successfully, a grovelling, money-grubbing tenor might try to pass for a bass, for the sake of the superior salary.

These, however, are mere minor objections; and where a great principle is to be carried out, such infinitesimal matters should not be allowed to influence us. My object is to create good feeling among vocalists! and I have no hesitation in declaring that whilst tenors are allowed, by the mere force of a certain quality of voice, to secure to themselves the smiles of every pretty *prima donna* they may meet with, it is not to be expected operatic companies should ever exhibit that sociability which alone can secure a perfect *tout ensemble*. Good-looking young men will disguise a bass voice as carefully as they would disguise a gray hair, and we shall at length be compelled to circulate hand-bills for "a number of dashing young men to complete an operatic corps," as we now do for the purpose of completing some indefinite military corps, and I verily believe with about as much success. As it sometimes defeats the object intended to be too minute in a remedy which may be suggested for an existing evil, I merely throw out a few hints which perhaps may prove useful to others; and I need scarcely say that it will give me great pleasure to read any letter which the foregoing observations may call forth from my musical readers.

SABONI.

Foreign.

BERGAMO.—The new opera of Verdi, *Il Rigoletto*, has not been well received by the public of this town, although executed by artists of eminence. As the first act was found barren in melody, and the second more than usually sparing in the overpowering unison effects, for which the grand maestro is renowned, the public would not listen to the third act of *Rigoletto*, but demanded *Luisa Müller* with one voice in its place. The *prima donna*, who was hissed in *Rigoletto*, and overwhelmed by so unkind a reception, was raised to the skies in the substituted opera, and so delighted were the public, that they persisted in fêting her after the performance outside the theatre, and accompanied her all the way home to her residence.

MARSEILLES.—Madame Charton, well known as the popular *prima donna* of Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique*, has been giving representations at the grand theatre here with the utmost success. She made her first appearance on the 3rd of September, in Halévy's opera, *Mousquetaires de la Reine*. After the first few bars the audience applauded so loudly, and with such unanimity, that Madame Charton was compelled for some minutes to desist from singing. During the whole of the opening air, the applause was continued, and at the end Madame Charton was compelled to reappear. On the repetition of the same opera her success was still greater—she was twice recalled—and the administration of bouquets plentiful. Her third appearance was in Thomas's opera buffon, *Le Caid*, in which she accomplished a complete triumph. Owing to inefficient performance, this opera had made a *fiasco* two years ago at Marseilles, and the director had abandoned it as not likely to please the public.

The enthusiasm of the audience, however, after Madame Charton's performance, has completely restored the *Caid*, which is now likely to remain a stock opera at the theatre. Among the bouquets which were thrown to Madame Charton at the end of the performance, was one so large that she could scarcely carry it. Her next operas were the *Lucia* and the *Domino Noir*, in both of which she was equally successful. In short, Madame Charton has created a complete furor in Marseilles.

BOULOGNE.—The celebrated Lola Montes appeared on three successive nights at the theatre, and attracted immense audiences. Her performances and talents have been criticised in a variety of ways. Certainly, her long absence from the stage has not improved her dancing; nor has time added to her charms. "According to announcement in our last number," says the *Boulogne Gazette*, "a lady, who has played a part more or less justly celebrated in the political and choregraphical world, Madame Lola Montes, has made her appearance on the humble boards of the Boulogne Theatre. Yes; Lola, now Countess of Lansfeld; Lola, the King's mistress; Lola, the cause of a revolution; Lola, the authoress; Lola, once possessed of endless wealth, now humbled; she it is whom we see bound into the midst of a party of villagers and peasants tastefully grouped upon the stage. But, alas! where are those fascinating charms that have captivated so many? The woman who has obtained notoriety at such fearful cost, stands before us divested of them now—her beauty faded, her limbs devoid of elasticity—the humblest ballet dancer would display more grace, more elegance in her profession. No, Lola, deceive not thyself! No rich costume, no silk or satin, no art or science will ever screen the ravages which a life like thine has made on thy person; nor think again thou hast only to command to bring vassals to thy feet. Thou art going to the New World. Go—thou leavest not a regret.... Strange.... All condemned; yet all rushed to behold—what?... It is not fame as a dancer that the countess had to depend on—of this she must be aware—it is, we blush to say it, the unenviable reputation she has acquired in the *beau monde* that was the attraction."—The above I think much exaggerated. Lola Montes was never acknowledged a dancer of any pretensions; but, nevertheless, there was a novelty about her *pas* which recommended them, and which appears to me to be still sufficiently attractive to rescue it from entire condemnation. I think the critic might have spared his blushes, and not be the worse critic after all. However, toleration cannot be expected from one who exhibits so much ignorance in writing.

The *Société Philharmonique* gave a very brilliant concert at the theatre lately. Madame Sabatier (one of the most popular of Parisian drawing-room singers), Mademoiselle Graumann, and the inimitable boy-violinist, Paul Jullien, were among the executants. Madame Sabatier pleased amazingly, and was encoored in both her airs. Paul Jullien astonished everybody. There were a number of amateurs and connoisseurs present, who expressed in unqualified terms their admiration and surprise at such powers in one so very young.

The illustrious composer of the *Prophete* is still here, and has quite recovered from his late indisposition. He will shortly leave us for Spa, in Belgium, where he goes to take the Baths.

DRESDEN.—Herr Reichart is engaged at the Opera here as principal tenor. He is a great favourite with the public. The local journals speak in the highest terms of his voice and of his singing, extolling no less warmly his talent as an actor.

NAPLES.—Pacini, the well known composer is here, preparing a new opera for the San Carlo. During the Carnival, Adelaide Cortesi is to be the *prima donna assoluta* at the San Carlo, and Liverani the *primo tenore*. The lady will, it is supposed, come out either as Norma, or as Medea, in Pacini's opera of that name; the gentleman will debut as Edgardo (*Lucia*), with Bendazzi, as "protagonista." At the Fondo, Borghi, Agresti, De Bassini, and Lusio are engaged for the Carnival. Borghi, who is a *contralto*, will make her entry in *Cenerentola*. A new ballet *Il matrimonio per lotteria*, has been brought out with considerable success; a *pas de trois* for the two Merantes (husband and wife) and the Danish dancer, Izzo, is much admired, especially a *saltarello*, the music of which is by Giaquinto, a "maestro" unknown to fame.

VIENNA.—It is confidently stated that the celebrated singer of *Musica Tedesca*, Mdlle. Wagner, has been engaged by the most determined and enterprising of *impresarij* for the next London season. Mademoiselle Wagner will be doubly welcome, since she will come to us laden with the partition of Meyerbeer's long and fiercely anticipated opera *grandia*, entitled *L'Africain*, which, we understand, that distinguished diplomatist and *grandissimo amico degli artisti*, il dottore B * * * (*Aus Wien*), with consummate ingenuity (*con immensa astutizia*), among other less important, and other (if possible) more important (*per hercle!*) matters, has effected for the fashionable temple of the muses, bounded on the north by Charles-street, on the south by Pall-mall, on the east by the Haymarket, and on the west by Regent-street. This season the cry has been at (*Wien*) "Mr. * * * has eleven *prime donne* and only one "ultima donna." Fischhof joined the cry—Fischhof, recently appointed principal of our *conservatoire*—Fischhof, the same who played Bach's Fugues, and got up a Bach Society—Fischhof, he with whom Vincent Wallace confarreated when he came to Vienna to bring out his *Marijana*—Fischhof, whose aspirations are addressed to the "Columns," and the tendency of whose *esprit* is not merely *Bachio* (*non lege*, *Bacchic*), but panto-classic—Fischhof, who, despatched to London to represent the interests of Vienna at the Crystal Palace, pricked down his views thereof in goodly Teutonic on *papyrus*, and published them, incontinent, in his native city—Fischhof, whom not to know is not to know Fischhof, whom everybody knows (at *Wien*)—Fischhof joined in the cry—"Mr. * * * has eleven *prime donne* and only one *ultima donna!*" Now, however, that Doctor B * * *, the infinitely circulating, has put his foot in the pie, it is the general conviction at *Wien* that the cry will be next season, "Mr. * * * has twenty-two *prime donne*, and but two *ultime donne*"—and Fischhof will join in the cry—Fischhof, who Vincent Wallace, &c., &c., &c. For it is known here, that Doctor * * * 's system is to engage everybody at first hearing, from Gazzaniga, who could not save Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto* at Bergamo, to Schwartz, who has lost her voice. The twenty-two *prime donne* may conveniently be placed in a row, like twenty-two candles placed in a row, and snuffed out alternately. VIVAT REGINA!—(From our own Correspondent.)

ENGLISH GLEES.—By our advertisement sheet we perceive that the English Glee and Madrigal Union, which met with such deserved success this season at Willis' Rooms, are about to undertake a tour in the Southern and Midland Counties, under the direction of Mr. Edward Laud. Their first concert will take place on Tuesday evening, at Brighton.

Reviews of Music.

"CAN A BOSSOM SO GENTLE REMAIN?" A Glee for Five Voices. Words by SHENSTONE. Music by Miss LAURA W. BARKER. J. Alfred Novello.

Whatever comes from the pen of Miss Barker must be received with welcome, and considered with respect. The present glee, in E flat for five voices, whereof two sopranos, is, as is customary with Miss Barker, quite independent of any preceding model, and consequently entirely her own. The opening subject, *moderato*, is bold, and the independent treatment of dissonance in the last bar, at the bottom of the page, is new, although, perhaps, it surprises more than pleases. The second part, in G minor, is quaint and effective, and leads back naturally to a cadence in the first key. The episode, page 5, which begins in B flat and modulates into E flat minor with excellent effect, is written with great care and very elaborately for the voices. After this, the first part is resumed *ad libitum*.

We admire this glee: first, for its originality; secondly, for the musical knowledge it displays—rare in an amateur, and still rarer in a lady amateur, and recommend it to all Glee Fellowships in general, as something at once good and new.

"AS I SAW FAIR FLORA"—GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES—HENRY TOLHURST. C. Jefferys.

Mr. Tolhurst, evidently a well-trained harmonist, and not without a good ear for rhythm, and a certain vein of tune, has in the present glee successfully imitated the style of the elder madrigalian writers. In one or two places, moreover, he has carried his love for them so far, that he has, so to speak, embraced their ideas. He also stoutly adheres to a peculiarity of those writers, which a modern ear does not tolerate so indulgently as the ear Elizabethan, indecision of key, chiefly declared in a certain quaint and independent march of the harmonic parts, which gives occasionally a sort of abrupt twist to the cadences. This, however, is in strict consonance with the school, and will pass with many as a beauty instead of a blemish. The present madrigal is in the key of A major, for alto, two tenors, and bass. There is great merit in the whole of it, but what pleases us most is the episode, pp. 4, 5, which begins in the key of F sharp minor, but has the same indecision of tonality of which we have complained above, and which, as we have already hinted, by certain enthusiastic admirers of the madrigalian school will be looked upon as beauties, not faults. To conclude, Mr. Tolhurst's glee may be regarded as a really fine example of the school to which it belongs.

"SEVEN PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE"—ROBERT SCHUMANN. Ewer and Co.

Those who are advocates of the school of music, which this celebrated composer is presumed to have founded, will accept these seven little pieces for the pianoforte, as seven *bonnes bouches* for the musical appetite. They possess one very great recommendation, inasmuch as, while most of Herr Schumann's pianoforte music is exceedingly intricate and difficult, setting ordinary talents quite at defiance, they are comparatively easy of execution, and offer excellent means to the aspiring student of making acquaintance with the style of a very eminent master almost unknown in this country. Our own opinion of Herr Schumann's music is so entirely opposed to that of his partisans and admirers, who place him on a level, and, in many instances, above Mendelssohn, that we would rather be spared the task of criticism on the present occasion, since so small an instalment from one of the most prolific and plentiful writers of the day scarcely entitles us to form therefrom anything like a just estimate of his genius and acquirements. *En attendant*, therefore, something more important from the pen of Herr Schumann (with which we understand we shall shortly be favoured by the spirited firm who have issued the publication before us), we shall be satisfied to recommend these seven pieces for the pianoforte *solis* (op. 82), to all who may feel inclined to form a slight acquaintance with the author in anticipation of something later being received into the more hidden recesses of his temple.

"NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION OF MOZART'S FAVORITE SONGS, DUETS AND TRIOS," with the original Italian or German words, and an entirely new English version by W. H. Bellamy. Arranged and adapted from the scores of Mozart, by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY. T. Chappell.

We have found two of the missing numbers of this edition, which we fancied were not sent us, Nos. 6 and 7, which therefore Mr. Chappell need not trouble himself about. These are "Porgi Amor," from the *Nazze di Figaro*, and "Un moto di gioia mi sento," to Mr. Wesley's arrangements of which we have the same praise to accord as to the others. We await, however, with as much alacrity as is convenient, the two missing numbers to complete our set.

"THE BEDFORDSHIRE WALTZES. Jullien and Co.

A lively set of Waltzes; the introduction and No. 1 in E flat, and all the rest, including the coda, in A flat. Variety is certainly not their sin, but they are not without a certain degree of effect.

1. "MAZURKA ELEGANTE,"—POUR LE PIANOFORTE—DEBINE A MAD. SCHWAB—Ferdinand Praeger.
2. "MELINA—Valse GRACIEUSE—Ferdinand Praeger. Cramer, Beale and Co.

No. 1 is a very elegant mazurka in C, with an episode in A minor. No. 2 is a very graceful waltz in F, with episodes in B flat and C. Both are brilliant though easy to play, and both show a tasteful thinker and a musician of acquirement. Such music of this light kind is much too rare, and the more Mr. Praeger writes the better.

"EUTERPEAN POLKA"—J. F. T. Hime (Liverpool), Addison (London), Hime, Neale and Co. (Manchester). This is a very Euterpean polka in A flat, by a lady.

"MADOLINE"—Ballad—Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves—Written by EDWARD J. GILL—Composed by S. NELSON. A. Moss. An *andante cantabile*, not without elegance, and the words not without a certain degree of feeling, and if sung, as indicated in the title page, by the most popular of English tenors, cannot fail to obtain all the success it merits.

"'TIS I THAT LOVE THEE BEST"—Words by F. C. HALL—Music by M. W. BALFE. Campbell Ransford and Co. A kind of Serenade, with a serenade melody, and a serenade accompaniment, very pretty, very Balfé, and consequently very likely to be popular.

"THE HEART'S BRIGHT HOME"—Ballad—The Poetry by T. BREAKELL, Esq.—Composed by J. C. VAN MAANEN. Wessel and Co.

The epithet of novelty cannot strictly be awarded either to the poetry of Mr. Breakell, or the music of Mr. Van Maanen; nevertheless, both are well written, and the style of the accompaniment in the music betrays a laudable desire to avoid the common track. The melody, moreover, is both graceful and vocal, and possessing both these qualities, the absence of striking originality may be overlooked. There are many worse songs with more pretensions.

CRUVELLI'S SONNAMBULA.

(From the Times.)

The most crowded of the "extra nights" was that of Saturday, when not a vacant corner could be perceived in the house. The performance was of sufficient interest to demand notice. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli for the first time essayed the character of Amina. Her success was as complete as it was well deserved, and not even her *début* as Leonora, in *Fidelio*, last May, excited greater attention or more unanimous applause. Mdle. Cruvelli's Amina may stand the test of comparison

with that of the most favoured artists who have attempted the part. All the greatest singers, Pasta alone excepted, for whom, nevertheless, the opera was originally composed, have delighted to display their vocal and dramatic talents in the *Somnambula*, which, if not the finest, is perhaps the most genuine, and certainly the most popular, of Bellini's works. The time can hardly have been forgotten when Malibran and Grisi divided the palm of supremacy—the one at Drury-lane and the other at Her Majesty's Theatre—and simultaneously extorted the homage of their admirers in the same character. Their performances of Amina, though widely different in conception, were equally balanced as examples of powerful execution. When Malibran was gone and Grisi had abandoned the part, Persiani stepped in. The Amina of that accomplished artist will be chiefly remembered for the wonders of florid vocalisation which she lavished on the *cavatina* and the *rondo finale*. The somnambulist of Jenny must be fresh in the memory of every one. The modest retiredness of her acting throughout charmed the audience beyond measure, while her tenderness and consummate singing in the last scene placed Amina among the most perfect and absorbing impersonations of the idolised Swede. Madame Sontag, who has so recently left us, followed with a version essentially her own, remarkable above all for sweetness and grace of expression and faultless accuracy in the vocal ornaments. Alboni's Amina, ranked by her admirers among her most attractive performances, has yet to be heard in London. After such a brilliant galaxy of talent it was no easy task for a young singer to come forward, upon the stage of so many triumphs, in the character which each of these great singers, by some peculiar excellences, may be said to have made her own. That Mdle. Cruvelli succeeded entirely is another proof of the genius which was recognised from the first, and which she incontestably possesses. Although, since the commencement of the extra representations, she has been playing every night, and not seldom in two operas on the same evening, her voice retains its freshness and her acting its fire. It is the prerogative of youth to endure fatigue; but it would be advisable for the management in the present instance, not to stretch the point too far. Mdle. Cruvelli's lungs are not of brass, nor her frame of oak, and she has yet to acquire that invaluable art which enables a thoroughly experienced singer to husband her resources, and only lavish them on the most important occasions. Had she this unfailing command of her powers, there would be little more for her to acquire, since it is to the want of it alone that certain errors and imperfections, which occasionally expose her to criticism, are to be traced.

In her conception of Amina, Mdle. Cruvelli wholly differs from her cotemporaries and immediate predecessors, reminding us more forcibly of Malibran than any other performer we remember in the part. As she is too young to have seen that unrivalled artist we can only account for this by something kindred in her nature. Mdle. Cruvelli's acting in the first scene was both natural and attractive. Her *cavatina*, "Come per me sereno," as it ought to be, a flow of exuberant spirits and a brilliant piece of vocalization in the bargain, at once won the audience to a warm appreciation of its merits. While signing the wedding contract there was a nervousness in Mdle. Cruvelli's manner indicating that Amina's happiness was almost too great for her to endure, and that she feared each succeeding moment might snatch it away. Nothing could have been more pointedly or charmingly conveyed. In the following duet with Elvino, when the cup of joy is overflowing in the bosom of the young maiden, Mdle. Cruvelli showed a full intelligence of the situation, and developed it with genuine

truth. Not less effective was the pretty scene of jealousy on the arrival of Count Rudolpho, and the duet, when the lovers are reconciled and take leave of each other, on the eve of their approaching union, upon which the curtain falls. At this point a new and first-rate Amina was unanimously recognised; but the real enthusiasm of the audience was awakened in the second act, when Amina is discovered in the Count's bedroom. The passion and *abandon* which Mdle. Cruvelli threw into this situation we have rarely seen surpassed; the despair of Amina, unjustly suspected and cast off by her lover in spite of her tears and agonised intreaties, was powerfully expressed, though without a vestige of exaggeration. The fall of the curtain was the signal for a flattering ovation on the part of the audience, who recalled Mdle. Cruvelli, and rewarded her with continuous applause. The third act set the seal upon the singer's success. That earnestness of expression which confers a certain stamp of originality upon Mdle. Cruvelli's physiognomy gave peculiar intensity to the exhibition of somnambulism, which was singularly forcible and impressive throughout. The little passages of byplay, with the faded flowers and the missing ring, were rendered with touching simplicity; and the *adagio* "Ah! non credea mirarti," was delivered with exquisite pathos and a certain tremulousness in the upper tones that rather added to than impaired the beauty of the voice. The "Ah! non giunge" was of course a brilliant display, and at the point, "Ah! m'abbraccia, e sempre insieme," afforded Mdle. Cruvelli the occasion for giving way to one of those impulsive outbreaks of feeling which, when well placed, are irresistible. The curtain fell amid the loudest applause from all parts of the house, a double recall, with the customary honours, being the appropriate final tribute to a very admirable performance.

Signor Calzolari, who played Elvino, has rarely sung with more elegance and finish. The Rodolpho of Signor Lorenzo was impaired by a severe cold, which obstinately resisted his otherwise commendable efforts. Mdle. Feller made a pretty and animated Lisa, and Mr. Balfe, in the orchestra, did all that could possibly be effected to aid the exertions of the singer and insure a successful result.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. By BROTHER JONATHAN. W. S. Johnson.

This periodical, the first number of which has just been issued is a very neat and elegant work. The letter-press and paper are of the best kind, and much care seems to have been expended in the general arrangement. The cover is emblematic of the American flag, and is well designed and printed in colours. Two illustrations are given: one, in line engraving, an excellent view of the principal front of the Capitol, Washington; the other, a woodcut, a picture of the yacht "America."

The contributions include many of the best American writers. We cannot, however, say how many original articles the new magazine contains, since a contribution from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, who has been dead some months, appears in this number. Most of the articles are admirable. The poem of "the Raven," by Edgar Poe, would alone repay the purchase of the magazine.

It appears, however, as if the Magazine had been got up in haste. Between the frontispiece—the engraving of the Capitol at Washington—and the first page of the text, there is no title-page. This appears bare, and should be amended in the next edition. The contents, too, we think, would look better in a fly-leaf between the frontispiece and first page. If this periodical be as well conducted in the ensuing numbers, as it is in the present, it cannot fail to command a large patronage.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MY DEAR SIR.—In my report last week of Miss Hill's Concert, I noticed an Irish ballad sung by Mr. Frank Bodda, entitled "*Thady O' Toole*," which I designated a "*tool*" of a thing. Now I suppose your compositor thought that was a vile attempt at a pun, and agreeing with Dr. Johnson, that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket," struck the word "*tool*" out, and made a "*fool*" of it.

As I imagine neither singer or composer would esteem the latter term a compliment, the favour of your inserting this in next Saturday's "*World*" will oblige and relieve the mind of, my dear Sir,

Yours ever sincerely,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Birmingham, Sep. 24th, 1851.

Miscellaneous.

GLOVER'S "EMMANUEL."—As the time approaches for the performance of this work, public interest increases, and there is now scarcely any doubt of there being a full room on the occasion. By a glance at the list of performers, it will be seen the orchestra will include the very best talent the neighbourhood affords. We may therefore expect the work in this its first performance will have adequate justice done to it by those engaged in its interpretation. We heard several of the pieces given the other evening, and were much pleased with their character—the chorus of "Wise Men" in the first part, and the chorale of the "Disciples," unaccompanied in the second part, we consider worthy of the highest praise. Several of the choruses possess considerable dramatic force; and the melodies throughout have an evenness and sweetness which strongly commend them to our approbation. We understand the committee have generously invited the master and pupils of the Blind Asylum, also several other charities of the town, to be present. We may just note, that it is now nearly two years since an oratorio performance, with orchestral accompaniments, was given in the Free-trade Hall; and we hope the musical amateurs of the neighbourhood will now seize the opportunity of aiding a fellow-townsmen in bringing a work such as this properly before the public. Mr. Glover, since his residence amongst us, has proved himself an artist of great excellence and promise, and he has our best wishes for his success. We subjoin a short analysis of the oratorio for the benefit of our readers. This oratorio embraces the principal events in the life of the Messiah. Part 1 contains, The Annunciation; the Worship of Wise Men; the Murder of the Innocents; the Preaching of John the Baptist; the Baptism of Jesus, by John (during which the angels exclaim, "Touch not the Lord's Anointed," &c.); the continued Preaching of John, and the joyful conclusion by the disciples, "Who is he that shall harm us, the Redeemer is with us." Part 2 contains, The "Beginning of Miracles," and the wonder and joy of the people; the bold faith of Peter expressed in the words, "It is God that girdeth me with strength of War;" the Hymn on the Mount of Olives; the Crucifixion; the "Appearance" to the eleven; the fear and subsequent rejoicing of the disciples; the Ascension (where the angels foretell the Second Advent, and the "gazing" multitude re-echo the strain); the Last Judgment—and the exultation of Emmanuel "above every name."—*Manchester Examiner*.

CHEAP LITERATURE IN PARIS.—This is verily the age of cheapness. George Sand has consented to allow all her novels to be reprinted for the small charge of four sous, a shade less than twopence, per part, which will make, it appears, about £1 for the whole collection. This popular edition is to be profusely illustrated by eminent artists, and is to be printed and got up in good style. During the last year or two an immense deal of business has been done by three or four publishing houses, in the production of esteemed works at four sous the sheet, of close

yet legible type, excellent paper, and spirited illustrations. By this plan, the humblest working man and the poorest *grisette* have been able to form a very respectable library. Naturally, the works so brought out have been chiefly of the class of light literature, but not a few are of graver character. Amongst the authors whose complete works have been published are, Le Sage, Chateaubriand, Anquetil (the historian), Balzac, Sue, Paul de Kock; amongst those partially published, Rousseau, Lamennais, Voltaire, Diderot, Fenelon, Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Translations of foreign works have also been produced; in the batch are, complete or partial, Goldsmith, Sterne, Anne Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Bulwer, Dickens, Marryat, Goethe, Schiller, Silvio Pellico, and Boccaccio.—*Correspondent of Literary Gazette*.

MR. J. B. JEWSON, the pianist, has arrived in London for the season.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—These gardens, which will close next week, will continue to be attractive as long as the weather and the lessee permit. Mr. Godfrey has given us selections from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Benedict's *Crusaders*. Miss Mesient, who is still the vocal loadstar of the gardens, has been challenging the nightingales in Sir Henry Bishop's popular song, "The Mocking Bird," nicely accompanied on the flute by Mr. Tyler. A new song by Mr. Owen, gracefully delivered by the syren, is, we understand, the offspring of a very young muse, and as such may be considered to give promise of a fair maturity to the writer. A walk in these gardens, after dark, with their music, quaintly lighted walks, and fiery displays on the water, is as good as a visit to Fairy Land—almost.

MISS GODDARD, of Sadler's Wells has been starring at Chester during the run of "*Timon of Athens*." She appeared for six nights. The houses have been very fashionably attended.

NORTHAMPTON.—A new Society designated "The Northampton Instrumental Musical Society," has recently been established here, which promises to create and foster a taste for music which has not existed hitherto in this ancient borough. A series of six Concerts is announced for the winter, commencing on Thursday next, Oct. 2nd, for which the following artistes are engaged as principals. Miss Pyne, and Miss Louisa Pyne, as Vocalists; and Mr. H. Nicholson (Solo Flute). All the available Instrumental talent in the town will attend, assisted also by the principal members of the Duke of Rutland's Band from Leicester.

ON THE TITLES PREFIXED TO THE PSALMS, &c.—In the Book of Psalms frequent mention is made of the musical instruments then used, and it is also supposed that the titles prefixed to the Psalms was a key to the true sense and intention of the poem, and should therefore be retained and studied with the greatest care and veneration. But there are so many different opinions respecting them that it is exceedingly difficult to determine which of these titles are genuine as to explain their true meaning. Don Calmet, and Flamininus, frankly declare, that they are utterly unable to expound or interpret the titles of some of these Psalms, and the Rabbins suspect that most of the terms involved in so much darkness were the names of the instruments or the melodies which the Levites sung to them. The learned Father Martini appears to think there is no reason to doubt that the Psalms of David were accompanied by instruments, and also that there was a certain species of rhythm and metre both in the poetry and music of these compositions. For although the Hebrews were ignorant of counterpoint, they had certain known melodies, to which could be adapted at pleasure their extemporaneous poetry; and as a proof of there having existed some regularity in the arrangement of their music, the word *Selah* occurs frequently, which is equivalent to the Greek word *Diapsalma*, which may be translated a pause in singing, and the most general opinion is, that it was a sign for the cessation of the voices, and the introduction of the instruments; nothing more conclusive can be adduced, that the Psalms were sometimes accompanied by many instruments, and sometimes by one alone appears very probable; but what were the particular instruments used, the immense distance of the period renders it

impossible to discover. During the long reign of Solomon, the Hebrews were in the greatest prosperity, which not only enabled them to cultivate the arts and sciences amongst themselves, but stimulated foreigners to visit and assist them, for the immense wealth, the great renown, and the enormous sums paid the musicians, could not fail to attract the greatest talents from all parts of the neighbouring kingdoms. It is the opinion of many expounders and commentators of the sacred writings, that Solomon was the author of some of the Psalms that are attributed to David; it is certain that he was no less fond of poetry than his father, for, in the 4th Chap. of the 1st Book of Kings, and the 25th ver., we are told that "he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five." But whether he was a practical musician does not appear in the records of his reign."
—From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music*.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The "Reine de la Danse" left London on Wednesday evening, en route for St. Petersburg.

M. FETIS.—This eminent musician, and highly celebrated critic, has been for some weeks in London, and has composed three interesting letters on the musical department of the Great Exhibition, which have appeared in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*. M. Fetis returned to Brussels on Tuesday, to resume his duties as Principal of the Conservatoire.

Mr. ELLA, Director of the Musical Union, is in Paris. He has been visiting Signor Tamburini, at his *chateau*, near Sevres.

Mr. HARRIS has already gone to Paris, to make preparations for Mr. Lumley's forthcoming season at the *Theatre Italien*.

DEATH OF ONE OF BURNS'S HEROINES.—A Glasgow contemporary records the death of one of the six "Mauchline belles," on whom Burns confers the fame of his verse. Mrs. Findlay, relict of Mr. Robert Findlay, of the excise, Greenock, was one of the very few persons, surviving to our own times, who intimately knew the peasant bard in the first flush of his genius and manhood, and by whom her name and charms have been wedded to immortal verse. When we consider that sixty-five years have elapsed since Burns wrote the lines in which this lady is noticed, and that the six Mauchline belles were then in the pride of opening womanhood, it is surprising that two of them, who have often listened to the living accents of the inspired peasant, still survive: The fate in life of the six belles was as follows: Miss Ellen Miller, the first named, became the wife of Burns's friend, Dr. Mackenzie, a medical gentleman in Mauchline, latterly in Irvine; Miss Markland we have already spoken of; Miss Jean Smith was married to Mr. Candlish, a successful teacher in Edinburgh, and became the mother of the eminent divine; Miss Betsy (Miller) became the wife of Mr. Templeton, in Mauchline; and Miss Morton married Mr. Patterson, cloth merchant, in the same village. Of the fate and history of "Bonnie Jean" (Armour) we need not speak. The survivors are Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Candlish.

RICHARD JONES, THE COMEDIAN.—On the 30th ultimo died, in his 73rd year, Mr. Richard Jones, for many years an actor of some great repute at Covent Garden Theatre. He commenced his career in the histrionic profession, as other comedians have done before him, by enacting tragedy at different provincial theatres, until the accidental illness of a brother performer led to his impersonation of Gossamer, in *Laugh when you can*. From this (that) time his attention was directed to comedy, and he made his first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden in 1807, as Goldfinch, in *The Road to Ruin*. He will, however, be chiefly remembered by his gentlemanly and lively performance of Puff, in *The Critic*. Mr. Jones, always careful of his purse and person, was long known among his professional brethren by the *soubriquet* of "Gentleman Jones." He was the author of two amusing pieces, *The Green Man*, and *Too Late for a Dinner*, and, since his retirement from the stage, has frequently employed himself in giving lessons in elocution.—*Literary Gazette*.

COMMERCIAL HALL, KING'S ROAD CHELSEA.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the above rooms, on Tuesday

evening. A select audience, though not a numerous one, attended. The singers were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. H. Barnby: the instrumentalists, Mr. F. Wustemann (flute), Miss Eliza Ward (piano), and Master J. Ward (concertina). The encores were numerous, and comprised Mrs. Alexander Newton's "Hush ye pretty warbling choir," "Robin Adair," and "Casta Diva;" Mr. H. Barnby's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," Mr. Bridge Frodsham's "Death of Nelson," and Miss Louisa Nevett in "Vedrai Carino." Master J. Ward, also, was encored in his concertina solo. Miss Louisa Nevett made her *debut* in public on this occasion, and her success was unequivocal. She is a pupil of Mrs. Alexander Newton, has a very nice voice, and is extremely lady-like in appearance. Auguring from a first appearance, we have every reason to suppose Miss Louisa Nevett will be an acquisition, and no mean one, to the concert room.

MONTELLI.—In our account of the *Barbiere*, the name of Signor Paltoni was inadvertently printed instead of Signor Montelli, when that artist, at a brief notice, undertook the arduous part of Doctor Bartolo at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the retirement of Signor Lablache, and acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of Mr. Lumley.

MARIE ESCUDIER, the *redacteur* of *La France Musicale*, has returned to Paris from Havre.

CAROLINA ROSATI has left London for Paris.

MADAME SONTAG is at Boulogne.

MADemoiselle ANGRI has gone to Paris. The accomplished contralto is in treaty with Mr. Lumley for next season, and an engagement is pending with her for the ensuing winter campaign at the *Teatro del Re*, Madrid.

MADemoiselle IDA BRERTRAND and her sister have left London for Paris.

PROFESSOR FISCHOFF, the well known musician and profound critic, who was one of the *envoyes* from Vienna to the Great Exhibition, has been appointed Director of the Conservatoire at Vienna.

MADemoiselle CORBARI has come back to Paris. The delicious *comprimaria* and *prima donna* (*juncta in una*) is preparing for the forthcoming season at the *Bouffes*.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON AND MR. BRIDGE FRODSHAM have left London for Dublin, where they have an engagement with Mr. Levy for a week.

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN. (*From the American Magazine*). We are really gratified in recording the triumphant success of these wonderful specimens of "Young America" at the St. James's theatre. We say, a triumphant success; for we are aware that there has long existed in England an apathy to talent, as exhibited in children, which the genius of these children has, for a time at least, overcome. We have had the pleasure of seeing them perform in both England and the United States, and in all the principal cities of the latter they were favourites of the strongest character. Well do we remember their *debut* in Philadelphia, and the delight they occasioned; and also of their immense success in New York, under the management of the world-wide Barnum. As yet they have appeared here in the plays of *Macbeth*, *Richard the Third*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Young Couple*, *The Swiss Cottage*, *The Spoiled Child*, and *Bombastes Furioso*, the personation of the leading characters in which have been received both by the press and the public with the most unequivocal marks of favour. We cannot point out an instance where we have been more agreeably entertained by a dramatic performance than we were with their representation of those saucy, mischievous little chits, in the translation of Scribe's sparkling vaudeville, *Le Mariage Enfantin*. Kate's flow of vivacity, so elegantly expressed, was second only to the delightful ease of Mrs. Nisbett; while little Ellen's joyous, merry unaffectedness, called up a thrill of pleasure in every bosom. Well and truly did they deserve the shower of bouquets that fell around them when called upon the stage at the conclusion of the play. The great charm of the acting of these wonderful children

is the comprehensive naturalness which marks their efforts in every part they perform. We can perceive no evidence of training, for, like true artists, they conceive the art, although it is difficult to believe that children so tender in years can comprehend the interests and meaning of the language of Shakspeare; yet we are constrained to say that they deliver it as if they do, which argues either a precocity of intellect almost unparalleled, or the perfection of art in acting rarely achieved on the English stage. We saw it stated some time ago that neither of the children could read, and this was a delicious straw for the critics to catch at. "If they cannot read, they cannot comprehend nature, and so they must be purroted." This is a shallow argument, for we know many singers who cannot read the character of a piece of music, yet, when it is expressed to them, they soon acquire and interpret it with more feeling and appreciative understanding than the mere reader. We have reason to believe that these children conceive as well as execute; and, as to the genius of their execution, the public of England and America can now fully attest.

We learn that, at the close of the present season at the St. James's, which must necessarily be limited, the father of these "dear little people," as Daniel Webster, our great statesmen called them, intends taking them into the provinces. Our out of London friends may anticipate something glorious in the way of dramatic novelty. There never lived but one family of "Batemans," and it will be a long time ere we "look upon their like again."

GREENWICH. (From our own Reporter).—An evening concert was given on Thursday last at the Lecture Hall, on which occasion the room was crowded in every available part. The concert took place under the direction of Mr. Albert Schloss, and the following popular artists assisted:—Vocalists, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Miss Binckes, the Misses Alexander (pupils of Signor Felice Ronconi), Madame Garcia, Miss S. Pyne, Miss Louisa Pyne, Herr Stigelli (from the Royal Italian Opera), and Mr. Whitworth. Instrumentalists:—Herr Jansa, Professor at the Conservatorium at Vienna (violin), M. Rousselot (violin), and Herr Kuhe (pianoforte). The programme commenced with Mayseeder's Trio for violin, violoncello and pianoforte, remarkably well executed by Herr Jansa, M. Rousselot and Herr Kuhe. Jansa sustained his reputation fully as one of the first violinists in Vienna. His style is extremely pure, and his tone large, full, and round. His bowing is free and easy, and his execution at once brilliant and finished. Herr Jansa has had great experience as a classical violinist. It was he who inaugurated the Beethoven Quartet Society at Vienna, and conducted it from the commencement to the present time. Some such difference with the authorities in power as caused the expulsion of Mademoiselle Zerr from the Court Opera and Concerts in the Capital of Austria, having relation to supporting the Hungarian Refugees, has led to Herr Jansa's departure from Vienna and arrival in London. He has, we understand, come to reside in this country. Certainly his talents cannot fail to be appreciated amongst us. But to our subject, leaving Herr Jansa for a more favorable opportunity to discuss his merits at greater length, Miss Bassano was encored in Angelina's pretty and unpretending ballad, "Solitude." Miss Bassano sang the ballad charmingly and deserved the warm encore she obtained. The Misses Pyne gave Donizetti's duo, "Ah! figlia incanta," with pleasing, but not overpowering effect. Herr Kuhe was encored in a solo on the pianoforte, to which his capital playing well entitled him. Mr. Whitworth sang Vogel's aria, "L'Ange dechie," and Miss Binckes, Miss M. B. Hawes's oft-sung ballad, "I'll speak of thee." Miss Binckes was encored. Herr Jansa executed a Fantasia of his own composition on the violin with admirable effect. Herr Jansa was loudly applauded from all parts of the rooms. Herr Jansa is no less celebrated as a composer than a player on the violin. The present work has sterling merit, and is at the same time a brilliant and showy contribution to the instrument. The "Sonno song" from *Masaniello* was very sweetly rendered by Herr Stigelli, who managed the mezzo voce voice with excellent effect, and skilfully. Miss Bassano's fine deep voice was heard advantageously in the grand air, "Ah! quel Giorno," from *Semiramide*, and Miss Louisa Pyne was rapturously bisssed in "Cease

your funning" with variations, for which worthy accomplishment Miss Louisa Pyne deserves to be dubbed the English Sontag. The first part concluded with Glover's duet, "From our merry Swiss home," given very nicely, and encored. The second part commenced with the rondo finale "Ah! non giunge," from *Sonnambula*, which Miss Binckes found, on the incompetent side of her talent. The "Tell me, my heart," of Miss Messent was better, because more compassable by the singer. Young singers should not attempt too much. The juvenile crow that attempted to fly out of his nest, his mother unwilling, before he had his wings fledged, was devoured by a gled-hawk. A solo on the violoncello displayed a thorough musician and a practised hand in M. Scipion Rousselot, whom we seldom miss from a concert of any note, in or out of season in London. The very charming romance, "So mild, so good," from Frank Mori's cantata, *Fridolin*, was neatly and prettily warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne. Wallace's "There is a flower that bloometh" was well delivered by Herr Stigelli, who showed no less aptitude for English consonants than for English notes. Herr Kuhe again treated his admirers to a pianoforte solo, and Mr. Whitworth was encored in Edward Loder's ubiquitous ballad "The Brave old Oak," whereof, why "brave?" Ask the *Athenæum*. The "Oak" was succeeded by a Scotch ballad, written by one Burns, and called "There's nae luck aboot the hoose." Miss Bassano sang it like a Highland Saint Cecilia. Rode's air and variations was attempted by Madame Garcia. Who is Madame Garcia? "Where the Bee Sucks" was sung twice by Miss Binckes, and a Scotch song by Miss Messent, was also called for twice, and repeated. The eternal Prayer from the *Mosé in Egitto* concluded the concert—Herr Kuhe, Herr Carl Schmit, and Mr. Frank Mori officiated in turn as Conductors.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The another week at playhouse prices. Will they stretch out to the crack of doom? Four more nights are announced—vide advertisement—as "positively the last." But these terms have now ceased to have any force. However, we have good reason to suspect that next week will in reality put an end to Mr. Lumley's long-lived and most extraordinary season. We hear, by the way, that the indefatigable director is already making engagements of importance for next year, and rumour hints at vast improvements in several departments in the establishment being projected. If Mr. Lumley next season exceed the energy he has displayed in his present campaign he will accomplish a miracle:

JULLIEN.—The indefatigable *chef d'orchestre* is rustivating at Southend, and is hard at work on his new opera, which he expects to complete before he commences his provincial tour in January. Jullien returns to London next week to make preparations for his winter campaign at Drury-lane. What novelties Jullien intends producing this season are yet in the womb of time. The public, however, may depend on it, that Jullien's brain never lies fallow. The mental plough is always at work, and the seeds of thought always being sown.

RETIREMENT OF BALFE FROM HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A friend writes from Cologne that it is there said that Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been just engaged by Mr. Lumley as the musical director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, and of the Italian Opera in Paris, and that he will, in consequence, resign his appointments in the city of the three Kings. This, of course, implies the retirement of Mr. Balfé; and the gain also to London of a sound musician and amiable man, which universal report declares Herr Hiller to be. What his capacities as musical conductor of a theatre so differently constructed from those of the Continent, as ours may prove, no one can yet divine; but of his standing among European musicians there can be no question. His appointment, therefore, if the Celognese echoes tell true, must not pass without a word of welcome. It is said that if Herr Hiller do leave Germany, there is some chance of M. Liszt being tempted away from his court allegiance at Weimer, to be placed at the head of the Conservatoire in Cologne, instead of Herr Hiller.

Advertisements.

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FRIDAY, OCT. 3. And
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our Last.)

THE debut of the famous Italian *cantatrice*, Mad. Barbieri Nini, whose name was one of the great attractions of the prospectus, took place after long and anxious anticipation, Tuesday, the 5th of August. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mad. Barbieri Nini was of course the heroine, and the great Alboni, to strengthen the cast, condescended (we say condescended, since Alboni has for some time abandoned the exclusively *contralto* range of characters), to resume her old and favourite part of Maffeo Orsini, and sing the "In segreto" in her own incomparable manner. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the fact of Mad. Barbieri Nini's appearance, to recapitulate our opinions of her talent, or to refer at any length to the impression she produced upon the public. These matters must be fresh in the memory of our readers. Suffice it that Mad. Barbieri Nini's success was complete and legitimate. The audience, one of the most crowded of the season, received her with enthusiasm. The opinions of the press were at strange variance with each other. Some would have it that Mad. Barbieri was another Pasta; others went further still; while the rest found much to criticise, as well as much to praise in her talent. We were among the latter, and a more intimate acquaintance, derived from repeated hearings, has only tended to confirm our first conclusion. Mad. Barbieri Nini is undoubtedly a great vocalist of the purely declamatory school. You hear every syllable she utters with extreme distinctness; but you hear too much, since the habit of declaiming everything à l'outrance often leads Mad. Barbieri to make mountains out of mole-hills; or, in other words, to give undue importance to insignificant passages, which is obtrusive, and derogates from the effect of passages really and properly emphatic, when they arrive. In the *adagio* Mad. Barbieri often phrases magnificently, and in the *allegro*, especially in the *traits de bravoure*, her execution is surprisingly forcible, and invariably pure; but in the first she frequently produces a monotonous effect by a species of measurement, whereby every bar, and section of a bar, has such exact relative proportions, that the balance is unchangingly even, and no part outweighs another, whereby one grand secret of vocal expression is altogether ignored; while in the latter, such quality as remains in a voice originally strong and full, but sadly worn by years and Verdi, evaporates

in the point and rapidity of her articulation. Examples of their beauties and their defects may always be traced in her performance of the "M'odi, in'odi," and the interpolated final bravura in her *Lucrezia Borgia*. To resume, however, and to conclude, Mad. Barbieri Nini is a vocalist of distinguished attainments, who, in spite of her defects, offers very many points of mechanism and expression, which young and ambitious singers would do well to study, and profit by. As an actress Mad. Barbieri Nini is at the most intelligent, correct, and full of a sort of artificial energy; but she is exaggerated, bombastic even at times, and her gestures, frequently reminding us of the gymnastics of natation, set grace, taste, and natural ease at defiance. For much of this, a face, and person by no means favourable for stage illusion, must be called to account; and on these grounds we are disposed to be the more charitable in criticising Mad. Barbieri Nini's dramatic, or rather, melo-dramatic capabilities.

The next event of consequence was Alboni's first appearance as Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, a part to which she owed much of her success during her recent engagement at Madrid. Alboni's Vivandiere differs entirely from the view of that personage adopted by Jenny Lind and Madame Sontag. She was more lively and full of a kind of buxom *bonhomie* than the first, and less boisterous and termagantish than the last. What Jenny Lind underdid, Sontag overdid, while Alboni steered the middle course—"In medio tutissimus ibis." On the whole we confess to have a preference for Jenny Lind's Maria over that of Madame Sontag, as possessing more charm while betraying less effort. Both, however, for such as they were, must be lauded as very equal performances, a distinction which cannot be awarded to the Vivandiere of Alboni. Nevertheless, we greatly prefer Alboni's first act to that of either of her rivals. Her singing of the popular "Ciascun lo dice" was admirable, while her beating of the drum was unique and irresistible, not more Vivandierish than Alboniish—Märiettish. She first obtained an encore in London for this lively melody. In the tender passages she was exquisite, and her singing of the beautiful minor cantabile, where Maria takes leave of the regiment, was divine, at least equal to Jenny Lind, and, be it understood, this was one of Jenny Lind's best points. In the lesson scene Alboni did not make the effect anticipated and achieved by both her predecessors, which may be laid to the account of the cadenza. With Alboni's voice and means something quite *hors ligne* and original was naturally expected; instead of which she sang precisely the same cadenza as Jenny Lind and Sontag, which being wholly

unmuted to her caused the whole to fall flatly. In the last scene, however, Alboni entirely redeemed her laurels. Alboni was again Alboni, and her vocalization in Balfe's brilliant and popular rondo finale to the *Maid of Artois* was an effort neither more nor less than Malibranesque—we can find no other term to express what we mean, or to account for the surprise and delight it created. This brought the curtain down amid thunders of applause, and made Alboni's one hundred triumphs one hundred and one. Of Gardoni's Tonjo, and Frederick Lablache's Sulpizio, we need say no more than they were worthy of themselves, and fit subordinate figures in the *tableau* of which Alboni was the sun.

Sontag having unexpectedly retired from the theatre, at the next performance of *Don Giovanni* Alboni was her substitute in the part of Zerlina. Of this it is enough to reiterate what we have said more than once, that Mozart's adorable peasant maiden never before had such an adorable representative; and that the heavenly melodies which Mozart has made flow from the lips of Zerlina, like fresh water mixed with joannisberg (real), from a celestial fountain (the sherbet of the orientals, the nectar of the Greeks was nothing to it, with Houris, Hebes, and Ganymedes to boot), were never warbled with such luscious sweetness, were never uttered with such sacred veneration for the text of the mighty genius, who scattered his inspirations to the winds like leaves from a boundless forest when the autumn breeze blows freshly from the West. In short, Alboni's Zerlina, in its way, is matchless—and note, that she sings the airs in the proper keys, for which, by the by, we are ourselves in some sort accountable, and of which Lablache approved with big benevolence and gigantic glee, shaking his venerated sides with sleekness of satisfaction and fulness of faith in Mozart and the charming priestess, who, with sunny smile and velvet voice, chanted canticles in honour of the immortal, though departed composer, and with arms fair, fat, and rosy-fingered, swang incense before the altar as she sang.

And now we come to Balfe's benefit, memorable for three reasons; memorable as Balfe's benefit, the first he ever took at Her Majesty's Theatre; memorable for the first presentation of Balfe's opera, *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, in an Italian guise on the Italian stage, and under the Italian title of *I Quattro Fratelli*; and memorable for the first appearance of Sophie Cruvelli in an original comic part. It were bootless to re-enter, having once entered, into the plot of this opera, which is equally comic and *intrigué*, ingenious, original, and interesting, of M. M. Leuven and Brunswick; or to apostrophise the music of Balfe, having already apostrophised it as among the most sparkling, tuneful, racy and animated of that most sparkling, tuneful, racy and animated composer; or to re-chronicle its reception by the audience, having already chronicled it as a triumphant success. Nor is it necessary to repeat what we have previously said in homage to the merit of Massol's stolid, carved, oakish, ancestral and burly conception of the part of the Baron Beaumanoir (Baron Finchouse);

nor to record more than we have elsewhere recorded of the merits of Madame Giuliani, Madlle. Feller, Miss Lanza, Coletti, Gardoni, Pardini, Balanchi, &c., in their respective "rôles;" nor to relavish praises, hitherto lavished, on the orchestra, chorus and subordinates; for their conjunct seal in behalf of the opera of their trusty and well-beloved director; nor to repeat what we have spoken of the several times that Balfe, Michael Balfe, Michael William Balfe, was called by the audience and applauded to the echo—all this will be needless and superfluous; but we must pause awhile to recollect and re-record our impressions of the performance of Sophie Cruvelli, who had studied and learnt the part in ten days. The brilliant Erminia was never so brilliant before; the dashing Erminia never so dashing; the beautiful Erminia never so beautiful. Balfe's conception was idealised by Sophie Cruvelli, who, in this part alone, hastily acquired, improvised, so to speak, raised herself to the position, in the estimate of connoisseurs, of a first-rate comedian, genial, humorous, and irresistible. In short, we thought, and we may have said (we have not time to look back—the "devil" a its for copy) at the time, and we think and are about to say at present, that if Cruvelli's Norma is a fine piece of tragedy, Cruvelli's Fidelio is a fine piece of melodrama, Cruvelli's Erminia is the finest piece of comedy. Of Cruvelli's singing we need say no more than that it was worthy of Cruvelli. We must add, however, that Balfe had written two bravuras airs for his new and charming Erminia, bristling with vocal difficulties, and making nothing of a compass of three octaves. With these Cruvelli played as a child with the toy just presented to it by its mamma, especially with the last, "Or chi verra," which created a furor, and was encored with acclamations. Bref, Sophie Cruvelli accomplished a new triumph, and shared it with Balfe. At the end of a long article we remember to have said ourselves, "after which it was unnecessary to say more than that next to Fidelio and Norma, Erminia was the greatest and most legitimate triumph of Sophie Cruvelli." *Sonnambula* was to come.

A word may chronicle the revival of the last scene of the *Due Foscari*, remarkable for the impressive performance of Coletti.

After some weeks' absence, Sontag came back; and on Saturday, the 16th of August, once more appeared as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and sang "Rhode's air" to admiration; and on the following Wednesday, as Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, when, as if to crown her triumph in Erminia with fresh bays, Sophie Cruvelli played Cherubino, sang "Voi che sapete" without changing a note, or interpolating an ornament—sang it divinely, was encored, sang it again without changing a note or interpolating an ornament—again divinely. The lips of censure were sealed. His tongue wagged no more. There was nothing for him to say. Sophia Cruvelli had conquered—herself and censure.

About this time, on a Tuesday, *Florinda* was repeated unexpectedly. We did not expect it, and dined at Rich-

mond on some trout obtained hard by from a fish-keeper, and arrived during the performance of the last act, just in time to hear Cruvelli sing C at the full force of her *poumons*, and to see Sims Reeves expire languishingly on a couch pight wingwards.

On the Friday of the same week a more welcome performance in Beethoven's *Fidelio* brought back once more Cruvelli's transcendent Leonora to the willing eyes and willing ears—to the eager eyes and eager ears—to the ravished eyes and ravished ears of a crowded audience, which preferred *Fidelio* to *Florinda*—brandy to water. This was announced as the last representation of *Fidelio*, which has since been repeated some third of a score of times. (Mr. Lumley, we regret to avow it, has emulated Mr. Gys by presenting *Fidelio* in a mutilated form, combined with other loppings from meaner trunks, to draw the money from the waistcoat pockets of provincial Yankee, and multi-bearded continentals.)

About this time happened the Musical Festival at Worcester, and the star of the opera during the period of a week illumined the distant hills of Malvern. Sophie Cruvelli absent, it was darkness. The dim light of the ex-queen, Anna Bolena, subsequently unheaded by her furious mate, shone but as a rushlight that does duty for the moon, when stupid clouds persist to hide that lovely luminary behind their impenetrable coat of blackness, the skirts whereof are silvered by

"That orb'd maiden
With white fire laden."

who thus repays envy by benevolence; and as a tail to the simile and a translation of the figure into prose, the name of Cruvelli announced at the foot of the bills to play Norma on the Saturday was the one twinkling point that shed a faint blush of light over the tenebrous heavens. Nathless, the Anna Bolena of Madame Barbieri Nini on Tuesday, August the 26th, being the second part in which the great declamatory vocalist had appeared in London, left an impression which must not stand unrecorded. We therefore record it. The Anna Bolena of Madame Barbieri Nini left this impression—that possessed she (Madame Barbieri Nini) the *ars celare artem* (D. R. ante No. 35 *Musical World*) she would know to conceal her art; and leave nature the freer to cut its own caper, turn its own somersault, and poise its own toe. This was the impression left by Madame Barbieri Nini's impersonation of Anna Bolena, the ex-queen subsequently unheaded by her furious mate. Lablache, as Henry the Eighth, to employ the quaint simile of the *Times*, looked "like a page torn from the history of England,"—Albert Smith would have added (as D. R. added) "folio edition." As for Madame Giuliani, Calzolari, and Ida Bertrand, they played Catherine Seymour, Percy, and Smeaton.

But where was Cerrito—the bounding Cerrito—the "*brillante et bouillante*" (as Jules Lecomte said of Cruvelli, in the *Independence Belge*). Fanny—Fanny Cerrito? Where was

Fanny Cerrito? Did she not "*se lancer*" on the stage, like a *menad*, with uplifted front and vein-swollen neck—

"Shaking wide her yellow hair"?—

Did she not stream from the side wings to the foot-lights, like a comet, rushing to her public, the sun of her adoring, to be unknown, unrecognised? (the palms and the eyes of the audience had been beaten, shut per force of applauding and gazing at the zinc-footed Amalia—Amalia Ferraris)—did not Fanny this, and more than this?—take an *eclatante* revenge?—did she not, after her first *pas*, when her feet, endowed with unseen wings, laughed at the ground ("Thou Scornor of the ground"—*Shelley*), did she not force their obstinate hands, maugre resisting elbows, to loud and long-continued clappings, and moisten their dried eyelids to pleasurable perspiration, till fountains of delight, half laughter, half tears, dropped from the eyes?—did she not triumph, as Cerrito has triumphed a thousand times before?—as Fanny has triumphed, the only possible substitute for "Carlotta; the unapproachable," who, though not Carlotta, the nearest to Carlotta, while a long way off? She did. Cerrito danced for the first time on Saturday, the 23rd of August, after the opera of the *Figlia del Reggimento* (in which Madame Sontag was once more the Maria), Cerrito danced, and outdid her own shadow on the ice.

Meanwhile Sophie Cruvelli, heavily laden with the bays she won at Worcester, came back train-haste, and once more walked the stage as Norma, the sublime druidess (*in one act*), bringing the week to a climax gloriously.

We should have mentioned that the 26th of August, when *Anna Bolena* was produced, closed the subscription; and that the performances with "play-house prices," at first announced "for a few nights only," but since indefinitely extended, began on the Wednesday, with a miscellaneous selection. As these performances had no connection with the regular season, it is unnecessary for us to include any account of them in our present notice. Suffice it the principal artists left, one by one until, at last, the weight of the opera rested entirely upon the shoulders of Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, who luckily for the theatre, was well able to bear the burden of responsibility. Any singer with less magnificent physical gifts, less stamina, and less indomitable energy, would have sunk under the infliction of such hard and continuous labour; but Sophie, backed by youth, ambition, and enthusiasm, has womanfully resisted all temptation to succumb. Loved by the public, applauded equally by those who knew her talent, and by strangers, from all parts of the world, who only made her acquaintance at the "play-house prices," Mr. Lumley's latest and most favoured *prima donna* has gone through her arduous duties with unswerving courage, playing one night Norma, the next *Fidelio*, the next Rosina, the next Amina, and sometimes even in two operas on the same evening, without flinching or protest. Never once has she been absent from her post, never once has she relaxed her zeal in service of the management. Nor has Sophie Cruvelli been unrewarded. The features of the after-season have been her Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, which revived

one of her old successes of 1848, and her Amina in the *Son-nambula*, in which she has "snuffed out" all her predecessors since Malibran,—we make no exceptions. The director of Her Majesty's Theatre has every reason to be satisfied in the possession of such an artist, and the subscribers and the public have no less reason to be satisfied with the director, who, besides keeping most of the promises of a rich and varied prospectus, presented them with something unannounced and unanticipated in the person of SOPHIE CRUVELLI, a *genius* in the fullest acceptation of the term, the youngest and most promising dramatic singer of the times, and who, if we be not greatly in error, will prove to be the brightest jewel in Mr. Lumley's managerial diadem. We have yet some further observations to make on opera, *ballet*, orchestra, chorus, Mr. Balfe, and the general policy of the season, which however, we must defer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GYMNASTICS FOR VOCALISTS.*

Our reason for noticing this able and original treatise from the pen of a very eminent medical philosopher, mentioned in our foot note, will be presently apparent to the most unapprehensive of our readers. A point of vast importance is too often overlooked by those who practice and those who profess to teach the art vocal; and, though it be not the province of a musical journal to touch upon maladies of the skin, affections of the joints, or vexings of any particular member or members of the frame human, whatever bears directly or indirectly upon that magnificent and various, though ill-used and worse understood instrument, the voice, comes within the limits of our special jurisprudence. Thus much for explanation or apology for the discussion of a book medical in our reviewing columns.

The point of vast importance to which we have alluded in preamble is the influence of exercise upon the quality, strength, usability, and durability of the vocal organ. Exercise means movement, since it is plain to the meanest intelligence, that without motion, active or passive (*non lege* emotion) there can be no exercise. You may take lignum aloes in gross shavings, steep them in sack or alacant, changed twice half an hour at a time till the bitterness exude; you may take the shavings forth, dry them in the shade, and beat them to an exquisite powder; of that powder wetted with the syrup of citrons you may make an excellent pill, which you may take before supper. If, previous to the use of this prescription, your voice has been in healthy order, it is possible that after the use of it, it may be deranged. But if, previous to the use of this prescription, your voice have been in an unhealthy order, it is possible, nay, probable, that after the use of it, the symptoms may be aggravated. The query may therefore be instituted, why the prescription? to which echo may respond without offence to logic, "why, O wherefore!" supposing echo to dwell among the hills and passes of Killarney. For our own parts we have heard of many nostrums for the voice issued by many mediciners and quacks to whom we would apply the reproach of Paracelsus, who was not a quack, but an empiric, to the real

quacks—"Ite maledicti in Gehennam," &c. &c. &c. (*Labyrinthus Medicorum*, cap. 9, p. 287.) Bref, to parody the lines of Leigh Hunt, an empiric in another field of human inquiry,

"Away with all nostrums wherever we come,
We forbid them, ye gentlemen, all in sum—"

in some quatrains anent water, which John Barnett set to music with a great deal of spirit (no pun). We except, however, from our expurgatory index, STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE, which is less a nostrum than a panacea, to the virtues whereof most of the celebrated singers of the age have borne willing testimony, having derived in *propria persona* from those popular pills, or rather, to speak by the card, those luscious lozenges, great and enduring vantage.

Nevertheless, exercise is the thing, and exercise is movement, and movement should be various, so as to affect every member, inner and outer, of the human trunk, which the learned and judicious Doctor Roth has set forth lucidly, expounded eloquently, and proved incontestably in the present *libellus*, the contents whereof we have perused straight on, from the preface to the end, with unfeigned pleasure and inward exaltation. For have we not all voices; and who knows if, by the gesticulatory gymnastics, polyhedric postures, and multifarious movements recommended by Doctor Roth, and included in his system of training, one of our sons may not turn out a robust tenor, one of our daughters a first lady. The sole object of Doctor Roth in compiling the pages which lie stretched before us, was to regulate the physical, and control the mental condition of the human microcosm; and in our humble, though avowedly indoct opinion, he has accomplished his purpose in a clear and masterly manner. Dr. Roth has laid open the ground wherein the over-sensitive, and often over-wrought and terribly fagged spirit of the musical composer may walk leisurely, run lightly, and breathe freely, in the form of a series of regular exercises, which, by augmenting the elasticity of the frame corporal, does away with the injurious effects of sedentary habits, and lifts the mind upon a jocund poise of tip-toe. Dr. Roth has also shown in simple and unaffected language, that the vocal student—nature and organization being favourable—may arrive with certainty at the possession of a strong and healthy voice; and that one not liberally gifted from his birth may so improve the physical gifts with which he may be endowed, as to attain at least as much again as by any other means. Dr. Roth professes not to teach *sol-fa*; but this is his profession of faith—a moving profession:—

"The law of movement is founded upon nature; no chemical action can be effected in the organism, without the participation or assistance of the mechanical acts, which are expressed by involuntary movements. As, for instance, oxydation of the blood (a chemical action) cannot take place without the motion of the respiratory muscles, which is a mechanical one; digestion, assimilation, &c. (chemical acts), cannot be performed without *mechanical* movements of the stomach, intestines, and some other muscular organs. The blood cannot be thrown to every part of the organism, here to be oxydated, there to nourish, or perform other chemical functions, without the contracting and dilating movements of the heart. In fact, throughout the entire organism movement is engendered by movement."

It is not, however, our intention to discuss with Dr. Roth the medical treatment of diseases, but merely to explain to all interested in the development of the human voice, how much may be learned from the result of the learned gentleman's experience, set forth in the treatise before us, and made the bases of his system of exercises. Movements that act upon the thorax, chest, and abdomen, are those more immediately

* The prevention and cure of many chronic Diseases by Movements. An Exposition of the Principles and Practice by these Movements for the Correction of the Tendencies of Disease in Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, and for the cure of many Morbid Affections of Adults.—By M. ROTH, M.D. JOHN CHURCHILL, PRINCES STREET.

connected with the matter in hand; and how these have been neglected and overlooked, not only by vocal professors but by vocal philosophizers, we need scarcely stop to urge. The maladies arising from this neglect, and all of which Dr. Roth proposes to avert, or remedy, or modify, or radically cure, are *chronic inflammation of the larynx and windpipe; irregular action of the vocal chords; relaxation of the uvula, &c.* How important any method to frustrate or wholly get rid of these plagues to the poor singer's existence! That this may be effected, easily and speedily, by rich and poor, illustrious and humble, without danger and with small pains, Dr. Roth has clearly proved upon principles of anatomy and pathology too well established to admit of controversion. To the vocal student, anxious for improvement, and sufficiently wise to follow the road laid down by science for his progress, instead of throwing himself at the mercy of the blind pilot, Chance, or giving himself up to the crooked guidance of the one-eyed steersman, Sloth, Dr. Roth's treatise is invaluable. The ardent composer, who passes nights of sleepless inspiration, days of laborious travail, straining the functions of the body, and concentrating the attention of the mind to a single point, continual exercising one solitary and heavily taxed organ—*THE BRAIN*—will derive equal advantage from its careful perusal and consideration, provided he be induced to act at once upon the suggestions it contains. If the functions of the body and spirit be not in harmony, the general health must suffer, and disease, at first fitful, then obstinate, and finally chronic, supervene. If the whole nervous energy be directed to one object—or rather one particular part of the nervous organism be continually exerted, undue irritation must accrue, and apathetic immobility allow the seeds of malady to be sown in the other parts of the organism not specially excited. To conclude—the movements proposed by Dr. Roth (for which we strongly recommend the reader to consult his book) will be found admirable substitutes for the more expensive exercises of dancing, fencing, swimming, horse-riding, driving, carriageing, &c., &c., &c. Dr. Roth has already begun to put his system into active illustration, and is rapidly making converts, and relieving the afflicted.—*Verbum Sat.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE longest and most prosperous season since the first institution of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall came to a conclusion on Friday the 26th ult., with a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah*. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Misses Eliza Birch, Dolby, and Williams; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Whitehouse, and Herr Formes. The hall was crammed to suffocation, and after the oratorio, three cheers were raised for Mr. Costa, who retired from the orchestra amid enthusiastic plaudits.

The season has comprised 36 performances—11 on subscription nights. The opening after the recess, when the alterations in the hall, which met with such unanimous approval were effected, took place on Friday, November 29, 1850. Handel's *Messiah* was executed, and subsequently repeated twice in succession. *Elijah* came next (December 23), and was also given three times. The first performance of this great oratorio was criticised as inefficient; but, on the two following occasions, the society redeemed its laurels, and rendered justice to the memory of Mendelssohn. Handel's choral masterpiece, *Israel in Egypt*, was produced on January 30, 1851, and performed twice. The improvements in the hall were triumphantly demonstrated in the double choruses of

this majestic composition, which had never before been heard to such advantage at Exeter-hall, or, perhaps, anywhere else. *Saul* was given February 26, but not repeated. The success attending the revival of *Samson*, which, although brought forward six times since the foundation of the society, had never been popular, must be traced to the influence of Mr. Costa, not merely as a conductor, but as a musician. The accompaniments which that gentleman added to the score were judicious and effective—neither too full nor too thin, and never interfering with the original ideas of the composer. *Samson* was first performed March 11, and repeated twice. From this period up to the present time, the performances (31 in all), have alternated chiefly between the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, varied by the *Creation* (four times) and *St. Paul* (once).

The principal singers during the season have been Madame Clara Novello, Madame Macfarren, Misses Catharine Hayes, Birch, Dolby, Williams, Louisa Pyne, Eliza Birch, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Whitworth, Stockhausen, Whitehouse, and Herr Formes. The rapid improvement of the German *basso* has been the theme of constant observation, and has acted most beneficially upon the general effect of the oratorios. The return of Madame Clara Novello brought another accomplished singer of sacred music into the market. The liberties which this lady took with the text of Handel and Haydn were severely commented upon by the press, but her chaste and correct performances in *Elijah* and *St. Paul* were universally extolled. Madame Novello, it is to be hoped, will take counsel, and reflect that what is admissible in Italian opera may be nothing less than impertinent in music which attempts to illustrate the divine admonitions of scripture. Miss Louisa Pyne's first and only appearance (in the *Messiah*) was very successful; and Miss Catharine Hayes, in *Elijah*, justified her fame as one of the first concert singers of the day. Madame Macfarren, who supplied the places of Miss Dolby and Miss Williams, during their absence at the Worcester festival, made a highly favourable impression, in the *contralto* songs of the *Messiah* and the recitatives of Jezebel, in *Elijah*. Of the other singers it is only necessary to say that they have maintained their reputations, a word of acknowledgment, however, being due to the steady improvement of Miss Eliza Birch.

Of the various oratorios the most attractive have been the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. The latter great work was first executed in its present perfected state, with the alterations of the composer, at Exeter-hall, April 16, (1847), under the direction of Mendelssohn himself. It has now been played 26 times, and its popularity has gradually increased up to the present moment, when it actually divides the palm of supremacy with the *Messiah*. It may not be irrelevant to refer to the accounts in *The Musical World* of the first performance of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival of 1846 (for which event it was expressly composed), when the elevated place that oratorio now holds in the esteem of the musical world was confidently predicted. The most attractive work, after the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, has been the *Creation* of Haydn—an oratorio of lighter character, appealing to a numerous, though, perhaps, less cultivated class. We shall be disappointed, however, if before long *Israel in Egypt* and *St. Paul* do not step in advance of the *Creation*, and occupy the place in public esteem nearest to the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. That hitherto *Israel in Egypt* and *St. Paul* have not been entirely appreciated, must be laid to the fact that they are compositions of a more abstruse and complex nature, with which the uneducated ear less readily becomes familiar. Their time, however, is at hand; the more music progresses, the

better they will be understood. Of course a great part of the success of the present exceptional season has been due to the influx of foreigners and strangers to London during the progress of the Great Exhibition. Of this the committee wisely took advantage early in April, by distributing prospectuses in various languages, not only throughout London and the provinces, but in many of the principal cities of the continent. Vast numbers of foreigners have swelled the audiences of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose testimony to the merits of the institution has been warm and general, their surprise at the magnitude and excellence of the performances being not a little heightened on learning that the society was composed of amateurs, with whom a love of art was the sole inducement to meet and co-operate in the execution of music of the most serious and exalted character. As the concerts during the last two months have been almost exclusively undertaken with a view to the accommodation of strangers, the adherence principally to the three most popular oratorios (the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation*), as best adapted to afford an idea of the means of execution possessed by the society, is explained and excused. Their continuance up to the present time is a guarantee of their success; and it is calculated that the receipts will nearly double the property which it has taken the Sacred Harmonic Society fifteen years to accumulate, and as a natural consequence, help to strengthen its influence and firmly establish its position.

The Sacred Harmonic Society held its first concert in the large room of Exeter-hall, June 28, 1836, when the *Messiah* was the oratorio. Up to the present time 258 concerts have been given, which have been attended by nearly 490,000 persons, while vocal and instrumental artistes have been paid out of the funds no less than £35,000. The chief portion of the expenses (8-11ths it is stated) is incurred by professional engagements; printing, advertising, rent, and all subordinate items being provided for by the rest. The last subscription was larger than on any previous occasion, and we believe that of the present year already promises to be better still. Now that the Sacred Harmonic Society has attained to such influence and prosperity, it behoves all connected with the direction of its affairs to use increased energy. It is no longer a close borough, but an institution depending on the public for support, and therefore open to the strictures of the press, which represents and defends the interests of the public, in its amusements no less than in its political and constitutional rights. The election of the committee is a point of the utmost importance, and the members must see clearly the necessity on all occasions of only choosing those who are capable and anxious to work in the machinery of legislation. Hitherto the officers, holding honorary appointments, who have superintended the business departments of the society, have, in most instances, deserved praise for industry, economy, and general good management; but there have, nevertheless, been cases which have given the members just cause of complaint. The motto of the society should be "Go ahead," and the practicability of its active illustration depends mainly on the executive committee. The society, for its own pleasure and amusement, has done much; but having become an object of public attention, it is now its duty to effect more. It will be advisable next season to introduce some works hitherto unattempted. The list is ample, if the committee, with Mr. Costa's assistance, will please to refer to it. There are the *Seasons* of Haydn, according to German critics a greater work than the *Creation*—the *Requiem* of Mozart—the second Mass of Beethoven—the *Passions* of Bach—some of the great Psalms of Mendelssohn—besides *Belshazzar*, *Deborah*, and other oratorios of Handel, rarely performed, and *Calvary*, the reputed

masterpiece of Spohr, of which the Norwich amateurs are so proud and the London amateurs so ignorant. To this catalogue might reasonably be added *David* (Mr. Horsley's, not the Chevalier Neukomm's), an oratorio upon which a careful execution would not be lost, since it has already succeeded, no thanks to the society, and would succeed still better with the society's assistance. *David* found hearers and warm appreciators in Liverpool, when produced by the spirited Philharmonic Society of that town, in their new and magnificent concert hall; and if at Liverpool why not in London, where the lovers of music are tenfold? The engagement of Mr. Costa was an important step, the wisdom of which has been established by the experience of three years. That gentleman has improved the orchestra, and has done all in his power to improve the chorus. Since Mr. Costa has been director the performances have been quite a different matter from what they were of old, and to his continued exertions the subscribers and the public must look for further improvements. Among the most essential steps to be enforced is a punctual attendance at rehearsals. Those who, from long service, pressing occupations elsewhere, or any other cause, may be unable or unwilling to co-operate, should be allowed to retire and repose on their laurels. Without good rehearsals, as we have already said a dozen times, good performances are impossible. The attempted abolition of applause and encores has been more successful than was anticipated, and eminently useful in fixing the attention of the audience, and helping them better to understand and appreciate the music. This admirable precaution should be maintained as strictly as practicable. Even at profane concerts and operas the encore system is a nuisance; how much more out of place, and, indeed, indecorous, during the performance of sacred oratorios! With regard to the hall itself, the great width of which is an advantage to musical effect that probably no other room in Europe can boast, it is doubtful whether further alterations would insure further improvement. An opinion is prevalent, however, that the organ is placed too high to be of material assistance to the chorus, and that the disposition of the orchestra itself approaches too near the perpendicular. Both questions merit consideration between this and next season.

The following is a complete and correct list of the concerts as they have taken place in the season 1850-51.—1850, 29th Nov. *Messiah*.* 6th Dec. do. 13th Dec. do. 23rd Dec. *Elijah*.* 1851, 20th Jan. do. 30th Jan. *Israel in Egypt*.* 12th Feb. do. 26th Feb. *Saul*.* 11th March, *Samson*.* 26th March, do. 9th April, do.* 16th April, *Messiah*.* 2nd May, *Elijah*.* 16th May, do. 23rd May, *Messiah*.* 30th May, do. 6th June, *Elijah*. 13th June, *Creation*.* 20th June, do. 27th June, *Elijah*. 4th July, do. 11th July, *Creation*. 18th July, *Messiah*. 25th July, *Elijah*. 1st Aug. *Creation*. 8th Aug. do. 15th Aug. *St. Paul*.* 29th Aug. *Messiah*. 5th Sept. *Elijah*. 12th Sept. *Creation*. 19th Sept. *Messiah*. 26th Sept. *Elijah*.

* Subscription Nights.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. GLOVER'S ORATORIO—*Emmanuel*.—We owe an apology to Mr. Glover; he sent us the usual *dual* admission to his Oratorio on Friday last, but from our other avocations we were not in time for the overture, and could not remain to hear the second part. It is consequently impossible to give our impressions even of a first hearing. It certainly does seem a daring attempt to write an oratorio on the

very subject which the colossal Handel has rendered immortal by his *Messiah*. Who is there of modern times since Beethoven, except the ever to be lamented Mendelssohn, fit to approach such a subject? Yet neither Mendelssohn or Beethoven attempted it; they tried and succeeded on other sacred themes, but the *Messiah* was left to their great predecessor. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and if Mr. Glover in soaring so high, has not yet reached the sublime, he has undoubtedly escaped the ridiculous. We heard nothing to laugh at; on the contrary the first part contains some well written pieces, with an original flow of melody, that betokens talent of no common order. The oratorio was well got up, and had evidently been well rehearsed. The principal solo parts were allotted to our local singers—Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Brook, Messrs. G. Cooper, Walton, Mellor, and Brook; the chorus being some of our best, the band small but select, and all went very smoothly under the baton of the composer. Had we the power of analysis of Macfarren himself we should be sorry to exercise it on the present occasion. We leave it to other hands to pick—where *this* was like Mendelssohn, *that* an imitation of Handel, &c., &c.

In writing on such a subject perhaps no composer can avoid thinking of his great predecessors—and we would rather state the impression that was made upon us generally—that, in what we heard, there was much more beauty and originality, as well as adaptation to the words than we anticipated. In particular we would mention the air "Into thy hands," (nicely sung by Mrs. Brook); the chorus of Wise men, "Where is he" &c. (which was encored); duet Mr. Wood and Mr. G. Cooper, "The day spring from on high;" tenor air "Oh, taste and see," by Mr. G. Cooper, the melody nice and flowing, and the accompaniment *à la* Mendelssohn. The parts we liked least were the unaccompanied quartet and the finale chorus with its fugue—and Handelian manner:—the first wanted clearness, the latter weight and grandeur.

From what we did hear we should be glad to hear the entire work on some future occasion. Mr. Glover must be pleased with its warm reception on a first hearing by a very crowded audience, and by the success of its first public performance. If we owed an apology to Mr. Glover, we are under still greater necessity to make one to Mr. H. B. Peacock, who sent us the complimentary duet to his two grand concerts this week, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st, at the Free Trade Hall, Madame Clara Novello, Mdle. Caroline Beer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Delavanti being the vocalists, and the great little Savori—solo violin. We got the invitations too late for the first evening, having pre-engaged ourselves, and the second—an envious storm of rain set in—just as we should have set out, and, as usual on a sudden emergency, not a cab or a conveyance to be had. Two miles in the pouring rain was too much to encounter even to hear Madame Clara Novello—whose fine voice and charming style we so well remember some eight years ago as Mdme. Clara Novello—we were curious to hear if she had lost as little in her eight years' retirement as Sontag did in her twenty; but the fates were against us, and we must wait until we can see and hear her on the stage, as we see she is announced as *prima donna* for a short Italian opera season at our Theatre Royal, commencing on Saturday the 4th, with *Somnambula*. Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Stigelli, Mr. Whitworth and Miss Isaacs, are all the other names that appear at present. You will perhaps be able to give an extract or an abstract of the report on the concert this week, from the *Guardian* or the *Examiner*, both of which papers give glowing accounts, in Wednesday's number, of the first of them on Tuesday night. Madame Novello gets high praise. Hallé has announced his winter campaign of "Classical Chamber

Concerts," to begin on the 23rd inst. They are to be held this season in the Town Hall, King Street.

Reviews of Music.

"STYRIENNE BRILLIANTE."—Pour le Pianoforte—Composée par FERDINAND PRÆGER. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

We have said last week, "the more Mr. Ferdinand Præger wrote the better," and now, as though in echo of our words, we have before us, an offering to Monsieur Louis Hoffermans of the Hague, a Brilliant Styrienne, in every way worthy of association with the elegant mazurka and graceful valtz, which we had the pleasure of recommending to our readers in our last. Mr. Præger has the art of flattering the *amour propre* of learners by giving them means of display without unduly taxing either their fingers or their brains. Ready masters with no great powers of execution should eagerly seize on the light compositions of Mr. Præger, in anticipation of being asked to play something showy by the mammas, or other protectors of their scholars. Thus by example may they teach the young idea how to shoot.

"ORIGINAL WALTZ for the Pianoforte—C. M. VON WEBER" (Posthumous work.) Ewer and Co.

As a remnant of Weber this trifle will be welcomed by every amateur and professor with uncovered key-board and outstretched fingers. It is very short—only three pages—very unaffected, and very merry for poor Weber. The first subject, in D, is bold and spirited, *ardito con brio*. The trio in G is simple and graceful, *grazioso e legato*. There is not much which can be called new in this waltz, nor much that is striking, but it is wholly without pretence, and, as a passing thought of so illustrious a thinker, put down upon paper and made immortal by the attachment of his name, to whom can it prove unwelcome? Not to us assuredly, nor, if we be not mistaken, to any who profess and feel a love for music.

"THE MOUNTAIN ECHO"—Song of the Alpine Hunter Words by FREDERICK MORTON—Music by ROBERT GUYLOTT. Webb's Music Saloon.

The style of this song is bucolic. The title-page is bucolic, being covered with a green *esquise* of all manner of hunt, and beasts and birds and fishes of hunt, men of hunt, and instruments of hunt, prettily devised, and cunningly spread over the face of the paper. Who sketched this *tableau* may be called "limner" without question. The words, by Mr. Frederick Morton, are tasteful and dainty, setting forth how the sun walked in the skies, and made the morning blush; how zephyr sighed and woke the rose, which blushed the morning into countenances; how the chamois bounded wildly; how the lark was on his wing; and how the hunter, by a blast on his horn, invited the coming of his friends, and induced the chamois and the lark to bolt. What was sport to the hunter and his friends was no joke to the chamois and the lark, who, with pierced hide, or crushed wing, would have made but sorry figures in the sunny, zephyry, and rosy landscape, described by the poet, "all nature sweetly smiling." It is an error of poets to exclude beasts and birds of hunt from the general category of nature's objects, or to mistake groans for smiles, smashed legs and severed necks and banded beaks for sleek faces, active limbs, and eager shoulders; confounding the joy of the zealous chaseman with the dole of the smitten snipe. Mr. Guylott, the musician, has set all this, or much of it, to an *andantino spiritoso*, in G, bucolic, as we have hinted, but distinguished for liveliness of tune and blotless candour of accompaniment. We recommend the song in particular to hunters after a jovial day's sport.

"WHEN THE SWALLOWS FLY TOWARDS HOME" (Agatha)—English version of the words by ERNEST BRUCE—FRANZ ABT. Wessel and Co.

One of the prettiest of a series of twelve German songs, selected from the album of Mademoiselle Nancy Wessel, and also a favourable specimen of a modern German sentimental ballad, at which Herr Abt is evidently apt. It is in D flat—the sentimental key *par excellence*, not only with Bellini, and the Italians and Donizetti, but with Balfe and the British and Wallace, who have all pight the strongest manifestations of their peculiar sentiment in this particular key. But Herr Abt's ballad has other merits besides being in the key of D flat. It is melodious, and vocal, if not strikingly original; and sweetly harmonised if not profoundly learned. In short, a better drawing-room song for ambitious young ladies, who, possessing a smattering of German are given to make display of so much as they have acquired, through the medium of voice and piano, could not easily be asked for, or, if asked for, not easily obtained, or if obtained, not easily laid aside, or if laid aside, not easily resumed; for all such ephemeral things, be they ever so much engaging, have their hour, the last second whereof having expired, it no more returns than a shotten thrushchen to its parents' house. Herr Abt, however, for such as he is, may be recommended, and his song, for such as it is, a graceful bagatelle. We give the German title for the convenience of our lady readers.—"Wenn die Schwalben herwärts zieh n."

"THE FONTENOY POLKA"—By Miss O'BRIEN. Ollivier.

This really brilliant, really sparkling, and really pleasing—for these terms are too often falsely applied—Polka (which, by the way, is a Polka, not to be said fairly of all Polkas so called) is, we understand, the composition of an amateur. It requires, nevertheless, no such plea in its behalf. Not to say that it is superlative, it is fine to recognise not merely in an amateur, but an amateureess, conjointly with a lively flow of tune, which would make Terpsichore dance in spite of herself, a skilful method of arrangement and a facility in the disposition of the accompaniment, betokening no inconsiderable musical acquirement. The title of this Polka, which we recommend heartily to our dancing friends, is derived from Spinoza Hannay's able and popular novel, *Singleton Fontenoy*; and if the Polka of Miss O'Brien find as many readers as the novel of Mr. Hannay, we shall have to congratulate the authoress, of which we have no doubt.

Foreign.

PARIS.—After several representations of the *Prophete* at the Grand Opera, Alboni reappeared as Leonore in the *Favorite* with the same brilliant success as before. Mdlle. Nau ha made her *rentrée*. The production of the *Barbiere* is talked of for Alboni.

BERLIN.—The operatic star at present here is Roger, the French tenor, who, to use the expressive phraseology of your not over-well informed, "Own Correspondent" at Vienna, has for the present "snuffed out" the three contending *prime donne*. He has been alternately playing, and with equal success, Raoul in the *Huguenots*, George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*, and Jean of Leyden in the *Prophete*. He has, to traduce a French expression, "held head" successively against Madame Kæster, Mdlle. Tucsek, and Mdlle. Wagner, and has borne him bravely. I am glad to say that hitherto the popular French tenor has refrained from the absurd claptrap of singing an opera at one time in French and at another time in German, for which he was so much belauded in a certain free town of Germany, not a little conceited about its musical taste and means of execution. It is one thing to hear a fine performance, and another thing to be favoured with oral persuasion that M. Roger is familiar

with divers tongues; which, though to him a matter of pleasure and importance, is not of the slightest consequence to the subscriber of the opera, or the musical public in general.

By the way, as far as I can dive into the meaning of your "Own Correspondent" at Vienna, sunk as it is at the bottom of a deep well of verbiage, rather muddy than clear, he appears to me greatly misinformed on certain matters of no little interest to the operatic world. I especially allude to the announcement of Mdlle. Wagner's engagement in London, and the destination of Meyerbeer's *Africain*. Your "Own Correspondent" insinuates—if I rightly translate his meaning, wrapt up as it is, mummy-wise, in phrasy foldings—that Dr. Billing (whom he means, I presume, by Dr. B. six stars), had engaged Mdlle. Wagner, and secured the *partitur* of *L'Africain* for Her Majesty's Theatre. Unluckily for your "Own Correspondent's" veracity, I have reason to believe, and my information springs from a near source, that the voice of the celebrated Tedescan *prima donna*, and the *partitur* of the illustrious Tedescan composer, are destined to a direction further east; and that a certain edifice, bounded on the north by Hart Street, on the west by houses, on the south by Covent Garden market, and on the east by Bow Street, will enjoy the incalculable advantage of the voice and talent of Jenny Lind's rival, and the unheard *partitur* of Weber's successor. Mr. Gye—mind I state this on good grounds—Mr. Gye (not Mr. G. two stars) is here while I write, and has been seen issuing from the house of Mdlle. Wagner, heavily laden with papers—not newspapers, but evidently *scritura*. It is also well known that Mr. Gye took Boulogne-sur-mer on his way to Berlin, and had two lengthy conferences with the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*, from whose residence he was seen to issue laden with papers—not newspapers, but evidently *scritura*. These after all are but data whereon to build conclusions; points from which surmise hitches up his trousers, holds his breath, and addresses him to the goal. Nevertheless, one thing is certain, that Mdlle. Wagner is engaged for London next season: and one thing is uncertain, that Meyerbeer will give his *Africain* in the spring either to Paris or to London. The moment I have any more definite information, you shall be put in possession of it without delay.—*From our own Correspondent.*

MILAN.—At the present epoch political movements, have entirely taken up the minds of the Italian people in consequence of which all the eminent theatrical artists have gone to seek attraction elsewhere, by which it may easily be understood that the theatres are very badly attended. *Milan* is, nevertheless, the seat of all the musical attractions in Italy, where theatrical managers go to look for artists, and where nearly all the principal operas of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti have been for the first time presented. For the last four years, however, Milan has been nearly forgotten, no operatic representation has attracted any attention. The new managers of the theatre *La Scala*, have engaged the *Maestra* Signor Buttera to compose a new opera—*Atale and Chactas*—in which one of the principal attractions has proved a very beautiful *solo* for the flute, executed by Signor Rabboni, an executant of deserved celebrity upon Böhm's flute. This has produced an effect never before attained by any flautist at Milan, and crowded audiences have been nightly attracted to the theatre, simply to hear this solo performed by Signor Rabboni. The effect indeed has been such, that the public call the flute upon which it is played a new instrument invented by Signor Rabboni.—*(From a Correspondent.)*

MILAN.—*L'Opinione de Turin* recounts that to do honour to the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who is on a visit to his Italian dominions, the municipal authorities proposed

to open the *Scala* for a few nights, and to engage a *troupe* expressly for the occasion—the same which has been recently at Bergamo, including Madame Gazzaniga. To ensure full attendance, the municipal authorities invited all the proprietors to declare if it was their intention to assist at the performances. The mute and expressive reply of the proprietors was the transmission of the keys of their boxes, which they placed at the disposal of the municipal authorities. Consequently, as the last number of *La Fama* informs its readers, the performances were “suspended.”

AN ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH II.

Karl Dittersdorff visited Vienna in 1789, for the purpose of making arrangements for the performance of his oratorio of *Job*. He wished likewise to have his symphonies on Ovid's *Metamorphoses* performed at the Imperial Gardens. For this it was requisite to obtain the Emperor's permission, to solicit which Dittersdorff was honoured with an interview with Joseph II. He had been informed that the Emperor was in the habit of making very minute inquiries on any subject which excited his interest; and that when, in the course of a conversation, he made those inquiries, he liked to receive a decided answer, given without timidity or hesitation; and that any expressions indicating humility or flattery were sure to displease him.

The Emperor received Dittersdorff in his private cabinet, and after a little conversation on the oratorio of *Job*, on which the Emperor made some observations highly complimentary to the composer, the following dialogue ensued. It is here given as related by Dittersdorff himself.

Emperor.—“Are you still employed by the government of Silesia?”

Dittersdorff.—“Yes, your Majesty.”

E.—“In what capacity?”

D.—“In the departments of finance and jurisprudence.”

E. (in an emphatic manner).—“And do you possess the requisite information on those subjects?”

D.—“As I have held my appointment for the space of thirteen years, I may fairly presume that I am deemed competent to discharge its duties.”

E.—“How have you made yourself master of so many various attainments?”

D.—“Having been born and educated in Vienna, it would have been a disgrace to me had I learned only to play the violin and to compose music.”

E.—“Have you heard Mozart?”

D.—“Three times, your Majesty.”

E.—“What do you think of his playing?”

D.—“My opinion concurs with that of all musical connoisseurs who have heard him.”

E.—“Have you heard Clementi?”

D.—“Yes, Sir.”

E.—“There are some persons who prefer Clementi to Mozart. What is your opinion on that question? Tell me frankly.”

D.—“Clementi's playing is characterised by a vast deal of skill and science. With those qualities Mozart combines the inspiration of an exquisitely fine taste and fancy.”

E.—“That is my opinion, and I am much gratified to find that it agrees with yours. What do you think of Mozart's compositions?”

D.—“They appear to me to be the creations of a bold and original genius. I know of no composer who is gifted with so rich a fund of new ideas. I should wish him to use them more sparingly. He never affords his listeners time to breathe. When the ear is disposed to dwell on a beautiful idea, another rises up and puts it to flight. Thus the mass of hearers—the unscientific (but those, after all, to whom music ought to be addressed, as well as to the more educated and learned)—are unable to catch and follow the multiplicity of beauties which Mozart so lavishly diffuses through his compositions.”

E.—“You are right. In his operas he frequently introduces such a crowd of notes in the accompaniments that the singers complain.”

D.—“That is not a fault, so long as a composer has skill to keep the orchestral parts subordinate to the vocal.”

E.—“As you have done, Dittersdorff, in your new work. By the by, what do you think of the compositions of Haydn?”

D.—“I have not heard any of his operas.”

E.—“You have lost nothing by that. But what do you think of his instrumental compositions, his canzonets, &c.?”

D.—“That they deserve the admiration they universally excite. Haydn does not enjoy an evanescent glory like those insects whose existence lasts only from morning till night. He understands the art of embellishing so exquisitely even a trivial idea, that it presents an air of novelty to the most experienced ear.”

E.—“Does he not sometimes indulge in eccentricity?”

D.—“Yes: but without overstepping the boundaries of genuine art.”

E.—“Right. I some time ago amused myself in comparing Haydn and Mozart. I should like to hear you draw a similar comparison, so that I may know how far your notions correspond.”

D.—“Your Majesty imposes upon me a very difficult task, and before I attempt to execute it, I must request permission to address a question to your Majesty.”

E.—“The permission is granted.”

D.—“What comparison would your Majesty be inclined to draw between the works of Klopstock and Gellert?”

E. (after a short pause).—“Hem! Both are great poets. One must read the writings of Klopstock several times over before we can discern all their beauties. On the contrary, the beauties of Gellert are apparent at first glance.”

D.—“Your Majesty has now answered the question which you put to me.”

E.—“Then, I presume, you would compare Mozart to Klopstock, and Haydn to Gellert?”

D.—“That, I think, would be a fair comparison.”

E.—“I cannot dispute it.”

D.—“May I request to know the similitude which your Majesty has established between the two great composers?”

E.—“You shall hear. I compare the compositions of Mozart to a gold snuff-box made in Paris, and those of Haydn to one of London make. Both are beautiful. The former excels in tasteful ornament; but the latter is distinguished for its chaste simplicity and fine polish. Thus you see our opinions very closely approximate. I am very glad to have made acquaintance with you, and am happy to find you a different man from what you have been described to me.”

D.—“How your Majesty?”

E.—“I was given to understand that you were egotistical and vain, and that you were unwilling to award praise to other composers. I rejoice at having discovered the contrary, and I shall be happy to have the pleasure of conversing with you frequently. You will always find me ready to receive you at the hour at which you were admitted to-day.”

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Private property in literature, like private property in umbrellas, is of so exceedingly doubtful a nature that we have almost brought ourselves to consider any exclusive right in the matter as an idle chimera. But if a man were to borrow our umbrella, take out our initials from the handle, insert his own, and then flauntingly display it in a public thoroughfare, we should feel much inclined to seize him by the collar and accuse him before the bystanders of the theft.

In a series of articles written by me, some time ago, for your Journal, which were afterwards re-published in a volume, under the title of “Musings of a Musician,” one appeared called “A Plea for Operatic Basses.” This paper was inserted *entire* and *word for word*, in the last number of the *Musical World*, as an

original communication to the editor, and signed "Saroni." Who "Saroni" may be I know not, but I shall feel much obliged if you will, in your next number, publish this letter, and call upon your anonymous correspondent to explain himself, not only for my satisfaction, but for the maintenance of the well known respectability of the journal which he has attempted to deceive.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. LUNN.

32, Bloomsbury Square, 29th Sep., 1851.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Atherstone, Oct. 1, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I feel reluctant to trespass upon your time and space, but I also feel it to be my bounden duty to express my warmest thanks for, and unbounded admiration of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's magnificently written critique on *Fidelio*. These papers are intensely interesting, not only to the musician, but to the general reader, they are a truly intellectual feast. Mr. Macfarren deals with his subject, not only as a profound musician but as one who has a thorough knowledge of the profoundest depths of the human heart; indeed it is sometimes doubtful which to admire most, the master-mind of Beethoven, or that of the writer of so able an exposition of the great composer's intentions.

Young composers, of great works especially, may congratulate themselves on having a critic to refer to, so able and willing to do full and impartial justice to their labours. (Horsley's "David," to wit.)

I quite concur with your correspondent, Mr. Baker, that the thanks of all who feel interested in musical matters are due to Mr. G. A. Macfarren.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MADAME EVELINA GARCIA DE TORRES.

SIR,—In the last number of the *Musical World* your reporter in giving an account of the concert which took place at Greenwich, on the 25th of September last, after stating that Rode's air and variations were "attempted" by me, asks, "Who is Madame Garcia?" To this question I beg to give the following reply: I am the daughter of Mdme. Loreto Garcia, who sung during 12 years at the Theatre Royal, Madrid, from which she has a life-pension. She was also *prima donna* for 4 years at *La Scala*, at Milan, and occupied the same position at the *Theatre Royal des Italiens*, at Paris, in 1828 and '29, at the same time as Madame Sontag. With regard to myself, I am the daughter of Don José de Torrès, Marquis de Villamejor, Visconte d'Iruestès, &c., Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Cavalry; but I have always sung under my mother's maiden name, as she did herself. My musical studies were made at the *Conservatoire Royal de Musique* in Paris, first under Garande, and afterwards under Borlogni. I have sung at concerts in most of the towns of Germany, in Belgium, Italy, Hungary, &c., and lastly, about a month ago, at Manchester, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society of that town, where, I will say, *en passant*, that the "variations," ("attempted," at Greenwich), were rapturously encored. A reference to the 29th number (vol. 24) of your journal will show that the Madame Garcia so unknown in 1851 to *The Musical World*, (or rather to its Greenwich reporter), was not by any means so in 1849, for on the 21st of July of that year, in the notice of my *Matinée Musicale* of the 9th, it is stated that "Signora Garcia de Torres, has a rich *soprano* voice, and vocalizes with considerable fluency. She sang Donizetti's aria 'Nel Sasso,' and Rode's air with variations, the latter with great brilliancy, and produced a corresponding effect." With what effect I sang these same variations on the 25th of last month, I desire no more flattering testimony than that of any one of those present among the audience. I have since been informed that Rode's variations were intended to have been sung (I will not say "attempted") by another. Can it be to this fortuitous circumstance that I owe

the more than singular notice of your reporter? Let me add that he is also strangely "abroad" in his general account of the concert, so much so, as to lead one to believe that he was not present. I should make this letter too long were I to point out in detail the blunders he commits, but I will cite one or two in order to prove my assertion. Miss Binckes did not sing the air from the *Sonnambula*, "Ah non giunge," but "Una voce" from the *Barbiere*, nor did Mr. Whitworth sing any *aria* of Vogel's, and "The eternal Prayer from the *Mosé in Egitto*," was, this time, only "eternal" for your reporter, as it was not given at all. As for Mr. Frank Mori, seeing that he has been for the last three weeks at Brussels with his family, I do not see how it was possible for him to "officiate as conductor"—even with the aid of the electric telegraph. In conclusion, I must call upon you, sir, as an act of justice, to insert the present reclamation in your next No., as the manner in which your reporter has thought proper to notice me in your esteemed and widely circulated journal is calculated to do me injury.

I am, Sir, with the highest consideration,

Yours, most obediently,

EVELINA GARCIA (DE TORRES).

28, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, Oct. 2nd, 1851.

[The notice of the Greenwich affair came from an occasional contributor who will doubtless, like ourselves, feel obliged for the information supplied so politely by Mad. Garcia.—ED. M. W.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Another four performances—how often have we repeated the same words?—and then in reality the opera season, the extra season, will be brought to a close—how many times have we repeated the same words? Now, however, we can assure our readers that the grand theatre will on Saturday next, close its portals until the ensuing spring, and lock up its echoes with the frosty months—the grand national concerts being dead beyond all hope of resuscitation.

The performances of the week, commencing on Wednesday, have been *Lucrezia Borgia* (Wednesday); *Norma* (Thursday); *Barbiere* (Friday); and to-night will be given *Fidelio*. To the three first were added selections from *Der Freischütz*, and *Gustave* for Madame Fiorentini, and the *Pas de Poignards* from *Il Prodigio* and the *Bal Masqué* from *Gustave* for the ballets.

Madame Barbiere Nini took her leave on Wednesday. The house was very full, and the audience applauded loudly the celebrated *cantatrice*, who sang and acted with all her usual force and emphasis, creating the customary furor in "M'odi, m'odi," and obtaining the old recall and honours.

Mdlle. Maria Cruvelli, sister of the gifted Sophie, who has been much too rarely at Her Majesty's Theatre, appeared as Maffeo Orsini, for the first time, and made an extremely favourable impression. The charming *contralto* voice of this young singer was exhibited to great advantage in the opening romance, "Nella fatal, &c.," which was deservedly applauded. To sing the "Brindisi" after Alboni was no light matter, and Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli wisely avoided comparisons by imitating the great Marietta in none of her "points," giving a version entirely her own, remarkable alike for taste, spirit, and musical feeling. She was unanimously encored, and well merited the compliment.

The *Norma* of Cruvelli on Thursday night deserves a special word. Having had four clear days' rest, Mrs. Lamley's *prima donna* came out with additional power of voice, and with more fire and energy than we have yet seen her exhibit in the acting. In short, Cruvelli's *Norma*, on Thursday night, was emphatically her best performance of that part; and this only proves what we have so often advanced,

that even a voice as powerful as Cruvelli's must have cessation from labour, or its beauty and force cannot always be depended on. Mr. Lumley should take a hint from Cruvelli's magnificent singing on Thursday night, after *four days repose*. She was recalled after the "Casta Diva," again at the end of the first act, and twice at the conclusion of the opera. Mdlle. Feller, by the way, deserves a word of strong praise for the manner in which she sang the difficult music of Adalgisa. We always admired Mdlle. Feller's charming voice, but were not quite prepared for the vocal capabilities made manifest on Thursday night. Mdlle. Feller must be no less lauded for the zeal and exertion she displayed in attempting the music of Marcellina in *Fidelio*, in which character she makes her first appearance to-night.

Next week four more performances will be given, and Her Majesty's Theatre will positively close with the closing of the Grand Exhibition.

It may be here the place to state that the notice of the rumour of Balfe's retirement from the conductorship of Her Majesty's Theatre, which appeared last week in our miscellaneous columns, was taken from the *Athenæum*. We have reason to believe, as we hope, that there is no truth whatever in the report. The authority was inadvertently unacknowledged.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—The announcements of the American and French *troupe* at this theatre, remind us rather of that serpent kind of animal, the Hydra of ancient times, of whom our friend Ovid tells us:

Vulnibus fecunda suis erat illa; nec ullum
De centum numero caput est impune recisum
Quin gemine cervix hæcède valentior esset.

for old Father Time no sooner cuts off with his pitiless scythe their "last week," than two or three more instantly spring up to supply its place. The management are evidently of opinion that the precept, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" does not apply to them, for if they had stuck to their "last" (week, *tous ensemble*) they would not have been performing now. We are not, however, going to quarrel with them about this, on the contrary, we are glad to see that they have enjoyed so large a degree of public patronage as to enable them to remain with us so long, as the entertainments they have provided have really been excellent. In a former article—which must remain an indefinite one, for we cannot say in what number of the *Musical World* it appeared—we asserted what we now repeat, that Equestrian Exercises can naturally only consist of a repetition of pretty much the same feats of skill and dexterity, and therefore easily become monotonous. On the other hand, however, it is equally true that these elementary feats may be twisted and twirled about, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, so as still to attract by the novelty of their combinations, when they have long ceased to do so by their own originality. This truth is one which has been duly felt by the management of the American and French troupe, and the consequence is, that like Monsieur Robin, who showers forth myriads of bouquets from some old hat or other, which was previously innocent of the smallest rose leaf, they contrive to discharge, every evening, at about eleven o'clock, crowded audiences from the doors of a theatre, in which some little time ago, no one would any more have thought of looking for

an audience than he would have expected to find a mob in Exeter Change.

But at present, now that reform has been introduced into the Court of Chancery, whose suits, unlike those of our tailor, were formerly warranted never to wear out, we feel justified in affirming that everything, even the performances of the American and French troupe must have an end, as surely as they also possessed an object, namely, that of making as much money as possible, and we therefore advise all such as have not yet witnessed them, to do so without delay, or they may otherwise lose the opportunity, for, in consequence of the theatre being let for other purposes, we believe that at the expiration of the period at present announced for the departure of the troupe from London, we shall, after having so often noticed the great *finish* of their feats, at last have to chronicle their *conclusion* as well.

LYCEUM.—*Mercadet*, a posthumous comedy by the late M. de Balzac, was produced last August at the Gymnase, and attracted an audience worthy of its author's celebrity. So great was the success obtained by the intrinsic merit of the piece, and by the admirable acting of M. Geoffrey in the principal character, that it still remains in the Parisian playbill as one of the most attractive pieces of the day. The previous dramatic labours of M. de Balzac did not earn for him a fame by any means commensurate with his reputation as a novelist. Indeed, for that talent in minute description, which is so fully displayed in his narrative works, and which is one of his chief characteristics, the stage offers no opportunity whatever. From these premises it might have been inferred that the drama was not his proper vocation, but this conclusion is prevented by his posthumous play, which shows that he had qualifications for a comedy writer of the highest order.

Mercadet, as the hero of the piece so called, represents a character especially belonging to the present day. He is a *millionnaire*, with the highest reputation on the Bourse, who has been ruined by the flight of a dishonest partner. To keep up his credit in spite of his loss, he has resource to all sorts of projects, and endeavours to form all sorts of companies. His desperate speculations, though sometimes prosperous, have ultimately raised an army of greedy creditors, and it is when he has lost everything and is hated by these persecutors that the play begins. He is shown working on the temperament of each individual creditor—coaxing one, bullying another, till he succeeds, not only in softening them, but in making them lend him more money. This is required to make the preparations for his daughter's marriage with the wealthy Count de la Brive, on whom all his hopes of restoring his credit depend. Everything seems straight, when suddenly he is astounded by the discovery that the Count is himself a ruined man, who hopes to retrieve his fortunes by marrying the daughter of the rich Mercadet. In fact, Mercadet and the Count have been trying to practise on each other like the Copper Captain and Estifania. The speculator is still undaunted, and as a last resource requests the Count, whom he has in his power, as a holder of acceptances, to personate the runaway partner, now returned with a large fortune. During the temporary restoration of credit which this fraud will occasion he hopes to effect advantageous operations in the share market. His wife, who is less unscrupulous than himself, dissuades the Count from joining her husband in so dishonourable a scheme, and in the meanwhile the real runaway partner really returns. The creditors whom Mercadet has called to his house are all delighted, their debts are all paid, and the only puzzled person is Mercadet himself, who knows last of all that the partner is no impostor, but a wealthy penitent who has brought him an immense fortune from India.

The character of Mercadet is admirably drawn. His indomitable courage and tact in facing the most formidable difficulties create a sympathy which he does not earn by any one moral virtue. He is a scamp at heart, but on such a grand scale that everybody rejoices to see him cleared from his embarrassments at last. The creditors likewise are delineated with an artistic hand. There is the brutal creditor—and the creditor who is an intimate private friend—and the creditor who assumes an appearance almost of mendicancy to

extort his interest by charitable instalments; not one of them is a repetition of the other, though all are selfish and rapacious speculators. The situations of the piece are strongly marked, and the dialogue is natural and sharply to the point. Mercadet and his creditors have too serious a purpose to stand still for the sake of fine talking, though many a smart saying, and many a shrewd maxim falls from their lips. The only objection to which the play is open is the want of variety for the characters of the mother and daughter, and the honourable love of the latter, are too slight to interrupt the general tone of cupidity and selfishness. This is an objection that will be made more by those who take their standard from English comedy, than by the French, who are satisfied to see an idea well worked out.

At Mr. Charles Mathews' benefit, which took place last night, a version of *Mercadet* was brought out under the title of *A Game of Speculation*. The scene is laid in London, but in other respects the original is closely followed, though an attempt is made here and there to elevate the moral character of Mercadet. The execution of the piece is excellent. Mr. C. Mathews plays Mr. Affable Hawk (the English Mercadet) with infinite blandness and subtlety, and each of his victories raised the sympathetic laughter of the audience, many of whom had probably never seen the art of talking over so fully developed. Mr. Roxby was Sir Harry Lester (the Count), the easy impudent adventurer, and the peculiarities of the several creditors were well shadowed out by Messrs. F. Matthews, B. Baker, Suter, and Horncastle. The piece was completely successful, and a general demand was made for the author, when Mr. Roxby came forward and stated that his name was Lawrance.

ADELPHI.—A *pièce de circonstance*, entitled *Bloomerism; or, the Follies of the Day*, was produced at this favourite theatre on Thursday evening with the greatest success. The plot, which is far better than that of the ordinary run of pieces of this description, is pretty much as follows:—A number of gentlemen, Mr. Green, Mr. Bounce, Mr. Weakly, and others have all some croquet, in the shape either of Vegetarianism, or Universal Peace, or Hydropathy, or something else, by which, like many other clever men, they make very great fools of themselves. To cure them of their absurdities their respective wives are induced to imitate the example of a strong minded woman, Mrs. Green (Miss Woolgar), who has already gone the whole hog and mounted the platform in defence of Mrs. Bloomer. As a natural consequence of this, the absurdities of the ladies open the eyes of the husbands to their own and if they do not know the old motto

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

they at any rate determine to act according to its spirit, and behave like sensible men in future.

This piece is remarkable for the wit and broad humour of the dialogue, as well as the great breadth and freedom with which the different characters—all *real* characters—are sketched in. The acting was excellent. That of the Misses Woolgar and Chaplin preeminently so, while the singing of Miss Fitzwilliam in one little parody was excessively charming. The audience were in a roar of laughter, from the beginning to the end of the piece; and at the fall of the curtain, after the whole company had ~~once more~~ appeared to bow their thanks to the audience, Mr. J. Nightingale appeared alone in obedience to a unanimous and most hearty "call" for the authors, his *collaborateur*, Mr. C. Millward, being at present in Liverpool. We may, by the way, mention that Mr. Nightingale is our own "Liverpool Correspondent," and Mr. Millward that of the "Era." We fancy that the farce of *Bloomerism* will remain on the Adelphi stage long after it has ceased to be enacted in real life.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The revival of *Timon of Athens* by Mr. Phelps is one of the most remarkable that have taken place

during his management. It was just the play for a manager who shines in the exhibition of dramatic curiosities to take in hand. Although modern investigation has led to a belief that Shakespeare, whose name it bears, had but a small share in it, it has long enough held an unquestioned position in his works to be as inseparably connected with his name as the Latin tragedies of Seneca, whoever wrote them, are with that of the stoic moralist, and few plays are more familiar in the closet than the one which records the fortunes of the Athenian misanthrope. Nevertheless, it has not been seen on the stage since 1816, when the elder Kean played the principal character seven times—a date beyond the limit of an ordinary play-going life. Hence it had the two qualifications of an established reputation and of estrangement from the stage, and these combined are important elements in awakening curiosity. Nor were the difficulties which presented themselves in the way of production among the minor stimulants in awakening curiosity. It was well known that *Timon of Athens* contained some of the most forcible speeches ever written; but it was also known that it was wanting in variety of incident, that several successive scenes, though the different *nuances* of character are finely executed by the poet, were in point of action almost repetitions of each other, that the catastrophe was flat, and that it was utterly without female interest. In the Elizabethan days, when women were played by boys, this last defect was not very important; but since the introduction of actresses it has generally been regarded as a fatal objection to a dramatic work. Shadwell, who considered that he altered *Timon* into a play, and whose version, often since repeated, was first produced at Dorset Gardens in 1678, attempted to supply the gap by giving Timon two mistresses—one faithful, the other faithless, and allowing the former the privilege of strengthening the catastrophe by killing herself when her beloved was no more. Cumberland, whose version made its appearance at Drury-lane in 1771, adopted another method to remove the same fault. He gave Timon, not a mistress, but a daughter, and married her to Alcibiades. This sort of version was of course not to be taken by such an adherent to text as Mr. Phelps, who would shrink with horror from the notion of presenting Shakespeare, or even a pseudo-Shakespeare, in a Shadwell or Cumberland costume.

How, then, was the manager to proceed? The poet had, indeed, given him the forcible speeches of Timon, the cutting lines of Apemantus, and the small but interesting character of Flavius, but beyond these he had everything to do for himself. He solves the difficulty by carrying out to a great extent Mr. Macready's principle of appealing to the prevailing taste for decorative magnificence, when the effect of mere poetry and fable would be, at least, doubtful. The Greek *symposia* which occur in the piece are put on the stage with every detail of antique splendour. Timon's cave, with the surrounding landscape, is as wild and forbidding as the latter temperament of Timon himself; the less important scenes take place before interiors and exteriors, carefully painted after our knowledge of Athenian life. To heighten the catastrophe the march of Alcibiades is represented by a moving panorama, ending with a moonlit view of Timon's tomb on the sea-shore. This panorama, which is a sort of isolated character, is naturally exposed to the animadversions of those who regard with jealousy all extra-importance given to dramatic accessories, and who censured the employment of a similar expedient when Mr. Macready revived *Henry V.* at Covent Garden. The practical question, however, suggests itself—why, in an age when decorative beauty is remarkably attainable, and when its power of attraction is beyond a doubt, should a manager deny himself this chance of success? The scenery at Sadler's Wells does not

stop the ears of him who wishes to listen to a text, very slightly altered, while he who loves show better than poetry likewise has a source of gratification. *Timon*, as a mere unadorned play, was evidently non-attractive, or we should not find it so frequently altered by different hands, or so seldom acted by Mr. Edmund Kean. Granted that additional means of attraction were requisite somewhere, it is surely more legitimate to strengthen the accessories than to alter the structure, just as it is more legitimate to shine in a drawing-room by means of a fine coat than by means of false colours. There is no doubt that without the accessories *Timon of Athens* would be heavy work, and if those who would shear them off were compelled to sit it out, we should probably be reminded of the artist of the brazen bull, who was made to perish in the instrument of torture he had himself invented.

The acting of the play harmonizes with the pictorial view which Mr. Phelps, who plays the misanthrope, has taken of it. Not only are the indignant speeches spoken with great force, but every endeavour is made to render the character a figure in the general picture. *Timon* the prodigal comes out boldly at the Symposium; *Timon* the man-hater, crouching on his spade, is a figure that might stand in a Poussin landscape. Apemantus not only well suits the bluff rugged manner of Mr. G. Bennet, but he is well placed in every scene in which he appears. The dress of Alcibiades (Mr. Marston) makes him much more historical than as delineated by the poet, who has strangely departed from the Alcibiades of antiquity. The quiet pathos of Flavius, the one good man amid a host of villany, is inobtrusively and judiciously rendered by Mr. Graham. Altogether the way in which *Timon* is presented to the public reflects great credit on every party concerned in it.

MARYLEBONE.—We have carefully reminded our readers, from time to time, of a truth respecting ourselves, of which they probably needed no enlightenment, and that is, that the *Musical World* is always in the right. Since this theatre opened for the enactment of English Operas, we have been urging the necessity of certain reforms in the performances, without which, it seemed pretty clear to us, that the theatre neither could nor ought to succeed. Accordingly the management, profiting doubtless by our hebdomadal and prophetic wisdom, announced on Monday Auber's charming Opera, *Fra Diavolo*, with a new company, and an enlargement and improvement of the orchestra and chorus. But great as has been the beneficial effect of these changes, we doubt whether they are yet such as fully to meet the demands of public taste. The gentlemen were most successful. Mr. Frazer (of Drury Lane, as the bills announce) was the *Fra Diavolo*, and Mr. Lawler, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the *Giacomo*. Of Miss Condell, we regret that we cannot as yet speak in the terms of commendation that we could wish to do. Her voice has considerable power, but it is hard and not sufficiently under her control. Her passage singing is inaccurate and her intonation far from perfect. However, if she would confine herself to singing less elaborate music, she would doubtless be an acquisition to the theatre, for her appearance is prepossessing, and she is a pleasing and graceful actress. The theatre was well filled.

BRITISH SCHOOL, PENTONVILLE.—A selection of music was given here on Monday evening, the performers being Miss Messent, Miss Lizzy Stuart and the Misses Cole, Messrs. H. Dubourg, C. Cotton, G. Tedder, Herr Jonghman, with Mr. W. Thirlwell (on the violin). Although the attendance was thin, the concert went off with considerable spirit, and there were several encores. Miss Messent was called on for a repetition of Mr. Baker's Ballad, "I've a heart to exchange," and

also in a Scotch Melody which, by the way, she sang with great vivacity. Miss Lizzy Stuart obtained an encore in Linley's Ballad, "Constance," Herr Jonghman in an *aria buffa*, and Mr. W. Thirlwall, a juvenile and promising violinist, in a solo. The rest of the performers acquitted themselves creditably.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The seventh Philharmonic Society's concert of the season took place on Tuesday evening, Sept. 30th, and was attended by a select, though crowded audience. The performance was unusually good, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Herrman, played Romberg's symphony, in E flat, the overture of *Les Abencerages*, by Cherubini, and the march from *Athalie* by Mendelssohn, with remarkable care and spirit. Miss Louisa Pyne—who we understand was suffering from the effects of cold, and we venture to guess also from the fatigue very prevalent amongst singers of her proficiency towards the end of a London season—nevertheless sang, in her best manner, a ballad by Schira, the duet in the *Pre aux clerics* scene from the *Huguenots*, with Herr Formes, which was immensely applauded. Rode's air with variations was rapturously encored, and the very beautiful song, "So mild, so good," from *Fridolin*, by Frank Mori, originally composed for her, rendered in a most charming manner, which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, produced a marked sensation, eliciting very generally the desire that the Directors would shortly follow in the track so spiritedly marked out for them by the managers of the Worcester Festival, and give us in an entire state the whole cantata of *Fridolin*, already so successful in London and Worcester.

Herr Formes sang the Drinking song from *Der Freischutz*, the duet with Miss Louisa Pyne from the *Huguenots*, and the scena with chorus from *Jessonda* most admirably. Indeed we have seldom heard the talented basso profundo in better voice, nor sing with more *gusto*.

Mr. Chisholm played a fantasia by J. Berr, on the bassoon, and the chorus sang a madrigal by Marenzio, the market chorus from *Massaniello*, another madrigal by Morales, under the direction of Mr. Ludlow, in a way that might have set no bad example to the choristers of the metropolis.

Miscellaneous.

CATHERINE HAYES IN AMERICA.—The arrival of Catherine Hayes took place on Sunday, early in the morning. The *Pacific* arrived in the Bay on Saturday evening, but had to battle out the storm, as no pilot would answer letter, gun, or signal. There was a heavy fog during Sunday morning and the *Pacific* arrived at her dock almost before it was known in the city that she was approaching. Still there was a large crowd of the expectant public, and when Miss Hayes came to the gangway, she was received with enthusiastic cheers, and departed for the Astor House amid "three times three for Catherine Hayes." The passage out was rough and tempestuous; but one fine day, afforded Catherine Hayes an opportunity to give a concert for the benefit of the crew. This concert, in which Herr Mengis, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Mr. Lavenu assisted, realized a handsome sum, but before it was over the wild waves lifted their crested heads, and the storm recommenced. However, all things went well. The American Musical Fund Society had arranged to give the fair stranger a "Serenade of Welcome," on the night of her arrival, supposing the arrival would take place on Saturday, and a great many of the members went to the Astor House on Sunday night. Catherine Hayes, however, had the good taste to request a postponement of the intended honour until the following night. The directors and members of the Fund, concurring with Miss Hayes, the "welcome" was postponed, but the rumour had attracted hundreds in front of the Astor House, who were much dissatisfied.

On Monday evening before 9 o'clock the crowd began to assemble. Hundreds of inquiries were made at the hotel as to "which was her window," "where would she appear," &c., &c. It was originally the intention of the *Musical Fund* to give the serenade inside the Astor House, within the spacious quadrangle, and this report literally crammed every hall and lobby of the vast hotel; every kind of excuse was offered to gain admission, and had the Astor a thousand rooms, on that night there were more than double the number of claimants; but the "pressure from without" demanded a change of plan, for by 11 o'clock several thousand people surrounded the hotel, and clamorously demanded Catherine Hayes and the music. Yielding to public opinion, the members of the *Musical Fund*, preceded by a body of firemen, clad in uniform and bearing lighted torches, sallied from the hotel and formed in front of the window of Miss Catherine Hayes. They immediately opened the serenade with the national airs of America, during which, mingled with loud applause, continued cries were heard for Catherine Hayes, and when in obedience to the call she appeared at the windows accompanied by Mr. Wardwell, and backed by her accompanying artists, the shout of recognition was like a burst of thunder. The lady bowed her acknowledgments again and again, and at length retired amidst tumultuous applause. As soon as the shouts had died away the band played a *pot pourri* upon well known opera airs, many of which had been often sung by Catherine Hayes. The band of wind instruments was numerous and efficient. The people applauded heartily. The concluding piece, was an arrangement by Mr. G. Loder, of several Irish airs, among which the "Minstrel Boy," "Cruiskeen Lawn," "Garry Owen," and others. In the *finale* the three principal themes were brought together with admirable effect. This stirred up the enthusiasm of the crowd, and the cries for Catherine Hayes were too vehement to be resisted. A demonstration even more enthusiastic than that which greeted her first appearance welcomed her now, and the clapping of hands and the shouting of voices lasted long after the fair vocalist and the lights had departed from the chamber, and hundreds lingered round the house until the small hours of the morning had commenced. We never saw a more genuine "demonstration," and we are sure Miss Catherine Hayes will acknowledge, that if her old friends soothed her parting by demonstrations of affection and esteem, her new friends have given her such a welcome that will not cause her to regret parting from them. Catherine Hayes gives her first concert at Tripler Hall, on Tuesday evening next, Sept. 23rd.—*Abridged from Saroni's Musical Times, Sept. 20th.*

ON POETICAL AND MUSICAL EAR.—Some years ago a controversy was carried on in a periodical publication upon this question: "Whether there was a necessity of a musical ear for an orator?" Both parties were obstinate in their respective opinions. Let us examine them. Those that hold a musical ear to be necessary for an orator, support their opinion in this manner:—Every voice has its proper key, from which though the speaker may wander for sake of expression, yet it must return to it again. The different modulations of the voice must be either a little above, or a little below the key, in which it should always close. Any thing out of the key of the voice offends as much in speaking as in singing. Music besides tune, having rhythms, so also is there a measure in oratory, which we cannot falsify without offending the ear. As there are rests in music, so are there pauses in speaking. From all these considerations it is evident that a good ear is equally necessary for an orator and for a musician. To this the other party replies:—As all persons speak, but have not all a musical ear, it is evident that if the latter were necessary for the well doing of the former, those who have no ear would speak in a manner peculiar and disagreeable. If the assertor says that it is not in common speaking, but in oratory that a musical ear is requisite, the other answers:—That as oratory is but the perfection of speaking, there is nothing in oratory that has not its foundation in common speech.

ON THE STATE OF MUSIC FROM THE DEDICATION TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.—After the dedication of the Temple a century elapsed without anything remarkable being mentioned concerning the music of the Hebrews, except the passage already named when Elisha calls for a minstrel previous to

his prophesying. In the year 896 B.C., the singers are mentioned in 2nd Chronicles, 8th chap. 14th verse, to have contributed greatly towards obtaining a singular advantage in favour of Jehoshaphat, over the Amorites, and Moabites; and the Hebrews frequently attributed their success in battle to the animation given the troops by the trumpets, and it was the custom to place the musicians in the front of the armies of Israel. The ancient Gallic, German, and British Druids, who were not only priests, but musicians, used also to animate their countrymen to the fight. The Babylonish captivity swept away all traces of music for a time, but that the art did not perish is obvious from this passage, "The singers, the children of Asaph, a hundred and twenty-eight," but that it languished very much is to be learned from the beautiful commencement of the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," nevertheless music was not discontinued in the Temple, but the pomps and ceremonies of the law were established by Ezra, and we learn from Josephus that the use of sacred music was continued up to the destruction of the Temple.—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

SINGING.—The mechanical part of singing, even the most perfect, is an indispensable part of the merit of a good singer; but this is not all. The most successful delivery of the voice, the best regulated respiration, the purest execution of the ornaments, and, what is very rare, the most perfect intonation, are the means by which a great singer expresses the sentiments which animate him; but they are nothing more than means; and he who should persuade himself that the whole art of a singer is comprised in them, might sometimes give his audience a degree of tranquil pleasure, but would never cause them to experience vivid emotion. The great singer is one who identifies himself with the personage whom he represents, with the situation in which he is placed, and the feelings which agitate him; who abandons himself to the inspiration of the moment, as the composer would do in writing the music which he performs; and who neglects nothing which may contribute to the effect, not of an isolated piece, but of the whole character. The union of these qualities constitutes what is called expression. Without expression, there never was a great singer, however perfect the mechanical part of his singing might be; and expression, when it is real, and not merely laboured acting, has often obtained pardon for an incorrect performance.

THE FIDDLE BOW.—The antiquity of the use of the bow in the violin has been the subject of many conjectural disputes. Some have fixed the era of its being known in England about the beginning of the fourteenth century. None have gone farther back; but it is evident, from a monkish device, in the cathedral of St. Augustine, in Bristol, that the bow was known much earlier here. This cathedral was founded in 1148, and on the ornaments of one of the Gothic pillars, in the same style on those throughout the whole building, is the following device, not tamely represented—a shepherd sleeps, the ram playing on the violin with a remarkable long bow, and the wolf eating the sheep. There is a tradition that the use of the bow in the violin was introduced into England by the attendants of the Pope's nuncios, when they came here to receive Peter-pence, it being customary for foreigners to take many musicians in their trains.

MUSIC IN WALES.—A magnificent Eisteddfod is to be held at Denbigh in the autumn of 1852. Prince Albert and the Princess of Wales have been invited to attend.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER left London a few days since for Paris, where he intends to pass the winter.

FORMES, the German basso, started on Wednesday for St. Petersburg.

MARIO AND GRISI are more than half way by this time on their route to St. Petersburg.

MADAME BARBIERI NINI has left for Paris. It is expected she will open the campaign there in *Lucrezia Borgia*, on the 14th.

MR. LUMLEY.—The celebrated *impresario* of Her Majesty's Theatre and the *Theatre Italien*, has gone to Paris for a few days.

FENNIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, died at his residence, Cooper's Town, in the middle of last month, at the age of 62.

THE LATE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT WORCESTER.—A meeting of the stewards and committee took place on Monday last, the Lord Bishop of the diocese (president of the festival) in the chair. The statement of accounts submitted by the hon. secretary, the Rev. R. Sarjeant, gave the greatest satisfaction to every person present. The pecuniary result of the festival exceeds expectation, considering the adverse circumstances of the year; the call upon the subscribers to the guarantee fund amounts to no more than 6s. 3d. in the pound. The total receipts for the charity now reach 1,008l.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL OF BRADFORD.—The town of Bradford, Yorkshire, was the scene of great festivity on Monday last, consequent on the laying of the foundation stone of a New Music Hall, which ceremony was performed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, the grand master of the craft, attended by the brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire, and most of the district lodges. The day was observed as a general holiday, and was observed with great rejoicing. The building, which is to be named St. George's Hall, will, when finished, bear comparison with the best structures of the sort in the kingdom.

JULIUS JANIN'S Letters on the Great Exhibition, reprinted in a neat volume at Paris as well as at London, have procured him the honour of a very complimentary autograph letter from Prince Albert.

EDOUARD WOLF.—This celebrated pianist and composer for the piano, at present in Paris, where he holds an eminent rank among resident musicians, will pass next season in London, when he will doubtless figure as one of the most brilliant *etoiles*.

THAT clever actress, Mrs. Sterling, is no longer a member of the Olympic Theatre; she has been engaged by Mr. Webster for the Haymarket. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Webster on his acquisition.

ROBERT B. BROUGH, Esq., the well-known dramatic author, has been married to Miss B. Romer.

GOOD TUNES.—It is, I think, by singing, as it by preaching; a fine judge of composition will admire a sermon which yet makes no manner of impression upon the public mind, and therefore cannot be a good one. That is the best sermon which is best adapted to produce the best effects; and the same may be said of a tune. If it correspond with the feelings of a pious heart and aid him in realizing the sentiments, it will quickly be learnt, and sung with avidity. Where this effect is not produced, were I a composer, I would throw aside my performance and try again.

THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are about nine tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 14,383: 30 direct muscles, do, 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

SUMMER "WARBLERS," AND THEIR RIVALRY.—It is perhaps, not so well known as it ought to be, though I have already hinted at it, that the nightingale, when in confinement, is a most cruelly jealous bird—jealous not only of his master or mistress noticing any other bird than himself—but jealous of his own tribe. His motto is—*Aus Caesar, aut nullus*. He will admit no rival near the throne. Hence, to keep two of these birds in one room would be ridiculous. The same extraordinary failing prevails in most of our "warblers." If outdone in song they frequently fall "dead" from off their perches. Some of these rival musicians, be it known, do not weigh a quarter of an ounce! When, therefore, it is considered desirable to keep several nightingales, let each occupy a separate apartment. By this precaution, not any one of the birds will be put down or silenced, and each will sing without having his temper ruffled.

THE OPERA AT CUBA.—I was told that, owing to the prevalence of fasting during Lent, I should not see the opera, but this happily proved untrue. It seems that Lent does generally bring with it a cessation from these sort of amusements, but the manager having got Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* rehearsed and ready, thought it an excellent time to show conjointly his love of music, religion, and full houses, and accordingly applied to the Captain-General or Governor, who is the great potentate of the island, and much more absolute in his authority than even Queen Isabella, to grant him the licence requisite for its performance. This gentleman's jurisdiction embraces every person, from the police-force to the opera corps. In opera affairs he is really of the greatest service to the

public. If, for instance, a sullen *basso*, a captious tenor, or a spoilt *prima donna*, gets up an indisposition, a sore throat, &c., at five minutes' notice, to suit some particular whim, or under the influence of the same feelings sings out of tune, though he or she be backed by the certificates of all the Brodies or Lococks of Cuba, nothing can prevent this prompt benefactor from arresting the offender, and signing an order for a week's meditation in jail. However, though he be the ruling man in the place, he is by no means the ruling power, as report will have it that he is quite subject to his wife, who is a very serious woman, and a close observer of the most minute requirements of her creed. As a matter of course she sets her face against the opera, and, of course, so did her lord. "But suppose," urged the persevering manager, "that we call it *El triumpho del fe*" (the triumph of faith)! "Ah! that's a good idea," said the lady; ditto said her husband. This idea seemed to have a happy combination of amusement and religion. "But," urged the lady, "the leading singer has to sing *Morta al Papa* (death to the Pope); that will never do!" "But we can alter that," said the manager, and he shall sing *Via al Papa*" (long live the Pope)! This alteration made no matter, it did not interfere with the score, and the opera, with numerous excisions, was duly performed, to the intense delight of both audience and manager. People went to see it last Sunday after they had spent the morning at mass, the afternoon at a bull fight, and when they were looking forward to a masked ball as a grand *finale* to their Sabbath revelry.—*Transatlantic Rambles*.

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Herr Formes sang at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place on Tuesday, and Mr. Chisholm performed a solo on the bassoon. The engagements for the ensuing winter are likely to prove exceedingly attractive. An extra choral concert is to be given on the 14th October, when selections from the hitherto unknown vocal works of J. S. Bach are to be produced, while, on the 22nd and 24th of October, we are to have a great treat by the exertions of the glee and madrigal party, who have, under the patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert, gained great popularity in London, during the past season. There is also a talk of Mr. Sims Reeves appearing in the oratorio of *St. Paul*, while all lovers of amusement will rejoice to hear that Mr. Albert Smith appears on the 5th, 8th, and 7th of November, when he will give his entertainment entitled the "Overland Mail," in which he will introduce a description of his recent ascent of Mont Blanc.

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The success of this society during the week at Brighton and Hastings, under the direction of Mr. Land, has been completed. Next week we hear their campaign will begin in the Midland Counties, commencing on Monday, at Northampton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT has called our attention to the fact of our having omitted to notice the very clever performance of Signor Faltoni's Figaro in the *Barbiere* at Her Majesty's Theatre, undertaken at a very short notice.

W. S.—We regret we are unable to supply our correspondent with the information he desires.

A REGULAR SUB.—For Counterpoint, Cherubi's Treatise, Cocks & Co.—For Harmony, Dr. Alfred Day's Treatise, Cramer and Beale. For Composition, Godfried Weber's Theory, Cocks and Co. We are unable to state the publishing prices. To our Correspondent's second question, it is not in our province to reply. He had better apply to one of the great publishing houses.

Advertisements.

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IT is most respectfully announced that the **LAST FAREWELL NIGHTS** will be given, viz., on

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Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RESUME OF THE SEASON.

Concluded from our last.

The general observations we have to make will not occupy much space. As the season of 1851 must be counted among the most extraordinary in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre, so must it be set down as one of the least happily directed. More enterprise, spirit, and liberality could hardly have been looked for by the subscribers; but sounder judgment might advantageously have been exercised in a vast number of instances, and a clearer and more decided line of policy throughout the season would have been desirable. First, with regard to the department of *prima-donnas*, we would ask—as many have asked, without receiving an answer—why so many?—and still more, why so many in the same style and entrusted with the same line of characters? For example, Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, Madame Ugalde, and Mdlle. Nau, as light *soprani*, are all excellent, especially the first, who is young, pretty, and engaging in the bargain; as singers of *bravura*, are all good, especially the second, who executes passages with unsurpassable velocity in the bargain; as useful artists, and practised musicians, are all valuable, especially the third, who is acquainted with the entire Italian *repertoire* in the bargain. But why three of them, when one would have done—unless to treble the expenses? And why treble the expenses—unless to embarrass the treasury? But why embarrass the treasury? Moreover, “too many cooks spoil the broth;” and, moreover, not only spoil the broth, but foment jealousies and ill-feeling among themselves. One will perforce do the work of the others; and so, as the quarrel proceeds, the *pot-au-feu* is upset; the steak, as though placed upon a gridiron without ribs, falls into the midst of the flaming coals, and, instead of affording nourishment and good cheer to the expectant guests, leaves nothing but four hissing corners to afflict the ears and mock the eyes of the contumacious cooks, when the sound of the dinner-bell announces the hour of repast, and proclaims the appetites of the assembled *Convives*. We object to comparisons; but, were suggestion not impertinent in this place, we should take the liberty to suggest that Mdlle. Caroline Duprez (the first comer, and therefore, no offence to the other two eminent artists), whose real place was not the *Opera Comique*, like Madame Ugalde's, nor the *Theatre de la Nation*, like Mdlle. Nau's, would have amply sufficed for the particular line which suits her talent and should have constituted her *repertoire* even in a great and highly respected establishment

like Her Majesty's Theatre. Not, at the same time, that we should have objected to the engagement of Mdlle. Nau, or some one else, her equivalent, as a substitute for Mdlle. Duprez in case of illness, which would have been in unison with Mr. Lumley's usual munificent policy in the direction of his theatre—over munificent, perhaps, for his own ultimate interests. This would have been entirely satisfactory to the subscribers without the further engagement and the inevitable sacrifice of the celebrated French artist, Madame Ugalde.

In another and a higher department the prodigality to which we have alluded was even more remarkable. We put it to a reasonable subscriber, who might have learned from the prospectus issued in the before season, that the list of absolute *prima-donnas* comprised Mdlle. Alboni, Madame Fiorentini, Madame Sontag, and Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, whether he would not have been perfectly content with his bill of fare? Here were four admirable ladies, in different styles, all of whom should have been “trump-cards” to Mr. Lumley's hand at “whisht.” But when to these are superadded Madame Barbieri Nini, Mademoiselle Alaymo, Mdlle. Parodi (whose noncoming, by the way, was well atoned for by the brilliant and un-anticipated Sophie Cruvelli), not to name others who were not named, each also in her person an absolute first “*donna*,” speculation is abashed, and the “why” and “for-what-object” of their engagement leaves conjecture tongue-tied. The only possible use of Mad. Barbieri Nini would be to “snuff out” Mdlle. Cruvelli; the only possible use of Mdlle. Alaymo to “snuff out” Mad. Barbieri; hna the only possible use of Mdlle. Parodi, who happily remained in the United States, to “snuff out” all three of them. As things turned out, this flux of *prima donnas* of the “*hors ligne*” category turned out useful, since without Mad. Barbieri Mr. Lumley would have been puzzled to make out the programmes of his “play house” nights; and without Mdlle. Sophie, especially during the last weeks, he would not have been able to make them out at all. But an unforeseen accident does not sanctify an unwise policy; and in the teeth—the white, and pearly, and beautiful teeth—of the lovely *prima donnas*, one and all, we must arraign their company as over-numbered and superfluous.

En fait of tenors, we have also objections to urge—strong objections. There were too many, and yet not enough for the work in hand. Calzolari and Gardoni, both capital, would each have done better in the absence of the other. Sims Reeve and Pardini were only in each others way, to the detriment of both. (Mind, reader, we are neither making nor ruminating

comparisons, which are altogether beside our present purpose.) Scotti, another tenor, a nonentity, was chiefly tasked with taking small parts from Mercuriali, a very capable second tenor; while Poultier, an artist of eminence from the French Grand Opera, was of no utility whatever except in extracting *tant* from the treasury, which he extracted, and in the middle of the season "cut his stick," much to the regret of his sincere admirers, who regretted sincerely to have had so few opportunities of admiring him.

In another department, the basses, the *troupe* was manifestly weak. Lablache, though a host in himself, was not enough for the purpose, and besides could not be expected to sing every night. Balanchi is a respectable artist; but to be a respectable artist is not necessarily to be a good bass; and Balanchi is not a good bass, since his lower notes are inaudible—Rocco to wit. Casanova would be better if he had a better voice, and could sing better. Scapini, who appeared in several parts of importance, which it would have been more prudent to have assigned to Lorenzo, is unfitted by *physique* and acquirement to occupy so high a part as that of *primobasso* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Of Lorenzo we have great hopes. He is a good actor, a zealous and eager artist, who only requires the practice and experience which time will doubtless confer, to reach an enviable position in his profession. Lorenzo is young, and, as we have said, we have great hopes of him. He is a good actor, a zealous artist, and an eager. He has ambition. Let him make that the rider to industry, and he will arrive full gallop at the goal, provided always he does not have a fall by the way-side.

In another department, the barytones, weakness was less manifest. Coletti, like Lablache, is a host in himself, and, to boot, well received of the public. Massol is a comet of eccentric motion, brilliant and burning, and, to boot, well received of the public. Frederick Lablache is a "chip of the old block," and, to boot, well received of the public. To Ferranti we can only apply the words which the great Lord Bacon applied to himself in soliciting the Great Seal at the hands of King James, after the demise of Lord Chancellor Egerton—"Gloria in obsequio"—not daring to promise Mr. Lumley on the part of Ferranti, as Lord Bacon King James on the part of himself—"that if he (Ferranti) hold that place"—*primobarytone*—"his (Mr. Lumley's) business shall not make such short turns upon him as it hath; but when a direction is once given, it shall be pursued and performed; and he (Mr. Lumley) "shall only be troubled with the true care of a manager, which is to think *what* he would have done in chief, and not *how* for the passages"—since Signor Ferranti cannot yet execute the "passages," whatever he may do, and he is young, by and bye. Of the other barytones of the season having said nothing, we need say no more. Have they not been chronicled in the *Post*, posted in the *Chronicle*, and heralded in the *News*—"daily?" (no pun!) We have spoken thus generally, since our readers and the public have better taste of *concretum* than of *abstractum*. He that cannot see well,

let him go softly. At the same time, we should be loath to deny that the waves of men's affections—opera subscribers as others—flow rather towards persons than things.

Of the orchestra we can say that it is improved, though not to the degree anticipated. Of the chorus we can say that it has retrograded, and beyond the degree anticipated. Of Balfe, the *chef-d'orchestre*, and director-general of the music, we can say, as we have been saying since 1846, that he has shown no less zeal than ability; no less readiness at his work than love of it; no less industry than amiability; no less decision than presence; no less care for his artists than respect for himself; no less pride in his position than independence in its maintenance; no less fidelity to his director than affection for his orchestra, the principal members whereof, headed by Tolbeeque, Nadaud, Remusat, and other distinguished players, as a mark of their esteem and attachment, at the termination of the regular season, presented him with a testimonial, in the shape of a handsome piece of plate, accompanied by speeches laudatory, congratulatory, and heartfelt. That Balfe is a favourite with his orchestra there can be no doubt; that he is a favourite with the singers and other artists there can be no doubt; that he possesses every requisite to constitute a conductor and music director of the first class there can be no doubt; that he has proved the two first propositions and established the last, by continued manifestations of zeal, activity, and talent, there can be no doubt; that he is an able musician, a prolific composer, and a great popular favourite, there can be no doubt; that he has an European name there can be no doubt; that he has, during six seasons of trying and unexampled difficulty (from 1846 to 1851, inclusive), sustained that name without a spot or blemish, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Lumley's management, there can be no doubt; and that he is an Englishman, or rather an Irishman, there can be no doubt. With these convictions then, which, *inter alia*, we entertain positively, we shall pay no attention, until the proper time arrives, to the report which has gone about of Balfe's approaching secession from the post which he has so long and honourably sustained in the service of Mr. Lumley. All we can say, at the present moment, is—should the report be true, which we trust it may not be—it is to be hoped that Mr. Lumley will be able to find a more able servant, and one more devoted to his interests. For our own parts we wish he may get one.

We have now to speak of the *ballet*—of the *ballet*, whereon Mr. Lumley has partially built the temple of his fame. The *ballet*, in regard to its *personnel*, has not been shorn of any of its ancient splendour.

"Grates reddimus et sacramus hymnos!"

Where the incomparable Carlotta Grisi is the sun, the system cannot fail of comets fiery and luminous, planets warm, of annules circular, of asteroids and satellites twinkling and refulgent; where Carlotta Grisi is the moon, the sky cannot fail to be bathed in light, the concentration of her very beams; nor has the system failed of comets, planets, annules, asteroids

and satellites; nor has the sky been dark: "An véré," as Vaninus says in his dialogues, when he finds himself at a standstill, *quid pūlas originem vacui?*—how account for the void? *Verisimile est*—verily, this sun, this moon, has had no place to shine. These comets, planets, asteroids, annules and satellites have had no place to move and dance in. They have beheld Carlotta, their sun, whirling in the solitude of M. Paul Taglioni's embrace, through the pigmy *pirouettes* of a *valse* or *masurka*. They have beheld their moon, Carlotta, streaming through the gymnastics of an unhelped and helpless *styrienne*. That sun, that moon—erst the centre of a luminous cycle, where many comets, planets, asteroids, annules and satellites danced and did it homage—sparkling, unattended, and for so brief a space that the eye of the spectator, through the microcosmic tube of opera glass and *binocle*, had scarcely time to fix its focus, and draw in the brightness, ere it vanished wingwards, and was seen no more. To come down from the stars, lay aside the opera glass, and speak plain English—there was Carlotta for the *ballet*, but no *ballet* for Carlotta. The greatest dancer in the world was employed during a period of two months in executing, between the acts of the opera, or previous to the fall of the curtain, every evening (at an enormous expense to Mr. Lumley) little more than a few fragments of antique *ballets*, and a few used-up and insignificant *pas de caractère*, which might have been as well performed by the meanest of the *Coryphées*. The only new *ballet* in the course of the season was that we have already spoken of, *L'Île des Amours*, for Amalia Ferraris, who had also the "pick" of the dances in *Masaniello*, which, by the way, were magnificently got up, as were those in the *Prodigo*, in which Rosati had the lion's share in the part of Lia generally, and the *pas de poignards* in particular. But Ferraris and Rosati, though both dancers of the first class, had no more than this to do, while Fanny Cerito, a dancer of a still firster class, had positively nothing to do but flirt with her own shadow, and depart, after a few nights, with a *migraine*. At whose door must this delinquency be laid? Surely at that of M. Paul Taglioni, *maitre de ballet*, and *premier danseur* elect of Mr. Lumley's establishment, whose duty, it would appear to the uninitiated, at a glance, was to have maintained Mr. Lumley's *ballet* (which involves so vast an expense) in all its ancient glory by the seasonable and adequate production of novelties worthy the fame of the theatre and the reputation of the great Terpsichorean artists whose names added lustre to the prospect. If the policy be to abandon the *ballet* henceforth to the mediocrity and inefficiency, from which Mr. Lumley was the first to rescue it by raising it to a higher position than it has ever enjoyed in any other theatre in Europe, we should be sorry, very sorry, since the policy, we are convinced, would be a mistaken one, and calculated to deteriorate from the *prestige* of the theatre. In the evanescent and extraordinary reign of Jenny Lind, who engrossed the exclusive attention of the public for two seasons and part of a third, even to the exclusion of some more gifted than her-

self (in 1848, Sophie Cruvelli—in 1849 and '50, Albert), there was some reason for this neglect of the *ballet*, since no other attraction than the "Swedish Nightingale" was requisite to fill the theatre to overflowing. But now that the mania has subsided, and the subscribers and the public have eyes for all that is worth seeing, and ears for all that is worth hearing, the same excuse does not hold, and it behoves the management to reconsider the present state of one of the safest and most enduring attractions of his theatre. Better first-rate dancers—*prima donnas* in short—than Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni; a more admirable second dancer than Petit Stephan; younger, prettier, and cleverer *coryphées* than Rosa, Jullien, Lamoureux, Esper, Ausandon, Dantoni, Kohlenberg, &c., &c., &c., could not be found throughout the length and breadth of Europe; or a more active and promising *premier danseur* than M. Charles; or a more able and intelligent general dancer than M. Silvain, who has supported, with so much credit, the whole weight of the male *ballet* department during the playhouse nights; or a more thoroughly efficient *regisseur* than M. Petit; or a more distinguished, talented, and zealous professor than M. Gosselin. With such forces under his control Perrot would have done wonders, and M. Paul Taglioni might, and will, we trust next season, do likewise. *Verbum sat*.

On the whole, however, allowing for every possible objection, for every short-coming and superfluity, the season of 1851 has been one of the most memorable, magnificent, and remarkable since Mr. Lumley first placed Her Majesty's Theatre in that exalted position it now holds among the lyrical establishments of Europe. The number of works absolutely new and original, and of works new to the theatre, is without precedent in the records of this or any other Opera. The production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* with Sophie Cruvelli, the young and brilliant representative of Leonora, would alone have made this season worthy of remembrance.

And now having nothing more to say, with a word of strong acknowledgment for the highly efficient manner in which the general service of the theatre is performed before the curtain, under the zealous, intelligent, and long-experienced Mr. Nugent, and elsewhere under that of Mr. Fish, the very emblem of courtesy and obliging politeness, we bid adieu to Her Majesty's Theatre until 1852, sincerely wishing it and Mr. Lumley a happy and prosperous new year.

HERR JANSÁ.

We are indebted to the recent political convulsions in the empire of Austria, to what will in all likelihood be the permanent sojourn among us of the above-named eminent musician. It is unnecessary for us to inform those who have been to Vienna who and what is Herr Jansa; while those who have not, have already been instructed on the subject by Mr. Ella, director of the Musical Union, and other speculative and intelligent travellers, but especially Mr. Ella. The fact, however, of Mr. Jansa's present residence in London deserves publishing, as one of interest and importance to the musical world at large.

Herr Jansa was brought up to the bar and came to Vienna in 1817 to pursue his studies in the University of that capital. Having a great turn for music, and excelling especially, though an amateur, as a player upon the fiddle, Herr Jansa turned a cold eye to red tape and parchment, neglected the pandects, and gave almost exclusive attention to the science of sweet sounds, as manifested upon the four strings of the violin. In short, Herr Jansa's right hand was rarely undivested of a bow, his left shoulder unpressed by a fiddle. The laws of nations, the canon law, the law ecclesiastical, the common law, and the law of the small courts, mere dead letters in the mind of Herr Jansa, who could perceive in them no harmony, and much less melody. And so, one fine day, he broke the barriers, escaped from the confines of University rule, and threw himself into the arms of the muse, swearing undivided and eternal affection.

Those who are acquainted with the incidents connected with the social and artistic life of Beethoven will remember the Count de Brunswick as an intimate friend, wide patron, and dedicatee of the giant of the orchestra. The Count de Brunswick about this period of Herr Jansa's life came across Herr Jansa; or rather, Herr Jansa, about this period of the Count de Brunswick's life, came across the Count de Brunswick, and either was well pleased with other; so much so indeed that the Count de Brunswick, a great amateur of quartets in particular and fiddle music in general, proposed to Herr Jansa, already a great player of quartets in particular and fiddle music in general, an engagement as his, the Count de Brunswick's violinist, which he, Herr Jansa, accepted without preamble or palaver. Henceforth our young musician began to study composition under the noted contrapuntist, Sechter, who explained to him the tetrachord, laid bare to his intelligence the binary roots, and exercised him in the campagne of fugue and canon. Jansa was an apt scholar, and having learnt in a few years as much as Herr Sechter could teach him, and more, namely, the art of composing (which the subtle contrapuntist may be affirmed to ignore)—

"Tanto hic plus laudis Cæsare Cæsar habet"—

having learnt that, betook him in 1824 to shake off the fugal shackles and to accept an appointment, by imperial decree, as violinist of the band royal at Vienna, which appointment was almost immediately followed by two others, that of Professor of the violin, pianoforte, and composition to the Emperor's choir, and professor of the violin at the Conservatorium. He was also, at the same time, created honorary member of several of the Philharmonic Societies of Germany.

The influence of Herr Jansa at Vienna in the triple capacity of solist, quartet player, and concert conductor, was beneficially proved and warmly acknowledged by the press and the public, the most eminent artists who went to Vienna to give concerts (among others Hummel, De Beriot, Thalberg, Artot, &c. &c.) invariably selected Herr Jansa as their *chef d'orchestre*, his ability and known experience eminently adapting him for that part. Not the least interesting incident in Herr Jansa's career was, that he enjoyed the honour of playing in the orchestra under the direction of the immortal Beethoven himself.

Who that is interested in the seventeen quartets of Beethoven can fail to remember the name of Schuppanzich? Schuppanzich—we love to repeat the name—was the director of the celebrated quartet party which first had the advantage of rehearsing the magnificent productions in manuscript, under Beethoven's own superintendence, and performing them in public. Schuppanzich—we love to iterate that we repeat the name—was moreover, and better, the attached friend of Beethoven; and was regarded by Beethoven and the con-

noisseurs of Vienna as the best quartet player of his day. "Hic solo (no pun,) vicit ab ingenio." He died in 1832, and was succeeded by Herr Jansa, who, from that time to 1850 carried on the quartet parties which Schuppanzich had founded with the same players who had studied them under Beethoven's personal direction; and brought the performances to that state of perfection for which they have been so deservedly renowned.

The compositions of Herr Jansa, most of which are published at Leipsic and Vienna, are very numerous, and consist of concert pieces for violin with full orchestra, duets, trios and quartets for stringed instruments, duets for pianoforte and violin, a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, besides a symphony and other manuscript works. They are much esteemed by judges for their school, ingenuity and learning.

In the spring of the present year Herr Jansa was dispatched by the Austrian government to the Great Exhibition in London to examine and report upon the stringed instruments of music, a proof of the high estimation in which he must have been held in his own country. In July a concert was announced for the benefit of the Hungarian refugees in London, at which Herr Jansa was invited to play, and for which he was requested to compose a duet for harmonica and pianoforte on popular Hungarian airs. The innocent part which Herr Jansa took in this charitable performance gave such offence to the Austrian Government that he was peremptorily dismissed from that post which he had filled with so much credit for seven and twenty years; which sudden and unexpected change of circumstances has compelled Herr Jansa to establish himself in this metropolis, where, we trust, with a success to which he is so justly entitled, he may long continue to prosecute his professional labours.

SOME DOUBTS ABOUT CHERUBINI.

(From a Sceptical Contributor.)

We have been thinking about Cherubini and know not what to make of him. According to some, Cherubini was the greatest composer the world ever saw—according to some, he was a mere schoolmaster—according to others, a kind of medium between the two. We confess that we know hardly enough of him to venture a decided opinion of his merits. What we do know of him by no means puts him on a level with Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn—though we have heard him preferred to each and all of these, and by no mean authorities. Mr. P—— told us, once upon a time, that Cherubini's opera, *Medea*, was one of the mightiest things in dramatic music, and Mr. P—— is a first-rate judge. Of *Medea*, we know the overture—the overture and nothing more. Our impression of this overture is of a mixed kind. To begin—we think it not a first-rate work. To compare it with the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, the *Egmont* of Beethoven, the *Der Freischütz* of Weber, the *Faust* of Spohr, or the *Fingal* of Mendelssohn, would be absurd. Where such things are, it must not be named. Although bold in style and masterly in conduct, it has the fault of prosiness, unpardonable in a musical composition. Certainly it gives no promise of anything great to follow; it holds out no likelihood of the excellence which Mr. P—— predicates in favour of the entire opera. Then, again, we are told that *Les Deux Journées*, known in Germany as the *Wasserträger*, or "Water-carrier," is the best comic opera since Mozart. Of this, again, we know but the overture, which we acknowledge to be worthy of any master that ever lived. We have faith in the *Deux Journées*,

from the excellence of its overture; but we are unacquainted with any other part of the opera—a loss no doubt. What else do we know of Cherubini?—The overture to *Faniska*, one of the quaintest and freshest outpourings of musical fancy—the overture to *Lodoiska*, at least twice as good as that of Kreitzer—the overture to *Anacreon*, a brilliant, though overrated work—the overtures to *Les Abencerrages*, *La Prisonnière*, and *L'Hotellerie Portugaise*, none of which betray any striking qualities—the *Requiem* in C minor, a fine work, but by no means comparable to Mozart's, to which it has, nevertheless, been preferred—three violin quartets, works of great labour and research, shewing more of the pedant than the poet—and other compositions of less consequence. Except these, we know nothing of Cherubini, and yet we join others in acknowledging him one of the great masters of the art. What is there in these works that entitles him to such distinction? The quartet in C major, the *Requiem* in C minor, and the overtures to *Les Deux Journées* and *Faniska*, have certainly a portion of the “divine fire,” but hardly sufficient to entitle Cherubini to the high position he maintains. After all, who thoroughly knows Cherubini? For the opinion of the French we care not greatly—for that of the Italians, not at all. Remain, Germany and England—and, even in these countries, with rare exceptions, Cherubini is not merely unappreciated, but unknown.

There was a singular mixture of selfishness and independence in Cherubini. He feared not to offend Napoleon, yet he left a letter from Beethoven unanswered! What was Cherubini in comparison with Beethoven? Ought not Cherubini to have felt honoured and flattered by the humble communication of the great symphonist? Ought he not to have welcomed it with ardour, and answered it with enthusiasm? Truly he ought—but he left it unanswered. What an indignity to Beethoven! How his proud nature must have writhed under the infliction of such contumely! In that letter, moreover, Beethoven boldly styles Cherubini the most gifted living composer—a distinction which the great German must fully have been conscious none but himself could claim. Can you imagine, reader, an eminent musical composer to have lived and flourished, from the beginning to the end of BEETHOVEN'S career without once having been known to express the slightest interest in his works? Can you imagine it?—No—you cannot; yet, such was the case. Cherubini was never heard to give utterance to one syllable of eulogy in favour of Beethoven. The fact is natural, but not the less true. It is somewhat odd, *en revanche*, that, often as we conversed with Mendelssohn about the works of the great composers, we do not recollect his having at any time alluded to Cherubini—and yet, Cherubini ranked as one of the foremost musicians of his time—a fact which none seem disposed to deny, while none seem inclined to illustrate it by examples from his works. Some strange fatality has divided Cherubini from the other great masters. We are constantly in the habit of citing Handel and Bach—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—Mendelssohn and Spohr; but the name of Cherubini is excluded from this goodly company—it is a thing apart—an isolated greatness—a majesty in solitude. We own we are sceptical on the subject. What we know of Cherubini does not warrant the praises that have been lavished on him. Moreover, in the *symphony*—the greatest test of musical genius—the most comprehensive form that music can assume—Cherubini has produced nothing that has survived him. One specimen alone proceeded from his pen—a *symphony* written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and shelved ever since the first season of its production. From which, *we*—judging from the ordinary tenor of Philharmonic policy—are inclined to suspect

that it is among the best efforts of the composer. It has shared the fate of other things of the kind—it has been laid by and forgotten. Why does not Mr. Costa exert a little of his spirit of enquiry, and bring it to life for a season—with its equally abandoned companions, the one *symphony* of Clementi, and the one *symphony* of Woelfl! The announcement of any of these would be an attraction.

M. Fétis tells us, in one of his articles on the autograph MSS. of Cherubini, that the reverence of the pupils of the *Conservatoire* was unprecedented; his surliness of temper and brusquerie of manner were nothing—he was worshipped. This speaks volumes; and yet his favorite pupils, Auber and Halévy—a man of consummate genius and a man of consummate drudgery, or in other words a man of genius without drudgery, and a man of drudgery without genius—bear no resemblance to him whatever; his manner has in no way influenced them. With Auber, a composer of a very original turn of mind, this is not surprising—but with Halévy, who has no fixed style, and whose music resembles everything, it is singular. At least we might have looked for a pedantic imitation of his master's peculiarities; but no—Halévy imitates all composers but one—and that one his preceptor—a fact, on the whole, irreconcilable with our experience of things in art. Has the style of Cherubini no charm?—or is it that it differs not materially from that of Mozart, Haydn, and the other classical composers? We think not. We find in the few works of Cherubini with which we are acquainted, a marked and unmistakable character—a considerable flow of melody—a great command of harmony—a skilful use of counterpoint, and a masterly completeness, which render them, if not worthy of competition with the master-pieces of the greatest composers we have named, at least objects of interest to the jealous and enquiring musician. Cherubini is a riddle to us—a riddle we should like to solve, but do not exactly see how we are to solve it. We shall, perhaps, return to the subject, and, in the meantime, endeavour to get a peep at some of his compositions.

PYRRHUS.

[“Pyrrhus” doubts prettily, and writes well; but we rise from a perusal of his essay with the conviction that he knows nothing of the subject of his enquiry.—Ed. M. W.]

VICTOR HUGO'S TRAGEDY OF ERNANI.

That exaggerated view of the laws of honour which was so prevalent in romantic Spain, and which forms the moral foundation of Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Ernani* is thus illustrated by Sismondi, in his *History of the Literature of the South of Europe*:—

“In the faithful picture of Spanish manners which Lope de Vega has presented to us, the most striking and most incomprehensible feature is the extreme susceptibility of Spanish honour. The slightest coquetry of a mistress, of a wife, or of a sister, is an insult to the lover, the husband, or the brother, which can only be obliterated by blood. This mad jealousy was communicated to the Spanish by the Arabians; its existence amongst the latter, and, indeed, amongst all oriental nations, may easily be accounted for, because it is in accordance with their national habits. They keep the female sex in close confinement; they never pronounce their names, nor do they ever seek any intercourse with them until they have them absolutely in their power. Indulging only emotions of love and of jealousy in their harems, they seem in every other place to forget the existence of the sex. The manners of the Spaniards are entirely opposite; their whole lives are consecrated to gallantry. Every individual is enamoured of some woman who is not in his power, and makes no scruple of entering into the most

delicate intrigues to gratify his passions. The most virtuous heroines make assignations in the night-time at their chamber windows; they receive and write billets, and they go out masked to meet their lovers in the house of a third person. So completely is this gallantry supported by the spirit of chivalry, that when a married woman is pursued by her husband or by her father, she invokes the first person whom she chances to meet, without knowing him or disclosing herself to him, she requests him to protect her from her impertinent pursuers, and the stranger thus called upon cannot, without dishonouring himself, refuse to draw his sword to procure for this unknown female a liberty perhaps criminal. He, however, who thus hazards his life to rescue the flight of a coquette, who has himself made many assignations, and written billets, would be seized with unappeasable fury if he discovered that his own sister had inspired any person with love, had entertained that passion for another, or had taken any of those liberties which are authorized by universal custom. Such a circumstance would be a sufficient motive in his eyes to put to death both his sister and the man who had ventured to speak to her of love.

"The theatre of Spain everywhere affords us examples of the practical application of this singular law of honour. Besides various pieces of Lope de Vega, many of those of Calderon, and, amongst others, *The Lady Spectre* and *The Devotion of the Cross*, place in the clearest light the contrast between the jealous fury of a husband or a brother, and the protection which they themselves afford to any masked damsel who may ask it, who, as it often happens, is one of the identical persons they would have the greatest desire to restrain, if they had known her. But the argument which a Castilian philosopher advances against these sanguinary manners in a comedy of an anonymous author of the court of Philip IV. is still more extraordinary. A judge is speaking of a husband who has put his wife to death;—

"Our worldly laws he has obeyed,
But not those laws which God has made;
My other self now is my wife,
It is then clear that if my life
I must not take, I cannot do
That violence to her. 'Tis true,
Man very rarely can control
The impulse which first moves his soul."

A singular morality, which would prohibit murder, only when it resembles suicide!"

Much that appears exaggerated in Hugo's remarkable drama becomes thus explicable and clear.

MORE ABOUT LOLA MONTEZ.

Paris, Oct. 2, 1851.

As the time draws near when the old world is destined to be forsaken by as much of its grace and beauty—its genius and its wit—as can be conveniently carried off, in the possession of one lady; or to speak in plainer terms, as November draws near and the Countess of Landsfeld shows no symptoms of changing her mind on the subject of visiting America, the regrets of her friends become equalled only by the curiosity of the general public. Of the former class, the more sentimental may be seen with drooping eyes, and moustaches to match—moustaches which, for the want of the *cire* have fallen into the "yellow leaf"—hovering near the Place Vendome, and looking up at the lightless windows, that yet retain their charm on the principle of our old friend the

"Vase in which roses have once been distilled."

That, the poet assures us, can never part with its perfume, though the flowers are no more. The wiser among those disconsolates qualify their despair with philosophy, as they do their coffee with cognac, and may be seen any day sitting on

the Boulevards deep in these respective mixtures. To console either class of admirers would be a vain attempt; so I will leave them ruthlessly to their fate; but to satisfy, to some extent, the curiosity of the general public is an easier matter. For their benefit, then, be the information that Lola's dancing lessons are at an end; that Marbille has anticipated the verdict of the Western World, and pronounced her perfect; and that a series of provincial and other performances—better described as "dress rehearsals"—which have been occupying her for the last two or three weeks, are the immediate prelude to her departure.

Everywhere during this recent "progress"—whenever the boards have been fluttered by those infinitesimal of feet—the most terrible consequences have ensued. Boulogne has lost its head if it ever had one; and Brussels its heart—if hearts can really be lost or won. At Anvers the excitement took a novel turn. Poets and painters had poetized and painted poor Lola beyond all hope; at Anvers it was reserved for politicians to tender their homage. Lola's reforming tendencies in Bavaria had not been forgotten, and her appearance at the theatre attracted the liberal party in large numbers. It is doubtful whether upon this occasion they found their seats were more limited or sympathies more enlarged than usual, but it is certain that they found the presence of a large number of the legitimate party not very conducive to their comfort. Accordingly, with "Reform and Lola Montes" for a watchword, fierce onslaught was made upon the anti-reformers, who were very handsomely expelled from the theatre, after a pitched battle, conducted in a style which we of chivalrous sympathies are wont to admire, but which I have heard police magistrates characterise as "disgraceful to all parties concerned." The performance then proceeded peaceably. At its conclusion, the audience, not satisfied with the usual demonstration of a civilized public—calling the favorite before the curtain—waited at the doors in great crowds, and, without any hostile intentions, "called her out." Her appearance among her myriad of admirers was the signal for what they call in England "a scene," the ovation concluding with three loud and lasting cheers.

At Brussels there was a "scene" of another description, which may have found its way into the English papers. The manager of the Hippodrome sent an ambassador to the Countess, offering her some extraordinary terms nightly to ride on horseback two or three times round the circle. Her reply was characteristic; drawing herself up to her full height, she examined the gentleman from head to foot: "What do you take me for, Sir? Do you know that I am a Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, that I am Countess of Landsfeld, that I have my *entrées* at the court of Bavaria, that I have married a man belonging to one of the most illustrious families of England! Know, Sir, that if I cultivate the art of dancing it is from taste, and that it is an insult to think me capable of taking wages from a director of mountebanks." Adding—"If my friends or my husband were here you should wipe away this insult with your blood."

Foreign.

JERSEY.—Our last three Musical *Soirées*, at the Queen's Assembly Rooms, have been but indifferently attended, and though there are a number of musical persons in the town, and others who affect to be fond of music, few have thought proper to patronise English singers. The countenances of Sir James and Lady Reynett, ought to have secured a full

and fashionable attendance. Thursday, however, was an exception; the Room was full, under the patronage of Major Cuthbert and the Officers of the 15th Depot. Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who has filled the principal role of characters in London and elsewhere, is very young, her voice is sweet and even, with a good volume, which she takes care never to exert to the full. Her *crescendo* and *diminuendo* are good, and managed with judgment. Mr. Frazer, an old favourite, took us back to old Drury Lane, and the palmy days of Covent Garden. After so many years of arduous labour, he comes to us with a voice unimpaired. Miss S. Lowe was introduced to us for the first time. Added to a personal appearance the most agreeable, she possesses a soprano voice of freshness and power, joined to a rapidity of execution that shows command of fine organs. Her *cantabile* singing is excellent, while her execution of *fiorette* is brilliant. Her ballad singing is almost faultless, while her "Dearest Companions" and "Regnava del Silenzio," force us to acknowledge her pretensions to the higher school of art; and her interpretation of Sir H. Bishop's far-famed "Home, Sweet Home," proved that though art has done much, nature has done her full share. In short, Miss Lowe is a charming and talented vocalist. Mr. Henri Drayton's interpretation of Knight's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," was greatly admired. Mr. Drayton is gifted with a bass voice of more than average compass and quality. We hope to see the highly 'deserving lessee, Mr. Charles Poole, supported by the inhabitants and visitors. No man could have exerted himself more than the manager of these Rooms has done, and we do sincerely trust he will receive the ample reward he so fully merits.—*Abridged from the Jersey Press.*

NEW YORK.—The New Yorkers have at length heard the "Swan," and we suppose little else will be talked of for some time to come. There was an immense assemblage at Tripler Hall last night, to greet Miss Hayes on her first appearance; every seat was full from the top to the bottom of the house. Uppertendoms were there in throngs, and the no less appreciative middle classes were to be seen in large numbers. The audience was indeed a brilliant one—made up of the fashion, beauty, and talent of the great metropolis. The enthusiasm on the occasion was overwhelming, and on the appearance of the fair vocalist, the stage was literally strewn with flowers; bouquets were to be seen flying from all parts of the house, and when at length the shouting and clapping of hands had ceased, the accompaniment was struck up, and Miss Hayes commenced the "Ah mon fils" in a clear, firm and subdued voice that commanded a silence almost as painful as had been the thunders of applause that had just preceded. At the conclusion of this performance her auditors appeared perfectly enraptured; another shower of bouquets followed, and the bravas and clapping of hands were almost deafening; and some of the more enthusiastic expressed their approbation by sundry bursts of feeling which we can hardly find words to describe. These evidences of satisfaction and admiration were given throughout the evening; every piece Miss Hayes sang but one was encored—and in reality that was encored, but she declined repeating it. Her two best performances last evening were the "Ah mon fils" from the *Prophete*, and the "Ah non giunge" from the *Sonnambula*. Her ballads were really enchanting, but the gems of the evening were the two performances just named. Her success among the Americans is already beyond a doubt, and we predict for her a triumph not inferior to that of Jenny Lind. The performances of Mr. Braham and Herr Mengis were exceedingly happy. Braham's "Flowers of the Forest," and Mengis's "Happy Switzer," were among the best things of the even-

ing—the first overflowed with tender pathos, and the latter bursting with happiness. Both gave evidences of superior artistic merits. The orchestral performances did great credit to Mr. Lavenue and those under his direction; and on the whole we consider the musical entertainment of last evening as among the very best ever given in our city.—*Abridged from the Weekly Day Book, Sept. 27.*

PARIS.—A great scandal occurred at the *Ambigu* on the occasion of the first production, last Saturday, of a piece called *Marthe et Marie*, when M. Gaiffe, the dramatic *feuilletoniste* of the *Avènement*, was rudely expelled from the theatre, for having previously severely criticised a piece founded on Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, which had been a short time ago brought out at this theatre. The proceeding caused a tremendous *fracas* in which Jules Janin, Paul de Musset, Lireux, and other *feuilletonistes* took part with M. Gaiffe, who, at the end, was triumphantly led to his place on the arm of M. Musset, amidst a triumphal march unanimously struck up by the orchestra. This incident supplied the *feuilletonistes* with something to write upon, of which they took advantage at length in their last articles, talking magnanimously of themselves. It is now definitely decided that M. Marc Fournier is entrusted by M. Leon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, with the direction of the *Porte St. Martin*. The appointment has given general satisfaction. There is nothing to state about the Grand Opera, except the continued successes of Alboni in the *Prophete* and the *Favorite*, which, drawing crowds to the theatre, renders it unnecessary for the management at present to think of novelty. At the *Opera Comique*, Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment*, with Madame Ugalde as Marie, a performance which has excited a great variety of criticism, has been the principal event. Although originally composed for the French stage, this sparkling opera loses much of its charms by being removed from the Italian boards.

The third lyric theatre has opened with a new opera in three acts, the piece by Scribe and Vaez, the music by Xavier Boisselot. Here is a reproach to London: while Paris has no less than three National Operas, London is unprovided with one. M. Boisselot's opera was successful. The *Barbier* of Rossini, has since been produced with the greatest success at the same theatre (National Opera). Mdle. Duez, the Rosina, has been greatly admired; but the rest of the company is very mediocre.

BERLIN.—Roger continues his representations here in the *Huguenots*, the *Prophete*, the *Dame Blanche*, and *Jean de Paris*. His success is complete; but the critics unanimously give a preference for his performances in comedy, and the critics I think, *ont raison*. Marie Taglioni has returned, and made her *rentrée* in the ballet of the *Corsaire* with great success. Although M. Paul Taglioni received the privilege of the Italian and French theatres, litigation still goes on, and nothing positive has been arranged about their opening. The great event about which the musical public are at present interested, is the forthcoming production at the Grand Opera of Spontini's *Olympia*, which will be executed on the day of the King's *fete*. The preparations are on the most magnificent scale. There are to be nine new scenes and two hundred and fifty new costumes. It is said that altogether no less than four thousand persons will be employed in the representation of Spontini's opera, which I cannot help stigmatising as much ado about nothing. I shall report to you an account of its reception.

Great curiosity prevails here about the absolute destination of our native *prima-donna*, Mdle. Wagner. It now appears—I do not give it upon my own authority—that neither Mr. Lumley nor Mr. Gye is to be the happy possessor of the new

lyrical wonder, who at one puff is to extinguish Grisi, Viardot, Alboni, Sontag, and Sophie Cruvelli. That puff will be blown by the celebrated critic, Relstabb, who tried in vain, some years ago, to write down Mendelssohn. If not Mr. Lumley, nor Mr. Gye, then we will ask, Who is to have Miss Wagner?—answer, Mr. Bunn. It is now currently accredited that the very tall Teutonic singer will utter her first lyrical cry in London on the boards of a theatre bounded on the north by Little Russell Street, on the south by Vinegar Yard, on the east by Drury Lane, and on the west by Catherine Street—that the Opera in which she will utter her first cry, will be neither less nor more than that gigantic inspiration of the illustrious Meyerbeer, entitled *The Prophete*, in which Mad. Fiorentini, the charming and gifted Spaniard, who only two seasons ago was the *delices* of the Prussian capital, will be the Bertha. Between this and then (which is January) Miss Wagner will doubtless amuse her leisure hours with the study of the English language, in which at present she is not profoundly versed. And thus for the present matters rest. It will be for the future to decide whether Lumley, Gye, or Bunn is to exult in the possession of the celebrated *cantatrice*, and set the Thames on fire with a glance from her eye.

Besides the Hippodrome, which is doing very badly now under the direction of M. Guerra, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, we are to have three *Cirques* this winter, those of M. Dejean, M. Rens, and M. M. Tourniaire. I prophesy failure to them all, except M. Dejean.

MR. FORREST AT THE BROADWAY.

(From the New York Weekly Day Book.)

Mr. Edwin Forrest, the celebrated tragedian, after an absence from the stage of nearly two years, made his appearance last night at the Broadway theatre in the character of Damon. Being somewhat curious to see this celebrated character, the Editor of the Day Book took it into his head to stay in town last night and "go to the theatre." Not being very fond of such wild sports, he did not "hurry up" as a lover to see his mistress—consequently was not in time to see all the fun, but what he did see and hear was worth noticing.

The play was nearly over when we worked our way through the crowd to get a standee inside the door behind the last row of seats in the second tier. The play was at its height and passion was blazing up like a volcano, exciting the vast concourse of people that crowded the theatre from pit to gallery. Pythias chained, came from his cell, and Pythias's wife that was to be and father, who had all the means ready for his escape, begged and pleaded and cried to induce him to run away, and Pythias wouldn't. Then Pythias's wife cried harder and pleaded more—then he thought he would, then he said something about Damon's coming back to ransom him, then he wouldn't again. Then Pythias's wife—that was to be—screamed, then Pythias rushed into his cell, then his wife fainted—then the curtain dropped. Then Damon's wife and little boy came on, then Damon came, then Damon told his wife and little boy that he must go back and be executed in Pythias's stead. Then Damon's wife had a time—she screamed and cried and pulled and hugged and kissed Damon, and begged and pleaded for her sake and the little boy's sake—who by the way was another woman's little girl—that Damon wouldn't go back and be killed. Then Damon (Mr. Forrest) showed off. Oh, how he did pull his hair, roll up his eyes, hugged his wife—Mrs. Damon, we mean—strike his breast and sigh and cry and "make as if he would die." Then he kissed the little boy. Mrs. Damon clung closer and tighter to him, then she fainted, then he laid her gently on the sofa and stepped out and the curtain dropped again.

Then the soldiers appeared and a scaffold. Pythias was brought

out, and his wife, that was to be, came in. Six minutes more and his head was to be chopped off. Then he and she had a time; they raised such a storm of passion and tore it into tatters so fast that the ladies all began to cry, just as if the great gilt paper axe was going to chop poor Pythias's head right off there in the theatre. Then the six minutes were up—and poor Mrs. Pythias, that was to be, had to be torn away from Mr. Pythias. Then she thought she saw Mr. Damon coming over the hill—then she didn't; then she fainted, and was carried out; then the ladies cried, just as if she had not come to as soon as she got behind the scenes, and was quietly sitting on the sofa, eating the cold leg of a chicken. Then Pythias marched up on to the scaffold with an awfully firm step; then "the two horsemen" were seen coming over the hill; then there was an awful pause—then in rushed Mr. Damon, (Forrest.) He sees Pythias—who ain't dead yet—he raises up both hands, shakes all his fingers, "hollers" "Ha, ha, ha-a-a! he lives!"—then falls, and such a fall—he is dead. No, he breathes; he raises up his head. Pythias comes to his assistance—helps him up. Damon takes Pythias's place on the scaffold, and somebody comes forward and pardons him—and the curtain falls!

Then there was a cry for Forrest, Forrest, Forrest, from all parts of the house. Mr. Forrest comes forward and makes the following speech, which was to say the least of it, conceived in a bad spirit and spoken in bad taste, and we think will do him more harm, make him more enemies, and degrade him more in the estimation of honorable and highminded men than anything he has ever done or said. He had no right to inflict a history of his private griefs upon the public ear. The people who attended the theatre went to see him play Damon and not "The Jealous Husband;" it was the actor on the stage and not the man before a court that the audience had paid to see. And though every charge he has brought against his wife may be true, he has not yet proved it to the satisfaction of a court; and it was in bad taste on the part of a man in whom discretion had been carried away by passion to brand her from the stage as a prostitute and trumpet his own shame and dishonour. We have taken no part in this quarrel between Mr. Forrest and his wife, and do not mean to; we deeply deplore for many reasons that it exists, and would gladly, were it possible, see the breach healed rather than do anything to widen it, but we have a right to express our opinion of the course Mr. Forrest pursues, when he steps out of his way and takes advantage of his position as an actor to drag his griefs and his wrongs, his prejudices and his hatred, before the public. We give it our unqualified disapprobation, and we trust that after our readers have perused the following report of his speech they will agree with us:

He said in substance, that he was so overpowered with his reception that he could not find language to express his gratitude; and the more, as during the last two years, he had been "the best abused" man in the country. He had been persecuted, misrepresented and vilified by a certain holy alliance. He had been set on by the "little dogs," the "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" of the press; assaulted in a public theatre without provocation, by a person whom he had never seen in his life, set on by dastards; a man whom drunkenness had inflamed to a momentary courage; who boasts of being an Englishman, and whom the interference of his friends saved from sudden death. He had been vilified by a fashionable editor; misrepresented and persecuted by a mendacious dungeon lawyer, who had admitted that he had a prostitute for his client, and who had sought perjured testimony against him from brothels; and all this, because he would not submit to be dishonored in his own house. He avowed himself incapable of any act to which manly power would blush. He had always acted in a way to secure public respect, and of that he would not consent to be robbed, and he closed by quoting the well known passage from Othello:

"Who steals my purse steals trash;
'Tis something, nothing—'twas mine—
'Tis his—and has been slave to thousands.
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which no enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Original Correspondence.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

In a very kind review of the "American Magazine" in your journal of the 23rd ult., you state that Mrs. Sigourney, the delightful poetess of America, is dead. This is an error, as she is at present in Italy, having taken up a temporary residence there by way of relaxation from a long series of literary duties in the United States. Some time since this lady experienced a sudden bereavement in the death of a favourite son; and this fact, by some mutation of the types, may have given rise to the mistake. As Mrs. Sigourney has many literary and personal friends in England, and deemed this correction of importance to both them and herself.

With much respect,
I remain, yours, &c.,

HENRY HOWARD PAUL.
Editor "American Magazine."

Oct. 8, 1851.

OUR GREENWICH REPORTER AGAIN.*(To the Editor of the Musical World.)*

SIR,—In the *Musical World* of Saturday the 27th September last, there is a report of the effects of an evening concert, under the direction of Mr. Albert Schloss, given at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, which report is, I consider, a gross and scandalous libel upon my daughter, and entirely destitute of truth, as your "own reporter" must be perfectly well aware, but as you may not be so, I have thought it better, (before resorting to legal measures for redress) to address myself to you, in order that you may have an opportunity of affording me and my daughter that satisfaction to which we are entitled at your hands. You must be well aware that such a report, if not speedily contradicted, is calculated to inflict serious injury on my daughter's professional reputation. I shall therefore expect that a suitable and proper apology be inserted by your own reporter, in at least two newspapers that I shall name, with your sanction appended thereto.

But previous to its publication I must beg to have a copy sent to me for my approval.

Awaiting your early reply,

I am Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,
S. BINCKES.

[Our Greenwich Reporter has been dismissed, and we shall be happy to publish a memoir of Miss Binckes.—Ed. M. W.]

Poetry.

TO CATHERINE HAYES.

(WRITTEN AT REHEARSAL, SEPTEMBER 22.)

Like chaos, ere the morning beam
Of the new sun had pierced his wave,
So slept my soul, till to its night
Creative life thy accents gave.

Then swelled the long imprisoned flood
Of passion, 'neath thy burning spell,
The world's of sweet emotions thronged,
Their new discovered joy to tell.

Then rose my heart on wings of sound,
To cast itself before thy feet,
And pay its homage where, alone,
The gifts of art and nature meet.

Oh, welcome to this hum-drum land,
Where make belief is all we know—
Where tinsel stands for precious gold,
And even sentiment is but show!

Thy voice persuasive shall impart
Diviner lessons to the soul—
Shall teach the dignity of art,
And how all things it can control.

Yes—we will learn of thee to love
Something beyond the day and hour—
Something that speaks to us of God,
And soothes us with celestial power.

Oh, let us learn of thee to prize
The mystery of genius, and to deem
That the soul's destiny's not comprized
Within life's brief and fleeting gleam.

Hark! Those rapt tones speak not of earth—
Immortal longings tremble there—
And, hushed and melted by thy voice,
My soul subdues itself to prayer.

F.

*New York Weekly Day Book.***GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.**

Mr. Wornum delivered an interesting lecture on Friday evening at the Government School of Design, Somerset House, on some of the prominent art manufactures in the Exhibition. In his opening remarks, the lecturer mentioned the different styles that were to be found there. There was the Greek style developed to some extent, the Oriental or Byzantine, a tolerable sprinkling of Cinquecento, a little Gothic as shown in the Mediæval Court, some Elizabethan, and an immense quantity of Louis XIV. and Rococco. It was impossible to give more than a general view of the different styles. They were all very important to know, as it was the first business of every designer to make himself master of the different styles. The study of one style alone would be more fatal to his success than the absence of any; for in the former case his mind would be left free, but in the latter he became regularly stereotyped, and marked everything with one style, under all circumstances. After impressing on his hearers that natural forms might be used in design, if attention was paid to a fit combination and use of them, he considered the question how far using the revival of past styles might be considered a servile following of mediæval art, and not sufficiently expressing the sentiments of the present age. In using the old styles, they must be careful not to ignore the purposes their designs would be intended for in the present age. There might sometimes be injudicious revivals, but that which was naturally beautiful, must remain so for all ages, and the revival of classical ornament was a good proof of the inherent beauty of those forms. It was perfectly legitimate to preserve beauty, but not to let it interfere with the uses for which it was designed. In the pottery department of the Exhibition, he called attention to the difference shown in the articles exhibited by Messrs. Wedgwood and another house. Wedgwood's pottery was a revival of Greek taste, not slavish copies, but a classical taste adapted to the present requirement in those articles. In the other case, they were merely Greek copies, perfectly ignoring present use. This was an example of the good and bad use of the past styles. Alderman Copeland, who exhibited in statuary porcelain with great success, also adopted the Greek style, and in that material had greater scope to display it. The Greek was the most important of the ancient styles, as it was the result of the labour of 800 years. The more modern nations had never the opportunity to devote so much time to the elaboration of any of their styles. The Sevres china exhibited by the French, was very beautiful, but its costliness did not make it so important to the many as the manufacture before mentioned. The display in bronze was, considering all things, but small, and the general

style trifling. France and England were the principal exhibitors. The principal works of France were clocks and candelabra in the *renaissance*, although there were other styles as well. The *renaissance* was much used by jewellers and goldsmiths, while the purer style, the Cinquecento, was principally used by painters, sculptors, and architects. The Damascened work from Liege was very fine. In hardware, he regretted that a high tone of art was not applied to the cheaper articles in cast iron. In the silver work, he pointed out the great advantage of oxydising the silver, or rather, rubbing it with sulphur and ammonia. The effect of this was to make the silver of a more leaden hue, but at the same time the design was seen to much greater effect. Sometimes this was done to too great an extent; but it might be very slightly oxydised, so as to be hardly perceptible, and yet take off the dazzling glare which prevented design being seen. He recommended this process more to the notice of the English. If they wished merely to exhibit their work for its value as a precious lump of silver, it was useless making it look like lead; but if their object was to exhibit design, it must not have a bright and glaring surface. He mentioned three specimens of oxydised silver in the English department—the group of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, exhibited by Elkington, and the Shakespeare shield and Titan vase, by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. In wood carving, he awarded the palm to the French, although it was all in the *renaissance* style, and exemplified by a description of one of the English furniture the faults to be found in an unhappy combination of ornament. In one case, the artist had supported his sideboard by cornucopias for legs, but, not contented with that, had made a satyr's head peeping out of the top of each horn support the slab; and a dolphin's head at the extremities form the lower support, so that there were heads at both ends. Again, he said, the strong parts of the ornament in the French work, although most elaborate, were so arranged that they protected the weaker parts, and might be brushed all over with a hard broom without fear of breakage; but the English he should be afraid to touch with a feather broom, there were so many exposed delicate angles and corners. In shawl fabrics, he thought the English did not employ sufficient colours, nor were they always well contrasted; but the principal reason of this was, that as they worked by machinery, the shuttle was thrown right across the web, and the colour consequently appeared all through the shawl, whereas in the costly French specimens, the web was worked in by hand; and in the Indian shawls the whole was worked by hand, leaving it to the taste of the workman what colour should be used; also that it was impossible to judge of the effects of a combination of colours when viewing them separately, and throwing the shuttle by machinery, the effect could not be judged of till the work was done. Of course, in England they would not produce shawls by hand, as in India, owing to the difference in wages, as in the latter country they could get workmen for a penny a-day; but he thought if ladies would get over the prejudice, that no one but the French could produce good things that the English could compete with them. For although people would give fifty or sixty guineas for a French shawl, they would not give more than twenty for a Spitalfields one. Mr. Wornum exhibited, as an example, a shawl of the latter manufacture, which was chosen by Prince Albert for her Majesty, and said by him to be the best in the Exhibition. Mr. Wornum described several other departments of art manufacture in silks, printed and woven fabrics, glass, gutta percha (which he said exactly resembled bronze, and possessed the additional value of not being frangible), and many others, and was listened to throughout his lecture with great attention.

MRS. WARNER.

(From *Tallis's Dramatic Magazine*.)

Mary Huddart, now Mrs. Warner, is a native of Manchester, but of Irish parentage. Her father was a partner in the firm of Jenkins, Huddart, and Co., wholesale chemists, in Dublin, of which city he was the common councilman. He embraced the theatrical profession late in life, resigning for its precarious honours a lucrative share in business.

At the age of fifteen, Miss Huddart was engaged by Mr. Brunton, the manager of the Plymouth, Bristol, and Birmingham

theatres. At the first-named theatre, the young lady was noticed by Mr. Macready, and played even at that early age the part of Lady Macbeth to the noble Thane of the rising tragedian. Miss Huddart then went to Dublin, where she was engaged by Mr. Calcraft, and became speedily a public favourite; playing during the summer seasons in Liverpool and Manchester, and the principal towns in Ireland.

After several other successful engagements, she appeared at the Haymarket as Evadne in *The Bridal*, and at once established herself as an extraordinary artist by her surprising victory over one of the most difficult characters in the whole range of the drama. At the end of this season she married.

In the year 1844, Mrs. Warner undertook, in conjunction with Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood, the management of Sadler's Wells Theatre. The experiment was altogether indebted to this lady's energy for its starting point. No other performer had until very recently the slightest pretension to the Siddonian crown; and this was now worn by the manageress of a suburban theatre. A new era of the stage dates from this memorable evening.

In the course of the same season, Mrs. Warner performed Gertrude in *Hamlet*, and the remarkable and difficult role of Evadne in *The Bridal*, with signal triumph. She then appeared in a round of Shakspearean characters, which were highly successful, and attracted crowded houses night after night.

So far Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner had gone on successfully together, but thenceforth they were destined to pursue separate paths. The next appearance of Mrs. Warner was at the Marylebone Theatre, the management of which was undertaken by this lady in 1847, and was conducted by her with unexampled spirit. In conducting this establishment, Mrs. Warner had an opportunity of shewing that she possessed greater variety of characterization than she had previously exhibited. She ventured upon the higher range of comedy as well as tragedy, appearing as Julia in *The Hunchback*; as Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*; and Mrs. Oakley in *The Jealous Wife*, and as Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*.

In November of the same year, Mrs. Warner made a bold step in the revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, slightly altered, and cleverly adapted by Mr. Serle. The manner in which the revival was achieved exceeded in effect and sterling effort all previous examples. In the course of the next year (1848) Mrs. Warner re-appeared in her original character of *The Wrecker's Daughter*. In the trance scene—in which the truth, hid from the heroine in her waking condition, is, as it were miraculously revealed, thereby bringing confusion on the great criminal of the drama—Mrs. Warner was original, efficient, and grand. In April the same year, Mrs. Warner ventured on an elaborate revival from Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Double Marriage*, also adapted by Mr. Serle, which was produced on the most costly scale of decoration, and with decided effect. With the season concluded Mrs. Warner's management of this theatre. Mr. Macready illustrated with his presence and acting her retiring weeks.

Having pursued this highly honourable career as manager, and given undoubtedly a fresh impetus and tone to legitimate dramatic performances, highly advantageous to the cause of good acting and good writing, Mrs. Warner was again restored to the general stage as an actress and an artist of the highest claims. These she has since well maintained, both in the province and at the Haymarket, where she was uniformly engaged with Mr. Macready to undertake the principal female characters in company with his masterly impersonations. The farewell performances of this great actor derived a lustre from the presence of Mrs. Warner in the scene. The genius of Mrs. Warner is eminently tragic, and in particular suited for the severe and majestic. Beautiful of person, and formed in one of nature's grand moulds, she is specially fitted for the great characters of the drama. She looks them without effort, and rises frequently into the passion of the loftiest parts with a genuine inspiration. In private life, Mrs. Warner has ever maintained an irreproachable rank as a daughter, a wife, and a mother. She has always been distinguished for the propriety of her conduct and the purity of her reputation. The public estimation in which she is held on the stage is but as it were an echo of that deeper esteem which renders her domestic life as honourable as it is happy.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE "positively last performances" are at length in reality about to be brought to a final close. This evening terminates absolutely, and definitely, and without reservation, the longest season in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre. The speculation of a season at low prices cannot fail of proving suggestive to the managers of both Operas. Since their commencement Her Majesty's Theatre has been filled every night, and if the audiences were not brilliant and aristocratic, they were at least respectable and well-conducted, and everybody paid. Whether next year an extra season at play house prices, without the direct influence of the Exhibition, would prove remunerative, it is not for us to say. It has been asserted frequently, and by persons not unlikely to know something about the matter, that the prices of admission to the Opera are too high, and that the treasury will never prove a California to the manager unless he consult the means of the general public, as well as of the aristocracy. This is a question we are not going to discuss at present. Enough to say, that there is much to be affirmed on both sides, and when time serves, we shall advance our own argument, and with a bold pen.

The past representations have been, on Wednesday night, *Fidelio*; on Thursday, *Barbiere*; and last night, *Sonnambula*; and to-night, a *pot-pourri* will be given for the terminating performance. It will be seen that Cruvelli, since Madame Barbieri Nini left the theatre, has been not only the mainstay of the establishment, but the sole-stay. Indeed, upon her shoulders the whole weight and responsibility of the performances have fallen. But Cruvelli has risen with the importance of her trust. Whether it be that singing every night has given her voice more power and flexibility we cannot say, but most assuredly we never heard her sing so magnificently as she has the last five or six nights. Her *Fidelio* on Wednesday by many degrees surpassed all her previous efforts, so much so, indeed, that Balfe was heard to express his astonishment and delight in terms not to be mistaken at the end of the opera. In the *Barbiere*, too, on Thursday—Cruvelli's Rosina does not, however, thoroughly satisfy us: a little more Rossini, and a little less Cruvelli would be more acceptable—she sang the "Una voce"—in her way—and "Rode's air"—a daring and delicate attempt after Sontag—so splendidly as to elicit loud and unanimous encores. Her *Sonnambula* last night was finer and better sung than ever, and excited more enthusiasm than on any former occasion; and in short, Cruvelli has done more for herself by these extra nights than during the whole anterior part of the season. The Exhibition nights have turned out particularly fortunate for the young and gifted artist. Without them, her Amina—a character in which her powers and capabilities have been more satisfactorily demonstrated than in any other, not excepting *Fidelio*—would not have been seen and heard. We do not say that Cruvelli's Amina is a more highly finished and artistic performance than *Fidelio*, but that there being more scope to judge of the former by comparison, people were more capable of forming an estimate of its superiority, and awarding it its true distinction. Be this as it may, Cruvelli is a greater favorite than ever with the public, and improves her position nightly.

Her Majesty's Theatre, we repeat, will positively close to night.

Dramatic Intelligence.

HAYMARKET.—On Wednesday, a crowded and most fashionable audience, among whom we noticed some of the most

distinguished literary men of the day, assembled within the walls of this theatre to testify their respect for the lessee, Mr. Benjamin Webster, who took his benefit upon the occasion: Few managers deserve so well of the public as Mr. Webster, and few men have laboured so strenuously and successfully in their behalf. Before Mr. Webster took the Haymarket Theatre, it had long since fallen from its high estate, and if it continued to exist, it was simply by living on its former reputation, as sick people sometimes do on their fat. Persons went, and paid their money, to be *ennuyé* by the air of dingy dullness which pervaded the place, simply because they recollected that the Colmans had once presided there, and

"You may break, you may shiver the vase as you will,
The scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Such was the state of things when Mr. Webster assumed the management, and, in his very first season, restored the theatre to its former high position. We are not going to give a history of Mr. Webster's reign as a manager, as our space will not allow it; we will merely observe, that since he assumed the reigns of government, he has never once relaxed his endeavours; no difficulties could ever daunt or make him swerve from the course he had chalked out; and the consequence is, that although he has had to contend with a variety of ephemeral attractions that at various periods have taken the Londoners by storm, and bear up against a sort of apathetic indifference to dramatic affairs, which was almost universal some year or two ago, he has at last received a substantial reward in the receipts of the present season, and a proof of respect, in the attendance on Wednesday, for the great services that he has incontestably rendered the English stage. The character selected by Mr. Webster was "*Tartuffe*." We have delivered our opinions on his forcible yet delicate rendering of the character so often and so lately, that we refrain from doing so on the present occasion, and will merely add that his performances elicited repeated marks of the most hearty applause. The house was densely crowded.

ST. JAMES'S.—The Bateman prodigies still continue to attract great audiences to this theatre. Last Monday was produced the comedy of "*Sweethearts and Wives*," or rather a portion of it, for the benefit of the little Ellen, who played *Billy Lackaday*. The manner in which she entered into the character was really astonishing, and we are convinced that she acts, not from mere teaching, as a parrot speaks, but from a thorough appreciation of the grotesque and ridiculous, an appreciation implanted in her by nature itself. We have now witnessed the performances of these gifted children some dozen times, and have come to the conclusion that no schooling and tutoring in the world could produce such astounding results, unless the little girls had a peculiarly formed intelligence to receive, as well as a memory to retain, the lessons of their instructor. A child may be made to repeat a certain number of words with a certain emphasis, and go through a scene with a certain number of gestures learned before hand, but it is only one child out of a million who can understand what all these things really mean, and such a child is Kate Bateman, and such a child her sister Ellen. To all who have not already seen the two little girls, we say, lose no time in doing so, for when they are once gone, it will be long, very long, before you will ever have the chance of seeing such another "Young Couple."

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.—We were led to suppose by the title of a new farce, "*The Alderman's Gown*," produced here last Monday, that we should enjoy a hearty laugh, more particularly as the bills told us the scene was laid in Boulogne,

A.D. 1851. We were, however, disappointed—miserably disappointed—a more common-place, flimsy, extravagant, and absurd concoction than “The Alderman’s Gown,” we never saw, and would strongly advise the management to withdraw it as soon as possible.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The concerts and other evening amusements here, terminated for the season on yesterday sennight. The Gardens have reaped their full share of the golden harvest which the Exhibition has brought with it, the number of visitors during the height of the season having exceeded twenty thousand daily. Jullien and his unrivalled band have been the main musical feature, but the judicious introduction of vocal music has given a grace and variety to the selections which has materially aided their attraction. We have before alluded to the pleasing effect of the music in these gardens, which is no doubt aided by the acoustical construction of the orchestra, the large open space in front of it, and the sheet of water (a well known conductor of sound). These causes aided by the very efficient way in which the selections have been performed, have given the music here a more than ordinary share of attraction. Mr. Leffler and the other gentlemen contrived to give as much point and effect to the glees, catches and part songs as such ephemera are capable of producing. The songs have been confided chiefly to Miss Messent, than whom there are few more graceful and neat interpreters of our national ballads, in which *our* musical England has got so much to say for itself. The Art has nothing more simple in form than these melodies, yet Miss Messent imparts both variety and depth to their expression, especially in the Scotch songs, in which the dialect as well as melody admit of a quaintness and latitude of interpretation of which the fair artiste avails herself with great adroitness. Among the pieces received with most favor during the last week was the “Giselle Polka,” of Mr. D. Godfrey, a well written and sparkling dance, which has only to be heard to become a general favorite. We would recommend, in future arrangements, an enlargement of the orchestra, the introduction of stringed instruments, and the performance of full instrumental pieces. A symphony of Haydn or Mozart would give a *vis poetica* to the gardens that could not fail to raise them another step in public esteem.

Reviews of Music.

THE AMATEUR ORGANIST, A COLLECTION OF VOLUNTARIES FOR ORGAN OR PIANO—VOL. I.—EDWARD TRAVIS. Lee and Coxhead.

To the amateur organists, a very numerous and intelligent class of the musical *dilettanti*, and, by reason of the instrument of their choice, a class whose appreciation must naturally be refined and elevated by the study and contemplation of the serious works of the great composers of sacred music, we could not offer a more useful and comprehensive digest of the numberless beauties of these favourite composers than the present collection of voluntaries, by Mr. Travis, who, in the accomplishment of his labour, has demonstrated an universal acquaintance with the best models an admirable judgment in selecting materials for the object in hand, and extreme taste in their arrangement for the noble instrument to which they are especially devoted. The only fault we can possibly find with the pieces of which this book of voluntaries is composed is their brevity, which, however, is not only the most easily excused of faults, but, in the present instance, becomes inevitable, since the purpose of Mr. Travis is simply to furnish amateurs with short, agreeable, and sensible pieces of music to perform as voluntaries, whereby, not only the ears of their audience may be ravished, but their own musical feeling guided into the right channel, and fed upon wholesome repast. There are some few more lengthy extracts, in the shape of sundry of the great choruses of Handel—among

others, “The horse and his rider,” “Fixed in His everlasting seat,” “Thou art the King of Glory,” Haydn’s air, “Now vanish,” from the *Creation*, &c., &c., the “Hallelujah” from Beethoven’s *Mount of Olives*, a “Gloria” of Mozart’s from the Twelfth Mass, &c., &c., which extend to four, five, and even six pages; but there are exceptions, the majority of the selections consisting of one, two, or three pages. The volume is divided into six books, each containing about twenty pieces, and each book may be had separately.

The extraordinary variety of this selection may be judged of from the following list of names, all of which are pressed into the service by Mr. Travis:—Handel, Bach (J. S.), Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Corelli, Pleyel (Ignace), Rinck, Haumann, Weber, Rode, Hesse (Adolphe), Hummel, Gemioiani, Keller (Max), Marsh, Haydn (Michael), Gretry, Himmel, Green, Müller (J. A.), Caldara, Kent, Defesch, Arne, Scott (who is Scott?), Schneider (F.), Battiskill, Long (who is Long?), Boyce, Moreira (L. E. A. L.), Marcello, Winter, Graun, and, last not least, Mr. Travis himself, who has modestly confined his contributions to a short interlude, in D, of three lines, so good of its kind, that we should have preferred it in three pages. The entire volume comprises 223 pages, and the number of pieces 123, consisting principally of short adagios and andantes, marches and minuets, preludes and the themes of airs, fragments of choruses, choruses entire, &c., &c., a collection almost unequalled in richness and variety, and worth at least double the price (18 shillings) affixed. We recommend the work with confidence.

In the second volume, which we presume Mr. Travis intends to follow the first speedily, we suggest to his consideration a list of composers whom he has overlooked in the first, from whose works, nevertheless, may be gathered a rich harvest of gems, precisely suited to the object in view, and easily falling into the shape of voluntaries. The names are,—MENDELSSOHN, DUSSEK, CLEMENTI, Steibelt, CHERUBINI, PALESTRINA, Bishop, Balle, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, Barnett (John), Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Piccini, Cimarosa, GLUCK, PAESIELLO, JOMELLI, WOLFF, REISIGER, Schubert, Marschen, Weigl, BOELDIKU, Herold, Bellini, Donizetti, Loder (Edward), PURCELL, Croft, Horsley (Charles), PERGOLESI, Paer, Meyer (Simon), MEHUL, Kalliwooda, Pinto, Potter, Crotch, Scarlatti, Paradies, Adam (*not* Adolphe), Cramer (J. B.), Gossec, Lesueur, Lulli, Mercadante, Smart (Henry), Mudie, Spontini, &c., &c., which will be enough until volume three is announced, when we may have another list in preparation.

The book is neatly got up, strongly and handsomely bound, and printed with great clearness and beauty of type. If volume 1 of Mr. Travis’s “Amateur Organist” meet with half the success it deserve, and which we confidently predict for it, the demand for volume 2 will be urgent and unanimous.

“A SET OF SONGS AND TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES”—English Version by THOMAS OLIPHANT, Esq.—Music by GIACOMO MEYERBEER. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

The variety and richness of Messrs. Cramer and Beale’s catalogue is hardly more to be admired than the rapidity with which the publications successively issue from the hands of their army of engravers. The name of Meyerbeer would add strength and value to the strongest and most valuable of catalogues; and therefore adds strength and value to the already unusual strength and value of the catalogue of Messrs. Cramer and Beale. Although none of these songs is absolutely new, at least none of the eight out of fourteen with which Messrs. Cramer and Beale furnished us, all of them are welcome, if not merely for their intrinsic merit and beauty, for the name they bear. Meyerbeer is a myth, by which we would signify, one who does not write merely for the day; and even in trifles of less moment than the songs before us it is evident that the sincere love of his art leads him to employ all his knowledge and all his taste in finishing them so as to satisfy the most fastidious judgment. The names of the songs under examination are:—No. 1. “May Song” (Mailed); No. 3. “The Monk” (Der Mönch); No. 6. “My Heart’s Garden” (Der Garten des Herzens); No. 7. “Barcarolle” (Lied des Venezianischen Gondolier’s); No. 9. “She and I” (Sie und Ich); No. 10. “The Young Mother” (An Eine Junge Mutter); No. 12. “Sabbath Song” (Sontagslied); No. 14. “Song of Thanksgiving,” Trio, (Kindergebet). All the

above songs are gems in their way, and we can recommend them unhesitatingly to our readers.

"ORPHEUS"—No. 17.—FOUR VOCAL QUARTETS FOR MALE VOICES—F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. Ewer and Co.

We have before stated the design of this publication, and praised it for its utility and general interest. The present number is one of the most interesting of the whole collection. We scarcely know which most to admire of the four quartets, which are not only signalised by the rich and tasteful harmony for which Mendelssohn is always distinguished, but by a simplicity and freshness of melody admirably adapted to the "Table-song," as the Germans entitle the glee. The style of No. 1, "The Merry Wayfarer," in E, is light and sparkling; No. 2, in D, "Farewell Meeting," is bold and animated; No. 3, is a graceful serenade in B flat; and No. 4, in E, a spirited musical illustration of Goethe's "Drinking Song."

They are all gems and all worthy of Mendelssohn, to whose leisure moments we owe so many exquisite trifles, vocal and instrumental.

We cannot, perhaps, serve the purposes of Messrs. Ewer and Co. better than by giving their own printed statement of the scope and intention of the present publication, so aptly called "Orpheus":—

"In submitting this work to the musical world, the publishers beg to say a few words respecting the form in which it appears. Taking into consideration the high state of excellence to which glee-singing has arrived in this country, it is surprising that the compositions of our German neighbours, in that style of music, should continue so little known. The object of the publishers has been to enable amateurs to form an acquaintance with the glees of Weber, Spohr, Kreutzer, Blum, Eisenhofer, Werner, and others, the style of which is so widely different to what singers of English glees have been accustomed. In order to do this in the cheapest possible manner, they have printed them in the present form (after the German fashion), in preference to score, as usually practised in England, as it enables eight to sing with the same comfort, and for the same expense, as two from a score.

"The intention of the publishers is to continue, in future numbers (which will appear at intervals), to make their selection from composers whose names are in the highest estimation in Germany; and when the cheapness of the work is considered, they have no doubt of its being encouraged by an extensive circulation."

We strongly recommend this publication to Messrs. Land, H. Phillips, and their travelling glee parties, who appear to be reaping as large an amount of success in the provinces as they did in London.

"THE DRAWING-ROOM WALTZES"—Composed and Arranged for the Pianoforte, by J. Tomlinson. Metzler and Co.

A very neat and sparkling set, well marked, well-contrasted, and well-adapted for dancing. If not strikingly original, the "Drawing-room Waltzes" are, nevertheless, as new as might be expected.

UNIVERSAL PSALMODY.—T. H. TOMLINSON.—Metzler and Co.

This publication contains upwards of one hundred and seventy psalm and hymn tunes of various metres, to be used in public or private, with fifty double chants. It is particularly valuable from the fact that it comprises the whole of the psalm and hymn tunes extant in the Churches in York, re-arranged with harmonies suitable to the rhythm and character of the subjects. The work also includes a number of hymn tunes which have long been favourites at St. Saviour's, where they have been used from the original MSS, and a number of new tunes by composers of eminence, which will be found fitting associates for the old standard tunes so long in use in our Churches. Altogether Mr. Tomlinson's "Psalmody" is one of the most complete ever published. Instead of requiring three or four works as heretofore, the one under notice will be found to contain every necessary tune for the psalms and hymns used in Churches. The chants, fifty in number, are many of them old favourites with our Church congregations; whilst they who seek after novelties will here find a rich store of new compositions. The

work is equally adapted for the pianoforte and the organ, and will be found a valuable auxiliary for either public or private worship. The profits of the entire edition Mr. Tomlinson has liberally determined to devote towards the restoration of the Church of St. Saviour's,—in which Church he has for many years been organist.

Provincial.

MONMOUTH, OCT. 3.—On Monday evening Miss Rachael Evans's concert took place at the Town-Hall, before a respectable and numerous audience. The programme embraced a judicious selection of pieces, and Miss Evans was assisted by artistes of ability. After the National Anthem, Miss Haywood and Miss Reeves sang a duet, "Greeting," of Mendelssohn, with considerable taste. Miss Haywood is a well educated vocalist, who possesses a voice of depth and richness of tone, which she manages with judgment. Miss Reeves is young; her voice is of great compass, her intonation good. Her rendering of the *cavatina*, "Prendi per me," by De Beriot, was excellent. Miss Evans was hailed, on her appearance, with repeated greetings. The first medium for the display of Miss Evans' talents as a pianist, was Hummel's Concerto in E, which was performed with cleverness and brilliancy of fingering. The approval of the audience was loudly expressed. The next attractive production was the singing lesson, by Miss Reeves and Mr. Frank Bodda, which was remarkably well done. In this, and Rossini's bustling "Largo al Factotum," (both of which were encored), Mr. Bodda found himself quite at home. His rendering of "L'usato Arditi," from *Semiramide*, with Miss Haywood and Miss Reeves, was also very good. The second part commenced with, "Hark, 'tis the Indian Drum," by Miss Reeves, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Bodda, of which the audience expressed great approbation. Mr. Jones' voice is a counter-tenor. Mr. Jones' and Miss Haywood's duet, "Rose softly blooming," was among the best things of the evening. Miss Reeves sang "By Isca's stream in days of yore," in a manner which gave unanimous satisfaction, and crowned her efforts by "Nou piu mesta," which drew applause and "bravos." Miss Evans played the *rondo brillante* in B minor of Mendelssohn, and a fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in the latter of which she was encored. Mr. Bodda's "Sally," and the "Widow Macree," of *Lover*, evinced a vein of humour, and the "Gypsies' Laughing Glee," by all the vocalists, sent people home in good spirits, after the enjoyment of an innocent pleasure, which cheers us in the toils of life's journey, and flings flowers over its dreariness.—*Monmouthshire Merlin*.

NORTHAMPTON—(From our own Correspondent.)—The first grand concert of a series of six, announced by the Northampton Musical Society, came off on Thursday evening; and, if we may judge by the liberal applause bestowed upon the different performances, to the perfect satisfaction of the very numerous and highly respectable audience assembled in the noble Music Hall in our new Corn Exchange. It would be unfair to criticise too minutely where the greater portion of the performers are amateurs; suffice it, therefore, to say, that from the specimen of the talent exhibited on Thursday evening, we lead ourselves to hope that Northampton may yet take, at an early period, a very high standing in the musical world. The principal artistes engaged were the Misses Pyne (vocalists), and Mr. H. Nicholson (solo flute), who all sustained the high reputation they have so deservedly acquired. We must also notice the very efficient aid rendered in the orchestral pieces by the members of His Grace the Duke of Rutland's Private Band. The encores during the evening were very numerous, commencing with Mr. Nicholson's flute solo, and followed up no less than *six* different times in the songs, duets, &c., of the Misses Pyne. To the Committee of the Society, with Mr. G. Shepherd at their head, the best thanks of the musical public of this town are due, for their indefatigable exertions to promote this series of concerts, and we sincerely hope they will receive that patronage and support they so eminently deserve.

MANCHESTER.—The Theatre Royal opened on Saturday with a series of operatic performances, the orchestra under the direction

of Edward Loder. The opera was *Sonnambula*, supported by Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Whitworth, Sims Reeves, and Miss Susan Kenneth. The *Elisir d'Amore* was played on Tuesday, the principal artists being Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Herr Stigelli, and Mr. Whitworth.

MUSICAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND,

IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, AND IN THE NINETEENTH.

The boasted superiority of the present age may be questioned, in various branches of human knowledge, as well as in many habits of social life. There is no doubt that music was more generally cultivated in England in the sixteenth century than now. In the days of Elizabeth, knowledge of the principles of music, and skill in its practice, were diffused among all classes of society with any pretensions to a liberal education, that any lady or gentleman who betrayed ignorance of the art was looked upon as being low-bred, and unfit to make a decent figure in respectable company. That this was the case, appears from innumerable passages in old plays, and afford views of the society and manners of England in those days: and a curious evidence of the fact is to be found in Morley's celebrated treatise, entitled "A plaine and easie Introduction to Practical Musicke."

Thomas Morley, one of the most celebrated musicians of the sixteenth century, and the author of several of our finest Madrigals, was one of the Gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, and died about the year 1605. The above treatise not only became, for a long time, the standard manual of musical instruction in England, but acquired celebrity in foreign countries. Doni, the Italian historian and critic, who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century, speaks of "Tommaso Morley, erudito musico Inglese." Morley's Treatise is divided into three parts.—the first teaches to sing; the second treats of *Descant*, or the method of composing or singing on a plain song—or, in other words, putting an additional part to the old and simple chants, or melodies, used in the churches; and the third explains the art of composition in three or more parts. "Each of the three parts of this book," says Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," "is a several and distinct dialogue, wherein a master, his scholar, and a person completely skilled in music, are the interlocutors; and in the course of their conversation, so many little particulars occur relating to the manners of the times, as render the perusal of the book in a great degree entertaining even to those who are unacquainted with the subject of it." Of this kind is the passage to which we have already alluded, as showing the general diffusion of musical knowledge and skill in respectable society. It occurs at the commencement of the book. The speakers are Philomathes, a gentleman who desires to learn music; and Polymathes, his friend; and the dialogue opens thus:—

"Polymathes. Stay, brother Philomathes, what haste? Whither go you so fast?"

"Philomathes. To seek out an old friend of mine.

"Pol. But, before you go, I pray you tell me some of the discourses which you had yesternight at Master Sophobulus' banquet, for commonly he is not without both wise and learned guests.

"Phi. It is true, indeed. And yesternight there were a number of excellent scholars, both gentlemen and others: but all the purpose which then was discoursed upon was music.

"Pol. I trust you were contented to suffer others to speak of that matter.

"Phi. I would that that had been the worst; for I was compelled to discover mine own ignorance, and confess that I knew nothing at all in it.

"Pol. How so?"

"Phi. Among the rest of the guests, by chance, Master Aphron came thither also, who falling to discourse of Music, was in an argument so quickly taken up, and hotly pursued by Eudoxus and Calergus, two kinsmen of Sophobulus, as in his own art was overthrown. But he still sticking in his opinion, the two gentlemen requested me to examine his reasons, and confute them. But I refusing, and professing ignorance, the whole company con-

demned me of discourtesy, being fully persuaded that I was as skilful in that art as they took me to be learned in others. But supper being ended, and music-books, according to the custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing. But when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I go now to seek mine old friend, Master Gnorinus, to make myself his scholar.

"Pol. I am glad you are at length come to be of that mind, though I wished it sooner. Therefore go, and I pray God send you such good success as you would wish to yourself."

What a change in the cultivation of music since the days of old Morley! To be sure, the state of things which he describes has not entirely disappeared, though few vestiges of it remain. Old-fashioned domestic and social circles are still to be found, where, after a cheerful supper, "the music books are laid upon the table," and the company recreate themselves in giving utterance to the rich and beautiful harmonies of the olden time. But such a pastime demands an extent of musical instruction very different from that which prevails in what is called genteel society. That most social of meals, the quiet and moderate supper, is no more. Summer is turned into winter, and day into night. The late and luxurious dinner is followed by the brilliant, but comfortless *soirée*, where people crowd together for the purpose of murdering time—an object in which, to judge from their languid and weary looks, they are very unsuccessful. Among the other modes of warfare against this great enemy, music is called into action. But what sort of music? One young lady, who has had what might be a decent patrimony spent on her musical education sits down to the piano and boldly attacks the last Fantasia of Thalberg; while another favours the company with an entirely new version of Grisi or Persiani's favourite *bravura* at the Opera-house. Their discordant efforts are lost amid the clatter of tongues; for it generally happens that the commencement of a piece of music is a signal for conversation, except, perhaps, to a few unfortunate persons, who, constrained by politeness, or other motives, listen, like Pope,

"With sad civility and an aching head,"

and load the fair exhibitor with a profusion of compliments, the extravagance of which is a cloak for their insincerity. It is not among the higher classes only that music is thus abused, and converted into a nuisance. Fashion has always a downward tendency. "The toe of the peasant," says Shakspeare, "galls the kibe of the courtier," and there is hardly any class of society in England, however humble, in which there are not attempts to emulate the modes and amusements current in the gilded saloons of the great.

Such was the state of music in England, as a branch of liberal education and a source of social enjoyment, in the sixteenth century; and such, in these respects, is its state in the nineteenth. Then, it was cultivated for its own sake, and for the pure and elevated enjoyment which it afforded; now it is cultivated as a vain and frivolous accomplishment, to be exhibited for the gratification of vanity. But we think we perceive signs of the approach of a better era. The English are essentially a musical people; and they are by no means characterised by a love of frivolity, even in their amusements. A desire for a solid musical instruction is on the increase, and a growing attention is paid to that branch of the art which, while it least of all ministers to personal vanity, is most conducive to real enjoyment—the practice of vocal harmony. And we hope the days may return, when, if any body moving in respectable society shall decline accepting one of the music-books laid on the table, the company will begin to wonder, and whisper to each other, demanding how he was brought up.

Miscellaneous.

VIVIER.—The celebrated quadruple cornist, the magician of the twisted brass, the king of crook wielders, the Behemoth of bell-holders, the leviathan of laugh-exciter, the humourist, *homme d'esprit* and *de cœur*, and boon companion, to whom the application of laudatory

epithets in adjective form would be superfluous and *banale*, has returned from the Pyrenees, with renewed strength and health, to be the sought of all the seekers, the admiration and delight of society, noble, aristocratic, fashionable, artistic, and wealthy, during the winter months at Paris.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—On her route to St. Petersburg, the charming *prima donna* of the dance was arrested at Cologne by a somewhat original circumstance. The shoes which Carlotta Grisi wears on the stage were seized by the authorities at the *Douane*, on the plea that they were so small that it was impossible they could belong to her and they were about to retain them, doubting the identity of Carlotta Grisi the artist, and persisting in believing she was a *marchande de souliers*, passing through the country to dispose of her wares. Poor Commissioners!—they had never seen Carlotta dance, or they would have recognised a foot so small that even the glass slipper of Cinderella would have been spacious enough for two such. Carlotta Grisi, however, by putting on the shoes, soon convinced the Custom House Officers of their blunder, and having lost the train, lost the next boat at Stettin, and was obliged to remain several days at Berlin. The Emperor and Empress of all the Russias, however, who are very fond of Carlotta, treat her with the greatest consideration, and converse oftener and more familiarly with her than with any other artist, (besides making her magnificent presents), will pardon the late arrival of the "small footed lady," and have a hearty laugh at the *contretemps*.

MR. HANDEL GEAR the vocalist is about to pay a professional visit to the United States of America.

MR. EDWIN FORREST, the well known American tragedian, has returned to the stage.

JENNY LIND.—N. P. Willis has discovered that Jenny Lind has an imperfection! She cannot mount on horseback without a chair. Mr. Barnum lately informed Jenny that the "musical critics" of Boston intended to wait on her in a body. The Swede replied in her own expressive language, "Oh, no, Sir! I have been presented to Mayors, Senators, Governors, and lots of other bores, but really I cannot stand this." Barnum calmed her fears; he said, "It would not cost much to induce them to forget their intended visit."—*Western News*.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA allows yearly 250 dollars to the young violinist, Gross, 10 years old, during the term of studies.

VIEUXTEMPS has returned to St. Petersburg, where also Jules Schulhoff is now creating a furore by the elegance of his performance and his effective compositions. Amongst the latter his "Caprice sur des Airs Bohémiens" was mostly applauded.—*St. Petersburg, Oct. 5, 1851*.

AUGUST CONRADI has composed an opera entitled "Musa, the last Prince of the Moors." (*Berlin*.)

THE BIRTHDAY OF PROFESSOR RUNGENHAGEN in Berlin was lately celebrated by his numerous friends and the Singing Academy.

DR. KULLAK intends visiting London in the spring of next year, where he no doubt will be received with such honours as his distinguished talent merits.

CONRADIN KREUTZER's posthumous opera *Aurelia*, has been performed at Cassel on the birthday of the Grand Duke with moderate success.

DER WILDSCHUTZ, a favourite with the Berlin Public, by the late M. Lortzing, is to be played at the Opera House, Oct. 5.

RICHARDSON.—Our great little English flautist, we are delighted to inform our readers, has been appointed solo flautist to Her Majesty, and a member of the Queen's private band. No choice, we are sure, could have given more unanimous satisfaction. The appointment of Mr. Richardson is the more welcome since it indicates a desire on the part of Her Majesty to encourage and support the most eminent native talent.

RACHEL.—The Emperor of Russia will not permit Rachel to fulfil her engagements at Warsaw, because she has been guilty of chaunting the Marseillaise hymn.

DRURY LANE.—It appears that things are now in a more forward train, and that Mr. Bunn has in reality the theatre, and will open his operatic-pantomimic campaign for the winter months in January. Among the engagements already made we hear of that of the popular *cantatrice* of Her Majesty's Theatre, Madame Fiorntini, as *prima donna*, and of Mdle. Feller, the rising mezzo-

soprano. There is also talk of Sims Reeves, but unless our great English tenor possessed "ubiquity like the birds," we cannot make out how he could appear at Manchester, London, and Paris at the same time. Balfé, however, it is positively stated, is writing an opera in which Sims Reeves is to take the principal tenor part, and as the gifted author of the *Bohemian Girl* is also we understand, writing an opera for Mr. Webster in conjunction with Dion Bourcicault, he will have his hands full.

ROGER, the celebrated Tenorist, left on the 27th Sept. for Dresden, and returned to Berlin on the 4th inst., at first to sing in a concert arranged by the Members of the Choir of the Grand Opera, the French romance of *Ecuyer-pape*, and the fourth act of Donizetti's *La Favorita*, with Mdle. Wagner. Afterwards he appeared in the *Prophete* and *Robert le Diable*.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL, the well-known ex-comedian, has been giving readings of Shakspeare at Monmouth.

ON THE EFFECTS ATTRIBUTED TO THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.—So many stories have been related by several of the most respectable historians and philosophers of Greece and Rome, concerning the moral, medicinal, and supernatural powers of ancient music, and the admirers of antiquity have so long read and revered all these narrations, that they are impressed with an extravagant idea of the excellence of ancient music which they are unwilling to relinquish. There can be no doubt but music has been productive of great good in softening the manners, promoting civilization, and humanizing men naturally savage and barbarous. An instance of the most striking kind is related by Polybius, in spea king of the Cynæthens, who, from being celebrated for their virtue and good qualities, became noted for the savage roughness of their lives and manners, and distinguished by their wickedness and cruelty above all the Greeks. The cause of this difference he attributes to their being the first and only people among the Arcadians, who threw away the institution which their ancestors had established for the promotion of natural genius, and the discipline and exercise of music. For music was at first established by the Arcadian government, not for the sake of vain pleasure and amusement, but for such solid purposes, as should engage them never to desert the practice of it, being to soften and improve their manners.—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

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No. 42.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851.

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PROSPECTS OF A NATIONAL OPERA.

DAY by day the anticipations formed by the prospects of a National Opera have faded away and vanished into thin air, and now we scarcely ever hear the subject mentioned even in casual conversation, much less mooted, argued and discussed in private meeting or in public print. Even our own correspondents, so fiery and sanguine a few weeks back, so eager to uphold their individual opinions, and so ready to embark in the speculation—constituted according to their own suggestions—have laid aside their pens, and deliver themselves no longer to hints, surmises, meditations, probabilities, issues, and accomplishments. Are therefore the prospects of a National Opera dead, and shall we lay aside our labors in its behalf, because others are faint of heart and scant of hope? Not while there are in the country poets to write, musicians to compose, and audiences to approve. While Paris has three theatres solely devoted to the purposes of the national lyric drama, it may be asked, why has not London one? Does this most unaccountable circumstance arise from the dearth of composers and singers? Certainly not. Among composers have we not Balfe, Matfarren, Loder, John Barnett, Henry Smart, Frank Mori, and others, whom, no doubt, opportunity would force into existence? Except Auber among the French, and we have no hesitation in awarding the palm of superiority to our own composers. It cannot, therefore, be that our National Opera fails from want of writers of opera. In singing, it must be owned, that the French are vastly our superiors. They have better schools of teaching, provide better instructors, pay more attention to the pupils, and have altogether a higher notion of the art. At the *Academie Royale* if a pupil give indication of a good voice, his attention is especially directed to singing. In our English schools counterpoint and composition appear to be the end and aim of musical indoctrination. It is generally considered by teachers in this country that no singer can arrive at any height in his profession unless he is a first rate musician. This is an error which the history of art clearly indicates beyond the possibility of refutation. Among those singers who knew, or know, little or nothing of music, we may adduce Catalani, Pasta, Ambrogetti, Donzelli, Rubini, Tamburini, Ronconi, Grisi, Alboni, and a host of other celebrities. There are great exceptions certainly, such as Malibran and Jenny Lind; but they are few and far between, and only confirm the rule. In fact, a thorough knowledge of music is not essential to the constitution of a good singer. That such, certainly, would prove of the greatest

service to a vocalist no one can deny; but as so much time must be expended in gaining a clear and profound insight into its mysteries and *arcana*, it is evident, if a pupil have to make his bread by singing he had much better pay attention to his *sol fa* than endeavour to fathom and penetrate the depths and labyrinths of so abstruse a science.

At the present time, however, some few of our native singers may compete with the best which France can produce; but they, it must be observed, have been taught in Italy. They are, as our readers have already surmised, Catherine Hayes, Clara Novello, and Sims Reeves. From our native-taught vocalists we may select Miss Louisa Pyne (by the way, instructed for a space on the continent), Miss Bassano (instructed for a space on the continent), Miss Birch (instructed for a space on the continent), Miss Dolby (purely indigenous), Miss Poole (ditto), and others; Mr. William Harrison, Mr. Allen, Mr. Whitworth (by the way, instructed for a space on the continent), and others, well adapted to lend lustre, in their varied and several brilliancies, to a National Opera. Therefore it cannot be for lack of native talent in singing that we possess no lyric drama of our own.

When first, some seventeen or eighteen moons since, or, by'r lady, thereabouts, a National Opera was contemplated, it was resolved by a select few, with closed doors, that the managing directors should consist of eight members—namely, two poets to write the books, two musicians to compose the music, two publishers to sell the works and make all the money, and the other two to be manager and treasurer. When this monstrous monopoly was brought to light it frightened speculation from its propriety, and helped to turn the whole thing into ridicule. The National Opera died in select committee, with closed doors, and never passed beyond the circle of the two poets, the two musicians, the two publishers, the manager, and the treasurer. But from the ashes of this Phoenix arose another bird of gay plumage and bright promise. A second enterprise was started—a second view taken—a second committee called. The idea of restricting the composition and publishing of the works to the members was scouted. Oligarchy yielded to democracy, and everybody was invited to constitute himself part of the government—if in possession of money the more welcome. But as too many cooks spoil the broth in cooking, by a parity of reasoning, too many musicians were likely to spoil the National Opera in composing—and so it turned out. The republican form of government was found as difficult to establish as the oligarchic, and the idea of a National Opera was again knocked on the

head. The republicans, though they went farther than the oligarchists, did not go far enough. They wanted to confine the National Opera to works of native authors and composers, to native singers, native fiddlers and other strings, native wood and brass, native drums, native cymbals, native triangles, and a native conductor. They should have carried the absurdity to its true height, and prescribed native gut, native resin, and a native audience, above all, as indispensable.

And now Mr. Bunn is about to open Drury Lane as what he calls "the Real National Opera," with works of all composers, interpreted by artists of all nations, in English—as good as may be obtained. And such, after all, is the idea of a "National Opera" all over the world. In the Grand Opera of Paris, the *Academie Royale*, the real National Theatre, no foreigner is refused admittance, provided he exhibit talent to deserve it; and accordingly we find the works of Italian, German, and English musicians received there without preference or distinction. Rossini and Meyerbeer have sustained the fortunes of the great French Lyric Theatre no less than Boieldieu and Auber, and genius alone is the open sesame to its portals.

The Parisians have three lyric theatres devoted to French works—or works in the French language, and London at this moment does not possess one.* We are at length about to possess an "English Opera" at Drury Lane, and Mr. Bunn may convert the term if he please into "National Opera." We shall wait until Drury Lane opens, before we hazard any remarks as to the prospects of the theatre under the new management. One thing is clear, that unless novelty be combined with excellence, the manager may anticipate a disastrous failure. The two Italian Operas have made the London musical public familiar with the best music and the best artists; and if they cannot obtain that, they must have the next best. With this Mr. Bunn can furnish them, and will, if he possess as much foresight as enterprise.

CLOSING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The opening of the Great Exhibition of All Nations was ushered in with smiles and sunshine; its going out was accompanied with tears and darkness. All nature seemed to weep over the sudden extinguishing of the mightiest and most splendid palace that ever shone out of the records of Arab tale or fairy lore. The sun disdained to shine that day, and hid himself within his chamber of clouds. He would not countenance with his lordly gaze the desecration of a temple that courted, not forbade his beams, and where for five months and upwards he had been permitted to wander unblinded, save at fiercest noon, through aisle and walk, and channel, and chamber, and gallery. In homely phrase, Wednesday, the official day of closing, was one of the wettest of the whole year. The rain fell in torrents all day, and the streets and roads were deluged with water. Nor was there a single glimpse of sunshine from morning to night.

* The Haymarket, although it gives operatic performances, must be excepted; it is not devoted to opera.

Nothing could be more gloomy or disheartening than the appearance presented outside by the Crystal Palace. The flags on high hung damp and lifeless beside their standards. Not a flutter was observed among them, and their colours seemed to have vanished for ever. The splendours of the crystal walls were dimmed by the rain, and reflected back no quivering lines and patches of light. Richard Cœur de Lion was out of his element; the anthracite specimens gained a sickly transparency; and even the new life-boats with their barrels to preserve humanity fresh had lost all interest for speculation. Cabs and carriages added some life to the murky scene. They rolled hither and thither, the coachmen coated and caped, the horses heavy and halting, evidently having forgotten all about the wet season, and wondering at the cause of mid-day gloom and slanting rain.

The inside, however, afforded a different aspect. There all was at least comfortable if not brilliant, and if the sun refused to shed his light, the splendour and magnificence of the surrounding objects could not be concealed even in his partial eclipse. All the doors, including the exit doors, except those at the south entrance, were opened at ten, and closed at half-past eleven. The doors at the south entrance were reserved exclusively for Her Majesty's Commissioners, the Foreign and Local Commissioners, and the lady Exhibitors.

At twelve o'clock precisely His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Royal Commissioners, took their seats in the centre of the transept, when the first verse of the National Anthem was sung by the choir of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Dr. Henry Wylde; the Windsor choir, directed by Dr. Elvey; two bands of the Life Guards led by Messrs. Boosé and Schott assisting, and most of the visitors joining. The effect was very grand, and would have been sublime had there been one rehearsal, and had the respected amateurs kept their sweet no-voices to themselves. Mr. Costa was expected to the last moment, but not having arrived, the general direction of the chorus was given to Dr. Henry Wylde, who acquitted himself ably and efficiently, and proved himself, though taken unawares, no unworthy substitute of the renowned missing *chef-d'orchestre*.

Lord Canning then, on behalf of the juries, read a report of their proceedings, and presented a list of the names of those Exhibitors entitled to rewards, together with the reports of the juries. The names, he declared, would be published in the *London Gazette*, on Friday, Oct. 17th (yesterday); and the medals, reports, and certificates, would be given out as soon as arrangements could be completed, of which due notice would be given.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert received the Reports from the hands of Lord Canning, and read a reply; after which the second verse of the National Anthem was sung in full chorus, the amateurs again chiming, or rather, unchiming in detrimentally.

A prayer of thanksgiving was then offered up by the Bishop of London; and the whole proceedings wound up with the Hallelujah Chorus from the *Messiah*, which had a splendid effect, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society coming out like thunder, and the fine treble voices of the Windsor choir telling admirably in this mightiest of mighty compositions.

And so in thunders and rain, fit accompaniments for the expiration of this monster monument of human industry and human ingenuity, closed for ever the Great Exhibition of All Nations!

PROTEST TO THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

IN RE BROADWOOD AND SONS.

The subjoined protest was drawn up, signed, and sent to the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition by six out of the ten members forming the Musical Jury (Class Xa), on learning that their award in favour of Messrs. Broadwood had been annulled by the Council of Chairmen:—

To HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., &c., &c., &c., *President*,

AND TO THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, 1851.

May it Please your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen,

The Jury Class Xa, consisting of the following members:—

SIR H. R. BISHOP (Chairman and Reporter)	LE CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM
SIR GEORGE SMART	DR. SCHAPHAUTL
M. THALBERG	MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT
MR. CIPRIANI POTTER	DR. BLACK
MONS. BERLIOZ	DR. HENRY WYLDE,

of whom all were present except Dr. Black and Dr. Wylde, decided unanimously to award the great medal to the house of Broadwood for its successful improvements in pianofortes and pianoforte making. Dr. Black subsequently declared in the Jury-room his agreement with the award of his colleagues. This decision of the Jury was confirmed in the meeting of the group.

The Council of Chairmen, however (as it has been generally reported), rejected the award thus doubly confirmed, and in seeking for the grounds of this rejection the Jurors of Class Xa, who transmit these papers, are compelled to state it as their opinion that undue weight must have been attributed to mis-statements made at the meeting of the group, in the presence of many of the Chairmen, affecting Messrs. Broadwood's claim as improvers of the pianoforte. The mis-statements were upon remonstrance withdrawn; but it is a lamentable fact that the injurious effect of such statements positively put forth can seldom be completely effaced by a retraction.

Should such a decision of the Council of Chairmen respecting Messrs. Broadwood be reported to the Royal Commissioners, the Jurors who transmit this memorial beg most respectfully to be allowed to point out to His Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners that, in this case, a decision which was arrived at, after due deliberation by the Jury Class Xa, specially qualified and selected in consequence of technical knowledge of the objects to be submitted to its judgment, and which received subsequent confirmation from the group of associated Juries, has been set aside by a body of gentlemen, who, distinguished as they are for their general attainments, may have no special and technical knowledge of pianofortes and pianoforte making, nor have they in their capacity as Chairmen (except the Chairman of Class Xa, whose opinion and statements ought to have had due weight), even inspected or been called upon to become acquainted with the instruments upon which the award which they rejected was made; in spite of this fact the responsibility of the award will still probably, in the eyes of the public, rest with the primary Jury, and the memorializing Jurors, feeling that their professional and scientific reputation would be compromised by a decision so contrary, in their opinion, to the merits of the case, and which will, they are sure, astonish the whole European musical world, earnestly entreat His Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners to take the case into their consideration, and to apply to it such remedy as may seem best fitted in their judgment.

With this statement is transmitted an extract from an official document, setting forth the special mechanical improvements on which Messrs. Broadwood's claims are founded. And the memorializing Jurors conclude by expressing their conviction that the house of Messrs. Broadwood has eminently fulfilled every single condition contained in the "Instructions to the Juries," combining in their instruments "novelty of invention (of considerable impor-

tance and usefulness), perfection of workmanship, beauty of design, and superior quality of tone."

(Signed by) HENRY R. BISHOP, Knt. (Chairman, the Professor of Music at the University of Oxford,
DR. SCHAPHAUTL, Commissioner from Bavaria, and Juror, Member of the Royal Academie, and Professor and Head Librarian in the University of Munich,
LE CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM,
WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT, Professor in the Royal Academy of Music and Queen's College, London,
CIPRIANI POTTER, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music,
GEORGE T. SMART, Knt., Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZES.

The following is a list of the Medals awarded for the Musical Instruments, and articles connected with their manufacture.

JURY Xa.

THE COUNCIL MEDAL.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|--|
| Munich ... | 23... | Boehm, T., for important scientific improvements of the flute, and the successful application of his principles to other wind instruments |
| France ... | 173... | Ducroquet, P. A., for his application of the pneumatic lever to a church organ |
| U. King-
dom and }
France } | 496&...
497 | Erard, P., for his peculiar mechanical actions applied to pianofortes and harps |
| U. Kingdom | 555... | Gray and Davison, for their invention in organ building, of a new method of connecting the great organ with the swell organ, by means of a pedal, and of a new stop called the Keraulophon. |
| U. Kingdom | 556... | Hill and Son, invention of a stop of great power, and for their mode of shifting the stops by means of keys |
| France ... | 1725... | Sax, A., for his invention of several classes of wind instruments in wood and metal |
| France ... | 735... | Vuillaume, J. B., for new modes of making violins, in such a manner that they are matured and perfected immediately on the completion of the manufacture, thus avoiding the necessity of keeping them for considerable periods to develop their excellences |
| U. Kingdom | 209... | Willis, H., for his application to organs of an improved exhausting valve to the pneumatic lever, the application of pneumatic levers in a compound form, and the invention of a movement in connexion therewith for facilitating the drawing of stops either singly or in connexion |

THE PRIZE MEDAL.

- | | | |
|------------|--------|---|
| U. Kingdom | 487... | Addison, R., for a "Royal Albert" transposing pianoforte |
| France ... | 421... | Bernadel, sen., for violins |
| France ... | 424... | Besson, G., for various metal musical instruments |
| U. Kingdom | 519... | Betts, A., for two violins |
| Saxony ... | 25... | Breitkopf and Härtel, for a grand pianoforte |
| U. Kingdom | 518... | Broadwood, John, and Sons, for their successful improvements in pianoforte making |

U. Kingdom	735...	Bryceson, H., for a church barrel organ
France ...	442...	Buffet, A., for oboes, clarionets, flutes, and a corno-inglese
U. Kingdom	— ...	Calicot, J., for his invention of a French harp without loose crooks
U. States ...	458...	Chickering, J., for a square pianoforte, and the jury think highly of his grand pianoforte
U. Kingdom	168...	Collard and Collard, for pianos, and for their successful application of several improvements in pianoforte making
France ...	1172...	Debain, A., for a mechanical pianoforte
Tuscany ...	58...	Ducci, A. and M., for an organ with a "Baristata" stop
U. States ...	481...	Eisenbrant, C. H., for clarionets and flutes
U. Kingdom	509...	Forster, S. A., for a violoncello, violin, and viola
France ...	1234...	Franché, C., for a new repetition action in a pianoforte
Spain ...	272...	Gallegos, J., for a "Guitarra harp"
Prussia ...	848...	Gebauhr, C. J., sen., for a pianoforte
U. States ...	442...	Gemunder, G., for a Joseph Guarnerius violin (chiefly), and for three other violins, and a viola
France ...	454...	Godfrey, C., Sen., for flutes
Nassau ...	8...	Heckel, J. A., for a bassoon of a new and improved construction
U. Kingdom	615...	Heeps, J. H., Hearing, apparatus, made of gutta percha
Wurtemberg	24...	Helwert, J., for a bassoon with 19 keys, of an improved construction
U. Kingdom	500...	Hopkinson, J. and J., for a horizontal grand pianoforte, with new patent action
U. Kingdom	486...	Hund, F. and Son, for a cottage pianoforte, in the form of a lyre, termed the "Lyra" pianoforte
Belgium ...	176...	Jastrzebski, F., for an upright pianoforte
France ...	1274...	Janlin, J., for a panorgue, and for his improvements in free reed
U. Kingdom	484...	Jenkins, W. and Sons, for an expanding pianoforte for yachts, &c.
U. Kingdom	487...	Kirkman and Sons, for a semi grand-piano, and an oblique piccolo piano
Bavaria ...	100...	Knocke, A., for his mechanical improvements in kettle drums
U. Kingdom	549...	Köhler, J., for a slide trombone, and for the application of his patent valves to other metal wind instruments
U. Kingdom	100...	Lambert and Co., for a cottage pianoforte
U. Kingdom	673...	Macfarlane, G., for an improved cornet à piston
Belgium ...	175...	Mahillon, C., for clarionets, and a trombone and ophicleide
United States	474...	Meyer, C., for two pianofortes
France ...	1665...	Montal, C., for four cottage pianofortes.
United States	374...	Nunns, R., and Clark, for a 7-octave square pianoforte
U. Kingdom	520...	Oates, J. P., for improvements as applied to cornets
France ...	943...	Papc, J. H., for certain improvements in pianofortes
U. Kingdom	504...	Pask and Koenig, for clarionets and bass instruments
U. Kingdom	537...	Purdy and Fendt, for a double bass (chiefly), and for four violins and two violoncellos
France ...	67...	Roller and Blanchet Fils, for three pianofortes
U. Kingdom	536...	Rudall, Rose, and Co., for a Boehm's patent flute
Wurtemberg	23...	Schiedmayer and Son, for a square pianoforte in mahogany
Prussia ...	707...	Schulze, J. F., and Sons, for an organ

U. Kingdom	469...	Southwell, W., for a grand pianoforte
U. Kingdom	470...	Stodart, W., and Son, for a square pianoforte
France ...	1510...	Tribert, F., for oboes and a "corno inglese"
U. Kingdom	527...	Ward, C., for a new-constructed bassoon, and a pair of kettle drums
U. Kingdom	526...	Wheatstone and Co., for a novel invention of a portable harmonium
U. Kingdom	499...	Wornum, R., for an improved piccolo pianoforte

MONEY AWARDS.

U. Kingdom	468...	Greiner, G. F., for his new and useful method of bringing into unison the strings of each choir of the pianoforte, also for his invention of a new and mechanical contrivance for pianos, combining the advantage of Erard's machine with greater simplicity of construction and durability, 50l.
United States	—	Wood, J. S., for the expences incurred in constructing his piano violin, 50l.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

To borrow a mercantile phrase, musical matters may fairly be termed brisk with us just now. The tempting announcement in our bills, invite us to a couple of concerts, to be given in the course of the ensuing week, by the Glee and Madrigal Union, Messrs. Lockety, Phillips and Co. Prices do not yet transpire, nevertheless, we may anticipate a crowded room on both occasions. At the same place, the Free Trade Hall, the projectors of the usual weekly cheap "Concerts for the People," announce their opening night for Monday next. Miss Deakin, a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Shaw, is spoken of as the soprano, with Mr. Delavanti, already a favourite here, as barytone, and a Mr. Perring for tenor, Mr. D. W. Banks as formerly, as director. A series of "Saturday Evening Concerts" are also to be given by the committee of the Mechanics' Institution. A most excellent array of names are put forth including all the choice of our local artists, and if the scheme be only spiritedly carried out, a musical treat of a high order is in store for us. Mr. Conran is appointed conductor. Ere your readers peruse the present, the Italian Opera Company at our Theatre Royal will have passed from us, at least as far as Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves are concerned. This short but admirable run of opera has been musically speaking highly successful, otherwise we cannot offer an opinion. We hear Miss L. Pyne with Mr. Harrison are to follow in English opera; perhaps, we may say the very soul and spirit of the whole success is centred in that very clever *chef* of the orchestra and composer, Mr. Loder. A recent musical event of more than ordinary local importance, namely, the performance for the first time of a new oratorio, *Emmanuel*, by a resident professor, Mr. Glover, we were sorry to find passed over by your usual correspondent here, in a late number, with but few comments, and these perhaps not without some slight inaccuracies. Let us quote him. "It certainly does seem a daring attempt to write an oratorio on the very subject which the colossal Handel has rendered immortal by his *Messiah*. Who is there of modern times since Beethoven, except the ever to be lamented Mendelssohn, fit to approach such a subject. Yet neither Mendelssohn, nor Beethoven attempted it; they tried and succeeded on other sacred themes, but the *Messiah* was left to their great predecessor." Surely this writer could not be ignorant of the existence of the *Mount of Olives* on one hand, and the all but completed *Christus* on the other; besides if he had only compared the libretto, he would find that the composer of *Emmanuel* had carefully eschewed coming into collision with any part of the *Messiah*, doubtless, impressed that the selection of such passages as had been previously set to music by the leviathan Handel

would only be likely to bring prejudicious reminiscences to the majority of ordinary listeners, and thereby seriously endanger the success of the work. We happen to have been present on the occasion of the performances of *Emmanuel*, and although personally almost a stranger to Mr. Glover, we had long ago formed favourable opinions of his musical abilities, and with copy in hand, we wended our way to the Free Trade Hall, and unlike your rather fastidious correspondent, arrived in time to hear the overture. This introduction is short, and different to the general form of overture which is in most cases a disjointed production, portraying briefly a sketch of what follows; the present only gives out the subject of the opening chorus, "Tremble O Earth," in C minor, which is commenced by all in unison, and subsequently changes to the major in the words, "But the Sun of Righteousness shall arise." This chorus is altogether very finely brought out, and by a large mass of voices would be very effective. As the leading points of the first part of the work were briefly touched upon by your usual correspondent, we will pass on to what follows. After a short recitative, which by the way was the most feeble point in the work, we have a chorus, "Who is this that doeth wonders;" this is strikingly original in character with a good flow of melody, and was most loudly encored. A chorale of disciples, *unaccompanied*, is by many considered the gem of the work. It will bear comparison with some of, perhaps, the best specimens of ecclesiastical music. During this, the orchestra is silent, and the breathless suspense of the auditors is excellently in keeping with the situation of the devout worshippers on the Mount of Olives. A recitative and air for soprano, "Bow down thine ear," is remarkable for the skilful introduction of the bass instruments, which tell on the listener with an almost thrilling effect. Perhaps the most noticeable feature in this part of the work is a lovely contralto air, "Eye hath not seen," this was sung by Mrs. Brook, with considerable fervour and expression, and was universally redemanded. We fear to encroach too far on your space, or would go more into detail on the merits of the work. We must, however, accord the promising author our warmest acknowledgments for the pleasure we experienced at this first performance. Your correspondent is in error when he says the band was "small and select," as a glance at the list of the names would have satisfied him that the whole strength of the concert hall orchestra was present along with other amateurs from the neighbouring towns, numbering together not less than fifty performers, while the chorus mustered an equal number. Mr. William Barlow, a reputed organist of this place, ably fulfilled his duties at the organ, and evidenced how much can be done by a judicious use of this instrument in the orchestra. In summing up, we may honestly declare *Emmanuel* to be a worthy and a highly meritorious work, and if the author does not reap his reward while earnestly going up the steps of fame, we are firmly convinced posterity will not refuse to assign him a position in the honored pedestal to which his merits so justly entitle him. As another step in the right direction, we are glad to hear it is in contemplation to bring out Horsley's *David* at the annual choral concert at the gentlemen's concerts here. All success to the scheme.

Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The performances of the twin-wonders, the little Bateman Children, will be brought to a termination this week. We earnestly impressed upon those who had not seen them, not to throw away the last opportunity of doing so, and hope they have followed our solicitation; if not, it is very unlikely they will ever witness such another sight as these incomparable infantine representations. It is at their present ages only that the "children" can really be entitled "Phenomenons." Every month and day must subtract from their extreme youth, and by consequence take from their extreme attractions; until at last, and that in no far time, they must cease to be called "juvenile wonders" altogether, and yield up their greatness with their baby names.

For two years more, we learn, Mr. Bateman will continue the performances of "the children," and then withdraw them from the stage entirely. In no place where they have exhibited have the Bateman children received a more cordial welcome, more unbounded praise, or loftier patronage than in London. In fact they may be reckoned among the most attractive and most novel "lions" of the season of the Great Exhibition. Their performances, at first listened to with incredulity, accepted merely as exemplifications of rigid teaching, and criticised with condescension, soon, by repeated seeing and hearing, awakened the spectators to a true sense of their merits, and were set down, not as parroted and time-and-labour-enforced exertations of the mind, but direct instincts and emanations of genius, which no adult intelligence could transmit from one to another, and which to childhood, devoid of inspiration, must have proved a sealed volume, a fountain in the rock not to be reached but with years. The "children" are about to leave London after conquering the hearts of all who have seen them. We wish them well wherever they go, and sincerely hope they will return to their native land in the far West as rich in dollars as they are rich in talent—and if they do, and carry home the money in specie, silver and gold, the captain of the vessel, be it steamer, bark, brig, or schooner, may dispense with ballast for the voyage.

Pretty Kate and tiny Nell!
Here we bid you both "farewell!"
What your fate—where'er you go—
May you naught save pleasures know!
Adieu! by all loved and caress'd,
Ye infant wonders of the West!
Take our wishes kindest, best,
And long within our mem'ry rest!

Before closing this notice of their last performances we wish to lay before our readers a spirited and enthusiastic article which appeared in the *Britannia* of last month. With the opinions of the writer respecting the performances of "the children" in Shakespere we cannot concur; with every thing else, however, we fully agree, and think there is not the slightest exaggeration in the eulogies bestowed. The *Britannia*, we believe was the first to discover the real talents of the Bateman children, as it was the first to declare without stint or reservation its candid opinion. And thus the writer wrote:—

"We attended the St. James's Theatre on Thursday evening to witness the performance of the two Batemans in *Macbeth*. We have no hesitation in characterising this exhibition as something very remarkable. It is very easy to cram one's self up with the common-places of æsthetical exaggeration, and talk of the degradation of filtering the mighty mind of Shakespeare through infantine intellect, &c. We could spin out such phrases by the hour; and if we applied them to the Bateman performances, we might convey to the apprehension of our readers a distinct lie. We do not for one instant assert that the Batemans realize to themselves the conception of the parts allotted to them in the degree in which these conceptions were present to Shakespeare's mind. But we should like to ask who does? If the answer is, the grown-up actors do, we beg to know where these actors are? We know nothing of them; never did know anything of them; never, we confidently believe, shall know anything of them. There never was a more egregious fallacy imposed upon the reading public than one which has the authority of some very great names to back it; to wit, that Shakespeare's plays being written simply with a view to stage representation, can only produce their true effect upon us when presented

on the stage. If, amongst our readers, there are any of those happy mortals who have never bowed the knee to the Baal of criticism—never set up in their heart of hearts some pet infallible dictum, by which all art is to be measured—we here make them a present of one maxim, which, at least, is to all intents and purposes, thoroughly true. This theory of stage representation being the test of any dramatist in the world but a *melodramatist* is an utter lie, and a delusion. No man, of any decent imagination at all, ever saw a play of Shakespeare's acted so well as he has acted it to himself while reading it. In a theatre, you have to fight against a thousand and one opposing influences that persist in thrusting themselves between you and the wonderful whole which is present to your mind as the result of the reading of Shakespeare. The most perfect of actors always falls physically below your idea: his face, his form, his voice, his gesture, have all a coarseness which the picture in your mind was free from, and the full intellectuality is still greater. And if this is true of the chief actors, what shall we say of their assistants—the *canaille*? If one add to this the materializing of all that is imaginative, by the interposition of clumsy machinery and bad painting, and the best machinery and the best painting, are only approximations towards the truth of the imagination, the utter transparency of the fallacy alluded to will be made manifest enough. Now, *apropos* of this digression, comes the case of the Batemans. Their *Macbeth* is no more the *Macbeth* of the imagination than that of others, whom we will not mention; but this we must say, their *Macbeth*, as a stage *Macbeth*, would not be very easily matched, and with still more difficulty surpassed. Their knowledge of the stage traditions is wonderful; their accurate delivery of the text unimpeachable. The strain on the voice which is requisite in the case of children so young, is no greater than that which we have listened to from grown-up tragedians, who have "torn passion to tatters" with less excuse than the children Bateman. The plain, unadorned statement of the matter is this:—the Batemans are in possession of the stage traditions of the characters they represent, in a greater perfection than the majority of their grown-up rivals; and they make use of these with a grace and intelligence, the charm of which is immediately augmented by the consideration of their extreme youth. Any qualification which we attach to the praise of these young actors as tragedians must be abated when they are spoken of as comedians. It is impossible to speak too highly of the perfection of quiet humour exhibited by Kate Bateman, in the character of *Henrietta de Vigny*, and her sister merits scarcely less praise. Anything so full of geniality, so overflowing with good spirits, it has seldom been our lot to witness. We can heartily recommend the performance to all lovers of the stage."

HAYMARKET.—This theatre closed last Saturday, after a season of great prosperity. At the conclusion of the first piece, the *Sonnambula*, Mr. Webster made his appearance, and as soon as the hearty applause with which he was greeted had subsided, delivered the following valedictory address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The closing of the Great Exhibition has brought our little exhibition to a happy issue. There the display of the industry of all nations achieved a success as triumphant as beyond all calculation—here we have attempted to pourtray the characteristics of all time which your approval has stamped with sterling artistic value. Of the great luminary we have been one of the distant satellites, benefitting by its light and warmth, and I can assure you both myself and others of my calling would gladly be again within its attractive circle for many a similar period. As lesser things often owe their value to the greater, our statistics show that upwards of 160,000 persons have paid to see

the higher classes of dramatic amusements within this building since the opening in May of the justly-named world's wonder. Therefore I and all connected with me, are bound to earnestly exclaim, to the honoured Prince who conceived the magnificent project, to her gracious Majesty who encouraged it, and to the smaller geniuses who carried it out, be all honour and glory. No terms of thanks, ladies and gentlemen, can embody the deep sense of gratitude I feel for your patronage at all times, and this season especially; and be assured it will be my honest pride and unfeigned pleasure by still upholding the drama, and encouraging the living dramatists, to deserve a continuance of your support.

"Until the 3rd of November next, when the necessary repairs will have been completed, for which alone we close, I most respectfully, ladies and gentlemen, bid you farewell, and wish you all health and happiness."

Although Saturday was nominally the last night of the company's performance, however, the theatre was open on Monday for Mr. F. Webster's benefit, while Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were announced, after the fashion of the "large house over the way," as "extra nights." Both the benefit and the extra nights attracted large audiences.

OLYMPIC.—It appears that once upon a time, as the story-books say, there was an old law in France, by which if it could be proved by two witnesses that a gentleman had had three private interviews, of a quarter of an hour each, with a lady, then that the lady could, if so disposed, compel the gentleman to marry her. This fact has furnished the author of *Caught in his own Trap*, an original comedieta produced here last Monday, with matter for a highly agreeable little piece. *Francois* (Mr. Kinloch) is in love with *Agatha* (Miss Ellen Turner), but *Francois'* uncle, *Monsieur Vraimont* (Mr. Farren) is strongly opposed to the match, and as he is possessed of a handsome fortune and *Francois* of nothing at all, his opposition is a matter of considerable importance. To help the lovers out of their dilemma, *Madame Vonderbushell* (Mrs. Alfred Philips) volunteers to induce *Monsieur Vraimont* to marry himself, as he has previously promised *Francois* twenty thousand francs if ever he committed so foolish an action. In order to carry out her plan, *Madame Vonderbushell*, under pretence of consulting *Monsieur Vraimont*, obtains of him the three interviews required by the law to constitute him her victim, and when he is rejoicing at the idea of having "done" some one else, he finds that his cunning, like the Boomerang of the natives of Australia, has recoiled upon himself—that he is the victim—in a word that he is *Caught in his own Trap*.

Such is a brief outline of the elegantly written little production, which is distinguished by the wit and humour of its dialogue, and the masterly manner in which the principal characters, *M. Vraimont*, *Madame Vonderbushell* and a servant named *Jonas* (Mr. W. Shalders) are sketched in. Mr. Farren's impersonation of *Monsieur Vraimont*, the cunning, oily, calculating lawyer, was most true to nature, and full of those artistic touches which Mr. Farren knows so well how to bring in with such telling effect, and which is more towards conveying an idea of the character represented, than pages of the most elaborate writing. Trifling as is, comparatively speaking, the rôle of *Monsieur Vraimont*, it may take its place with justice among that of Mr. Farren's most finished efforts. Even the "make up," the sombre, professional suit of black, the spare, white hair, thinned by years of thoughtful chicanery, and the peering, and mild, yet treacherously cat-like expression of the face—told the audience what sort of a man it was who stood before them, even before the actor had uttered one word, and proved that Mr. Farren possesses as forcibly as ever that remarkable faculty of embodying an author's ideas, and clothing them in

flesh and blood, a faculty for which he was always so celebrated, and which has raised him beyond the possibility of dispute, to the very highest rank in his branch of the profession. The other characters were also, without exception, exceedingly well played, especially that of *Jonas*, by Mr. Shalders. This gentleman possesses much more than average powers—he is endowed with a very considerable degree of quiet, quaint humour; and if he sometimes disappoints his admirers—and he has many—it is by wishing to do too much. As the prying, gormandising *Jonas*, half knave half fool, he fairly convulsed the audience with laughter, and contributed greatly to the success of the piece, which passed the ordeal of public criticism—as it now passes our own—in the most triumphant manner.

After the comedietta on the same night, 'was produced also for the first time, "a grand piece of prodigality on the part of the management," as it is entitled in the bills, called *Azael, or the Prodigal in London*, being a parody on the spectacle of the same name brought out at Drury Lane by Mr. Anderson. The original story is pretty closely adhered to, the fun being obtained by changing Memphis to London, the "Temple of Isis" to the "Temple of Ices," and making *Azael* (Mr. Compton) go the round of London dissipation, until he at last subsides into the very uncomfortable position of assistant to a donkey-driver on Hampstead Heath, Mr. Compton as *Azael*—in which, by the way, he bore a most striking likeness to Mr. D'Israeli—provoked the risible faculties of the audience in a manner that was surprising, even for him, and was well supported by every one else engaged in the piece. The dialogue is good, the allusions excellent, and the scenery deserving of great praise. Altogether, we are of opinion that it is the best thing of its kind that has been produced for some time, and will continue to attract large audiences for a very long period. The theatre has been literally crammed every night since its production. It is from the pen of H. Rodwell, Esq.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—FIRST APPEARANCE OF CATHERINE HAYES. —(From *Saroni's Musical Times*.)—On Tuesday evening last Catherine Hayes made her first curtsy to the American public. Tripler Hall was crammed and jammed to repletion, and hundreds upon hundreds offered their money at the doors, but were refused admission, simply because there was not room actually for another person to get in and see. Neither at Jenny Lind's concerts, nor at Parodi's concerts, were there as many persons, by several hundreds, present. In short it was the greatest crowd we ever saw inside Tripler Hall, and a thousand times more enthusiastic than all the other audiences put together. There was as much excitement outside as inside; the line of carriages extended a block or two on either side of the Hall; hundreds of people thronged Mercer-street, hoping at least to catch a portion of the warblings of the Irish Nightingale, while the passage way to the very door was so crowded, as to render it a difficult task, even by hard pushing, for ladies to reach it.

Several papers stated in the early part of the week, that there was no excitement in the public mind respecting Catherine Hayes; that the excitement was only upon paper, and written by interested persons. Two morning papers were savagely virtuous; they had, to be sure, toadied Jenny Lind,

under Barnum's influence, but they could not consent to commit themselves, even to the extent of an extract, to benefit the stranger lady. Even now that she has come and has gained the most triumphant success, they strive to damn her with faint praise, and idle comparisons with their Swedish idol. This cant about the divine Jenny has become perfectly sickening; no one else can sing, nor be virtuous, nor charitable. Every one else must be sacrificed to a slavish adulation of a talent which the writers never understood. They have translated a mortal artiste into a myth, and no one must come within a hundred miles of its sacred shine. In such a course there is neither justice nor common honesty; it is a mere partisanship, from which the cause of art can reap no benefit, and the individual no honour. The best reply to their assertion that there was no excitement in the public mind, was the overflowing house on Tuesday evening; and as testimony to her superlative skill we appeal to the triumph of that evening.

There was some delay in commencing caused by the unaccountable absence of Mr. Loder. Mr. Lavenue, however, very kindly assumed Mr. Loder's portion of the programme, and we afterwards learnt that Mr. Loder was seized with a sudden sickness which prevented the possibility of his attendance.

The concert commenced with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. This beautiful but much hackneyed overture was well played, but we confess that we paid but little attention to it, for we had heard it so frequently at every concert for the past ten years, that we look upon it as an incubus to every concert bill. Is the repertoire of overtures entirely exhausted? Is there nothing new under the sun? or is there nothing old, less hackneyed, and equal in merit to this stop-gap for every want? We trust that our conductors will summon up sufficient courage and independence to leave this inevitable overture out of the programme sometimes.

The popular duet from *Belisario*, "Quando di sangue tinto," was then sung by Mr. Augustus Braham and Herr Mengis. These gentlemen were well received by the public, who encouraged them by a welcome always awarded by an American audience to strangers. Mr. Braham has a fine tenor voice, sweet in quality, extensive in compass, and of good power. His style is eminently, unmistakeably English; wanting in fire and effect of the Italian manner, but pleasing from its quiet, unpretending method. It is however better suited to the ballad than to the operatic style. However, we shall not speak definitely of Mr. Braham until we have heard him again. Herr Mengis has all the qualities of voice and manner to make him popular. His voice is a rich, mellow, and powerful baritone, which he uses with much skill; his intonation is excellent, his style bold and free, and possesses both passion and expression. The duet by these gentlemen was well sung, and was loudly applauded.

Madame Bertucca Maretzek appeared next, and essayed a solo upon the harp, but the envious strings broke and marred her best efforts. It would be unfair under the circumstances to judge either of the playing or the piece.

Then came the low murmured whisper of expectation which burst into a thunder of shouting and applause, the moment Catherine Hayes showed herself upon the orchestra. The applause lasted so long that we began to fear that, exhausted by her emotion, the fair artiste would be unable to sing at all. She at length essayed to sing, and at the first tones of her voice, the boisterous demonstration ceased, and every ear attentively listened, drinking in the exquisite sounds, as the mariners of old the songs of the Syren. Her first selection was not at all calculated to please the popular taste; "Ah! mon fils," from the *Prophete*, is the very embodiment of mourning, and

broken-heartedness. Sorrow and anguish are in every phrase, and it only rises from abject wretchedness, when it appeals to the throne of grace for mercy on her son. Then the strain rises to a grandeur, almost sublime in its character and movement. The few first sustained notes which Catherine Hayes uttered gave promise of an exquisite voice, but as the song progressed, its full and extraordinary beauties were displayed. Its compass is remarkable, and it has no weak points—it is beautiful throughout. The lower and middle tones are full, rich, and thrilling heart-tones as it were, they seem so full of sympathy—while the higher notes are pure, sweet, and mellifluous as the tones of the truest flute. It is always perfectly in tune, and she controls it without any effort. It is flexible for any purpose that the most brilliant vocalism can demand. Her power of *sostenuto* is great; her gradation of light and shade, from *piano* to *forte*, admirable, and her shake as brilliant, true, and rapid as we ever listened to.

Her singing of "Ah! mon fils" was deeply affecting, so perfectly did she embody the ideas of the poet and musician. Grief spoke out in every tone, the voice trembled as with the beating of the heart, and the whole picture of the heart-broken mother was as apparent to the imagination as though it were aided by all means within the reach of the Opera. It is this surpassing talent which enables Catherine Hayes to embody the character of these operatic *scenas*, without acting, that renders her singing in a concert room so effective and full of reality. The truly exquisite manner in which this piece was sung, insured it a rapturous encore, and a shower of bouquets such as we rarely see. She sang it better the second time than the first, and gained even heartier applause at its second close, and retired with the pleasing assurance, that she had won a great victory and had established herself in the favour of the people.

Catherine Hayes was dressed in exquisite taste—modestly, elegantly, gracefully, and looked truly beautiful, as her spirit warmed with excitement and desire to excel. Her whole form seemed spiritualized, and fire of genius sparkled in her eyes, and diffused a radiance over every feature. Every one seemed doubly charmed—fascinated with the woman—enchanted by the singer. And thus Catherine Hayes won all hearts.

Herr Mengis sung a roystering soldier's song composed by one Battista. It is a very good composition in its way, and Herr Mengis sung it with much effect. Its range is just within the best portion of his voice, and he gave it out with a power that re-echoed through the Hall. He was vociferously applauded.

Catherine Hayes then came forward amidst reiterated plaudits, and sang a very charming ballad by W. V. Wallace, "Why do I weep for thee?" She sang it delightfully. She used no ornaments, not even the shake, but gave it in all its simplicity, trusting to passion and expression alone to produce the desired effect. It is hardly necessary to say that the effect was produced, and that the ballad was encored, but the lady acknowledged the compliment, gathering up as many of the bouquets as possible, and retired.

The overture, *Les Diamans de la Couronne* commenced the second part, and was led by Mr. Lavenue. It was ably directed and well performed.

Herr Mengis' pretty song, "The Happy Switzer," tickled the public ear to a marvel and was rapturously encored. It was not a song, perhaps, suited to concerts of a high character, the *jodelen* which terminates each verse being to a certain extent decidedly vulgar; but the public relished it, and that is law both within and without the concert room.

Catherine Hayes then sang the exquisite Irish ballad, "The

Harp that once through Tara's Halls." What was mere beautiful singing in the English ballad, became perfect inspiration, as she poured forth this old and well remembered strain. It is impossible to convey an idea of the manner in which she sang this ballad; we can only say that it was characteristic, and breathed the very soul of the mournful yet passionate words and music. During this song there was a deathlike stillness throughout the vast assemblage, broken now and then by an audible sob, for there were many weeping; the people hung upon the notes with breathless eagerness, and as the last tone died away, there arose a shout of applause such as was rarely if ever heard within the walls of a concert-room. Rounds of applause succeeded each other in rapid succession, and after the repetition of the song, the same tumultuous enthusiasm was displayed. Catherine Hayes had touched the hearts of every one, and the willing hands responded to the feeling of exquisite delight.

The same magical effect was produced by her singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Every note was sung as written, no embellishments were added to deceive the ear, and cheat the hearer into forgetfulness of nature, by admirable displays of art. Simple, natural expression, and earnest truthfulness, with the strong impulses of an ardent soul, were the charms that wrung from the hearts and hands of her auditors the noblest testimony that was ever offered to the powers of an artiste.

Madame Bertucca Maretzek played with most admirable skill, and fine taste and expression, Labarre's very charming *Rondo Espagnole*. Her efforts were well appreciated by the public, and she met with the most cordial applause. As a harpist she is deservedly a popular favourite.

Balfé's very pretty ballad, "In this Old Chair," was sung most sweetly by Mr. Braham, and called forth a most hearty encore.

Catherine Hayes' last vocal triumph, was the finale to *Son-nambula*, "Ah! non giunge." Every one attempts this brilliant aria, meeting with more or less success. Jenny Lind sang it gloriously. She loaded it with brilliant *fioriture*, which she executed with unsurpassed excellence, and the effect was electric. Catherine Hayes' version of this aria is in every way as great, but her conception is entirely dissimilar; it is more passionate and energetic, and her ornaments are bolder and more broad in their design. It was in all respects as brilliant a specimen of vocalization as we ever listened to. At every pause she was greeted by a perfect roar of applause which was continued at the close until she came forward and repeated it, and the cheering was more loud and hearty, when she left the orchestra for the last time, than when she first appeared. So great a triumph was never achieved in this city. We cannot conceal from ourselves that there was a vast amount of incredulity as to the positive greatness of Catherine Hayes; such a vast amount of "blowing" had been expended in the case of the great concert giver, such vast resources of humbug had been brought to bear, that the public began to believe that truth and concert-giving could never be connected. Besides, Catherine Hayes was neither Italian, French, Swede, nor German, and consequently could not be much. These prejudices, together with the partizanship before alluded to, Catherine Hayes had to fight against, and gloriously, most gloriously, has she triumphed over them all. She has in one night by the mere force of her splendid genius raised for herself a million of friends throughout this vast country, who will throng around and welcome her wherever she goes. The road is clear and open to her now; partizans may cavil and grumble, and whine out that "she is not and never can be Jenny Lind," which owl-like

fact all but transmigrationists will readily acknowledge, but despite all opposition, walking straightforward in the full tide of public favour, Catherine Hayes will triumph over all.

The second concert of Catherine Hayes took place on Thursday evening. There was a great house, not quite as numerous as at her first, but more fashionable and critical. The judgment of the first night was confirmed, and her success was certainly more triumphant, because there was less national feeling displayed, and more critical judgment. Her "Casta Diva" was a wonderful vocal effort, and was unanimously encored, as was every piece she sang. The excitement to hear her will increase daily, for there is no advertisement so effective, as the home circle praise of those who have heard her with delight.

Catherine Hayes will sing in the *Messiah*, next Wednesday. The choral department will be performed by the Harmonic Society. George Loder, leader.

MADAME ANNA THILLON has proved that an artist can be successful in this country without having recourse to the humbug of the day. We just heard of her coming and she was here, performing at Niblo's. But we say, that only an *artiste* can be successful, and that she is in the true sense of the word. Her singing, her acting, her features, her motions, all combine to make her an excellent artist. Badly supported as she is in the *Crown Diamonds*, she succeeds in drawing thousands of admiring listeners around her. And it is well worth while to go to Niblo's, to see her, young and beautiful, first as *la Catarina* of the bandits, and then as Queen of Portugal, to hear her sing with that perfection of method, that simplicity of style, that mellow quality of voice which speaks at once to the hearts of the audience. Then again that artlessness of manner, that vivacity and animation of her features! Truly she is one of the most captivating artists we have ever heard or seen.

We have not room to say much of the *Crown Diamonds* or its performance. Mr. Hudson acquits himself most ably, Ferdinand Meyer most stiffly. The chorus is good, the orchestra is bad, though not quite as much so, as at the time when Signor La Manna led the music of *La Giselle*.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has returned to the city, and is to be serenaded by the members of her orchestra this evening at her residence, West Twenty-second street; and Mademoiselle C. Parodi is yet in Boston concertizing.

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "La France Musicale," by W. Grilliers.)

I wish it were possible for me to forget the motives which induced me to undertake the long and perilous travels I am about to recount. I had been drawn by an irresistible fatality into circumstances which I should for ever have grieved at if they had not resulted in determining me to accomplish a project which had been the dream of my youth and the constant aim of my thoughts amid my numerous professional occupations. To see the New World—to carry to it the fruit of my long labour, to spread to the utmost of my means a taste for the art to which I had devoted my life, has been my incessant idea for more than twenty years. To-day I thank Providence for having made a necessity of what was but the ardent desire and an aspiration of all my life. I must confess that what made me view America through a brilliant prism and almost as a country of predestination, was the numerous propositions—accompanied by the most irresistible offers—made to me by its speculators. During the long years of my teaching I had formed American pupils who had, some as artists, some as amateurs, spread

my name and works in all America; so I was certain of meeting with many useful acquaintances and friends. I decided to start in the month of October, 1846, and the 22nd of November following I embarked at Liverpool on board the English steamer "Caledonia," and 18 days afterwards I landed at Boston.

MY PASSAGE AND ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

During the first few days of passage I was, from sea sickness, completely powerless. I was compelled to remain in my cabin; and an increase of misfortune was my having for companion a gentleman who was as well as well could be, and who, to divert me, would read me letters, 42 pages long, from a young and beautiful creole of New Orleans, to whom he said he was going to be married. These sentimental epistles were, doubtless, very interesting to the party to whom they were addressed, but I must confess that their uninterrupted reading was far from helping me to forget my terrible sufferings. The only way for me to avoid them was to leave my bed and escape on deck. This violent remedy succeeded miraculously; I at once got rid of my sea sickness and my amorous and indefatigable reader.

The English newspapers had made great talk of my intended voyage, and the American press repeated all that had been said, so that on my reaching Boston I found a great number of artists awaiting my arrival. I never shall forget the reception I met with; it was who would invite me first, and who would obtain from me a promise to remain. Not willing to accept any private invitation, I went to an hotel and thither was I followed by those who had awaited my arrival. There they would not quit me till I had promised to give one concert. But I had resolutely promised to make my debut in the "Empire City," and so peremptorily refused to play in Boston. Such pressing demands were addressed to me from different societies that I found it impossible to get away till I had faithfully promised to return immediately after my appearance at New York.

MY ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.

I had hardly arrived at that large town before I received the visits of the most distinguished professionals; all kinds of engagements were offered to me by the managers of theatres, but I always have had a certain reluctance at associations with managers, and therefore wished from the commencement to run all the risk of the enterprise. I chose in preference the "Tabernacle," to give my first concert in. This building can easily contain 3000 people, and, though not constructed by the rules of acoustic or with irreproachable harmony of proportion, music is heard to a tolerable advantage, and the public is very well satisfied with it.

The day before the first concert a very unfortunate accident, which might have had disastrous consequences, happened to me. I was not aware of the singular manner in which they light the fires; wishing to remove an iron plate placed before the hearth of the chimney in my room, and not knowing that a fire in the inside had heated it, I burnt my right hand so severely, I thought I should be compelled to retard my first concert. My accident in a short time got bruited about the town, and I had hardly had time to place a slight dressing upon the part most injured, when a man, of whose name I was perfectly ignorant, presented himself and offered me a certain and rapid cure. He was the inventor of a compound "to cure all pains," or, as he named it, "pain extractor;" he assured me that if I would use it, all pain would vanish in less than six hours. He required that, in case of success, I should recognize publicly the efficacy of his plaster. One can easily imagine with what pleasure I accepted his offer, but what will not be so easily believed is, that my cure was so prompt and perfect that I was able to give my concert on the day announced. The proprietor of this marvellous paste had monster placards, whereon was announced that owing to his specific the concert of Mr. Henri Herz would take place. His balm had prodigious success, and I have since heard he has realized a fortune of several thousands of Piastres.

FIRST CONCERT IN NEW YORK.

I cannot but see the difficulties I shall meet with at each step in relating my travels through regions the most diversified, and

often the least known by the world. In speaking of myself, I shall not be able to escape of a necessity relating the successes I have obtained, and I expose myself to a danger I have always wished to avoid—viz., that of occupying the public about me. For those that know me I have not to guard against this reproach; they are aware that I am as capable of illusion as I am of stating or advancing facts which might in the slightest manner be contested. To those that know me not, I have only one way of carrying conviction to their mind; to give irrefutable proofs in support of my assertions, and I have my hands full of them.

I will, then, venture to say that my first concert in New York bore all the appearances of an unusual circumstance. It had hardly been announced, before crowds hastened to the box-office, and every seat was taken in a few moments. More than 500 people were refused admittance, and the tickets were sold by auction at most exorbitant prices. I was obliged to remain away from my hotel for two days, to avoid the solicitations and requests of which I was the object. I had taken care to place at the head of the programme an overture, to prepare the public in a manner, and to save myself the emotions I feared I should feel from a public quite new to me. But this precaution did not obtain the result I anticipated. The overture was played in the midst of general inattention. No one listened, and I am not certain it was played to the end. At last I was obliged to appear, and what then passed I cannot well say. I was completely stunned by the thunders of applause from every part of the building. The more my embarrassment became visible, the more these demonstrations of sympathy increased, and they continued so long that I completely lost my self-possession. The orchestra, however, came to my help, in commencing, without waiting for my orders, the first *tutti* of my grand concerto in C minor; and as the moment for my first solo approached, an expective silence almost imperceptively gave way to the astounding noise my appearance had raised. I had hardly drawn a few sounds from the instrument, before I was again interrupted by new manifestations; and at the end of the first solo the encores resounded with so much persistence, that I was compelled to begin the piece over again. If I relate this fact, so flattering to my self-love as an artist, it is that it appeared remarkable, on account of the severity of style which reigns in my concerto, and also on account of the minor key which in general is not privileged to please the Americans.

The first concert only gave more zest to the *dilettanti* of New York. Those who had heard me once, wished to hear me again, and those who could not obtain tickets for this concert, had some for the second; and I was obliged, to satisfy every one, to give more than twenty concerts in the space of three months.

THE SPEAKER.

At the third concert, a circumstance occurred which I think is of rare occurrence in Europe, and I can assure you was most unexpected by me. After my playing a piece which had produced more effect than the others, the public did me the honour to recall me. On my appearing, I heard the voice of a Stentor in the middle of the room articulating words of which I could not seize the meaning. It was a Frenchman, who, perched on a seat, was delivering a speech in my honour; but emotion, or some other reason, I cannot tell what, all at once cut short his speech, and he suddenly sat down, to the great surprise of the auditory. A lady who was sitting close to him compelled him to rise again, and the docile speaker, obeying the inspirations of his gentle neighbour transformed into a prompter, re-began his speech, which lasted for at least ten minutes. As he expressed himself in the French language, he was not understood by the greater number of the American public, and they demanded vociferously the explanation of his harangue, and to me they addressed themselves. One can easily conceive my embarrassment at such a circumstance; I could not possibly re-echo the praises of myself which the speaker had profusely loaded me with; I bowed, and bowed, but it was of no use, curiosity only seemed to increase, and the public to become more and more exacting. Fortunately, the French Consul was present, and obligingly came to my aid. He rose in his turn; and, amid the most profound silence, said that the speech of which

they demanded the translation was only an eulogy in my favour, and a testimony of welcome from the French part of the population of New York to one of their countrymen.

(To be continued.)

Original Correspondence.

NO DOUBTS ABOUT CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have been very much surprised at the article by "Pyrrhus," on the compositions of the late Cherubini, which appeared in your excellent journal of last week.

I cannot for a moment believe, that there exists a musician in England, (in Europe I ought to say,) who holds such sceptical opinions on the works of one of the finest contrapuntists that ever existed, as are enunciated by your correspondent.

Again, I ask myself is he in earnest, or is he provoking enquiry? As to comparison, Cherubini cannot (in my opinion) be compared with any author, dead or living. *Pyrrhus* acknowledges that the "*Les Deux Journées*" has some merit; and adds that the overture to *Anacreon* is a brilliant but an overrated work. This is too bad, and here Mr. Editor I must say a few words. The overture to *Anacreon* (in my opinion,) is a gem so full of contrast, beauty, and exquisite contrapuntal skill, that its loss, as a lesson to the young tyros in counterpoint, would be irreparable. It also contains one of the finest instrumental crescendos that ever flowed from the pen of a musical author. I would refer *Pyrrhus* to its commencement, about fifteen bars before the sequence of shakes, the choice of which for the various instruments displays the great knowledge of the composer; and this crescendo rises to a climax most sublimely grand, and is one which has never been surpassed,—so much for this overrated overture.

I lament that the fine compositions of Cherubini have been partially laid aside, but this is not a just criterion, for other great authors works have suffered an unjustly similar fate, and *Pyrrhus* may remember that it is only a few years ago, that Beethoven's works, except some of his symphonies, were scarcely known, and indeed, had it not been for a few spirited musicians and teachers of his pianoforte works, they might have been shelved also, but now, there is scarcely a publisher of any note who is not bringing out a new edition of his works.

To deal forth eulogy or censure on authors' works or public performances, requires knowledge of the art, liberality, and impartiality; but alas! it too frequently happens, that a very little real knowledge, and much partiality and prejudice is mixed up with musical criticism; the consequence is, that the young student is misled by assuming an unfair elevation to one author's works, and condemning the sterling good of another.

It is hard that men like Cherubini, who have spent their whole lives in the science, and from whose instructions a whole host of musicians have arisen, and some of them to great eminence, should have his well earned fame tarnished so undeservedly.

I hope the inimitable Costa, or the energetic Jullien, will on some occasion conduct this and his other overtures, and allow our friend "*Pyrrhus*" to hear the overrated music of Cherubini.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

York, October 18, 1851.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—If I recollect rightly, in your number dated April 12th, you partly promised an article on the terms "*Andante* and *Andantino*." I feel reluctant to trespass upon your time and space, but I also feel extremely anxious to see something definite on the subject to which I have directed your attention, therefore trust

you will excuse the liberty thus taken to remind you of your promise. It has occurred to me that probably Mr. G. A. Macfarren, who is evidently a most profound musician, and to whom we are all so much indebted for his able, interesting, and most valuable critiques, would kindly favour us with his opinion on the subject, which, by the by, would decide the thing at once.

I think it important that the point should be cleared up if possible, as I am convinced we, most of us, have but a confused idea as to the precise difference between the terms, which often give rise to unpleasant quibbling amongst amateurs and even professors.

Believe me, Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
EDWARD THURNAM.

Reigate, Oct. 10th, 1851.

PYRRHUS v. CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—In perusing an article about Cherubini in the last number of the *Musical World*, I was very much struck with the insertion of an article in a public journal, which shows how it is possible to write such a profound deal of ignorance on the matter, and is, besides, from beginning to end, full of contradictions.

Mr. Pyrrhus begins by saying he knows hardly enough (and that's clear) of Cherubini—Why, then, venture an opinion about him?—all that he has ever heard of him are some overtures; but as Cherubini has written more than a dozen operas, sinfonies, requiems, quartetts, and his *chef d'œuvre*, the grand Mass in D minor (of which Mr. Pyrrhus does not speak at all), he really would have done better to begin with the end of his article that's to say—"first to endeavour to get a peep (!!) at some of his compositions, and then judge;" but as matters now stand, I am sure your subscribers are not at all anxious to hear any more of Mr. Pyrrhus and his spirited doubts about Cherubini.

What are your German and French readers to say, if they are told by Mr. Pyrrhus that Cherubini is not merely unappreciated, but *unknown* in their country; what the Italians, when they hear that Mr. Pyrrhus does not care at all for their opinion? Perhaps Mr. P. is not aware that Cherubini himself was Italian, and that a country which has produced men like Palestrina, Marcello, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Guglielmi, Lulli, Caldara, Scarlatti, Paesello, Cimarose, Rossini, &c., stands in no need of advocacy from an Englishman! If Mr. Pyrrhus writes as an amateur, we advise him to be more careful in future about matters of this kind; but if he be a musician, we hardly can explain such an anomaly. Of the many contradictions in Mr. Pyrrhus's article, I give only one;—"He joins others in acknowledging that Cherubini is one of the great masters of the art." Two lines farther, he writes: "The divine fire of the overtures to *Faniska* and *Les deux Journées* is hardly sufficient to entitle him to the high position he maintains."

I could say a great deal more about Cherubini, Mr. Pyrrhus, and his doubts; but I am afraid to intrude upon the patience of your readers, and will finally only allude to the relation between Cherubini, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. That the latter should never have spoken of Cherubini is hard to be believed, as he was a pupil of his, and we know too well the veneration he had, like all the pupils of Cherubini, for his master; and that a man standing so high in the art as Cherubini should not have answered a letter, or never given utterance to one syllable of eulogy in favour of Beethoven, after having styled him "the most gifted living composer," seems literally impossible, it being known that Cherubini's meedat was so remarkable, that when he was induced to dedicate his best opera, *Les deux Journées*, to Haydn, he said, "No; I have not yet written anything worthy of this great genius!"

I am, Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
A SUBSCRIBER.

October 15th, 1851.

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Will you please inform me where can Dr. Burney's History of Music be purchased? Is it not worthy of re-publication, if some spirited publisher would take it in hand? Perhaps it might be done by subscription or in monthly parts. Will you give it a thought, and oblige an old subscriber,
H. J. T.

Bayswater, September 15th, 1851.]

[Will some of our readers favour our correspondent with an answer?—Ed. M. W.]

Provincial.

BRISTOL.—THE DISTIN CONCERT.—So high is the reputation the Messrs. Distin have obtained that praise bestowed upon them is liable to be classed in the category of superfluities. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing an opinion that in the concert which these gentlemen gave at our theatre on Monday night, their previous performances were surpassed rather than merely equalled. The programme was an excellent one, commencing with a selection from *Der Freischütz*, and including the celebrated trumpet solo, "The soldier tired," which was performed by Mr. Distin with all his accustomed vigour and expression, and was enthusiastically encoired; a quartette, from the opera of *Belisario*, on the newly-invented patent "Euphonic" horns—names which the instruments well deserve, for anything more euphonic than the sounds elicited from them we never heard; a terzetto, by the brothers Distin, "Fin dell'éta," from *Anna Bolena*, was encoired, as was also "The Cuckoo Galop," a new composition, of some merit. Besides the instrumental performances, Mrs. T. Distin sang several solos very pleasingly, and obtained encores; a four part song, entitled "The Miller's Daughter," by Hartel, sung by Mrs. T. Distin and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, was received with great applause, and repeated by, we are sure, the unanimous desire of the audience. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.—*Bristol Times*.

LINCOLN.—(From a Correspondent.)—"A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert"—as styled in the bills—was given in this place on Thursday (9th inst.), at the County Assembly Rooms, and attracted a full and somewhat fashionable audience. If not "grand," the concert was undoubtedly good, the programme being far above the average of excellence. It included, in the first part, selections from Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *Elijah*; and in the second part a miscellany of the popular kind, so that variety was not wanting and all sects and parties might be satisfied. For instance, the churchman and lover of Mendelssohn (the terms, however, are not synonymous), might attend the first part, and decamp at the end, leaving Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Sir Henry Bishop to the patronizers of vocal music; while the followers of the latter, who, if that were possible, eschewed sacred music and Mendelssohn, might bide till the second part commenced, and turn to the strains of their affections. The first part, I said, was devoted to the *Elijah*—or selections therefrom. There was an exception. A pianoforte solo—*andante* and *capriccio*, themes from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—was interpolated by Mr. William Wilkinson, Professor of the Royal Academy. The interpolation might obtain extenuation in a selection like the one in the programme, as the subjects of the piece were taken from the same composer to whom the first part was devoted; but the fact of having taken themes from a sacred work to dove-tail them and behash them into a fantasia, or something of the kind, appears to me extremely irreverent, and worthy of stringent reprehension. Mr. William Wilkinson, who is a native of Lincoln, may have conceived that anything would be well received at his hands, and doubtless may have thought he was conferring no small honour on Mendelssohn, by making his glorious airs the groundwork of a capriccio. In the latter Mr. Wilkinson was woefully mistaken. I heard several express their surprise that an acknowledged artist and a professor to boot, should have so far forgot himself. I must own Mr. William Wilkinson is an admirable pianist, and created a marked sensation in the second part. Unfortunately the piano he used was very indifferent, and militated largely against his

playing. Mr. William Wilkinson proved himself an excellent-accompanyist in all the songs from *Elijah*. The selection consisted of the quartet "Cast thy burden on the Lord," sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. G. Brook: the air "Hear ye Israel," by Mrs. Alexander Newton; the tenor solo, "If with all your hearts," by Mr. Bridge Frodsham; the trio, "Lift thine eyes," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham; the contralto air, "Oh! rest in the Lord," by Miss Louisa Nevett; and the quartet, "Come every one that thirsteth," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. G. Brook. I need not pause to point out the deficiency felt from want of an orchestra, nor affirm how much Mendelssohn's splendid music suffered thereby, more especially as Mr. Wilkinson presided so ably at the piano as accompanyist; nor need I hint at the substitution in the trio, "Lift thine Eyes," of a tenor for a soprano, more especially as Mr. Bridge Frodsham supplied the absent lady's place so satisfactorily, and left little to be desired. Mrs. Alexander Newton sang "Hear ye Israel," magnificently; and the quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth," was encored. Mrs. Alexander Newton made a decided impression. Her clear, pure, soprano voice, and the ringing quality of the upper tones, carried away the audience. I cannot give praise to the system of cutting oratorios, much less to giving the selections with the mere accompaniment of a piano. It is a mistake, and is unjust to the composer. Of the second part, which was more in favour with the public, I have but little to say. Bishop's glee, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Louisa Nevett, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. G. Brook, was encored. It was very nicely sung. Mr. Bridge Frodsham's high tenor notes come out with great effect in compositions of this kind. Mr. Henry Farmer executed in a highly skilful manner Ernst's "Carnaval de Venise," and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Alexander Newton's brilliant version of the scena, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, was unanimously and urgently encored. A very charming ballad, by Clement White, called, "Ah! why didst thou tell me?" obtained the warmest encore of the evening, Mr. Bridge Frodsham rendering it with remarkable taste and expression. Miss Nevett, Mrs. Alexander's pupil, gave a new song, by one S. New (appropriate name), called "The Greek Slave," and exhibited a very pleasing voice, and a nice musical feeling. I should have wished she had something better to sing. Miss Nevett, I learned after the concert, was labouring under the effects of a recent fright, caught from an accident on her way to the station at King's Cross, by which she was nearly killed. The cab in which she rode was overturned and literally dashed to pieces, and Miss Nevett had to be dragged through the window, almost, as it may easily be imagined, in a state of insensibility. Of course, under such circumstances, great allowance must be made. Nevertheless, Miss Nevett gave indications of no ordinary ability. Among the other noticeable pieces of this part were, "Lo here the gentle Lark," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, vocalised like a bird, with violin obligato, vice flute, by Mr. Henry Farmer. "The Death of Nelson," by Mr. Bridge Frodsham; and the contralto air, "Nobil Signor," from the *Huguenots*, by Miss Louisa Nevett. The concert terminated with "God save the Queen." Mr. William Wilkinson acted as conductor.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Charles Pitt, who for some seasons shared the leading tragic parts in our Theatre Royal, has been since that period sojourning in the United States, performing in a large number of theatres with very general success. Returned again to England, he has made his appearance at the Queen's Theatre, and on Thursday evening we were present at a part of his performance of the crooked-backed tyrant, "Richard III." The proverbial plenty of Brother Jonathan appears to have been useful, for he comes back to the land of his fathers considerably increased in substance, which, to a certain extent, detracts from that excellent make-up of his features we have so often had occasion to notice. His voice retains its power, and we thought it more flexible than on many former occasions. Of his acting, surrounded as he was by so little to assist his efforts or to carry out his meaning, it would be unjust to speak lightly; but we may venture to say, that we could not agree with his conception of the scene with Lady Anne;

his levity was too apparent, and he lacked that fine delicacy of manner that could "weedle with the devil," or win the woman he had so recently made a widow. His best recommendation is, as it always was, that he plays earnestly, and with energy, whilst his tact and knowledge of stage business are considerable. In better company we can easily imagine him to have been much more effective, for the poetry of the scene was sadly managed, and it required a larger sketch of imagination than we are blessed with to believe the men we saw as soldiers and courtiers were not playing a joke upon us. Mrs. Weston, formerly of the Theatre Royal, played the "Queen" with a considerable degree of talent.—(*Manchester Examiner*.)

LIVERPOOL MUSICAL UNION.—It is with pleasure we record the successful establishment of this society among us. Mr. Haddock's appeal has been responded to in a mode which leaves no doubt of the existence of genuine musical predisposition in Liverpool. The performance on Friday evening last exhibited a care in the preparation, illustrated by practical excellence, which is not to be excelled in the boasted classical reunions of the metropolis. We noticed many of the leading artistes of the musical profession present, who expressed themselves in the most enthusiastic terms, and hoped, with ourselves, that a new era is dawning upon Liverpool, when true harmony will meet with universal encouragement. Press of matter has compelled us to postpone our notice of the performance till next week.—(*Liverpool Mail*)

WORCESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—Miss Hayewood of the Royal Academy, gave an evening concert at the Natural History Room, on Thursday (Oct. 9). The singers were Miss Reeves, Miss Harriet Ward, Miss Hayewood, Mr. J. Jones, and Mr. Poole: instrumentalists, Miss Kate Loder and Miss Rachel Evans (pianists); and Mr. J. H. D'Egville (violin). In addition, the members of the Worcester Philharmonic Society lent their services. The overtures to *La Guzza Ladra* and *Preciosa* were played by the band. The singing in general was good, but does not claim our special notice. The only encore of the evening was awarded to Miss Kate Loder, who created quite a furor in Prudent's *Lucia di Lammermoor* fantasia, and was encored enthusiastically. The fair artist substituted Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" in E minor, a still more splendid and far more gratifying display of executancy. In consequence of the badness of the weather, the concert was not so well attended as was expected.

READING—AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—We are informed that arrangements are in progress for the re-organisation, and, it is hoped, establishment on a permanent basis, of a musical society in this town, to comprise all the professional musicians who are disposed to aid in an object of the kind, in addition to the amateur vocalists and instrumentalists lately belonging to the musical society, of which Mr. John Taylor was for a long time the secretary, but which was for some reason dissolved at the close of the last season. At the pressing solicitation of the projectors of the new society, the veteran leader of the old Amateur Society, Mr. Venue, has consented again to wield the baton in the character of their conductor; and under such a leadership we are sanguine in our anticipation of the renewal of the almost forgotten triumphs of the amateur society which was once so great an ornament to the town, and which placed Reading in a musical position that but few provincial towns could surpass. Already, the society has the promise of about fifty members, and several professional gentlemen have undertaken to assist at its practices and rehearsals. It will have one strong claim upon the public that we feel assured will be thoroughly appreciated—the proceeds of its concerts, after deducting the necessary expenses, are in every instance to be devoted to some of the charitable and other public institutions in the town. That the proposed society will be generally approved as well as appreciated we can hardly doubt; a present instance of the feeling being given by the Rev. J. C. Grainger having most cheerfully and kindly granted the gratuitous use of the school-rooms in Crown-street, for the society's meetings. A deficiency of wood wind instruments is at present complained of, but we trust this little obstacle will soon be overcome.

BARNET.—Mr. Frank Bodda's Evening Concert came off on Wednesday the 8th. He was assisted by the Misses Messent and Lascelles, and Mr. W. H. Grattan (vocalists), and Kate Loder. The programme was varied and attractive, and included the usual share of popular items. Kate Loder's performances were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and Schulhoff's "Carnaval de Venise" was encored unanimously. We never heard this delightful artist play with more brilliant effect. Miss Lascelles is a pupil of Mr. Frank Bodda, and made her first appearance in public on this occasion. As a *debutante* she was decidedly successful. Her voice is a *mezzo-soprano* of nice quality, the lower notes being rich and resonant. Mr. Frank Bodda was encored in several of his favourite songs. The Town Hall, where the concert was given, was very full.

Reviews of Music.

FLEURS EMBLEMATIQUES POUR LE PIANO, PAR JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

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| No. 1. <i>Primevère.</i> | No. 4. <i>Romarin.</i> |
| " 2. <i>Violette.</i> | " 5. <i>Pensée.</i> |
| " 3. <i>Rose.</i> | " 6. <i>Héliotrope.</i> |

Cramer, Beale and Co.; Paris, Brandus and Cie.

Excepting always those very few whose transcendent merits distinguish them from all others, we may divide musicians into two classes.

The first of these, or at least that which critics have the habit to rank as the higher, consists of such as aim at a very high standard of excellence, but who see not with sufficient clearness the points they would strike; in other words, who rather emulate the beautiful, than appreciate it; who feel that there is something in the productions of the great masters beyond what admits of technical definition; as melodious progression, rhythm, harmonic combination and construction, but who cannot feel what constitutes this distinctive quality, and so vaguely strive to attain it in their own compositions, supposing that forced originality, or redundant elaboration of contrapuntal treatment, or of modulation, will give to their music that character which their intelligence enables them to observe in the works of others, but which their want of musical feeling prevents them from originating in their own.

Composers of this class we may designate artists of circumstance, who enter, we believe, upon the task of composition from design rather than from impulse; and, being men who possess in a greater or less degree an elevated order of intellectual capacity, apply all their powers to the cultivation of an art to which they have no natural vocation, and thus give to the world that very large mass of music which is without interest either for the professor, or for the layman, and which, while it is free from fault, is equally void of beauty.

The second class consists of those who are content to reflect the impressions they receive from those great works of art which their musical organization enables them to appreciate, although not to equal; and who, avoiding plagiarism, without producing anything new, reproduce these impressions in such varied forms and unaccustomed combinations, and so modified by the particular temperament and proficiency of the writer, as to give them, if not a decided originality, certainly a distinctive character, which must always have its amount of interest.

These we will distinguish as artists of nature, and the class comprises many composers whose position is next to that of the very highest; men who write, we may believe, from the love of writing, not from the ambition to distinguish themselves; from the necessity to write, not from the necessity for the profit of their productions, and who are, therefore, satisfied to put down the first thoughts that occur to them as they first occur to them, without torturing them out of their natural forms to force upon them an appearance of originality which they do not possess; or making the subject of such elaborate treatment as, being uncongenial to the ideas them-

selves, would annul the effect of their spontaneous freshness, and substitute nothing but pedantry and dulness in the place of it.

It is to this second class, though an humble member, that the author of the publications under notice belongs. His writings are characterized by fluency, spontaneous melody, decided feeling for something above commonplace, brilliancy, and a very large amount of effect for the executant, in proportion to the difficulty by means of which it is attained; but they show a want of schooling in their stiffness, and at the same time want of clearness, perspicuity, intention of construction, and in their occasional crudity of detail. Thus we find in them, without any striking originality, many truly charming ideas, and some very elegant passages that display, with good effect, the peculiarities of the instrument for which they are written; but an obvious want of purpose in the plan, which gives to them occasionally a vague wandering effect of lengthiness that approaches tedium, and some examples of harmonic combination or progression that, if not decidedly harsh, are certainly unsatisfactory. Upon the whole they are certainly of a description of music that will improve the taste, and stimulate the feeling of that order of players for whose performance they were designed, persons of that degree of intelligence whose literary appetite is satisfied with the diet of the ephemeral fashionable novels; who can appreciate elegance, who dream of beauty, but who know of sublimity nothing but its place in the dictionary.

"*Primevère*" is the most pretentious of the pieces before us and for that reason one of the most satisfactory. It contains all the faults we have specified as belonging generally to the writer, which are scarcely balanced by two very graceful melodic phrases. Its effect is certainly lengthy, the modulations are not well judged, and there is a passage in the key of G sharp major, at the bottom of page 5, that we think cannot gratify any ears but those of the author.

"*Violette*" is much shorter and proportionably better. Except for some curious affectations, peculiar to the author, and, especially an adventurous C sharp in the second bar that seems to have lost itself in a wrong key, and cannot find its way to a resolution, we should like it exceedingly.

"*Rose*" is a very graceful piece for the drawing-room.

"*Romarin*" as some resemblance to the funeral march in the *Gazza Ladru*, and it is written with some of the best things of Dussek; we are not unpleased to be reminded of this great original.

"*Pensée*" is our favourite of the series. The chief melody is unfortunately like Mr. Linley's ballad of "Constance," but the whole piece is, nevertheless, a most elegant and agreeable trifle.

"*Héliotrope*" we like the least of all. Even this, however, has quite enough in it to redeem it from inattention. A phrase occurring first in the key of B flat at page 5, which is not unsimilar to a popular subject in *Maritana*, is very pleasing.

In conclusion, we find more merit, and far more interest in these pieces, and in music of this character, than in the would be classical attempts of those composers who pervert such powers as nature has given them, in straining to produce what they cannot really conceive, and so giving nothing but tedious abortions to the world.

MARCHÉ MILITAIRE—POUR LE PIANO, PAR BLUMENTHAL.—
Cramer, Beale & Co.

All that has been said generally of the preceding pieces applies equally to this. It is brilliant, and comparatively easy; and it is certainly effective.

CANDIDATES FOR THE STAGE.

As war is called "the needy bankrupt's last resort," so is the stage often considered a certain haven of refuge for all who are unfit for anything else, or too idle to learn the rudiments of a laborious calling. It is the only trade which teaches itself, or comes by inspiration without apprenticeship. If Pitt was a "heaven-born minister" without experience, why not a perfect actor without practice? "I think I could do it quite as well, if not better!"

This is a common delusion of the untried theatrical tyro, who from pit or gallery listens to the applause which a Kean or a Kean can only elicit after twenty years' drudgery. It is in vain to paint this out to him. He tells you of Holland, and Powell, and Mossop, and Sheridan, who became actors all at once, and of Spranger Barry, who stepped from behind the counter on the boards, a perfect "Othello," and two years afterwards shook Garrick on his throne. All this was once said to me by a blear-eyed stripling without a voice, and not more than five-feet-one in stature, who wanted to come out in "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." I ventured to remark that Barry was singularly endowed by nature with physical requisites, such as are seldom combined in the same person, and that without some external gifts the case was hopeless. "Oh," said he, "genius could do without those paltry aids. Le Kain, the great French tragedian, was little and deformed, with a cast in his eye, a defective utterance, and an inexpressive face. Henderson spoke as if he had worsted in his mouth, had flat features, and a clumsy figure. Garrick was short and fat, and Edmund Kean was often husky." Heaven knows where he had picked up these rebutting facts, for he seemed to me profoundly uneducated, and spoke with a provincial accent which made my blood curdle.

Not long ago, a young lady wrote to me from the country, requesting to know if I could give her a benefit. She had never acted, and had never studied any particular character, but would undertake any leading part in tragedy I might suggest. She informed me she was engaged to be married, and could hit on no other means of furnishing her *trousseau*, or of detaining her affianced lord from an impending emigration to America. Another time, an angry candidate told me if I refused to engage him, he would appeal to the public, and publish my correspondence. As I could not for my life recollect that I had ever committed myself by writing to him, I was quite at a loss to guess how he could do this, but I told him calmly, as that was his intention, I would take care he should have very little to publish. The following letter is a specimen, from among the few I have preserved:—

"Sir,—i am a young man is daziroes of actin sheakspeer in youre theter. i hav a gud lddicashun, an am careless of trubl an ixpansis—I luk for no remunnerashong, I am wurthy to cummand, an in the meane time waite yur plaishure. an anser to a B at 3, Boot Lane wil confer obbliggashun. i doe not minshun my name til resalyng a favrite anser.—Youres, &c.

PATTEICK FLYNN.

Here is another, in a different strain, from a fair lady:—

"I have long resolved on a plunge which will determine the colour of my future life. The stage is my passion, and I am well read in the best dramatic authors. I have never acted, but have rehearsed twice before good judges, who assure me that I shall distance all competition. I wish to know what I am to expect for three performances of 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Julia,' in the 'Hunchback,' and 'Ophelia;' the three plays altered and re-written by myself to suit my own conceptions. I am twenty-three, my figure is *petite*, and has been pronounced faultless. My features are expressive, my eyes and hair dark, and my voice melodious. I do not think much of any actress now on the stage, and have formed ideas of my own, which I shall be happy to communicate, if this letter leads to what I wish—an interview. The bearer waits for your answer."

On this occasion, I felt curious to see my correspondent, and appointed time and place. She came in form, attended by a duenna, and presented to my view a little, fat, swarthy individual, unquestionably on the shady side of thirty-five, and altogether what the French call *laide a faire peur*. She was equally astonished and indignant that I would not encourage her views, and still more at my refusing to read her improvements on Shakespeare and Knowles. I was once actually challenged by an Amazon, or as I heard her emphatically called, "an Ajax of a woman," who had tormented me through many channels into giving her an appearance, and most unjustly suspected I had some share in a cri-

ticism on her performance which appeared in one of the papers, and was anything but flattering. She disguised herself as a naval officer, pretended to arrive suddenly at Gresham's from Kingstown, and wrote to the colonel commanding the garrison for a military second, as being an unprovided stranger. I verily believe she would have shot me if I had given her the opportunity, which I had no intention of doing, but the hoax exploded before there was any necessity to show fight.

I have always set myself stubbornly against the ambitious yearnings of stage-struck heroes or heroines. I have a natural disinclination to encourage young persons of either sex to embark in a profession where the chances of failure far outnumber the probabilities of success. I consider the metropolitan boards as an ineligible arena for these experiments, and, in a commercial point of view, the days have long passed when "the first appearance of a young lady or gentleman on any stage" produced an inflammation of the treasurer's accounts. I have got rid of many troublesome applications, and have spared the public some wearisome hours, by establishing a regular series of charges which the most confident and enthusiastic hesitate to encounter. Every unfledged novice who is burning to smell the lemps, assures you that he has interest to fill the house to suffocation; that his friends and the public are dying to see him; that the garrison will turn out to a man; that he is *almost* sure of the Lord Lieutenant's patronage; and that you are mad to deliberate. But if you remain deaf to the voice of the charmer, and say, in reply, "then pay me the moderate sum I require in exchange for all these brilliant advantages, and take them to yourself;" he pauses immediately, becomes blind to the alluring prospect, bows himself out, and ceases from further importunity.

Before the late reduction in prices, my regular scale was as follows:—

For an appearance in a five-act play	£70
Ditto in a three-act play	50
Ditto in a two-act farce	30
Ditto in an interlude, in one act	20
For my witnessing either of the above	10 extra.

Always excepting the last item, I should now, as a matter of course, modify all these charges to meet the depression of the times. I never found but one candidate enthusiastic enough to act on these conditions. He compounded for a selection from the "Revenge," in one act, to be considered as an interlude, and for which he paid £25. I "put him up," as the phrase goes, on the benefit night of a favourite comic actor. As he made his exit after the first soliloquy of "Zanga," a gallery wag said, very politely, "Thank'ee, sir, that will do;" which disconcerted the debutant for several minutes.—*Leaves from the Portfolio of a Manager.*

SCCILLANEOUS.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF THE SON OF MR. JULIUS BENEDET. —It is with the sincerest regret we have to announce a fatal accident which occurred on the Rhone on the 4th of the present month, to the son of Mr. Benedot, the eminent composer, a fine boy of 12 or 14 years of age, and which has plunged his family in the greatest affliction. The following letter, dated Marseilles, October, 6th, gives all the particulars which have reached us:—"You remember, of course, the old bridge of St. Euprit, the existence of which is a disgrace to the French government. It offers an obstruction to the course of the river, similar to that of old London Bridge when the tide was on the ebb. When there is much water in the Rhone it effects a complete rapid, so that great attention and dexterity are then required 'to shoot' the arch; the passage under which is at all times attended with more or less danger. On the occasion to which I allude (the 4th inst.), the river, swollen by recent rain, was barely practicable, and yet they neglected to lower the chimney of the steamer on passing. One of the crew seeing the danger (for the helmsman was unable to

keep us in the centre) ran forward, but he was too late. The chimney struck the arch, broke in the middle, and fell abast amongst a number of passengers, who had assembled at its base for heat and shelter, for the morning was cold and windy. Several English families were among the number, chiefly young girls, whose mothers happened to be at a distant part of the vessel. The confusion caused by the accident was very great, and it was increased by the smoke and soot which enveloped those in the neighbourhood of the funnel. As soon as it cleared away, it appeared that a fine boy, the son of Mr. Benedict, the composer, was dangerously wounded. An English physician, who was on board, gave every assistance, and the unfortunate youth was landed at Avignon, but, spite of every exertion, he expired during the evening from the injuries he received."

AWARD OF PRIZE FOR PIANO FORTES.—It would appear that the jurors, consisting of eminent professors of music, appointed to make the awards for the musical section of the Exhibition, had decreed to Messrs. Collard and Collard, the well-known pianoforte makers, a first class prize, the decision being unanimous. Another jury, called the group jury, consisting mainly of non-musical members, to whom the award had been subsequently submitted, have thought proper to reverse the decision, and to assign Messrs. Collard a secondary prize. Messrs. Collard have, in consequence, addressed a letter to the Royal Commissioners, protesting against such proceeding, and declaring their intention to reject any award but the one decreed to them by the musical jurors, and which decree they assert to be concurred in by a large body of the public, "among whom may be cited the names of some of the most eminent native and foreign professors of the age." They further state that it had never been intimated to them that the number or character of the various improvements introduced by them, and secured by patent right, should be brought into consideration, otherwise they would have been prepared to show that in this respect they were quite on an equality with their competitors. They had relied upon the supposition that the test of merit would be confined to the particular instruments exhibited, and which it will be seen was unanimously recognised by the musical jury in their favour. Messrs. Collard therefore request that the award be reconsidered, or that they be permitted to be heard before any competent tribunal to substantiate their claims. To this letter Mr. E. A. Bowring, acting secretary, replies on behalf of Her Majesty's commissioners, stating that at present (the letter is dated August 13th) they have no official cognisance of the awards of the various juries, and consequently are not in a position to entertain the question raised. In a second letter, Messrs. Collard stated that "No less than three great medals have been awarded among the few organs exhibited; while the pianofortes, one of the staples of our commerce, of which there are nearly 200 specimens, contributed by upwards of 100 exhibitors, the award has been limited to one great medal; an anomaly which we conceive is perfectly irreconcilable with the comparative commercial importance of the two instruments."—(*Manchester Times*.)

Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON and Mr. BRIDGE FRODSHAM have been singing at the Rotunda Room in Dublin with great *ecclat*. Mr. Levey, of the Theatre Royal, offered a renewal of their engagement to both lady and gentleman, but their services were required at Reading next week and they could not stay.

ALEXANDER LEE.—We regret to have to record the death of this well known and highly talented composer, which occurred last week. Alexander Lee was formerly the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and occasionally musical director under Mr. Bunn's management, and was the author of several ballads which obtained great popularity.

THE GREAT ORGAN FOR ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.—At the last meeting of the Town-council of Liverpool, Mr. J. B. Lydd stated that after the most mature consideration of the merits of various buildings, and seeing the organ which Mr. Willis had produced for the Great Exhibition, and the novelties introduced into that instrument, the committee had come to the unanimous conclusion that Mr. Willis should be the person to whom the building of the organ for St. George's Hall should be entrusted. The organ in question is intended to be larger than any other in the world, about twice the size of the famous one at Haarlem, and is intended to be furnished with at least 120 stops.

PROFESSOR WILSON.—We regret to learn that in consequence of the present delicate state of health of Professor Wilson, he has been obliged to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing session. Principal Lee is to undertake the duty for the learned professor.

RACHEL.—Such is the success of Mdle. Rachel's representations at Milan, that a mere admission to the theatre costs six Austrian lire, and a seat six more. An Austrian lire is equivalent to a French franc.

AMATEUR ACTORS.—The first performances out of London of the amateur actors playing for the Guild of Literature and Art, are fixed for November the 10th and November the 12th, at Bath and Bristol.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.—The *Constitutionnel* of Paris speaks in the highest praise of a prodigy whose name is Paladihi, the very young son of a physician at Montpellier, and whose power and precocity in music are said to be almost without precedent save in the case of Mozart. This is news, as we have a hundred times said, which, however welcome, cannot be received without grave solicitude by those who count up the instances of wreck and waste caused by too eager an acceptance, and too feverish a development of what may be called infant genius.—*Athenæum*.

MDLLE. RUMMEL.—This fair vocalist was lately married to M. Schott the well known music publisher at Brussels.

MDLLE DUPREZ has been singing with great success at Brussels in the *Sonnambula* and *Le Prophete*.

CARL ORBETHUR, the talented harpist and composer, is at Brussels.

ANECDOTE OF PORPORA.—A cardinal being desirous to obtain a good organist for his chapel, requested Porpora to attend the service for the purpose of giving his opinion upon the probationary performance of a candidate, who had been especially recommended to his eminence. In an attempt to extemporise at the opening of the service, Porpora readily discovered the organist's superficial knowledge of the science. The cardinal, after the mass, inquired with much anxiety Porpora's opinion of a person so favourably introduced to his notice, received this reply, "He must needs be a man of unbounded charity." "Well, well, but I want to know your opinion of him as a musician." "I have already given it," said Porpora; "for he letteth not his left hand know what his right doeth."

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THE GREAT EXHIBITION MEDALS.

Our readers will have perused, with no small degree of astonishment, the Protest of the Jurors, Class X a, in the matter of Broadwood and Sons, which appeared in our columns of last Saturday. At the first blush of the facts, it would seem altogether incredulous that in matters respecting the construction, principle, novelty, and excellence of pianofortes, any set of men could be found sufficiently bold and senseless as to set at defiance the matured and well-weighed opinions of Sterndale Bennett, Thalberg, Cipriani Potter, Sir Henry Bishop, Sir George Smart, the Chevalier Neukomm, Hector Berlioz, and others well qualified to adjudicate thereon; and the question would naturally arise, "Who are these great musical and mechanical authorities who have measured and contested the declarations of such able and practical men?" When it is discovered that the dissentients are composed of very amateurs and non-amateurs—men utterly incapable of passing any opinion whatever on the merits of the case—incredulity will be changed to a smile, and astonishment converted into indignation. To a still greater extent will the feelings of our readers be carried, when they learn that the "dissentients," not satisfied with putting their veto on the decision of the appointed jurors, assumed to themselves a power to which they had no possible right, and rescinded the award which, after fair trial and timely deliberation, had been conscientiously bestowed.

In order to afford a clear insight into the whole proceeding, we will lay a full statement of the case before our readers, who will then be enabled to form a true estimate of one of the most extraordinary acts of juridical perversion that ever issued from a body of honourable gentlemen.

In the account of the institution of the juries, read by Lord Canning in the Report before His Royal Highness Prince Albert, in the Great Exhibition, on the 15th inst., it is therein stated, "that they alone (the jurors) possessed

the requisite authority on all matters entrusted to them; that the functions of the Council of Chairmen were circumscribed and confined to framing rules to serve as a direction and guidance for the prizes; that under particular circumstances, a power was given them to place a veto on their decisions; but that *on no account were they to substitute or originate an award of their own.* The first act of the Council of Chairmen was to break through this specification, and to annul the decision of the constituted juries, who, in the case of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, awarded them the Council Medal.

It must be acknowledged that a gross error was committed at the very outset. The constitution of the three juries was in itself an absurdity. The first was entirely special, or professional. The second, called "Group Jury," consisted of the first, joined to groups taken from other juries. The decisions of the first jury were liable to be reversed by the second—that is, the judgment of the professionals was made amenable to that of the non-professionals—a most untoward, and ridiculous, and contradictory mode of obtaining knowledge on matters connected with art. The Council of Chairmen, composed of the chairmen of all the juries, (containing, therefore, only one specially qualified person for each case) could again control the decision of the second, or Group Jury. So that, the fewer special members a jury contained, the greater its authority.

Candidates had to pass the ordeal of all the three juries before obtaining a prize. The Messrs. Broadwood passed the two first, and were recommended for a Council Medal. According to the declaration of the Commission, as announced in the Report, this was binding on the Council of Chairmen, unless they could allege either irregularity in the previous proceedings, or shew that the award was only for *degree* of excellence, unaccompanied by *novelty*.

In the case of the Messrs. Broadwood, there was no charge of irregularity adduced in the proceedings of the two juries. In the face of a professional jury, the Council of Amateurs could hardly have ventured to deny the excellence of Messrs. Broadwood's instruments, while they could have attached no weight to the question of novelty, since they awarded a Council Medal to Messrs. Erard, avowedly for their "action," an invention patented in 1824, twenty-seven years ago.

Let it be understood here, that we are not directly advocating the cause of the Messrs. Broadwood, nor asserting the superiority of their pianos over those of contemporary

manufacturers; that is a question entirely foreign to our present purpose. We are upholding the broad principles of justice, and only desire that merit should be given where it is due, and has been duly awarded.

Granting that the excellence of the Messrs. Broadwood's instruments was allowed, and that their "novelty" was called in question, it was known—or should have been—to the Council of Chairmen, that the Messrs. Broadwood sent in a specification of several "important novelties" in the construction of their instruments, introduced within the last three years, and to which they mainly attribute their perfection, and upon which they laid great stress in their description. The honorable members of the council could not be supposed to understand the peculiarities of construction and the utilities contained in these "novelties;" but they must have been aware that such improvements could not have escaped the inspection of the first jury, or professionals, and should have paid peculiar attention to them in consequence.

In the Protest of the first jury it will be seen that allusion is made to a mis-statement—subsequently withdrawn—affecting Messrs. Broadwood's claims as "improvers" of the piano. According to the information conveyed to us, it was stated before the Council of Chairmen that the Messrs. Broadwood admitted the absence of novelty in the construction of their instruments; but this statement being rectified left the Council no loop to hang a doubt upon.

To show in what a vague and blundering manner the constitution of the juries was carried out, we may mention that Dr. Black, an American physician, (!) was nominated as one of the "musical jury." That he did not attend in Committee could not be esteemed a loss; but how he got to be appointed Messrs. the Commissioners alone can answer. Although this gentleman declared his agreement in the award of the jury to Messrs. Broadwood's pianos, he had previously asserted at a meeting of the "Groups" that, as a proof of the superiority of Messrs. Erard's pianos, the greater part of the foreign pianos in the building was copied after their model. This statement he subsequently withdrew, declaring it to be "erroneous."

The whole facts of the case may be thus simplified:—The first jury, or Professionals, awarded the "Great Medal" to Messrs. Broadwood and Sons for "their successful improvements in pianoforte making." This jury, for the greater part, was composed of the most competent judges in the country:—Thalberg and Sterndale Bennett, two of the first pianists of the day; Cipriani Potter, an admirable pianist and thorough musician; Sir Henry Bishop and Sir George Smart, men of renown in their art variously; Hector Berlioz, a great musician and critic, and one of the first authority in musical matters in Europe; the Chevalier Neukomm, an able and popular composer and professor; Dr. Shafthautl, a German musician of fame—all of whom decided that the Messrs. Broadwood were entitled to the Council Medal. The second, or group jury, unanimously ratified their decision. The Council of Chair-

men, without cause or reason assigned, annulled the verdict of both and refused the award.

We cannot pretend to fathom the motives of the members of the Council of Chairmen in reversing the decisions of both the professional jury and the group jury. We would not accuse them of partizanship, seeing that they are all honorable men, of positions and incomes; nor of hostility having no clue or line to get at their reasons; nor of being influenced by the hints and opinions of others, knowing that honorable men have wills and determinations of their own. We must therefore—unwillingly, we say—set down their fiat to sheer ignorance and presumption; and in this we but plead in their behalf, since the most ingenious advocate could discover no better extenuation or apology for such unaccountable and unparalleled misapplication of the simplest rules of common justice.

Judicially speaking, the Council of Chairmen were selected to act in the place of judges. They were to receive the verdict of the jury, and pass sentence accordingly. This is the first time we have heard of a judge rescinding the verdict of a jury. What would be said of the Lord Chief Baron, or Chief Justice in a court of law, if, after hearing the decision of twelve constituted men, he were to exclaim, "Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is all very well for you to bring me up such a sentence. I know better. I shall reverse your verdict?" The parallel is not favourable to the Council of Chairmen. In the law case, the jury might haply be entirely ignorant of the technicalities of the matter at issue. The Judge might, peradventure, have the best possible reasons for believing that the conclusion to which the jury arrived was contrary to law and equity. In the other instance, the jury alone was master of the subject—the judges were the ignoramuses.

We may mention here as a significant fact, which we have received from the very best authority, that had there been only one Council Medal to be awarded, it would have been unhesitatingly given to Messrs. Broadwood and Sons by the first jury.

In the case of the Messrs. Collard, the decision was hardly less grievous and vexatious. The professional jury—the only competent tribunal, as every unprejudiced person must allow—unanimously awarded a Council Medal to that celebrated firm. The verdict was rescinded by the Second, or Group Jury.

The Council of Chairmen have won for themselves a by no means enviable renown. They will be long remembered in the annals of the Great Exhibition, as among its rarest and most striking curiosities. The contributors to the Crystal Palace will not soon forget the fusion of the Dogberry and Angelo authority exemplified in some of the constituted officials. But as imbecillity is not always stingless, nor arrogance without its acumen, it were to be wished that the solemn protest of the professional jurors may have its effect in awakening His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the

Commissioners to a sense of the insults offered and the injuries inflicted. The Messrs. Broadwood have nothing to apprehend from the obliquitous view taken by their judges. They stand in no need of praise or recommendation from juries on benches, or councillors in chairs. The flats of Councils of Chairmen are to them matters of small moment. Their name is world-wide. They may repose on their laurels, well-won and hard-won. They may look with indifference on decisions and decretals propounded as they were at the Great Exhibition. Neither will the reversal of their judgment affect the honourable body of the Professional jurors. Their names stand too high to be influenced by puny and ignorant antagonism. The celebrity they have gained, and the honours they have won, will still flourish, despite jejune attempts of puerile amateurship to cast a shadow over their brightness. And so a first and last farewell to the Council of Chairmen of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

A VILLAGE ORATORIO.

By GEORGE HOGARTH.

A few years ago, during the Easter holidays, I witnessed a scene, common in the West of Riding Yorkshire and the adjoining districts of Lancashire and Derbyshire, but unknown in any other part of England—the performance of a village oratorio. It was delightful, not merely as gratifying the musical taste, but the feelings derived from the contemplation of innocent happiness. The performance was announced, and a *programme* published, containing a splendid selection from the works of Handel and Haydn, with all the “pomp and circumstance” of a musical festival. A walk of a mile or two along a pretty road, covered with gay parties of the “beauty and fashion” of the neighbourhood, in their carriages, barouches, and cabriolets, and with equally gay and happy, but humble groups, tripping joyously along in their holiday attire, all animated and enlivened by the bright beams of a vernal sun, led me to a handsome and spacious village church, where, in due time, these various groups were congregated into a numerous audience. The organ loft presented the imposing spectacle of a large and well appointed orchestra and chorus, with the principal male and female performers, names not unknown to fame, that is, a fame extending some twenty miles round, duly ranged in front. I waited with some apprehension for the voice that was to burst from this goodly body, fearing that it might dispel the charm. But the first grand crash of the instruments, and the first swelling peal of the chorus, made me feel that I had nothing to fear. A simple and majestic overture of Handel, followed by a chorus of the same character, disposed every body to earnest attention; and a succession of the most magnificent, complicated, and arduous sacred compositions extant, given in a profusion that would have surfeited the sickly stomachs of our metropolitan *dilettanti*, were listened to with a depth of silence which I have never witnessed, save in an assembly engaged in devotion. The performers were not unworthy of the audience. I felt little surprise at the correctness of the choruses; for the choristers of this district have long enjoyed unrivalled celebrity in that respect; but I expected to find it accompanied with considerable noise and coarseness. I was, however, agreeably disappointed: and, indeed, a little reflect-

tion might have told me that a degree of familiarity with music of the most exalted kind, sufficient to produce ease and accuracy in its performance, must also refine the taste and raise it above vulgarity. Even in the *solo* singers, this, to a considerable extent, must happen, though, in their case, the standard of refinement is necessarily higher; and, accordingly their style, on the whole, possessed a purity far beyond what might have been expected from their opportunities, and far surpassing what is to be found among country singers of any other class.

Of these singers and players, very few are professional. Most of them are industrious tradespeople, cultivating music from love of the art, and making its practice their dearest recreation. The only professional use they make of it, is their accepting engagements to perform at the great music meetings all over the kingdom, where their services are indispensable; but even this they do on terms which exclude the idea of mercenary views,—their remuneration seldom exceeding what is necessary to defray their expenses. But they see something of the world, they hear their beloved Handel in all his grandeur and beauty, and that is enough for them. The performers belong to the same class with the greatest portion of their audience, among whom are their families, their kindred, their friends and associates; so that the spirit of music pervades the people of this district in a manner unknown and unfelt in the rest of our island. To see anything like it, we must go among the rustics and artisans of several parts of Germany, where we may still meet with those pictures of simple and virtuous happiness which seem to be fast disappearing from the earth. These humble musicians of Yorkshire have many a time reminded me of the pleasing domestic picture of Haydn's family, given by one of his biographers. The father of that great man was a wheelwright in a sequestered Austrian village; and exercised, besides, the functions of sexton and organist to the village church. “He had a fine tenor voice, was fond of his organ, and of music in general. On one of those journeys which the artisans of Germany often undertake, being at Frankfort-on-the-Main, he learned to play a little on the harp: and on holidays, after church, he used to take his instrument while his wife sang. The birth of Joseph did not alter the habits of this peaceful family. The little domestic concert came round every week: and the child, standing before his parents with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, when loaded with years, and with glory, often recalled the simple airs which he had sung,—so deep and indelible an impression had those first melodies made on his soul.” It would not be difficult to find, in Yorkshire, such families as those of the good wheelwright, and such domestic concerts as those which awoke the genius of his illustrious son. Out of some family of this sort, too, an English Haydn might have sprung, were a musical education as generally accessible in England as it is in Germany.

The district which thus forms the musical focus of England is filled with a dense manufacturing population. Its inhabitants are crowded together in numberless towns and villages; its once romantic streams are made to toil in giving motion to machinery; and its blue skies are lost in clouds of ever enduring smoke. For rustics there are artisans; for solitary shepherdesses, troops of factory girls. There are fluctuations in employment and in wages; transitions from abundance which tempts to reckless and riotous profusion, to grinding penury and its equally baleful train. There are, in

short, all those elements of misery and vice which are so fearfully at work among the people of England; and yet it is no less gratifying than true, that some power counteracts their operations. The people, in their manners and usages, retain much of the simplicity of the "olden time;" the spirit of the industrious independence maintains its ground among them in spite of the demoralizing progress of pauperism and poor laws; they are religious in spite of the spread of infidelity; and they love their families and firesides, in spite of the attractions of the beer-shop. All this, of course, is not universally the case; but its general truth, to a remarkable extent, will be doubted by no one who has lived among and known the people of this neighbourhood. The power to which these effects are, in a very considerable degree, to be ascribed, we hesitate not to affirm, is Sacred Music.

Music has been given us, by our bountiful Creator, to assist in smoothing the path of human life. The same Being who has covered the face of nature with bright and beautiful colors, has filled the air with sweet and expressive sounds. He has taught us to listen to the melody of the birds, the sighs of the passing breeze, and the accents of the human voice, with feelings akin to those with which we gaze on the glorious heavens, the verdure of the woods, and the meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers. And he has taught us too, to make our sense of the beauties of nature, derived from the eye or the ear, the foundation of two exquisite arts, by which not only our perceptions of these beauties are quickened and enhanced, but our intellectual and moral qualities are called into action. Painting and Music perform much higher parts than that of merely ministering to human pleasure. They are great moral agents; and (according as they are used or abused) powerful instruments of good or ill. Painting has been but too successfully prostituted to purposes of grossness and depravity; but a mind must be gross indeed, that is incapable of deriving purity and elevation from the divine conceptions of Raphael; and hopelessly depraved, to be unable to profit by the fearful warnings of Hogarth. As a moral agent, however, the influence of Music is more powerful than that of Painting. To look at pictures a calm and contemplative pastime, generally resorted to at seasons when the mind is not predisposed to excitement. Music most frequently exerts its power in heightening an excitement that already exists. In the one case, (to draw an illustration from physics,) the *vis inertiae* of the mind requires a very strong impulse to put it in motion; in the other, rapidity is given to a previous movement by an accelerating force. To the sensualist, the blandishments of luxurious indulgence are rendered more alluring by the addition of voluptuous music; while, on the other hand, courage is raised to heroism by the sound of the trumpet, and devotion kindled into rapture by the peal of the organ, and the solemn swell of choral voices, joining in songs of thanksgiving and praise. How beautifully does Milton describe the effect of Sacred Music in exalting religious feeling!

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the cloister's studious pale,
And love the high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

The highest and noblest musical compositions,—even if we consider them merely as productions of art—are those consecrated to the service of religion. They are the work of those who have reached the very summit of excellence—of those in whose bosoms the fire of genius has burned with the most transcendent brightness. It is impossible to be conversant with such works without being in some degree imbued with the spirit which gave them birth. There are persons who affect to despise the moral and religious influence of music and tell us that people resort to our churches to hear *The Messiah* for the same reason that they go to the theatre to see *Macbeth* or *Othello*,—that is, for the sake of amusement. Granted that they go with that view, is amusement all they obtain? Even from *Macbeth* and *Othello* much moral good may be drawn, and much more might be drawn were it not for the sources of evil contained, not in those matchless pieces themselves, but in the places where they are represented. Our very churches, even when employed in the rites of religion, are sometimes resorted to for unhallowed sport. But "fools, that come to scoff, remain to pray;" and something similar I believe to be the case with many who go to hear *The Messiah* of Handel. With whatever levity of spirit they may enter the church, few leave it without feeling themselves, for a time at least, both "sadder and wiser." Look at the altered demeanor of the departing audience. Observe the slow step, the suppressed speech, the stillness of feature which indicates the subsidence of strong emotion; and then judge whether persons bearing marks of so subdued a spirit have been engaged in a mere amusement.

If such is the case with those who listen only occasionally to the most sublime and hearty touching passages of Holy Writ, conveyed through the medium of the noblest and most pathetic strains ever imagined by human genius, how much deeper and more abiding must be their impression on those who find in them the sweetest relaxation from their daily toil, and the most pleasing occupation of their hours of ease and happiness! When, therefore, the favored pastime of the artisans and mechanics of Yorkshire is of so sober and chastened a character, can we wonder that their moral and social condition should be such as I have already described? To encourage and promote among them so salutary a recreation ought to be the care of their employers; and the example given by a very eminent member of their body well worthy of general imitation.

"Mr. Strutt, of Belper," says a writer in a musical journal, "encourages music from a much higher view than that of ministering to his own gratification. He is one of the greatest manufacturers in the kingdom, and his immense establishments give employment and support to a numerous population, to whose comfort and welfare he pays unwearied attention. It is in pursuit of this benevolent object that he promotes the cultivation of music among them. At a great sacrifice, both of time and money, he encourages its practice among his male and female work-people who show a disposition for it; and engages a music master from Derby, twice or thrice a week, to give them lessons. Among these people he truly finds that music '*emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus*;' and it is earnestly to be wished that such an example were generally followed in establishments where great numbers of people are employed. Wherever the working classes are taught to prefer the pleasures of intellect, and even of taste, to the gratification of sense, a great and favourable change takes place in their character and manners. They are no longer driven by mere vacuity of mind to the beer-shops; and

a pastime which opens their minds to the impressions produced by the strains of Handel and Haydn, combined with the inspired poetry of the Scriptures, becomes something infinitely better than the amusement of an idle hour. Sentiments are awakened which make them love their families and their home; their wages are not squandered in intemperance and they become happier as well as better."

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grilliers.)

(Continued from page 666.)

A "CONCERT MONSTRE."

In New York, as in all large towns of commerce it is very difficult for an artist (no matter how renowned he may be) to keep public attention awake for any length of time. The North American is passionately attached to business, partakes moderately of amusements, and holds the arts but in moderate esteem; in regard to the latter, one is compelled to employ the most extraordinary devices, to have, as it were, his attention continually on the "*qui vive*;" and these artful stratagems must be renewed as frequently as possible. Knowing this, and not wishing to lose any of my popularity, I (at my seventeenth concert) announced by large bills and in all the newspapers, my "*Last Concert but Three*," then "*but Two*," and then my last one. This latter was re-demanded, and then it was my "*Farewell Concert*;" the number of persons in no way diminished, the room was as full and as crowded as on the first day. I could not reasonably abandon so successful a vein, and determined to announce a "*Concert Monstre*" for which I had arranged a piece for eight pianos and sixteen pianists. This project had hardly got whispered about (the newspapers had not even mentioned it) before every seat was retained. One might be puzzled to explain this eagerness were I not to add that, never before in New York a reunion of so many pianists had taken place, and that many imagined there would be a struggle for superiority on the part of each. This announcement had the effect of putting all the town in commotion; my concert was spoken of as a thing without a precedent; each artist had his champion and adversary, which was the occasion of numerous bets, both in drawing-room and club, so that to some this concert bore all the importance of a stock jobbing investment. At last the eventful evening arrived, and as soon as the doors were opened the concert-room was taken completely by storm; everybody wished to be in front to be as close as possible to the opponents; it appeared as if the public had come to witness a horse race and not a concert. I will then let it be imagined, how, at the onset, they were disappointed when the first phrases of the introduction were played with such perfection of "ensemble" that, had one's eyes been closed, it could have been believed that there was but one player. However, their amazement, in a short time, gave way to unbounded enthusiasm, not a shade or intention escaped the wondering crowd; it was not the struggle they had foreseen, but a pacific and glorious reunion of talent, each appearing to give way to one another—to wish to be forgotten individually; it was in the end a reciprocal struggle of abnegation, and so great was the effect of the piece that thrice I had to repeat my "*Concert Monstre*."

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS.

It is with the greatest satisfaction I take this opportunity of rendering homage to the artists who assisted me on this occasion with a kindness and good will I shall long remember. Several of them, M. M. Scharfenberg, Timm, Thibout, and Etienne, are already known by reputation in Europe: there are others of the greatest merit amongst them, and even in Paris would occupy a position that might be envied by many.

The taste for music, and the piano in particular, is so general in New York that an innumerable number of artists, both men and

women, live very comfortably by the lessons they give, which, I must add, are very well paid. I have known several who, in a remarkable short space of time, gained an independence. The first time I stopped in New York there was a young person whose parents, some years before, had quitted France and settled in this capital. Mdlle. Chouquet, brought up at Havre and Paris, had been instructed by the best masters. On arriving at New York she had devoted herself to teaching the pianoforte with an ardour that had been crowned by complete success. Owing to her noble and generous efforts and admirable talent, happiness had returned to the bosom of her estimable family. The time she could spare from teaching was devoted (and most successfully) to composition. Her works were just beginning to be favourably received when cruel death put an end to her successful and enviable career. Mdlle. Chouquet was only aged 22, and I am certain that in a few years she would have realised a handsome fortune.

Though commercial interest predominates in the "*Empire City*," music has become an indispensable part of education. Every young Miss, genteely brought up, is taught the piano, and if she should only get as far as to be able to play the famous "*Yankee Doodle*," or "*Hail Columbia*," her parents are perfectly satisfied: their daughter is a musician and they demand no more. Still there is in New York (as in Paris) to be found lady-amateurs who sing and play as true artists. I remember hearing the wife of the French Consul, Mdlle. de Laforetôt, sing some of Schubert's melodies and some operatic airs with a taste and facility that many artists would be happy to equal: nor can I forget the astonishment and admiration I experienced through another young person, Mdlle. Thibout, who unites to the three-fold talent of pianist, harpist, and singer, literary talent of the greatest variety and profoundness. She writes with rare elegance, and converses with the most wonderful vivacity, tempered by an adorable sweetness of disposition; and whether she sings or plays the harp or piano, her superiority is betokened by an expression of unmistakable originality.

PIANOFORTE MAKERS AND MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

It cannot but be noticed that instrumental manufacture in New York has not equalled the teaching of music; very few grand pianos are made; the upright pianos are not liked on account of their contributing so little towards furnishing a drawing-room, and the square pianos leave much to be desired in regard to their mechanism. Still there are pianos to be found which might, without disadvantage to the quality of tone, be placed by the side of those of our best makers; but there are exceptions, and I have great pleasure in mentioning M. Stodart, Messrs. Nunn and Clark who are making the greatest efforts to uphold American manufacture from a bad and unfortunate routine which, fortunately, is yet in its infancy. I shall, in the course of this narrative, find an opportunity of mentioning an excellent manufacturer of Boston, M. Chickering, who occupies the first place in instrumental manufacture in the north of America.

There is in New York a great number of music sellers; the most important, and those who correspond with those of Europe, are Messrs. Firth, Pond & Co., Messrs. Kersieg and Breussing, and Messrs. Scharfenberg and Luis. They publish a few works by resident composers, but their principal commerce is in the sale of French and German editions and the reprinting of the works which have the greatest success in Europe. In New York, as in Belgium, reprinting has become nearly the sole staple of music publishers. This leper of art and intelligence is so deeply rooted that without some international treaty, based upon the most rigorous penalties, it will be found incurable. To give a sample of audacity and to show the extent to which this kind of business is carried I will cite one circumstance—a personal one.

SINGULAR AUDACITY OF AN AMERICAN MUSIC PUBLISHER.

In one of my concerts, for the first time I had played a fantasia, of which the themes were some Negro songs, well known in New York. This composition, doubtless on account of its rhythm and the popularity of the airs, was received with great favour. We may say, attracted some notice from the musical portion of the community. My concert had taken place on Thursday; when

after I was not a little surprised, in reading a newspaper, (wherein was a notice of my concert) to see my piece advertised to be published on the Monday following at —, in the Broadway. My manuscript had not left my portfolio. I was certain no one had it in hand; and I was still more convinced that I had not disposed of it to any music publisher. I imagined that this advertisement could only be an error committed by some journalist desirous of showing me his kindness, and thought nothing would be easier than to rectify it. The next day I called upon the publisher, who, in the advertisement, was announced as the possessor of my piece, and, without saying who I was, I asked him what sort of a piece it was that Henri Herz had played the Tuesday before in his concert. Without answering categorically my question, Mr. — began outrageously to praise the fantasia I thought myself better acquainted with than he could possibly be. To render, said he (with emphatic ridicule), the edition worthy the merit of the work and reputation of the author, he had published it with such luxury, in regard to paper and engraving, that was quite unprecedented in New York, and at the same time he went and took a copy from the most conspicuous part of his shop. He presented it to me with a self-satisfied smile, somewhat indicating he held in his hand a Californian mine. On the outside cover the name of Herz was printed in large letters; I cast my eye on the first notes, and immediately discovered it was an abominable compound of the same themes to be found in my fantasia. I queried of Mr. — if he knew me, and if it was from M. Henri Herz himself he had received the manuscript. "Certainly," answered he, with the greatest coolness, "and I can assure you it cost very dear." "Are you certain," I rejoined, "that it is the same Henri Herz now, at the present moment, in New York, and are you quite certain of its being identical with the piece he played in his concert last Thursday?"

To this question, which I had asked with ill-concealed irony, my self-styled publisher stammered an evasive answer. I persisted still more, and he, seeing himself driven into a corner, said, not without visible embarrassment, that the piece was by M. Herz. Surprised at so much audacity, I could no longer contain my indignation, and cried, that as he had had personal interviews with M. Henri Herz he must recognize him, for he was present. "Well, yes," answered he, in a most barefaced manner, "it is a piece by M. Herz," wishing to make it appear, and thinking I would believe there was another composer in New York bearing the same name as myself. Not being able to do myself justice, I addressed myself to the public through the press, and to a tribunal through my lawyer. Can you guess in what manner ended the publicity I gave this base cheat? The result was that, instead of my stopping the sale of the piece so grossly travestied, I contributed, in despite of myself, to augment its sale, and in a short time Mr. — sold more than fifteen thousand copies. My edition, whose authenticity could not be disputed by any one, had come later and could not sustain the opposition this unworthy publisher had put forth; it had gained too much ground by the publicity I invested it with, and I was vanquished in this unequal struggle.

(To be continued.)

Braniatic.

BURNEY THEATRE—On Monday, a new drama was produced entitled *Dreaming and Waking*, written by Mr. Morris Barnett and Mr. Angus Reach. The dialogue is pointed and neat—the characters artistically opposed, and the construction clear, natural, and thoroughly effective. We have rarely seen a piece with less surplusage. The scene is laid in France, and the incident upon which the drama turns, has occurred ten years before the rising of the curtain. A young lieutenant, Edward de Sauval (Mr. T. Mead), during a visit to a disordered district, falls in love with a country girl, Louise Jane Coveney. The attachment is unhappy; she is wronged, gives birth to a son, and the betrayer dies for Africa. He there wins honours and a colonel's rank, and the girl, however, excites the sympathy of a

lady, who soothes her sorrows and superintends her education. Ten years elapse, and the Colonel returns, laden with honours, to the village where Louise resides, and there, in saving her child from drowning, is himself all but lost in the river. Louise discovers in the saviour of her child her betrayer. She has him conveyed to her house, and tends him till his health is reinstated. She watches by his pillow, ministers to his wants, and determines to regain his affections, awaken his principles of honour, and force him to acknowledge his error and repair the injustice. For this purpose she takes advantage of his recovery and arranges the apartment so as to restore the appearance of all around him to what it was at the moment he departed for Africa. She assumes the peasant's dress, and by her manner and conversation leads him to believe that every subsequent circumstance is the effect of a dream. The Colonel is mystified, and Louise is about to succeed, when the entire fabric is cast down by the entrance of Joquinot (Mr. H. Widdicomb) the waiter of the neighbouring inn, who accosts him as Colonel. Louise is then fain to essay a new plot. She presents herself as a lady of fortune, a moiety of which she is anxious to bestow on him. The Colonel is struck by her resemblance to Louise, the grace of her manner, and the refinement of her language, but speedily discovering the ruse, he determines to punish her for her want of faith in his honour, and pretends to be married, and a father. Louise is overwhelmed with despair; but the Colonel presenting her with a portrait of the child, which she finds to be that of her own, the happy mother rushes into his arms, and he acknowledges her as his wife. We must mention that in the Colonel's regiment is Jean, a sergeant of dragoons (Mr. Shepherd), the brother of Louise, who, indignant at the seduction of his sister, determines to leave the service and seek satisfaction of his Colonel. The scene in which the interview takes place between the two is strongly wrought, and elicited the enthusiastic plaudits of the house.

The action commences with the return of Jean to his village, his meeting with his sister, and the saving from drowning of his own child by the Colonel. The piece was played with great care, and perfect ensemble of effect. Miss Coveney, a natural and graceful actress, gave the part of Louise with pathos and perfect consistency of idea. We have not often seen a more quiet and womanly personation. Mr. Shepherd rendered the blunt and honest Sergeant with truthful heartiness, and Mr. Mead's Colonel was artistic and impressive. The scenes of his bewilderment and mystification were given with a quiet intensity worthy the Parisian stage. The two minor parts of Joquinot and Clarette were pleasantly filled up by Mr. Widdicomb and Miss H. Coveney.

The drama was completely successful, and Mr. Mead and Miss Coveney were loudly summoned before the curtain.

Original Correspondence.

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your correspondent "H. J. T.," asks a question rather difficult to answer, for Burney's History has become very scarce. It is, however, sometimes to be met with at the music and book sales of Messrs Puttick and Simpson of Piccadilly. With regard to "H. J. T.'s" second question; Mr. Bohn, two, three, four, or more years since, announced that he thought of publishing a new edition, in, I believe, his Standard Library, continued up to the present time. He seems to have thought better of it, much to the regret of a great many like "H. J. T.," unable to get the old edition. Qy: Is it not rather remarkable that none of our great music houses have re-printed? Your obedient Servant,
20th Oct. 1851. G. R. CERVELLO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having of late been in quest of a copy of Burney's *History of Music*, I am enabled to answer your correspondent's query. The only copy, I believe, now in the market, is one in the possession of Mr. Bohn, the publisher, which he will not part with under a very considerable price.

That gentleman had some intention of republishing the work, in one of his Libraries, and sincerely is it to be wished that this project may still be carried out. I could only suggest as an improvement on so excellent a plan, that it should be made to assume a larger form, more adapted to a book of reference; and I cannot help remarking that were your correspondent's suggestion adopted, and the book republished, (in a handsome quarto edition,) there would be no lack of persons ready and willing to subscribe to the undertaking.

I am, Sir,

Yours Obediently,

BELFAST.

Brighton, Oct., 1851.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Can you give me any explanation on some points relating to the distribution of Prizes by the authorities of the Great Exhibition, which, I confess, have fairly puzzled me?

In the list of those who obtained Prize Medals, published in your last week's number, I find the names of Messrs Broadwood, and of Messrs Collard; but by whom was this distinction awarded to them? *not*, it would seem, by the Juries—the protest of six Jurors, and another document, previously published by Messrs Collard, sufficiently prove this. Yet it follows from Lord Canning's account of the constitution of the Juries, that *they alone* possessed the requisite authority, and that the functions of the Council of Chairmen were limited, they being authorized to frame rules for the guidance of the Jury: under certain circumstances, to place a veto on its decisions: but in no case to substitute, or originate, an award of their own.

Now, the Council Medal, proposed by the Jury for both Messrs Collard and Messrs Broadwood, constitutes an award, different both in degree and in kind from the Prize Medal which they receive!

With regard to the Council Medal, the practice of the Commissioners is equally at variance with their professions. They declare novelty of construction, to be a main and essential qualification; and yet award to M. Erard a Council Medal, for an invention patented (by his own account) twenty-seven years ago!

It must not be inferred from the foregoing remarks, that I wish to decry either Messrs Broadwood, Erard, or Collard, as manufacturers. All, and each, have their several and particular merits, which are too well known to be affected by the awards to which I have adverted: but it is very important that the public should understand clearly on what grounds the decisions are founded; otherwise all distinctions conferred on Exhibitors, be they Council Medals, or Prize Medals, will alike lose their value.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

NO DOUBTS ABOUT CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have been greatly astonished at the doubts expressed by your correspondent Pyrrhus, as to the genius and merit of the compositions of Cherubini. It is a pity he did not peep at more of his works before giving his doubts to the world, for I think any person having a moderate musical knowledge, would, after hearing Cherubini's magnificent masses and overtures, agree in placing him amongst the greatest composers that have ever existed.

If Pyrrhus continues sceptical, I beg to refer him to the Grand

Mass in F, particularly to the "Gloria," the "Credo," and the "Benedictus," which, for united grandeur, learning, expression, and melody, I consider unrivalled; the second Mass, in D minor, the third, in A, the fourth in C, and the Requiems in C minor, and F, may also be consulted with great advantage.

Let us hope that some of these days the Sacred Harmonic Society may perform these Masses, and give the public an opportunity of hearing these superb compositions, which have too long been kept in the background.

I enclose my card, and am,

Sir, Your Obedient Servant,

AN OCCASIONAL READER.

London, 22nd Oct., 1851

Reviews of Music.

"DIRECTORIUM CHORI ANGLICANUM"—The Choral Service of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland, compiled from authentic sources by BENJAMIN S. JOHN BAPTIST JOULE. London: J. A. Novello, 1849.

DITTO DITTO, Second Edition, 1850.

The purport of this publication is to enforce the performance of the Gregorian Chant or plain song in the divine service of the church of England, and this enforcement is made upon the authority, most particularly, of Archbishop Cranmer, who first adapted the canto fermo to the translation of the Litany, and who, the editor assumes, probably directed John Merbecke to set the rest of the prayer-book in strict accordance with the rules which regulated the composition of the Gregorian melody; all this being in opposition to the practice of Martin Bucer, or more properly Kuhnorn, the Dominican of Alsace, who, when Charles the Fifth compelled the temporary adoption of that equivocal form of worship called the Interim, accepted the English prelate's invitation to fix his residence in this country. This man, our editor tells us, was urged on by Calvin to promulgate that ultra-reform, the object of which was not to correct the abuses of the Roman church, but to set aside all the rites and forms of that venerable establishment, and, Mr. Joule gives us to understand, the Gregorian Chant amongst the number.

The editor's preface is enriched by a most simple and eloquent quotation from the "elaborate and seasonable works of the famous and prudent Mr. Richard Hooker," to the effect that music elevates and purifies the human mind, and is therefore an appropriate and desirable medium for addressing the Deity, and this now universally accepted principle which was inculcated by David, adopted by the fathers of the Christian church, and preserved with the most zealous care by Luther, is further supported in the present work by copious extracts from other writers.

We have then the Litany, set to the plain chant of Pope Gregory, which our editor professes to have purified upon the best authorities from many corruptions which have crept into it in the different uses of various cathedrals, and accompanied with harmony which he ascribes to Tallis, or at least declares that he has derived from ancient sources, "from versions which are attributed to Tallis, with how much correctness he does not pretend to say."

We have first to speak of the propriety of Mr. Joule's enforcement of the employment of St. Gregory's chant, and next of the manner in which he brings the same before the world for general acceptance. We are upon principle entirely opposed to the restoration of the Gregorian mode, since we find this to be without beauty, and therefore not desirable for the sake of its effect upon the hearers, who with modern education and consequently with modern taste in music, must receive entirely different impressions from the performance of the Gregorian chant, from those which it made upon the minds of men when it was first composed, or even when it was adopted in the reformed church, at which time the art was still in a very primitive condition. We are far from advocating the application of light or even florid music to the service of the church, but we protest that now, when the world is familiar with the sublimity of Handel's sacred music,

not to speak of the beautiful compositions of Gibbons, Purcell, and the many other musicians who have devoted their genius to writing for the English church, the Gregorian plain chant, so far from elevating and purifying the mind, so far from inspiring it with feelings of devotion, can only produce upon it the effect of dull and dreary monotony.

The propriety of its preservation upon the ground of its antiquity we utterly deny, since the Gregorian chant itself was an innovation upon the still more simple chant of St. Ambrose, in which the four authentic modes only were employed to the rejection of the plagal, and which prevailed for some two hundred years until Pope Gregory found it necessary to modify the music of the church to the then prevailing taste of the age.

Why therefore the congregations of the present day should be denied the advantage which the author of the *Cantus Gregorianus* found it necessary to give to his flock, namely, of having church music congenial to their musical taste and education, there is no principle in precedent to justify, and we therefore advance these objections in the confidence that the purposes of church music are greatly obstructed, if not entirely frustrated, by the obstinate adherence to an obsolete style of composition.

We will take it for granted however, that it is necessary to preserve the Gregorian chant in the church of England. In this case it is surely no less necessary that the parts for the alto tenor and bass should be written in the Gregorian modes than that the cantus or plain song should be; and we look upon it as imperative that the cantus itself should be written in some one or other of the Gregorian modes, and not transposed into a convenient key, with the modern innovation of flats and sharps, which entirely violates the principle of the old ecclesiastical modes, and gives to this very Gregorian music an effect which, at the time it was composed, could never have been conceived. The harmony of the present edition however, whether it be of Tallis or of whom else we care not, is so far as the simplicity of the plain song will admit, completely modern in character, abounding in unprepared dominant sevenths and other licences of the free style, which are not only incompatible with the ecclesiastical modes, but as here applied decidedly trivial in effect.

We have also to object to an important alteration of the practice of the early reformed church, which our editor has made in his arrangements, and this is the transplanting the plain song from the tenor part, in which it was the custom, in early times, to write it, into the treble; Mr. Joule's arguments in defence of this are, it is true, not without reason, but it is manifestly absurd to make a profession of retaining the harmony of Tallis, and at the same time to pervert it completely by the inversion of the parts. At any rate, if we are to have this ancient style of music forced upon us, let us have it with all its characteristic peculiarities, and not with such a miscellaneous and unmusicianly modification as is here presented. Besides the monotony of the plain song, besides the modern style of the harmony, besides the entire want of interest in the general effect, we have to complain of the continual alternation of the keys of C major and D major, a course of modulation so irrelative as to be at all times unsatisfactory, and from its very frequent repetition becomes absolutely offensive.

It is the great error of a certain church party in the present day to spend an immense deal of argument and still more paper and printing in endeavouring to restore the utmost possible barbarism in ecclesiastical music. Whatever may be the motives or the policy of the heads of this party for such an endeavour, it is not here to discuss; but when we see a purpose which we so much deprecate enforced with great pretensions, propped upon numerous authorities, and supported by a merely superficial musical knowledge, we feel it to be within our province to urge our strongest objections to what we consider the technical improprieties that show not only the inadequacy of the editor to treat the subject, but the very questionable fitness of the subject itself for treatment in these days when no intelligent person can remain unembued with the colour that music has received from the works of the great masters.

ALBUM LYRIQUE; Quatre Mélodies Italiennes avec Accompagnement de Piano; Composées par Alfr. Piatti.—Londres: Chez Schott et Cie.

These songs, which, besides being printed in London, have the advantage of being also published, according to the title-page, in Mayence, in Brussels, in Leipzig, in Vienna, and in Rotterdam, have, from this unusually extensive distribution, an equally unusual chance of becoming generally known. And we congratulate Signor Piatti, with whose talents as a composer we now for the first time become acquainted, not only upon his having obtained so wide a circulation for his productions, but also upon his having produced a series of songs that would be likely to find their way into considerable popularity, had they not the agency of this almost universal copyright to diffuse them over the world. Our pre-eminent violoncellist shews himself in these compositions a decided disciple of the Italian school, and the songs are favourable specimens of the style to which they belong.

"Di me Sovvengati" is our favourite of the set. It possesses much originality, and is, we think, very effective.

"La Fidanzata" is a graceful Tyrolienne, abounding in brilliant, and at the same time perfectly vocal passages.

Next in order we must rank "Il Mendico," which is more ambitious than its sisterhood, and which we should like without qualification, if it were not for a passage of modulation towards the end, which is not very satisfactory in itself, and not quite in keeping with the rest of the song.

"Un Addio" is not very attractive, but still forms an agreeable vocal exercise.

Beside the original Italian texts, Signor Piatti's "Mélodies" are accompanied by a German translation, which is fluently written, and well adapted to the music, by Mr. Carl Gollmick.

"RENDS MOI TON CŒUR."—Musique de ALFRED PIATTI.—Schott et Cie.

This single song, for a tenor voice, which has the same extensive list of publishers as the preceding work, is really a very charming piece of vocal writing. We prefer it to any of the pieces in the above series, and we have professed to like them considerably. It is admirably calculated for effect, and cannot fail to please whenever it is adequately rendered.

"THE PIANOFORTE PLAYER;" Third Series. A collection of pleasing and instructive pieces for the Pianoforte Solo.—Ewer and Co.

"Gazelle," impromptu for the piano, by W. Kruger, is the title of the present number. As for its being "pleasing," the publishers evidently think it so, for we cannot suppose them so Jesuitic as to attempt to persuade their purchasers to a way of thinking on the subject which themselves entertain not, and the publishers must be good judges in the matter. As for its being "instructive," why it is in the key of G flat, a circumstance which alone is highly instructive; and it abounds in passages that are to be accomplished at first glance by but very few players; and this necessitates considerable practice for the attainment of a perfect performance, and this naturally carries instruction along with it. As for ourselves, however, we find it one of the least interesting productions that Messrs. Ewer and Co. have laid before the public; and we turn from it with pleasure to the examination of the very much more important matter that these enterprising publishers have also sent us for review.

"ZULEIKA"—ROMANCE FOR THE PIANOFORTE—BY ARABELLA GODDARD. Cramer, Beale and Co.

A most acceptable present from the youthful and charming pianist. The characteristics of the "Romance" are neatness, elegance, and a sweet flow of tune. Miss Arabella Goddard has not taken a flight beyond her powers. "Zuleika" exhibits no attempt at fine writing, but what is aimed at is skilfully and satisfactorily attained. Nevertheless, musical feeling and musical acquirement are predominant, and we have seldom indeed seen a piece of the kind, of such slight and airy structure, written by one of Miss Arabella Goddard's years, in which the hand of inexperi-

ence is more artfully kept out of view, and a higher promise of better things held out. Mr. Macfarren's teaching has certainly not been thrown away, and we congratulate him on having obtained so talented and hopeful a pupil as Miss Arabella Goddard.

"FAIRY VISIONS."—BALLAD—SUNG BY MISS REBECA ISAACS—COMPOSED BY W. LOVELL PHILLIPS. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

A very pleasing ballad in B flat, 3-8 time Mr. Lovell Phillips's vocal compositions have always the merit of being tuneful and singable. The present song constitutes no exception. The accompaniments are smooth and satisfactory, and without exceedingly simple. We can recommend "Fairy Visions," without hesitation as an agreeable and characteristic ballad. The verses are not despicable, but they are sadly wanting in euphony. We have rarely found a harsher line intended for music than

"Thoughts breath'd by angels to mortals on earth."

The poet must be informed that there is melody in words as well as in notes.

"FANTASIA ON AIRS OF ALL NATIONS"—FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—WELLINGTON GUERNSEY. T. Boosey & Co.

In a Fantasia of All Nations we cannot perceive why Mr. Wellington Guernsey should have omitted Ireland—one of the most musical of countries—from his introduced airs. We have "Rule Britannia" for England; "L'Estrella" for Spain; "Cracovienne" for Poland; "The Bonnie House o' Airlie" for Scotland; the "Rhine Song" for Germany; an air from *Lucrezia Borgia* for Italy; and the "National Hymn" for Russia. The introduction is well written, and the different airs are skilfully worked in. Although the themes chosen might have been better, the *fantasia* has decided merit, and will make a good practice piece.

"THE CLIPPER; OR REGATTA POLKA."—J. G. CALLCOTT. Cramer, Beale & Co.

A capital polka—an exciting polka—a characteristic polka—a well-written polka. The name is a good one, too; and although the tune does not smack of the sea, nor of Yankeeland, or Yankee-water, nor, of a verity, of regattas in general, yet the dance has such a capital go-a-head melody, and is so brisk, lively, rattling, and bold, that it may be decidedly styled "a clipper." Altogether the "Clipper" is one of the very best and most original polkas which has come to our knowledge for some time, and we hang out in its behalf a very large flag of recommendation.

TALK OF HIM THAT'S FAR AWAY.—SONG—WORDS BY ROBERT BURNS—MUSIC BY THOMAS CHANTREY. Addison and Hollier.

Burns' exquisite lyric has found a by no means uncongenial musical illustrator in Mr. Thomas Chantrey. The melody has nothing of the national character, but the feeling of the words are well considered; and the song altogether is tuneful and vocal. We do not particularly admire the persistence of the notes B—E—B—E—B—E— on the words "Yielding late to Nature's Law." It has too much of the "see-saw" in it, and is more original than satisfactory. The ballad, however, has sufficient merit to entitle it to our recommendation.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent)—The *Theatre Italien* opened on Tuesday week with *Lucrezia Borgia*, Madame Barbieri Nini making her *debut* as the heroine. A new tenor, Graziani, and a new basso, Fortini, also appeared. The house was most brilliantly attended. All

interest seemed concentrated in the Barbieri Nini, of whom so much had been talked about lately, and various were the anticipations concerning her success. I need not tell you how cautious the Parisians are of trusting to the fiat of a London public, or to the opinions of the London press. The success of a *prima donna* in England goes for nothing with the audiences in the French Capital. You may remember with what distrust Alboni was received here, after her enormous success at Covent Garden. Alboni came to Paris with only a London reputation. On the other hand, Mdme. Barbieri Nini came with a great Italian reputation, consequently she was received with more favour and warmth. There was, however, no enthusiasm. The first air was applauded partially, and the curtain fell on the first act without any evident demonstration. The second act was received coldly throughout. There was a want of power and largeness in this act which the *habitués* remembered in Grisi, and the new *prima donna* fell back in the impression she made. In the third act, Madame Barbieri Nini recovered all her laurels. The *largo*, "M'odi, m'odi," was magnificently sung, displaying voice, style, and the most pathetic expression. The whole house was suddenly raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and Madame Barbieri Nini was recalled amid a state of excitement I have rarely witnessed at the *Bouffes*. Still I must pause before I call hers a great success. She did not, for instance, produce one half the legitimate sensation Sophie Cruvelli did last year. This is the general feeling. Madame Barbieri Nini, however, has many strenuous supporters, and among them some of the best judges. Graziani is a nice singer and has an agreeable voice. Nothing more can be predicated of him yet. Fortini had a severe cold, so of him I can say nothing. As far as I was enabled to judge, the band went admirably under the new direction of M. Ferdinand Hiller, whose place in the Orchestra is hailed as a decided acquisition to the theatre by all the musical *dilettanti* of Paris. Mr. Lumley has put his shoulder to the wheel in earnest. The company is powerful and the prospectus interesting. Among the novelties to be brought out are Paesello's *Barbiere*—which has already excited great curiosity among the lovers of Rossini—a new posthumous opera by Donizetti, and one or two of Verdi's latest operas for the new tenor Guasco, from whom very great things are expected. I trust he will not belie Rumor. Mr. Lumley is sadly in want of a first rate tenor to complete his corps. Mdle. Wertheimer, the distinguished pupil of the *Conservatoire*, is engaged as *prima donna* at the *Opera Comique*. This young lady has already made a great stir in the musical *salons* of Paris. After a course of two years study under Bordogni, Mdle. Wertheimer carried off the first prizes at the Academy. A new opera, I am told, is being written expressly for her by Messrs. Grisar and De Saint Georges.

NEW YORK, (Oct. 4).—The Third Grand Concert of Catherine Hayes took place at Tripler Hall last Saturday. There was a brilliant and crowded audience, numbering over 4000 people. The programme was the same as the first concert, and as the result was the same, we shall not go into details of Concert No. 3, merely stating that the enthusiasm was fully equal to the first demonstration.

The Fourth Concert contained several new features; the programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture—Zampa..... Herold
Duet—"Un tenero core" (Roberto Devereux)..... Donizetti
Signor Lorini and Miss Virginia Whiting.

- Cantata—"Adelaide" Beethoven
Mr. A. Braham.
- Grand Scene and Aria "Before mine eyes behold
him" (*Der Freyschutz*) } Weber.
Miss Catherine Hayes.
- Song—"Die Fahnenwacht" (*The Standard
Bearer*) } Lindpaintner
Herr Mengis.
- "Auld Robin Gray" A Scotch Ballad
Miss Catherine Hayes.
- PART II.
- Overture—Anne of Gierstein Lavenu
- Scene and Aria—"Casta Diva" (*Norma*) Bellini
Miss Catherine Hayes.
- Duet—"Quanto Amore" (*L'Elisir d'Amore*) Donizetti
Herr Mengis and Miss V. Whiting.
- Solo on the Violin Herr Griebel
- Ballad—"My Dreams are now no more of Thee" Lavenu
Mr. Braham.
- Scotch Ballad—"Dinna think, bonnie Lassie" Dunn
Miss Catherine Hayes.
- Song—"Yes, let me like a soldier fall" (*Maritana*)... Wallace
Mr. A. Braham (by particular request).
- "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" Irish Ballad
Miss Catherine Hayes.
- Grand March—"Prophete" Meyerbeer

It will be perceived at a glance that this programme possessed attractive elements, and that it attracted an overflowing house cannot be a matter of surprise. The audience was, in fact, nearly as numerous as on the first night, and as rapturous and earnest in their applause as ever.

The first piece that Catherine Hayes sang, was the Grand Scene from *Der Freyschutz*. This is an aria to test the very highest capacities of any artist. It is descriptive from the beginning to the end, and is, in truth, strictly an acting song. Catherine Hayes conceived the aria in the true dramatic style; the strong gradations of feeling and passion, from the profoundest sadness to the most ecstatic joy, which the aria so vividly describes, were painted by her with wonderful fidelity. The sweet and flowing andante displayed her power of pathos in a high degree, and the joyous and rapturous allegro fairly burst from her as by some strong impulse. This was singing of the highest order; it was thoughtful, intellectual—perfection of execution with grandeur of conception. We heard Sontag, years and years ago, sing this grand scena, also Malibran and Mrs. Wood, but its rendering by Miss Catherine Hayes loses nothing of its excellence when tested by the memory of these great artists.

The old Scotch ballad so familiar to every one who speaks the English language, was Miss Hayes's second song; but although it was sung with all that purity of pathos for which her style is so remarkable, it pleased us less than any ballad that we have heard her sing. It is difficult to point out in what it was deficient, but we felt that there was a want of the strong character, and a departure from the "traditional style," which seemed to argue that the artiste had not entered thoroughly into its meaning. But the public thought not with us.

Great as was the triumph of Catherine Hayes in the "Casta Diva" last week, it was, if possible, exceeded on this occasion. She was evidently more at home than on the first occasion, and flung her dazzling and beautiful ornaments around with the lavish hand of one who knows that the resource is inexhaustible. The slow movement was more grave and emphatic, and the last movement incalculably more

brilliant and effective. Rarely has an artiste been greeted by such a torrent of applause as followed this splendid vocal effort, it was literally overwhelming. The charming ballads which followed were deliciously sung, and elicited the most enthusiastic encores.

Catherine Hayes seems to gain in the esteem and admiration of the audience every time she appears; she is, in point of fact, the most popular singer, personally as well as artistically, that ever came amongst us; and there is so much natural goodness and kindness in her character, and her genius is so high and undoubted, that we can see no chance of a falling off in her popularity, but rather a continual increase.

Miss V. Whiting and Signor Lorini were added to the programme and were well received. They sang well, and made a pleasing variety to the concert. Mr. Braham's "Adelaide" was not a great effort; but in his ballad, "My dreams are now no more of thee," he was very successful, singing it charmingly, and gaining an unanimous encore. Herr Mengis, too, sang the "Standard Bearer" and the duo from *Elisir d'Amore* with Miss Whiting, very well.

The band began to work together much better; but why waste their excellence in the last piece at the backs of the audience? It would be infinitely better to end the concert with the peerless Catherine; for when she has finished, the attraction ceases, and all that follows is mere "leather and prunella."

The *Messiah* was given at the fifth concert. The announcement of the performance of this great oratorio of Handel, and the fact that, Catherine Hayes was to sing the principal part, drew together a most brilliant audience, which crowded the Hall in every part. The orchestra was quite a sight to behold; there must have been nearly three hundred vocal and instrumental performers present, and the sight was quite imposing. There was a feeling to repress applause at this sacred concert, so that when the principal artistes appeared and took their seats upon the stage, the burst of applause was hushed down. When the overture commenced, unfortunately the horns made a mistake, which was not rectified for some dozen bars, thereby making most hideous discord.

Mr. Braham sang "Comfort ye my people" exceedingly well: he sang it in the good old oratorio school, plain, simple, and straightforward. We have not heard it sung as well for many years. There was a difference in regard to the tempo of the commencement of the aria between the conductor, Mr. Lavenu, and the orchestra, but they came to an understanding very soon. The chorus, "And the glory of God," was taken too slow, and was sung without spirit; the points were all taken up, but listlessly.

Miss Maria Leach would have sung the recitative and aria, "O, thou that tellest," very excellently, could she have controlled her nerves, but she was unfortunately so timid that her voice was unsteady, and the many good points of her singing almost obscured. The chorus which follows was well sung.

Herr Mengis sang the great recitative and aria, "For behold darkness shall cover the earth," in excellent style. We were pleased at his good pronunciation; it betrayed scarcely any foreign accent, and every word could be understood in the Hall. The glorious aria, "The people that walked in darkness," was so hurried by the conductor that its effect was entirely spoiled, and Herr Mengis' singing robbed of half its effect. The accompaniment alone, independent of the meaning of the words, should have suggested

a slower tempo. Herr Mengis was warmly applauded at the close of the aria.

The chorus, "For unto us a child is born," was well sung, although there was not that proper understanding between the conductor and the performers that there should have been. The chorus was encored.

The attention of all was attracted by the coming solo by Catherine Hayes. The famous recitative, "There were Shepherds," was sung with that clearness of enunciation and that purity of emphasis so necessary to true vocal elocution. Every word was uttered with distinctness, and the musical reading was admirable. The bravura song, "Rejoice greatly," was brilliantly and beautifully executed; in fact, as far as related to execution, not a fault could be found, although a little more of the spirit of triumph and rejoicing infused into it would, to our mind, be the more appropriate and the better reading.

She sang the air, "Come unto Him," most exquisitely; it was perfect in every respect, so that any improvement seemed to be unimaginable. The same eulogistic remarks would apply to all the rest of Catherine Hayes's performance. The lovely airs, "But thou didst not leave," "How beautiful are the feet," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were rendered in a manner of unapproachable excellence. We make no reservation in favour of any living singer when we assert that Catherine Hayes's singing in the *Messiah* is unapproachable. The Oratorio is a musical domain in which she walks alone, nor fears to meet a rival. She embodies the music with unmistakable fidelity—the spirit of a holy inspiration, and a pure and beautiful human sentiment breathe forth in every song, and oppress the heart with the depth of its pathos. The propriety of the audience was insufficient to restrain their enthusiasm, which ran so high that had Catherine Hayes complied with its demands she would have had to repeat every thing she sang.

We look upon her success in sacred music as fully triumphant as in music of a secular character. Although of a higher class and appealing less to the uncultivated ear than secular music, Catherine Hayes makes sacred music understood and appreciated by the heart and the ear also. It is a power only given to the highest genius, and only then in rare instances. Catherine Hayes has this glorious gift, and long may she live to use it for the improvement and delight of the public.

Miss Maria Leach gained confidence as the oratorio progressed, and did herself great credit in "He was despised." Messrs. Braham and Mengis exerted themselves successfully throughout, and although we cannot say that their performance was all that could be wished, we are bound in justice to say that that their music in the *Messiah* has not been as well performed in New York for several years. Herr Mengis learned all his music in three days, he having never heard or seen the oratorio before this week. He merits high praise under the circumstances, and will doubtless give a better account of himself on a repetition of the performance.

The choruses of the second and third acts were in every way superior to those of the first act. These were conducted by Mr. Loder, who having rehearsed with the singers, had their whole confidence. There was no more hesitancy or holding back after he took the baton, and we believe that New York never heard such chorus singing as was evidenced in "Behold the Lamb of God," "He trusteth in God," "Lift up your heads," the "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb." These were all splendidly sung, and reflected the highest

credit upon the members of the Harmonic Society and upon the conductor.

The trumpet *obligato* to the great bass song, "The trumpet shall sound," was admirably played by Mr. Haas. The instrumental accompaniment to "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was the most chaste, subdued, and beautiful accompaniment we have heard from a New York orchestra. With such care always exercised, to what a state of perfection our orchestra could be brought! There are materials to form one of the best orchestras in the world, but it does not now present even half the perfection that it might attain by a judicious subordination and care.

Miss Hayes will be unable to remain in New York after next week, but with her troupe, and Mr. J. H. Wardwell, will be in Boston about the 18th inst. The First Concert in Boston will be, in all probability, about the 14th of the present month.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—We have just returned from one of her charming performances, and have been so delighted that we feel like congratulating every body—those who have heard her, for the pleasure they have had—those who have not, for the pleasure that is in store for them. She came very quietly, with only here and there an announcement, yet, despite the overshadowing greatness of Catherine Hayes, she finds most hearty appreciation, and shines, a fixed star of the first magnitude, amid the cluster gathered at Niblo's. Beautiful exceedingly, with rare dramatic talent, a voice with no touch of reediness, and no weak point, but brilliant and ringing as the laugh of a child, we do not wonder that she is popular, but that she is not more so.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP and her musical director, Mr. Bochsa, arrived in town last week, and were serenaded by the members of their orchestra. The tour just concluded has been so brilliant and profitable, that Madame Anna Bishop proposes to start again as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. Mr. Bochsa is but just recovering from long and severe indisposition, but he cannot rest, he "must be working," and our country friends may expect to hear from him soon. The proposed volume "Incident of a Tour in Mexico," announced some time ago as in process of preparation for publication, has been delayed by the press of other business, and Mr. Bochsa's indisposition, but will now be resumed, and completed as soon as possible. It is said that Madame Bishop is to leave the United States in the Spring to fill an engagement at Paris.

MARINI, the basso of the Italian Opera, was married last Saturday week to Miss Rose Maretzek, sister of the manager, Mdle. Borghese, the beautiful French vocalist, was also recently married to Mr. Hardtmuth, a New York merchant.

CASSEL.—Dr. Louis Spohr applied to his government for permission to travel to St. Petersburg, but was refused. Nevertheless, the great composer has left for the East. (Note.—The latter statement is incorrect, inasmuch as Spohr was still at Cassel on the 5th instant.)

HANOVER.—About 400 members of the North German Liedertafel, assembled here from Brewen, Bielefeld, Celle, Minden, Hildesheim, &c., and performed a variety of pieces under direction of Chapelmaster Marschner.

PASSAU.—At the great Musical Liedertafel Festival on the 6th July last, about 1500 singers assembled from Linz, Munich, Ratisbon, Vienna, &c. The Viennese carried off the palm. In the evening all met at dinner, on which occasion the toasts were drank from a goblet holding three quarts

of nectar. The goblet is the same size as the *little* finger of the "Munich Bavaria."

DR. LISZT has returned to Weimer from Eilsen (Buckeburg). In the latter place a niece of Louis Spohr gave a concert, in which she proved herself a harpist of the first order. She delighted the audience with some very brilliant composition by Charles Oberthur and Parish Alvars.

HAGUE.—Martin Lazare has gained a prize medal, in value 2000 francs, for the composition of the comic opera "Le Roi de Boheme." The opera has been performed here with great success.

It was proposed by the Director Magedle, to give the "Freyschutz" in the arena with living wolves and all sorts of diablerie.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Hanoverian flautist, Heinemeager, lately gave a concert at St. Petersburg, and executed a concertino by Furstenau and two of his own compositions. His sweet tone, purity of intonation, and brilliant delivery, were generally admired and appreciated.

ERFURT—(*From a Correspondent*)—Miss Sophia and Miss Isabella Dulcken gave two concerts here with very good success. At one of them (October 3) we were present, and were highly pleased with the performances of these young ladies. The younger lady displayed considerable talent on the concertina, an instrument never before heard in these parts. The composition, by Regondi, was entitled "Les Oiseaux." It was very effective and brilliant; as was also another by Blagrove, on airs from an opera of Donizetti's. Miss Sophie Dulcken gave equal pleasure by her excellent and tasteful execution of several well known pianoforte pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Leopold de Meyer, and Gottschalk. The Misses Dulcken intend to proceed to Berlin, where, no doubt, they will be received with much favour.

DR. BEXFIELD'S ORATORIO—"ISRAEL RESTORED."

(*Abridged from the Norwich Gazette.*)

Ever since the announcement of the new oratorio the greatest interest was excited. Dr. Bexfield being a native of this city, and well-known to our local musicians, added greatly to the interest.

On Thursday evening the performance of this oratorio realized all expectations, and was completely successful. The spacious hall was crowded in every part. We have seldom seen such an audience on any similar occasion, 1815 persons were present, among whom we observed the Lord Bishop, the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean, both with large parties, the Mayor (H. Woodcock, Esq.), and the Sheriff (E. Blakley, Esq.), E. Wodehouse, Esq., M.P., and most of the leading families of the city and its immediate neighbourhood. A number of visitors came from a distance, amongst them Mr. Serle, the conductor of the Exeter Hall Concerts. We also observed present Miss Agnes Strickland, the celebrated authoress. Dr. Bexfield must have been highly gratified by the signal triumph achieved: and the performance, though it might have been more perfect, was creditable to the society.

As principal vocalists, the committee secured the services of Miss Birch, Miss Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. H. Phillips, assisted by the Cathedral Choir. The London instrumentalists were Mr. Wheatley, violin; Kielbach, horn; Grimshaw, double bass; Lazarus, principal clarinet; Hausmann, principal violoncello. The chief local instrumentalists were, Mr. R. Bray, leader; Mr. Harcourt, organist and instrumental conductor.

The opening of the overture represents God's anger at the unbelief of the Israelites. The trombones and drums are made to form a conspicuous part. The fugue describes the scattering of the Israelites. The last part is a characteristic march, giving the idea of restoration in peace and glory. The band executed this overture with great precision.

The recitative tenor, "He that sitteth in the heavens," has considerable ease of modulation, and was given with great purity by Mr. Benson.

The opening chorus in A minor, Alla Capella, "Then shall He speak," is a solemn and striking fugue led off by the basses, and is accompanied by nearly all the wind instruments and double basses. This chorus was ably performed, and is certainly one of the finest pieces of part writing in the oratorio.

The chorus, "Happy shall he be," is written in plain harmonies; the general subject of the oratorio being kept in view. This chorus is terminated by a crescendo and in long notes, including the introduction of trombones and drums, with full strength on the words, "served us." The cadence is very uncommon, viz., G sharp in the bass, accompanied in the other parts by B, D, and F sharp, and resolving into the major chord of A. This chorus was well received.

Chorus, "Blow the trumpet in Zion," is written in what some musicians call the "effective" style. The trumpets, of course, are used; and the union of all the voices and instruments on the words, "Call a solemn assembly," is, perhaps, a poetical idea. The trombones are used in the words, "Assemble the elders," as an accompaniment to the tenors and basses; which arrangement is followed by the trebles and contraltos singing the words, "Gather the children," producing the poetical contrast. The sentence, "Spare Thy people," led off by the basses, and answered by the tenors, is chromatic. We could have wished that the author had avoided having three choruses together. The song, "O Jerusalem," was encored, we believe, at the wish of Miss Strickland, the authoress of the Queens of England, and was a compliment richly merited.

The recitative, accompanied, "How doth the city sit solitary!" is a kind of *sacred nocturne*. There is a great combination of flutes, clarionets, oboes, and bassoons.

The air, "O Lord, behold my affliction," is a sombre melody, with the combination of clarionets and bassoons, produces a very melancholy effect, which is evidently the author's intention. Miss Birch sang this song with great feeling. Though a beautiful composition, we think it the least original of any part of the work.

The recitative, bass, "Arise O God," was rendered very effectively by Mr. Kielbach.

The solo, bass, is here made to paint the stubbornness of the Jewish character. The song is carried to the end with scarcely one decided cadence, being full of unexpected terminations.

The accompaniments are very important in this air. Mr. Phillips sang with great ability, but from some accident he was a bar before the band.

"Lead me, O Lord," is a verse in which great pains have evidently been taken to blend the freeness of modern melody with the severity of ancient fugue. Towards the end the theme is taken up in canon (*pia*). This verse, which is quite unaccompanied, shows a perfect knowledge of part-writing, and of vocal effects. The words, "Lead me," are peculiarly well chosen for a fugue and canon. This lovely quartet was most charmingly sung. It was sung at the Cathedral on Sunday morning, and we hope soon to have it repeated.

The prayer, "O Lord, be gracious," is the style of music so much gloried in by the Germans, viz., the broad chorale. The theme is first taken in solo; then in modern canon; and afterwards by the full force of the orchestra, and closed the first part amidst expressions of approbation from the audience.

Part Two opens with the Bass Recit, "Many oxen are come about me" has imitations of the noises made by cattle, and the roaring of lions, whilst the harsh discords represent "the blaspheming of the multitude." Mr. Phillips sang this Recit, in the finest style.

"Hear O Lord," (Bass Solo). Contains a long symphony, in which there are several *points*. Melody is the general object in this song, and the orchestral accompaniments consist of flute, clarinet, bassoon, and the stringed quartett. This air was sung with the greatest pathos.

Chorus "There is none like the God of Jeshurun," the use of the trumpets and drums appeared to be intended to bring to mind, in contrast, the heathen gods. To the words, "rideth upon the

heavens," the instrumental bass has a triplet accompaniment which gives a forcible description of the idea.

The Chorus, "The eternal God is thy refuge," is struck off, with determined energy; a subdued martial effect is given to the words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." There are some grand points in this chorus. The words "destroy them," are given with the full power of the orchestra, first on the chord of the 6th, and directly after on the diminished 7th. A great contrast is intended on the words "Israel then shall dwell in safety alone," (which is written in 6-8 time), and a charming flowing passage is heard from the violins on the words "the fountain of Jacob."

"O Lord God of my salvation," is a quartette and was composed by the author at the age of 17, and is frequently sung in the responses to the Communion Service to our Cathedral. The subject is most ingeniously treated in this arrangement.

"Fear not thou," has a flowing easy accompaniment, and terminates with perfect quietude, expressive of perfect faith in the words, "Jacob shall return."

The Pastoral Chorus—"He that scattered Israel," contains the style of melodies of the shepherd's pipe, introduced by the hautboys. Simplicity is successfully aimed at, and great use is made of the horn, an instrument closely connected with pastoral life. The flutes interpret the singing of birds. This highly descriptive chorus delighted all who heard it.

Song—"O, be favourable," is accompanied by *seven obligatos*. The accompaniments of clarinet and bassoon pleased us extremely. Miss Williams sung this charming song with great care and expression, and it certainly was one of the best pieces of singing during the evening.

The Recit. "God himself," is followed by "God shall wipe all tears," (song). The tenor or viola has very important parts. This is a most lovely and taking melody, and we feel satisfied that it would become very popular if it were published separately. Mr. Benson sang it with great effect.

Hebrew Chorus—"God called and said," is given in unison by the tenors and basses (*forte*).

"I am the God of thy father" (chorus). The soprano part of this is an actual Hebrew melody, written, perhaps many centuries ago; and, we understand, was introduced into this work as being connected with the Israelitish race. The accompaniments, *harmony, effect, &c.*, are quite new. This chorus was repeated, and the wind instruments were more successful the second time.

"Have they not heard?" This bass recit. is remarkable for its declamatory character.

Chorus—"Hath God cast away his people?" is conveyed between the first and second parts of this chorus. The words, "the mountains," are given *forte*, and "shall depart," by voices alone, *piano*; thus expressing the miracle of mountains suddenly vanishing. This chorus was finely sung and with great precision.

Recit.—"Who are these?" The instrumental passages here are intended to prepare the ear for the following chorus, "They gather themselves together."

"Lift up thine eyes," a fugue from St. Ann's tune (Dr. Croft), already used by Seb. Bach. As much effect has been here given as a fugue allows. The last part has the closest replies that the subject admits of; and by augmentation, which is in strict canon. The effect of the parts with the pedal bass is very grand. We seldom witnessed more attention in an audience than on this occasion.

Part Three commenced with March and Chorus, "Blessed is he that cometh," which is supposed to represent the approach of the Messiah's coming, and in which the peculiar strains of Hebrew melodies have been consulted, is most happily arranged, and it deservedly obtained unqualified admiration.

The recitative, "The Lord has chosen Israel," with *organ* accompaniments, which we preferred in this recitative to the usual accompaniments of violoncello and double bass.

The quartet and chorus, "Bless the Lord, O house of Israel," in which there are twelve different voice parts, each choir representing, as it were, the different houses; viz., of Israel, Aaron, and Levi. The brass instruments have important parts at the end, and they were well delivered.

The recitative, "Doubtless, O God." The words, "We are thine," are effective through the medium of the wind instruments.

Chorus, "Thou, O Lord," is written in a firm and bold style. The passages at the end of this chorus, on the words, "From everlasting," are syncopated diminished sevenths, and are intended to convey the idea of *infinity*.

Song, "Thy sun shall no more go down," has horn obligato, accompanied by viola, violoncello, and double bass. All the parts were ably rendered.

Chorus, "The waves of the sea." The bass effectively represents the rolling of waves. The word "horribly" occurs on a discord, strengthened by the trumpets, drums, &c., and, in two cases, with the whole orchestra, on a fourth. A more sacred style seems intended on the words, commencing, "But the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier." By all those around us, this chorus seemed to be highly valued, and it is one of great force and character.

Song, "Thy way, God," is chastened and pure, and in the hands of Miss Birch delighted the most fastidious ear.

Interlude.—This represents a calm, in which are introduced the notes of the nightingale, and other birds, also the gathering of clouds, distant thunder, &c. &c.

The Storm Chorus begins by representing the bursting of clouds, the noise that birds make before a storm, heavy drops of rain, thunder, &c. In the midst of this storm the melody of the Hebrew chorale is introduced. At the conclusion of the chorus a supposed new chord is used, with great effect, the notes being B flat, E flat, F sharp, and C. This chord occurs at the *F Fmo*. The storm then dies away, and Israel's people are led like sheep by a pastorelle in four-crotchet time, ending *PP*, with an elegant flute accompaniment.—The precision and point with which this Chorus was performed reflects the highest credit on all concerned.

Chorus—"Awake, put on thy strength." The sentence, "Put on thy beautiful garments," is a charming piece of harmony. "Thy watchman shall lift up the voice," is accompanied by horns, in plain melody, and of ancient movement. The glorious words, "He hath redeemed Jerusalem," is given with the entire force of the band and choir.—We were delighted with this Chorus.

Recit.—"Come, ye blessed," is a correct interpretation of the words; as is the chorus, "Happy art thou," which follows. There are four horns to this Chorus, producing a rich effect.

Recit.—"Now if the fall of them." Remarkable for a cultivated style of recitative.

Quartet.—"Praise the Lord." The organ obligato is freely written, and is followed by the last Grand Chorus, "Marvellous are thy works,"—which is a *fugue*, showing great contrapuntal skill, and filled with ingenious canons. At the end there are passages of imitation, cleverly managed. The conclusion is filled up with all the force obtainable; the principal singers having a separate part, and a broad cadence marked "*Molto Grosso*," closes this effort of youthful genius.

The greatest praise is due to Mr. Hill, the Chorus Master; Mr. Harcourt, the Instrumental Conductor; and Mr. Bray, the Leader.

At the conclusion of the performance, the whole audience rose, and heartily cheered the composer for several minutes; the band and performers joined in the general applause. Dr. Bexfield, who seemed to be greatly excited, gracefully bowed his acknowledgments, and retired.

Provincial.

HALIFAX.—(From a Correspondent.)—The second concert of the Halifax Philharmonic Society for the season, was given on Tuesday, the 14th October. The selection was good, and the performance showed considerable improvement in the band; nor do we remember to have heard the instrumental performers to better advantage. The music performed by the band, was the *adagio* and *allegro* movements of Mozart's symphony in E flat, overtures to Cherubini's *Anacreon*, Weber's *Preciosa*, Auber's *Masaniello*, Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus*, and Beethoven's trio in E flat (op. 20), for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. This last was the gem of the evening, and was remarkable for the playing of the two stringed

instruments, by Messrs. Whitaker and Baxendale. Mr. Frobisher played the pianoforte with more than his accustomed taste and spirit. In the accompaniments to the glees and songs, Mr. Frobisher also manifested ability and skill. The vocal performances were all entrusted to native talent. Miss Tankard was encored in Hobb's song, "The Captive Greek Girl;" in Malibran's duet, "The Meeting;" and in Calcott's glee, "In the lonely Vale of Streams;" the clear ringing tones of Miss Bancroft's voice took the audience by surprise. Mr. Stadden's voice promises to supply a part which has lately been deficient; Mr. Townend took the tenor parts with all his accustomed precision; Mr. John Carter subdued his voice to harmonise effectively with the other singers; but in his solos gave rein to its fullest power; he was encored in Spörle's song, "The Altar, the Cottage, and the Throne."

MACCLESFIELD.—Miss Goddard has been playing here, during the last week to crowded houses. She appeared at Wrexham for the race nights, the performance being under the patronage of Lord Seaham and Sir Watkin Wynn.

MANCHESTER—(From a Correspondent.)—The fourth series of Free Trade Hall weekly "Concerts for the People" opened on Monday evening last, when, notwithstanding the powerful counter attractions at the Theatre Royal and elsewhere, we were glad to find the large hall filled in every part, there being not fewer than fifteen hundred persons present. These popular gatherings have commenced under very favourable auspices, and in many respects bid fair to eclipse all former campaigns. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the enterprising projector of the scheme, Mr. H. Peacock, for having, no doubt at considerable expense, engaged in addition to the regular local artists, M. Delevanti and Mr. Perring, the former a very clever barytone in the buffo school, we believe from Liverpool—the latter a tenor of really high merit, and the author of the popular song, "Oh the Maids of Merry England." It would be difficult to describe the uproarious reception with which these gentlemen were greeted on Monday last; suffice it that they were most enthusiastically encored in all they had to do. It was by some considered a daring attempt for Mr. Perring to select the somewhat arduous and well known scena, "All is lost" for his first effort, especially as our popular English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, was singing it at the very next door, the Theatre Royal, the same evening; we were fortunate enough, however, to hear both—and only re-echo the universal feeling here, when we assert that the former does not suffer one whit by comparison with the latter. We can only say, Mr. Perring's reception must have been gratifying to him, and in our estimation, one of the purest specimens of modern ballad singing is found in that touching air of Balfe's "In this Old Chair," as given by the gentleman before named. We are dull folks here, generally speaking, but this gentleman has set the town quite in a blaze. Of Mr. Delevanti we must be brief; he possesses a somewhat pleasing voice, and has, withal, a fund of rich quaint humour which tells wonderfully on his auditors. He is already quite a card with the concert-going folks here, and will maintain a prominent position in our local societies. Of the merits of the other principals—Miss Shaw, the soprano and Mrs. Thomas, the contralto—we must confess to some disappointment; we were sorry to find the former lady manifest no improvement after an absence of some months' rest, and the latter appeared to us to be looking worse and sang with less animation and expression than when last we heard her. We would also caution this lady against a habit, which seems to be growing, of exaggerating her points—they occasionally border on the ridiculous—we may mention the passage in Bishop's glee, "Blow Gentle Gales" 'Deep as our Despair!' which is only effective when given with a feminine grace and delicacy, and not sung in that masculine bold manner of forcing the lowest notes of the voice, serving merely to call forth the approbation of the vulgar. Of the choir, which has obtained a high reputation in past seasons, we cannot say we were favourably impressed with their efforts on the opening night, but may reasonably expect an improvement as the season advances—at present, the trebles and tenors lack force—the clever *chef* of the orchestra, Mr. D. W. Banks, will soon, no doubt, however, remedy this defect. This gentleman's duties in connexion with these concerts, are certainly most arduous, having respectively, each evening, to occupy his position as conductor, pianist, and organist. We cannot now enter on the programme of

Monday evening last, but may name that out of fifteen pieces *five* were encored. The directors of the Mechanics' Institution have given the first of their series of "Saturday Evening Concerts" with very indifferent success. We shall probably notice them in your next. The Glee and Madrigal Union, who have been singing at Willis's rooms during the past months, open here for two concerts to-morrow (Thursday). The result shall be sent you in time for your next issue. Albert Smith has also looked in upon us, which makes us quite full of amusements, at present, to wile away the tedious hours between eight and eleven p.m.

BATH.—MR. AND MRS. MILLAR'S SOIREE MUSICALES.—The first of these concerts took place at 13, Old Sydney-place, on Monday evening. The attendance was numerous and fashionable. The vocalists were Mr. and Mrs. Millar, Mr. Henry Phillips, and Mr. Bianchi Taylor; pianist, Mr. Walter Gibbs. Sir Henry Bishop had been announced to conduct, but was, we regret to state, prevented attending by severe indisposition; the distinguished composer, however, in a letter to Mr. Millar, expressed a hope that he should be able to attend the second *soirée* a fortnight hence. The programme presented a tasteful selection of choice music, which was admirably executed, from beginning to end. The imperishable glee, "The Chough and Crow," though so familiar, is deserving mention for the great delicacy and taste with which Mrs. Millar and Mr. Phillips sang the solos and for the neatness with which the *ensemble* was maintained in the chorus. Mrs. Millar sang throughout with her accustomed purity of style and facility of vocalism, being especially effective in the duet from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, "Quanto amore," in which Mr. B. Taylor sustained the part of Dulcamara with much humour; in Sir H. Bishop's Canzonet, "There is an hour;" and in Rossini's duetto "Mira la bianca luna" in which she was supported by Mr. Millar. Mr. Millar sang Sir H. R. Bishop's recitative and air "Orynthia my beloved," and the ballad "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," with his usual ease, feeling, and finish, and rendered important service in the concerted piece, especially in the quartett from *Lucia*, "Chi mi frena in tal momento," in which his voice "told" admirably. Mr. H. Phillips displayed his voice and execution to great advantage in the scena "Is this the region?" by Sir H. R. Bishop, and also in a song of his own called "Morning." Mr. Bianchi Taylor took part in the concerted pieces and in a couple of duets with the ability which always characterises his efforts. Mr. Walter Gibbs played Leopold de Meyer's *Marche D'Isley*, and one of Weber's choicest *Rondos* with neatness and finish, accomplishing the difficult passages which abound in the two compositions with an ease and mastery of finger and a correctness of reading which promise well for the future position of the young professor. One of the most interesting features of the concert was the appearance of two youthful *débütantes*, Miss Louisa and Miss Annette Millar, who sang Keller's pretty duet, "Slumber, my darling." Notwithstanding the timidity consequent upon a first appearance, the performance afforded evidence of careful training, and much musician-like feeling, warranting the anticipation of a valuable addition to the *corps* of the *beneficiaires* at no very distant period.—(*Bath Journal*.)

BOSTON.—The first concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Assembly Room on Wednesday evening last, and was numerously and fashionably attended. The first part commenced with the overture to *Sampson*, well executed, followed by a selection from *The Creation*. The choruses were well given, particularly "The Marvellous Works," (the solo beautifully sung by Mrs. Turner); "By thee with Bliss," and "The Heavens are telling." Mr. Turner sang "In native worth" with great taste. The recitatives were but indifferently rendered, especially that grand piece of declamation "And God made the Firmament." Allowance must be made for this deficiency. This class of music requires generally a degree of vocal eloquence which is long and difficult of attainment. The second part consisted of secular music, and of course gave greater satisfaction; it comprised two Overtures, Rossini's *Barbiere*, (taken too fast, and sadly lacking in precision), and Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus* executed in far better style. The "Surprise" symphony was given very effectively. The instrumental gem of the evening was, however, a trio for flute, violoncello, and piano, (by Messrs. Keller, Briggs,

and Thirtle), comprising the "Glorno d'orrore" and other operatic airs of Rossini. Its length alone prevented an *encore*. Mr. Keller produces a pure and fine tone on his instrument, and executes with great fluency. Mr. Briggs and Mr. Thirtle, as usual, left us nothing to desire! The last named gentleman is a master of the piano, and general regret was expressed that he did not perform a solo. The vocal pieces in this part consisted of the charming madrigal "Down in a Flowery Vale," which was crisply given and *encored*; a similar compliment was also paid to Mrs. Turner's "Where the Bee sucks," rendered in chaste style. Mr. Turner sang "Poney waft me," (an adaptation of Verdi's popular chorus, *Va pensiero*) sweetly; and with Mrs. Turner, the duet "As it fell upon a day." The National Anthem of course concluded the concert, and was much better given than is usually the case. Mr. Thirtle conducted with ability; and Mr. Jewson led. The concert was highly creditable to all concerned.

LIVERPOOL.—A choral concert, given by the Philharmonic Society on Tuesday evening, went off rather flatly. The audience was by no means numerous, and those who were present did not appear either to understand or appreciate the performances, which consisted of selections from Mozart, S. Bach, Handel, &c. The next extra concerts, which take place on Friday and Tuesday week promise to be more successful. Some of our best English singers will give a performance, consisting of English glees, madrigals, catches, &c., which were very popular in the metropolis, where her Majesty patronised them. The glee party—Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lookay, Mr. Francis, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips, it is said, intend commencing a provincial tour in the autumn, and will pay us a visit.

The first performance of the Liverpool Musical Union Society took place on Friday evening, the 3rd instant, in Mrs. Elliston's Rooms, Nelson Street, Great George Square. Mendelssohn's trio for pianoforte, violin, violoncello, was played by Mrs. Beale, Signor Sivori, and Mr. Haddock, in a manner we had not before heard equalled. Mrs. Beale possesses qualities of a high order; her execution was certain and brilliant. We were particularly pleased with the light and delicate commencement of the *scherzo*, *molto allegro*, so highly characteristic of Mendelssohn's style. Beethoven's Quartet for two violins, viola and violoncello, performed by Messrs. Sivori, Lawson, Baetens, and Haddock, was the gem of the evening, but, judging from the enthusiastic applause, the audience were of the same opinion. Sivori proved himself worthy of the fame he has of late acquired as an exponent of classical music. The solo for violin which followed was in his most admirable and finished style. The composition was Prume's somewhat celebrated *Melancholico*. Beethoven's beautiful Sonata, in F, was finely rendered by Mrs. Beale and Sivori. Our estimation of Mrs. Beale, as a pianist, increases with each successive hearing. A Quartet, by Haydn, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, executed by Messrs. Sivori, Lawson, Baetens, and Haddock, terminated a concert which gave unalloyed gratification. Moliere and Willy are announced for the succeeding concerts.

The crowded state of the Royal Amphitheatre during the past week testifies to the popularity of Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who have been playing several of their most popular characters. Some of these are entirely new to a Liverpool audience, viz., *Grimshaw*, *Bradshaw*, and *Bagshaw*, Mr. Buckstone's dramas, *Good for Nothing* and *Grandmother Grizzle*, and Douglas Jerrold's comedy of *Retired from Business*. Each piece has been successful, but by far the best is Mr. Buckstone's *Good for Nothing*—one of the most pleasing, suggestive, and *apropos* pieces ever written. This little farce is very creditable to Mr. Buckstone's literary powers. It is exceedingly well acted by himself and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and has achieved, both here and in London, well-merited success. The comedy of *Retired from Business*, played for the benefit of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, is one which will attract considerable attention in Liverpool at the present time, when all sensible people are filled with disgust at the recent doings at the Town Hall—for the snobbery of mercantile *parvenues* is here treated and lashed in Douglas Jerrold's most caustic style. In conclusion, we may state that all the pieces were carefully put on the stage, and very creditably acted by the stock company.

Miscellaneous.

EXHIBITION PRIZES.—We find that although the Council Medal has been awarded to the celebrated Boehm of Munich, the English firm of Rudall, Rose, & Co., are to have a Prize Medal for certain patented improvements upon Boehm's Flute, contrived by Mr. Carte.

MR. BAKER.—We regret to have to record the death of this gentleman, who was secretary to the Society of British Musicians for many years. Mr. Baker took great interest in the Society in whose cause he was indefatigable; his loss will not easily be repaired.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—We understand the secretaryship of this Society will shortly be "in the market," the present holder finding the duties too much for the present state of his health.

DRAMATIC MEMS.—A new comic piece, to be called *Circumstantial Evidence*, written by Morris Barnett, will be produced on Monday, at Punch's Playhouse, Strand Theatre. The principal characters by Mr. Belton (late of the Princesses Theatre), Mr. J. Rogers, and Miss Marshall.

A new serious drama, by the same successful author, has been accepted by Mr. Charles Kean, with which we understand the ensuing season at the Princesses will be inaugurated.

The Haymarket will re-open on Monday week with Macfarren's comic opera, *King Charles the Second*. Mr. Webster has spared no expense to give this fine work in a complete state. The principals will be Harrison, Weiss, Durante, Miss Pyne, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Madame Macfarren.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT MANCHESTER sent his communication too late for insertion this week.—The same to our correspondent at Sunderland.—In future we would request all letters to be transmitted by Thursday morning.

AN OLD AMATEUR AND PHILO-MUSICA in our next.

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THE WINTER SEASON.

To those interested in musical matters—and their name is legion—the question must have frequently suggested itself, “what are we to have in the shape of entertainment during the winter campaign?” Upon this subject, we are sorry to say, we cannot proffer any enlightenment. We are certified as to several facts, but are profoundly in the dark as to many circumstances upon which we should like to be informed. For instance, we know that Macfarren’s *King Charles the Second* will be produced on Monday week at the Haymarket, and that Jullien begins his concerts on the same night at Drury Lane. We know that Mr. Webster intends to produce the opera in a style of great efficiency and completeness; and that Jullien is puzzling his brain—if that were possible—to provide startling novelties for his visitors; but we know not what other musical attraction or attractions the enterprising manager of the Haymarket has in store for his patrons; and all we can glean of Jullien is, that he is about to surprise the London world, for the hundredth time, with something entirely unanticipated.

Again, of Mr. Bunn and his operatic management at Drury Lane we are entirely innocent. That he is in treaty for the theatre we believe; but that he can procure a thoroughly good and useful company, notwithstanding his endeavours and exertions, we take leave to doubt. It was rumoured that Mr. Bunn had made offers of an engagement to the celebrated Mademoiselle Wagner—at least so our correspondent at Berlin informed us—and that the fair vocalist refused, on the grounds that she could not learn the language in sufficient time. The endeavour to procure so distinguished an artist as Mademoiselle Wagner for his theatre shows the indefatigable zeal with which Mr. Bunn labours in the cause; but surely he might procure a good company without going as far as Berlin. It would no doubt be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain an English singer who would shine in the grand tragic line; but this is the very thing we do not want in English Opera. It is not required in the *Siege of Rochelle*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Mountain Sylph*, *Giselle*, *Murilana*, *King Charles the Second*, or indeed any English opera we happen to know. Unfortunately, our native songstresses, ignorant of their own powers and specialties, affect Normas, Lucrezias, Aminas, and Semiramides, and despise your trifling Maritanas, *Æolias*, Matildas, and heroines of minor force and extravagance. Singing is to them of secondary consideration. They must act and show their propensities to sound and fury. Vocalism is a good thing, but histrionism is better. Would Grisi and Cruvelli

obtain half the applause they do, if they confined their efforts to love smatterings, and ballads in two verses with a coda and a plain tune? Would bouquets be thrown on the stage to artists, and recalls administered after every act, if no opportunity were afforded them of “screaming like a bad curlew round a crooked mountain”—to borrow the suggestive and energetic expression of a friend of ours who deals largely in the style called “the metaphorical burlesque”—of twisting their arms like a Pythoness agonized, and full of inspiration gathered from distress, delivering her oracles from her three-legged stool; of poisoning their enemies; killing their husbands; or going raving mad over disappointed marriages? Certainly not! An admirable reason why English vocalists should not be content to rest upon the laurels to be acquired by their achievements in English opera. We will not say—it would be ungallant, even if true—that we possess at present no Pastas or Grisis to carry off the tragic bays, but we insist that our singers would be listened to with more pleasure by our audiences in comic, domestic, or semi-serious opera, than in the purely tragic or grand opera. An English audience must have their quantum of ballads. That is their look out in opera; and if that be wanting, the attractive power is lost.

Now, we have no doubt but that Mr. Bunn could assemble together a very admirable vocal troop, provided they were held aloof from Meyerbeer and the tragedies of Bellini and Donizetti. We shall mention no names, but merely bid Mr. Bunn keep his eyes open, and he cannot choose but see.

What Jullien is about to do in his forthcoming concerts at Drury Lane we can only gather from what he has done in seasons past. Something original and striking may be confidently anticipated. We knew that Jullien made liberal offers for the splendid collection of musical instruments in the Indian department at the Great Exhibition—including drums, gongs, bells, tomtoms, trumpets, cymbals, half-moons, &c. &c.—but we know not whether Jullien has succeeded in obtaining them. If he have obtained “these dumb warriors of noise”—our metaphorical friend again—it may be depended upon that Jullien will create a greater row than ever at Drury Lane, and make a greater noise in the musical world; if not, it may be depended upon that Jullien will do very well without them, and create a sensation despite the want of drums and gongs and bells and tomtoms and trumpets and cymbals and half-moons, &c. &c., from spicy Ind.

Mr. Stammers is, we understand, about to re-undertake the London Wednesday Concerts at Exeter Hall.

Of the intentions of the Sacred Harmonic Society we know

nothing as yet. Of the London Sacred Harmonic Society we know that it commences its fourth season with Handel's oratorio *Belshazzar*, early in November. And so, from our very ignorance we have coined as pretty a specimen of a musical leader as could be desired in the pages of an art journal. Where we cannot command news, we must suggest it, and make amends by counsel and advice; whereupon, instead of loss there will accrue much gain.

CORBARI.

The charming, interesting, and talented Amalia Corbari has reappeared in the musical horizon to gladden the eyes of all beholders—to delight the ears of all listeners. Not that her light had been previously extinguished, nor that her radiance had not been illuminating other spheres; but that, in our musical microcosm there being no empyrean save that which spans the two capitals of France and England, Corbari could not be said by us to have reappeared on the musical horizon unless she had made her *debut*, or *rentrée* in Paris, or London.

In Paris, then, the capital city of France—at the *Theatre Italien*—the *Salle Ventadour*—the *Bouffes*—or by what other *alias* Mr. Lumley's Italian Opera may be denominated, Amalia Corbari made her *rentrée* in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as the love-torn Lucy, and, need we say; with distinguished success. Never did character suit artist better. The delicate, feminine traits of Lucy, her grace, delicacy, susceptibility and devotion, were represented to the life by the charming Amalia, who appeared to have caught the inspiration of her part from the glowing pages of Sir Walter Scott. Nor was the singing of the fair *cantatrice* less worthy of praise. Corbari, while retaining the freshness and purity of her voice, appears to have gained for it strength and volume. She sings, too, with more confidence and *abandon*, and is altogether a more accomplished and perfected vocalist than when she was last in London. She was warmly greeted by the fashionables of Mr. Lumley's Theatre, and was received with unusual approbation throughout her performance. Mr. Lumley could not have insured for his opera a more welcome acquisition, or one more desirable in every point of view.

We are delighted to add that Mr. Lumley has secured Amalia Corbari for the next season in London. The most delightful of Elviras and Adelgisas will be received with open arms by the audiences of Her Majesty's Theatre, before whom she first established her claims as a favourite with the London public.

Mademoiselle Corbari's next part at the *Theatre Italien* will be Adelgisas in *Norma*, in which she will appear for the first time with Sophie Cruvelli. Such a *Norma* and such an Adelgisas have not appeared together since Bellini's *Cléopâtre* was first produced, when Pasta and Grisi supported the several characters.

MUSIC IN CONVENTS.

(From Mainzer's Musical Times.)

Castles that date from the middle ages tower upon the hills that command the lovely valleys on the banks of the Rhine, whilst those on the borders of the Danube are crowned by religious establishments. The latter, for the most part of very early date, are in many particulars well deserving of the traveller's attention; for whatever may be the peculiar branch of the arts and sciences that he has made his study, he will there meet with individuals who, remote from the rest of mankind, have devoted their lives to every species of learning. In each convent are found great mathematicians, men whose days and nights are passed in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and who only appear at their convent at the hours of prayer or repast. Others, again, seclude themselves in the museums of natural history, where they unweariedly prosecute their researches, or make experiments in natural philosophy; whilst the incalculable collection of ecclesiastical documents, memoirs, and chronicles, that the various libraries contain, sufficiently establish the fact that history forms no mean portion of their studies. Besides those who have devoted their time to the sciences of botany and numismatics, there are many to be found deeply versed in the dead languages. The fine arts, more especially music, are also much cultivated by the monks. Where else are artists so welcomed as amongst them? and when any one of these knocks at the convent door he has barely time to inform the master of the ceremonies (*Zeremonienmeister*) of the object of his journey ere he is overwhelmed with offers of service from every member of the community—from those who have grown grey beneath its walls to the novice of yesterday and the lay brethren. Words would fail us in describing the courtesy and kindness of his reception. As soon as he has been introduced to the room set apart for strangers, generally the one commanding the best and most extensive view, they proceed to show him every object most likely to interest him, and hasten to put him in communication with those individuals most capable of aiding him in his particular branch. The traveller's every wish is anticipated, and if the resources of the convent fail to satisfy his curiosity, or if a neighbouring abbey be richer in materials to assist him in his inquiries, whether it boast a better furnished library, or more curiously constructed organ, or if a more eminent organist preside at another chapter, the convent carriage is at his entire disposal; and that no part of the country or establishment he is about to visit may escape his observation, he is accompanied by the master of the ceremonies, and very frequently by the abbot in person. The same cordial welcome awaits him at the neighbouring convent; nor does he ever leave it without being entreated to renew his visit, and spend, not merely a few days, but weeks and months with its inmates.

Such as I have above described was the manner of my welcome at the Austrian convents. Thus was I conducted from one to another, although, with but few exceptions, my wish to become acquainted with them, and at the same time to prosecute my musical researches, was the only claim I possessed on their attention, so that any one else would have been entitled to a similar reception. Since, then, the convents still practise, as in days of yore, their hospitality on so noble a scale; and as in all probability religious establishments will shortly die away in Austria, as they have in France and the Rhenish provinces, our readers will not object to a detailed account of some of these institutions.

In Germany, the school of Austrian composers and organists holds a conspicuous place in the annals of the art of music; and it is for the most part in the cloisters on the banks of the Danube that these distinguished men dwelt and prosecuted the study of their art. There, too, were the works of the composers of Southern Germany planned and executed; and had it not been for the noble hospitality afforded to artists by these monasteries, many a rising genius would have been nipped in the bud, for lack of the sheer necessities of life. Their works once completed, the convent itself took care to bring them forward; for the choristers, scholars, heads of the chapter, and musicians attached to the establishment amply sufficed for this, without it being necessary to have recourse to extraneous resources.

To the convents of St. Florian, Krems-Münster, Seitensteden, Lerchenfeld, Melk and Neuburg, the Fuchs, Albrechtsbergers, Schneiders, Stadlers, Haydns, and Mozarts, were indebted for a generous welcome, organ, orchestra, and choirs.

In the schools attached to the convents music is cultivated equally with the classics and foreign languages; it is followed up in all its branches, both of composition and execution; the latter includes the practice of all instruments for the organ downwards.

There are some abbeys where, besides the usual choristers, their choir is aided by the students, novices, and professors. A military band, including *janissary** instruments, is often united to their instrumental music.

In a life uniform and monotonous such as theirs, where the bell and the dial regulate their every act, music may well be termed the poetic side. The toll of the abbey bell now summons its inmates to study and now to exercise, now to prayer and now to meals; they may not lie down at night, nor quit their pillows in the morning, except at its brazen tones. But few incidents glide athwart the unruffled surface of their stagnating career, unless perchance a stranger seek their gates, and, during his stay, causes some change in their usual habits; then the most casual remark from him, the most hackneyed story of the day, the slightest account of the slightest adventure he may have met with, is eagerly caught up and circulated from mouth to mouth, from the father-abbot to the kitchen-drudge. He can at will give the tone to the next four-and-twenty hours, and bid them be cheerful or gloomy; he is for the time the ruling spirit of the place.

In the convents on the Danube every species of music is cultivated. Haydn's and Mozart's instrumental works are performed there with a degree of accuracy not to be surpassed in the drawing-room of Vienna. The brothers meet together several times a week for the purpose of executing these works; nor do they confine themselves exclusively to Haydn and Mozart, for their repertory is diversified with Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Hummel, Romberg, Mayseder, Ries, and Fesca. They are well acquainted with, and execute with the greatest skill, foreign productions, such as the inspirations of Bocherini, Viotti, Kreutzer, Rode, Baillot, and Clementi.

Some of these musical reunions take a still more extensive range; overtures, symphonies, and concertos, have their turn. The vocal powers of their establishment are put in requisition, and aided by amateurs and ecclesiastics from neighbouring chapters, they perform the motetts, cantatas, and oratorios of Bach, Handel, Graun, Caldara, Jomelli, and a host of others. Dramatic music is not so little heard in these pious establishments as one would be led to suppose: operettas founded on scriptural subjects are performed there, such, for instance, as the lyric drama of *Rebecca or Isaac's Bride*; and even Gluck's, Spontini's, Weber's, and Rossini's finales and concerted pieces. During Passion Week the abbey walls resound with mournful strains of penitence and prayer, furnished by Allegri, Pergolesi, Schict, Fasch, and others.

After quitting the Tyrol, and visiting the surrounding convents, I embarked on the Danube for Vienna. At Linz we passed the famous whirlpool (*Wirbel*) formed by rocks that rise in the middle of the stream, and leave but a narrow passage for navigation, which is rendered more dangerous by the foaming waters that threaten to cast the vessels on the shoals. The roar of this whirlpool, which is heard miles off, filled my fellow passengers with apprehension; and though we were still at some distance from it, they all congregated on the deck, now turning their scared looks towards a cross fixed on the steep bank, now to the tall spare old man, who, calm and collected, was guiding the helm. We were hardly aware that we were in the midst of this hazardous passage ere our vessel shot far beyond it. The aged pilot then held out his hat to the passengers, who, as well may be imagined, were not remiss in testifying their gratitude. This fearful and all-absorbing sight once passed, every thing seems to wear another aspect. The banks of the Danube, hitherto undiversified, and without any interesting features, now become more varied and

attractive. On the left hand is seen *Maria Tafern*, so celebrated throughout Germany as a place of pilgrimage; many hundred thousands each year repair to it, with hearts full of pious confidence, to implore the Holy Virgin's aid in their time of tribulation or day of sickness. The situation is most magnificent; the church and adjoining edifices commanding a view of many miles around.

The banks of the river now become bolder and higher, and gradually assume somewhat of the character of the banks of the Rhine. As on the latter, they are beginning to plant vines on the slope of the rocks that are washed by the river, and whose summits towering aloft seem to claim dominion over the whole district surrounding Vienna. From afar may be discerned the towers of a gigantic monument reared with consummate and almost incredible boldness on the topmost heights of a stupendous cliff; this is the magnificent abbey of Melk. It would be difficult to meet with an object more calculated to excite admiration; neither in the capital of Austria nor elsewhere is aught more imposing, more astounding to be seen, both on account of the vastness of its dimensions, and the bold sublimity of its position.

Melk, that dates as far back as the ninth century, was at that period the residence of the ancient Margraves of Austria, who fortified it against the incursions of the Turcomans. The high and massy walls that surround it, its imposing turrets, which rise above the abbey spire, forcibly call to mind the old castles and frowning citadels of the middle ages; and it is difficult to associate the ideas of prayer and peace with a building bearing such evidences of war and destruction. The strangers can scarcely repress the feeling of awe which arises within him as he gazes on this dark and haughty edifice, seeming to brave alike the hand of time and the skill of man.

Melk, in common with all the other Austrian convents, is a spot devoted to music; many a man of note has passed his days within its walls in the cultivation of his noble calling. My welcome was most cordial, and every one vied in satisfying my slightest wish. From my chamber windows I watched the meanderings of the mighty stream beneath me, and traced it in its course athwart the rocks and meadows as it rolled onward to Austria's fair metropolis. The loftiest imagination would fail to conceive aught more varied, aught grander or more imposing, than the sight of the rich pastures and towns and convents that the eminence on which I stood enabled me to discover. Amongst other ancient monuments there observable, is the tower in which, according to popular tradition, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was detained captive. At a considerable distance, vessels may be discerned, but they quickly disappear, hurried away by the rapid course of the Danube, which lacks variety, as it is not possible to navigate against the very strong and rapid stream of the river. According to recent statistical returns 8,000 craft pass down it every year towards the Black Sea, always following the same track. How different from the Rhine! where to and fro the most splendid vessels—perfect floating palaces—are ever wending their way; whilst the Danube is navigated by huge unsightly barks that are broken up and sold at the end of their voyage for as much as they cost, although they fetch merely the price of old timber. Fishermen and sportsmen, swimmers and loungers of every degree, are ever skimming athwart the waters of the Rhine, in graceful skiffs that bend beneath the pressure of their snowy sails. There is little communication between the opposite banks of the Danube; and if a few wretched boats do succeed, after unheard of efforts, in approaching you, they merely contain mendicants, bearing the figure of their patron, St. Nicholas, as the Neapolitans their St. Januarius, which tends to render the Danube far less animated than the Rhine, and moreover, far less hospitable.

But to return to the convents of Melk; it is when the moon is on the waters, when her pale beams kiss the valley, that this spot assumes a mystic air. There lurks a spell around it as the deep-toned chords of the organ, blending with the psalms and spiritual songs, so fervently, with so much holy unction chanted forth by the monks, are borne athwart the stillness of night, and keep time with the river's roar. Albrechtsberger, who listened with the greatest delight to the sacred music of the brotherhood, would frequently leave his room, and gliding behind the church pillars, ensconce himself in some corner, and there, touched to the

* This appellation is given in Germany to all instruments of percussion, such as the timbal, double drum, cymbal, trimbal, &c. These may be looked on as an expedient to keep the pious congregation from indulging in an occasional nap.

quick by these sublime melodies of olden times, weep unrestrainedly. "O Maximilian," he observed on one occasion to Stadler, "how paltry are our works, how paltry are even those of the first masters, compared with the simple strains of the fathers of the church! How happy am I when, under favor of the temple's gloom, I can shed tears as I hearken to this simple touching ancient psalmody!"

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, the famous Benedictine, Conrad, lived in the convent of Melk; he was equally skilled in the art of music, in medicine, and in mathematics. This convent has at all times boasted the greatest composers of the Austrian school.

Korzinger, celebrated alike for his skill as a composer and as a virtuoso, inhabited Melk, whence he was summoned to receive the appointment of Kapellmeister at St. Stephen's cathedral at Vienna, where he died in 1630.

Baumgartner lived there in 1690, and Marianus Gurtner in 1750; both have left behind them very valuable compositions.

It was at the convent of Melk that Bachschmidt, about the year 1709, studied composition; he wrote both for the church and theatre; it was there that he acquired his skill on the violin and trombone, and attained sufficient proficiency to hold a respectable rank amongst the performers in the different European capitals.

Amongst the celebrated organists reared in this nursery of great artists, are Freitag and Weiss, whose compositions may serve as models in the serious and elevated style of organ playing.

It was during the latter portion of the eighteenth century that Melk had attained its acme of musical glory. Kimmerling, Helm, Albrechtsberger, Abbe Stadler, Francis Schneider and Paradeiser, flourished at this epoch within its walls. Such an assemblage of talent as this, of men whom Germany glories in ranking among the foremost of her sons, sufficiently testifies the influence exercised by convents over the science of music, and well worthy of our attention are these peaceful abodes, if we look at them in no other light than that of foster-mothers of music.

Robert Kimmerling was born at Vienna, in 1737—he entered the order of Benedictines in 1759. During the time he prosecuted his studies in divinity at this city, he acquired the primary elements of composition from one who had already begun to attract attention amongst the celebrated musicians of the period, and who became in the sequel an object of universal admiration,—I speak of the author of *The Creation*—Joseph Haydn. Thanks to his master and his unremitting attention to the works of Handel, Haase, and Bach, it was not long ere Kimmerling became the first composer and greatest organist of his day. He wrote several trios, quatuors, cantatas, offertories, litanies, vespers, and *Te Deums*, besides masses, wherein he showed himself a thorough master of counterpoint. Haydn evinced considerable admiration for his disciple's works, and was so much struck with a mass for eight voices of his composition, that he always spoke of it afterwards as a master-piece.

Kimmerling exercised upwards of sixteen years the functions of Professor and *Regius Chori* at the Abbey of Melk, with the greatest credit. His method of teaching, and his encouraging manner towards his scholars, contributed in no small degree to raise the musical performances in this monastery to the greatest height of perfection; so that, besides instrumentalists who possessed first-rate talent, the choristers brought up and instructed free of expense were as remarkable for their amount of musical knowledge as for their fine and well cultivated voices, they being competent to undertake at once the execution of the most complicated works.

It was with several monks, no mean proficient, and these youths, whose capabilities had been so fully developed, that Kimmerling, when Joseph II. and his sister Marie Antoinette visited this convent, in 1770, performed the operetta of *Rebecca*, or *Isaac's Bride*, the music of which he had himself composed. This piece was executed by a full orchestra and choir with great precision, and produced much effect on all present, especially on Marie Antoinette. She presented to the composer a large gold medal in remembrance of the occasion, and to each monk who

had borne a part in the drama a similar medal of silver. Joseph II. was so highly pleased with the music, that he requested a copy of the score, that he might be able at a future period to renew the satisfaction it had afforded him.

Kimmerling died in 1799.

Amongst his numerous scholars, the principal were, Marian Paradeiser, Cajetan Andorfer, Gregor Mayer, and Müller.

Marian Paradeiser was born at Reichenenthal, in the year 1774. He was brought up as a chorister in the Abbey of Melk. At an early age he evinced a most decided turn for music, and in his fourteenth year wrote quatuors as remarkable for their graceful melody as for the science they displayed. Whilst still a student in philosophy only, he wrote *Caladon*, an operetta, a work which was estimated as being of the first order. His trios and quatuors were of the few compositions that the Emperor Joseph at all cared to hear. Paradeiser was likewise a very tolerable performer on the violin, and moreover a good poet. Unhappily his career was but of brief duration, for he perished in his twenty-eighth year. But few of his compositions have been preserved. The extreme confusion consequent upon the decree of secularisation and sequestration of the property of religious establishments caused the irreparable loss of many treasures of art and science.

Albrechtsberger was a native of Neuberg, in the neighbourhood of the convent of that name. In 1736 he came to the Abbey College at Melk, as a chorister. There he first learnt the rudiments of composition, and was initiated into the mysteries of organ playing, in which ere long he had no rival. He became organist in the convent of Raab, thence he went to Maria Taferl, and at length returned to the monastery of Melk to assume the functions of organist. His favourite studies were Handel's and Caldara's works. He subsequently returned to Vienna, where he obtained a scanty livelihood by giving lessons in composition. His scholars fully proved the justice of the opinion which Haydn entertained of him. He said, that, of all masters of composition, Albrechtsberger was the greatest and most profound. Never did master boast so noble a list of names as his scholars furnish forth: Beethoven, Ries, Seyfried, Schneider, Eibler, Preindl, Hummel, Weigl and others, who, although not equal to these in reputation, still became composers, professors, and organists of no mean distinction.

Albrechtsberger was indebted for a very considerable portion of the high perfection he attained in composition and skill on the organ, to the serious and effective turn imparted to his studies by his preceptor Kimmerling. Even during his life time, Albrechtsberger enjoyed that meed of admiration so well his due, as was testified by the tributes he received from the first masters.

On one occasion, Michael Haydn chanced to arrive at the convent during divine service, and, on entering the chapel, he was so struck with the powerful style of playing exhibited by the master who directed the Abbey's colossal instrument, that he ascended the flight of stairs leading to the organ-loft in order to gratify himself with a sight of him who had acquired so great a mastery over his instrument. What was his astonishment at recognizing Albrechtsberger, his old fellow-collegian, with whom he had prosecuted his classical studies at Vienna. In raptures at his execution, he clasped him in his arms, affirming that none could brook comparison, none venture to contest with him the palm of first organist.

On another occasion, whilst he was at Vienna, Abbe Vogler visited that city. The friends of the latter, who had opportunities of hearing him during his former tours, flocked to renew their admiration one day that he was to play the organ. He was accompanied by Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Stadler, and several others; amongst the number Mozart, holding little Ignatius Seyfried by the hand. Vogler could always rely upon the suffrages of the mass; for his style exhibited as much clap-trap as ability, as much straining after false effect as real depth; but in presence of those by whom he was on this occasion surrounded, he was careful to abstain from such an exhibition.

The theme he selected was a solemn one, and he was grand, although occasionally led away by his over lively imagination.

Albrechtsberger was next called upon to take his seat at the organ. The scientific manner in which he handled the theme he chose was marvellous; under his fingers it grew into a fugue, his pallid cheeks gradually became flushed, and when his audience imagined they had heard every possible variety in the working of the theme, the pedal as it repeated it rendered the effect yet more powerful and more exciting. Mozart observed to Seyfried directing his attention to Albrechtsberger: "That's the man to teach you composition, Nazerl (Ignatius): none ever yet came up to him!" He died in the year 1909.

(To be continued.)

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grüllers.)

Continued from page 678.

THEATRES, INSTITUTIONS, AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

Before my arrival at New York, I was far from supposing I should there find musical institutions perfectly identical with those established in all the principal capitals of Europe. I had been for the last twenty years one of the most faithful frequenters of the Italian Opera in Paris, and had imagined that beyond the ocean I should meet with nothing more than national theatres, presenting no interest to a stranger, and of no utility to art. I had been told that the puritanism of the North-American in no way permitted his partaking of our intellectual enjoyments, so that I was equally surprised and pleased to learn that New York was in possession of a perfectly organized Italian Opera, and, owing to the activity, intelligence, and energy of its Director, Mr. Maretzek, was as prosperous as he could wish. I have known few *impresarij* able to combine the musical and managerial knowledge of this gentleman. I have since learnt that before going to the United States Mr. Maretzek had been vocal director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London. At the Italian Opera of Astor Place I have heard some of the operas which have the greatest popularity in Italy, viz., *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, *Otello*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, &c. &c. They were played in a very satisfactory manner; the orchestra was led by Mr. Maretzek with an irreproachable *maestria*; the singers, most willing to obey such a conductor, exerted their utmost to obtain the applause of an enthusiastic public. I have often been present at the performances of Astor Place, and more than once have I fancied myself at the Italian Opera of Paris.

But it was not the Italian Opera of New York alone that brought back to me London and Paris. I was still more astonished to see societies resembling our *Conservatoire*, and others in the style of the "Ancient Concerts" of London.

The Philharmonic Society owes its foundation and continuance to the devotedness of a few musicians, the greater number of them having been instructed in the academies of Europe. They have been fortunate enough to obtain the financial help of a few rich amateurs. At their meetings the symphonies of the greatest German masters are performed, but principally those of Beethoven; these are played with the love of art, and with remarkable intelligence. I, however, observed that the conductor, Mr. Loder, (a studious and indefatigable musician,) in general took the movements more rapidly than Habeneck, of the Parisian *Conservatoire*.

Another society, founded upon the same basis as the "Ancient Concerts" of London, is exclusively devoted to the performance of works by the old masters. I think that Mozart and Beethoven are regarded as authors of yesterday, who have not yet had time to get through purgatory. Illustrious dead! before you can attain this terrestrial paradise, several generations must have passed away; and when nearly forgotten by the living, it is there, in that sanctum of ancient-ism, you receive shelter, that you are regenerated! The artist who directs these concerts is Mr. Hill. He is one of those men whose character is as sanguine as their

zeal is indefatigable. The legacies of the old masters, instead of relaxing his courage, only seems to add fresh energy to his untiring and indomitable perseverance. It could be said without exaggeration that, in case of need, he could almost bring the dead to life.

By the side of these institutions, which are deeply rooted in the musical feeling of the country, several have been formed under various names, such as the Ethiopians, the Minstrels, &c. These consist of six, eight, or ten singers, who blacken their faces and hands with soot, so as to give themselves the appearance of negroes. Every evening crowds assemble to hear their barbarous songs, sometimes for one, sometimes for several voices. The principal aim of these singular performances—if one can judge by the boisterous hilarity which greets the end of each verse—is evidently to try the risible faculties of the audience. Sometimes, however, these strange songs are characterized by a delightful simplicity and *naïveté*; and what tends to increase the interest they occasionally present to an European, is the strange manner in which they are accompanied. Guitars of the most extraordinary shape, violins almost in pieces, and a tambourine, are in general the instruments most in requisition. But the one to which the greatest preference is given and which consequently is the most frequently employed, consists of the jaw bones of a horse; these struck against each other with the most astonishing rapidity produce an extraordinary—and not to say barbarous—effect.* The analogy of this instrument assuredly cannot be traced to any of our orchestras. Oftentimes these artists are in possession of various other talents: some of them after singing will dance, and then astonish by feats of strength and dexterity. I have seen them on a kind of table exhibit "pas" and figures not advisable for any of even our most accomplished dancers to practise in presence of the municipal guard instructed with the moral conduct of the frequenters of "Mabile or the Chaumiere." What is worthy of a passing notice is, that these concerts are the most patronized, and several individuals have been cited to me, who had made considerable sums by the undertaking of these buffoon entertainments.

THE THOUSAND LIGHTS.

I return to my concerts and thereby gain an opportunity of relating an adventure which occurred to me a few days previous to my departure from New York. Seeing the public still respond to my numerous calls, I thought to profit by the ascendant I seemed to have obtained over the more enlightened part of the population, and took the opportunity of giving some classical works, something of a higher standard than fantasias or simple variations. I then announced for performance some of the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, some of the works of Mendelssohn and Berlioz, and a few quartetts by Onslow, and various other classic pieces, all tending to elevate and instruct. I must here observe that in New York it is not—as in Europe—the upper classes alone who frequent and patronize concerts, every one there is desirous of hearing and listening to every artist who brings with him the least reputation from our continent, individuals of every grade, clerks, artisans, workmen, workwomen, from high to low, each class is mixed and amalgamated at these public reunions, and I may add that musical sentiment is found as equally developed in these intermediate, as in the highest sphere of society, there is equality of intelligence as there is equality of rights, this perhaps in a great measure explains how I was able to give the number of concerts I did to continually increasing audiences.

Still the fear of perceiving any decrease in the public curiosity kept me incessantly on the look out for something new. My imagination began to tire at this delicate and difficult task. I had completely exhausted my inventive faculty, my powers of imagination were undisguisedly at a stand still, but fortunately I had a secretary who would have undertaken to fan an expiring flame into the most dazzling brightness. He was one of those agents who seem to spring on American land. I do not doubt but what

* This is nothing more than our well known "bones," the indispensable accompaniment of all rightly constituted nigger companies, or Ethiopian serenaders. There must be some mistake when Mr. Herz mentions the jaw bones of a horse.—Translator.

there must have been a few of such among the companions of Amerigo Vespucci and Columbus, I however can affirm that it would be with the greatest amount of difficulty we should be able to find in Europe such men as Barnum or Ullman, and if I was not acquainted with Mr. Belloni, the friend and secretary of Listz, I would assert they were undiscoverable. One day then, I was somewhat troubled to give an additional interest to my programme. I enquired of my secretary if he could forge anything from his inexhaustible store of imagination, something that would startle and arouse public curiosity to the utmost. To this question he for a few moments is silent, he leans his head upon his two hands apparently plunged in deep reverie, all at once he rises and with a nervous agitation impossible to describe and the enthusiasm of an inspired, cries:

"I have found it! I have found it!" in a tone as if he had absolutely discovered a new world.

"But what?" said I, astonished at so much confidence and assurance.

"Well then, what say you? *a thousand lights.*"

"What mean you? how a thousand lights."

"Never mind; we have found it; I will answer for the rest."

"But still I must comprehend; it is me and not you, who gives the concert."

Without answering my question he only adds,

"I will forthwith go and announce there will be a thousand lights."

"But what analogy can there be between my concert and a thousand lights?"

"Cannot you perceive?"

"By my faith no, that I cannot, and I beg you will explain the enigma."

"You shall see, you shall see, all New York will rush to your concert. I'll say no more."

Our conversation at this point came to a complete stand still from the impossibility of my obtaining another word from my obstinate interlocutor. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when two days after in walking down the Broadway I perceived a gigantic bill, upon which appeared in tremendous sized letters my name, illuminated by the foregoing thousand lights. I could for a moment hardly believe my eyes, but there were bill, letters, and the thousand lights staring me full in the face, quite impossible to doubt their reality. I was very vexed, and intended to let my secretary know it. At that moment I perceived him advancing towards me with a face beaming with joy, and to all appearances in expectation of receiving the warmest congratulations.

"Have those bills immediately torn down," said I impatiently and somewhat irritated; "I cannot and will not countenance such a proceeding."

"You might as well order me to throw three thousand piastres into the sea."

And he was right, for so it would have been; all the tickets for the concert had been bought up in one day, and many were sold at advanced prices by auction. By five o'clock on the day of the concert crowds were already besieging the doors, and when they were opened the building was immediately invaded by an unceasing and endless tide of people. I am unwillingly obliged to confess, the thousand lights met with greater success than myself. It was to no purpose I played my *Rondo Russe*, every one seemed preoccupied with something beyond the music, all eyes were fixed upon another point, each face was upturned; I for my own part was completely mystified. All at once in the middle of the most important piece, a gentleman requests the honour of a word with me, I of course grant it, and he, approaching me with the most perfect simplicity and immovable seriousness, said,

"But sir, there is not a thousand."

"Eh! What?"

"Did you not announce a thousand lights?"

It was only at that moment I was able to explain the inattention which had taken possession of the audience. The Americans are above all calculating the positive to a degree, the public had been intent upon counting the number of lights, and my querist who had interrupted me in so sudden and inopportune a manner had made certain there required about twenty more lights to arrive at a thousand.

The next morning the newspapers did not fail to relate this incident, which to them did not at all appear remarkable or surprising.* While upon this subject it affords me great satisfaction to give a few details I gathered with care, about the press of New York: they appear to me of a nature alike interesting to artist and public.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF NEW YORK.

There is in New York about a dozen political daily papers, of which eight are published in the morning and four in the afternoon. There are besides three or four weekly papers published on Saturday, and four on Sunday morning; one or two monthly or half-monthly reviews. All these publications are written in English; there are, in addition to the above, two or three German newspapers, and one French.

The American press in general is devoted almost exclusively to commerce and politics. Theatres, music, and the fine arts have not that corner reserved for them, which by us is named the "*feuilleton*." Certain papers, more bigotted than others, entirely prescribe from their columns all notices, reviews, or analysis of concerts and theatres as things too futile and unreligious. But this excess of Puritanism is becoming more and more scarce; the press in general is full of sympathy, good-will, and hospitableness for artists. The American press has been accused of being venal, and of pursuing a kind of conduct far from honest or loyal, viz.:—that of levying a tax, or, as the Americans have named it (doubtless from the Scotch), *Black-mail* or *Black-tax*, and to a certainty, were such the case, no more appropriate name could be found. But I have been able to judge and see by my own experience that in this accusation there entered a good deal of slander and calumny.

The journal which has incurred the greatest number of these insinuations has been the *Herald*; it has the largest circulation, and it directs influences and establishes public opinion more than any other newspaper. Its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, gains, by his manner of pursuing journalism, lots of dollars, but at the same time numerous enemies; but the possession of the first of these consoles him for the second; he sells 30,000 copies of his daily, and 40,000 of his weekly edition. The *Herald* devotes more attention to arts and artists than any other political newspaper; it is as devoted an adherent and friend as it is an implacable and inexorable enemy. I am not able to say if it is the most appreciated, but, most undoubtedly, it is the most feared; the managers of theatres seek before everything to conciliate this powerful and fearful organ of the press of New York. Mr. Bennett, its editor, is a Scotchman by birth; he has taken for a fellow-labourer Mrs. Bennet, whose department is the noticing of concerts and theatricals. This fair (in regard to personal appearance) critic is of Irish origin. Between the two they combine wit enough for four.

The newspapers which have the largest circulation after the *Herald* is the *Tribune*, it has for its editor Mr. Horace Greeley, a man of astonishing originality; he combines a mixture of Fourier and Whig-ism, he is an Utopist, which however is counterbalanced by the practical man. He is backed by Messrs Taylor and Snow, two talented writers. The *Sun* is conducted by Mr. Beech, father and son, who humbug and journalize at the same time. Their *Sun* which is sold at a halfpenny a number, shines mostly upon the people who patronize it to the extent of 40,000 a-day. This however did not prevent some jealous workmen abandoning it (under the pretext of its dazzling with a false brightness, and raising an opponent and competitor under the name of the *True Sun*. No one has yet thought of publishing the *Moon*.

The *Courier and Enquirer* has less subscribers than the *Herald* or *Sun*, but it is one of the most influential papers of the Union. If the *Herald* is somewhat the *Presse* of New York, the *Courier and Enquirer* is the *Journal des Débats*. It has for editors and proprietors Colonel Webb and Messrs. Charles King and Raymond.

* We do not at all feel inclined to prostrate ourselves before the imaginative genius of Mr. Horz's secretary. Had he imagined "*the thousand and one lights*," we possibly might have been less sparing of our admiration, because he would then have established some sort of analogy between "*the thousand and one American lights*, and *the thousand and one Arabian nights*."—Translator.

The musical department is entrusted to Mr. White, who has more than once given proofs of unflinching independence, and remarkable perspicuity of judgment. The *Journal of Commerce* is exclusively devoted to matter commercial and religious; its proprietors have at the same time a building called the *Tabernacle* for song, either profane or religious, which they let to artists in return for money. This is all they are able to do for them. The *Home Journal* is personified by Mr. Willis, the elegant author of some travels through Europe. He is the favourite writer of the ladies, and his journal is more frequently to be found in the drawing-room of Union Square than in the counting-houses of Pearl Street. He appreciates artists as an artist.

The *Express*, of which the political department is conducted by Mr. James Brooks and the musical by Mr. Otis, is both a morning and evening paper; it publishes two editions a day. It has for afternoon companion the *Evening Post*, edited by the celebrated and admired American poet Bryant. The *Commercial Advertiser* is written by Tunann; he has an elegant and uncorrupted pen. The *Mirror* will be found a satisfactory account of fashionable taste for manners and customs by Mr. Fuller.

Foreign artists will always find in the Sunday papers as well as in the German a sympathetic support. The English journal *Albion* has for proprietor Doctor Bartlett, and for editor Mr. Watson, who unites in the highest degree the double talent of writer and musician.

There is besides these the French newspaper of New York called *Le Courier des Etats-Unis*, it owes its reputation and influence to Frédéric Gaillardet, the author of the *Tour de Nesle*, who has rendered a mutual service to French and American in being interpreter and giving to each the means of knowing and appreciating each other. The French artists have always received at his hands a kind and brotherly help. As a public man he has left no unpopular name in the New World, and moreover he has made his fortune. The *Courier of the United States* has now for editor Mr. Paul Arpin, a writer of some talent, and Mr. M. F. Gaillardet, who has become the Paris correspondent, so that nothing remarkable either in French art or politics is left unnoticed or unrecorded in its pages.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society has just issued its Report for the Third Season, from which it appears that during the past fifteen months, the Society has given twelve public performances in the following order:—1850, April 19th, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*; May 6th, Haydn's *Creation*; May 31st, *Creation* repeated; Dec. 5th, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; Dec. 27, Handel's *Messiah*; 1851, Jan. 31st, Haydn's *Creation*, and Dr. Elvey's new anthem, "In that day;" Feb. 21st, *Creation*, and Dr. Elvey's anthem repeated; Feb. 28th, Handel's *Messiah*; March 28th, Handel's *Jephtha*; April 14th, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; May 7, a Selection of Cathedral Music, including the works of living composers; May 19th, Handel's *Messiah*. For each of these performances the subscribers have received two tickets, except for the *Creation* May 31st, and February 21st, and the *Messiah* February 28th and May 19th, which were considered repetitions, or extra performances; but for each of these one ticket was also sent to the subscribers, making together twenty admissions since the annual meeting in April, 1850. The following principal vocal performers have been engaged during the past season:—Miss Birch, Miss Catherine Hayes. Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Williams, Mrs. Temple, Miss Thornton, Miss Stewart, Miss Henderson, Miss Byers, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Miss Kent, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Turner, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Donald King, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Bodda, &c. Of the

above list some were first introduced to the public at the concerts of this society. The Committee state they would most willingly produce new oratorios in quicker succession if they were equally attractive as those usually performed; this matter is constantly upon their minds, and having most valuable works at their command, they will not fail to bring them before their subscribers and the public when practicable. In presenting the cash account, the Committee refer with much pleasure to the amount of subscriptions, which presents an aggregate not to be equalled by any other musical society in the metropolis. Mr. H. Blagrove, formerly first violin with Mr. Francois Grumer at the Ancient Concerts, is the leader of the band. Mr. Jolly officiates as organist, and Mr. Surman, who has conducted the oratorios at Exeter Hall from the commencement, wields the baton as conductor both at rehearsals and performances.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your leading article of No. 42, you alluded to the various schemes which have been afloat for the establishment of a "NATIONAL" ENGLISH OPERA, with reference to which, I beg leave to conclude the series of letters bearing my signature by addressing to you and your numerous readers the following explanation of the part I have taken in this affair.

It had long been obvious to the public that the national reproach of our being a non-musical people was a fictitious blot, rather than a real stain, caused by some mismanagement or other, whereby the true form of our musical power was not enabled to manifest itself. Competent executants were known to exist, highly talented composers have been abundantly acknowledged. English artistes have been called in to give additional lustre to the mighty effulgence of an Italian geology, and even continental exclusiveness has been thankful to accept the aid of British talent at Naples, Milan, Paris, &c., &c.; yet withal, we, as a nation, have never been able to support the existence of a single theatre exclusively devoted to the Lyric Muse, without entailing upon its proprietors such pecuniary loss as rendered it advisable to discontinue a policy which threatened universal ruin to all, except a fortunate (and cunning) few.

With a view to change, if not amend the system of operatic tactics, several schemes have set their wits to work, some advocate monopoly—others commonwealth principles, but most of them exhibiting selfishness either in an open or a concealed, that is to say disguised form—whereby their intentions have been frustrated. Under the class of schemers I must rank myself—disclaiming merely but *emphatically* any comminglement of selfishness—and taking rather, if you please, the onus of any ridicule which may be flung upon me for honesty of intention. My scheme has had this ending; it has fallen through the cowardice of its supporters, through a lack of confidence, through a want of *esprit de corps*, and partly through treachery in a quarter whence the greatest amount of assistance had been anticipated. The sum of £2,000 had been guaranteed in certain quarters for the purposes of cementing a musical league, and would have been forthcoming at the slightest evidence of a concordant association; yet all this has been forfeited, and probably all future patronage rendered more than doubtful through a feeling of all others the most unlooked for—namely a lack of union. In short, musicians seem universally to distrust EACH OTHER, and why!—let some bolder man than myself give answer—for my part, I neither desire to bring myself under opprobrium nor seek to bruise others, let therefore the feelings to which I have been witness lie buried in obscurity, I shall tell no tales.

Mr. Bunn is now lessee of Drury Lane Theatre and will perhaps benefit by the notoriety which former short-comings have

attained. He will have much in his power, but human nature is "*sui generis*," and he will serve his friends of course, without which failing he would be an ingrate; he will also, of course, serve the public, long before he will serve himself. He will doubtless seek diligently after rising genius, encourage it or lead it gently on, he will choose disinterestedly amidst the piles of MSS., which will be showered down upon him, for the *very best*, showing no favor, and will merit the plaudits of an admiring public by catering for its amusement in the true "Soyer" style, by supplying it with tit-bits *ad libitum*.

In the hope that some one—*perhaps the public*—will derive some ultimate benefit from the discussions which have arisen out of this question, I respectfully take my leave as the advocate of a NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

And have the honor to be, Sir,
Yours Obediently,
PHILO-MUSICA.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I observe that a correspondent of yours calls upon you, in your number of the 18th inst., to remind you of a promise which he attributes to you—to express your opinion on the meaning of the relative terms of Andante and Andantino, suggesting to you that you might procure the decision of a certain distinguished musician, and "so settle the matter at once."

Unfortunately, the matter cannot be settled quite so easily as your correspondent supposes; since there is a very widely diffused difference of understanding on the subject, but I will with your permission offer you such information on the question as lies within my reach.

To begin with the words themselves, Andante is from the Italian word "*ambulo*," (to walk,) and the Latin equivalents for it given in the Vocabolario (Della Crusca) are *ieus*, *proficiscens*. We must, upon this, take Andante to mean a certain degree of *onward* movement, but of no great rapidity. Of Andantino, the Vocabolario makes no mention; but as all agree that it is only an Italian diminutive of Andante, it follows that it must mean some *diminution* of that *onward* movement—in other words, a *slower* time than Andante. In the same manner, *Allegro*, which marks a quick time, has its quickness diminished by its diminutive *Allegretto*, and vice-versa. *Largo*, which means a *slow* time has its *slowness* diminished by its diminutive *Larghetto*. The language of itself, then, seems to decide the question. Nor are authorities wanting for the use of Andantino as a musical form. First and foremost, I would put the authority of the late Muzio Clementi, a native of Rome, who in his "*Gradus ad Parnassum*," expressly gives Andantino as slower than Andante. Both the supplements to the "*Dictionnaire de l'Academie*," (one of them by the Academie itself,) and Monsieur Laveaux, in his *Dictionnaire*, (one in great esteem) concur in this meaning; nor is it, I think, immaterial to direct your attention to the slow movement, E in flat, in Mozart's fourth Sonata, pianoforte and violin (Pleyel's edition), which is marked Andantino Sostenuito Cantabile, and which it seems impossible, from the depth and fullness of its sentiment, to doubt to *slower* been intended by that great composer to be played in a *have* time than Andante. One would say, then, that the case is now decided; but the lawyers step in and say, "*Audi alteram partem*," and we will indulge them.

First let us hear the stoutest champions of the opposite opinion. Messrs Chorán and Lafage, in their most elaborate work, "*Manuel Complet de Musique*," part first, page 72, have the following note—"Beaucoup de compositeurs ont employé ce mot 'Andantino' pour indiquer un mouvement plus lent que l'Andante. C'est évidemment une erreur." But, unfortunately, these gentlemen, while they declare that many composers entertain this opinion, have not condescended to tell us how it comes to be so *evident* that this opinion is an error. The next, and better authority I would mention, is that of Alberti de Villeneuve, who in his French and Italian Dictionary, one of the highest repute, says, "*Andantino—Diminuet di Andante, ed esprime un poco piu di vivacita della musica.*" In the *Dizionario della*

Musica of Lichtenthal, a German by birth, but who lived twenty years in Italy, and wrote his *Dizionario* in Italian, we have "*Andantino—Dimin di Andante è della stessa esecuzione, ma d'un movimento un po' vivo.*" Finally, I find in the "*Dizionario della lingua Italiana*," of the date of 1829, the same account, verbatim, as is given by Alberti.

In this conflict of opinion what is to be done? We can, I fear, only exercise our judgment in each particular case, as I have presumed to do in the case of Mozart's movement above spoken of. But I cannot doubt that the *proper* meaning of the word itself, backed, too, by such authorities as we have seen, marks a *slower* time than Andante. If I am asked how the error could have got into Italian dictionaries, I can only say that Andante movements, standing almost always in the place of *slow* movements, the diminutive word has been hastily taken as a diminution of *slowness*, and not in its proper sense, and so passed from one to another, in a matter not seeming of any great importance to dictionary makers.

I am, sir, yours obediently,
Oct. 22nd, 1851. AN OLD AMATEUR.

THE LATE MADAME DULCKEN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Dear Sir,—I shall feel greatly obliged if you will please to inform me where it was the late Madam Dulcken intended to have given a concert the same week she died. It was at some town about 40 or 50 miles from London. If you can inform me the name of the town I shall feel obliged.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

[Can any of our readers supply our Correspondent with the required information?—Ed. M. W.]

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your number of the 18th instant, H. J. T. enquires where Burney's History of Music can be obtained. It has been recently published by Mr. Bohn of York Street, and forms part of his Standard Library.

I have not at present seen your subsequent number, and am therefore in ignorance whether the information sought by your correspondent is already given him. B.

Wisbech, 28th October, 1851.

Poetry.

THE CHILD'S SONG.

O pretty Robin, gentle Robin!
Tell me where ye sleep at night,
When the wintry wind is blowing,
And the snow is falling white.
Have ye got like me a dwelling
That is fond, and kind, and warm,
When the angry wind is swelling,
To protect you from all harm.
"Ah, no, no," replied the Robin
I have got no home like thee;
All the lone night I sit nodding
On a cold and thorny tree.
Long and dreary hours I number,
And enjoy but transient rest;
Sitting half-benum'd, I slumber,
With my bill upon my breast."
Come then, Robin, every morning
I will give thee drink and food,
When the sun is not adorning
Garden-flowers and leafy wood.
Thus the pretty bird said fondly,
"I will sing sweet songs to thee,
If you treat me thus so kindly,
When the blossom's on the tree."

ANDREW PARK.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—After three representations of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in the last two of which Madame Barbieri Nini followed up her success of the first night—it may be said, triumphantly—Mademoiselle Corbari and Signor Calzolari made their *rentrée* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Since Mademoiselle Corbari's first visit to Paris, some four or five years since, her time has been principally expended in England and Russia, where she obtained equal favour and patronage. Mademoiselle Corbari was engaged by Mr. Lumley as *comprimaria* at Her Majesty's Theatre—this was her first appearance in London. She was next engaged at Covent Garden, where she played Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, the Princess in *Roberto il Diavolo*, Adelgisa in *Norma*, &c., &c. She subsequently went to St. Petersburg, where for two or three seasons, she was a great favourite with the audiences of the Imperial Theatre. Mademoiselle Corbari appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience as *prima donna*. The Lucia of the fair *cantatrice*, both in singing and acting, was an excellent performance. Mademoiselle Corbari, with her charming face and figure, her graceful and picturesque attitudes, natural always, her beautiful voice, so fresh and sympathetic, and the true feminine feeling which lends so much interest to all she does, could not fail to prove highly successful in such a part as the heroine of Donizetti's opera. Accordingly, Mademoiselle Corbari was listened to throughout with delight, and received at the end with genuine warmth. There was certainly no *furor*—no great enthusiastic demonstration—but the Parisians have been long since ennuyed with the Lucia, and, musically speaking, consider it a bore. Calzolari sang well, occasionally very finely. The new barytone, Fortini, made no advance. I fear he is no acquisition to Mr. Lumley's corps. Susini promises better. He has a fine deep bass voice, and sings well. I learn that the *Italiana in Algeri* is in rehearsal; but for whom, or to what purpose is beyond my fathom to reach. There are many other operas of Rossini much worthier of revival than this. For instance, the *Turco in Italia*, *Armida*, or some of the earlier works of the master. Meanwhile Paris is awaiting the *rentrée* of la Cruvelli, who, I understand, will make her first appearance this season in *Norma*. Subsequently will be produced for her *Fidelio*, *Sonnambula*, *Semiramide*, &c., &c. Guasco, it is said, will make his *début* in *Ernani* with Cruvelli. I am most anxious to hear this tenor, for whom everybody has a strong word of praise.

At the *Académie Royale* they are rehearsing *La Reine de Chypre* for the *rentrée* of Roger and Massol, and the *début* of Madame Tedesco. The last named lady is a myth. She is a Spaniard, brought up in Italy, who has been singing at the Havanna and in some of the American States for several years, as I am told, with immense success. I read all the American papers, and I confess I do not remember ever reading her name. A person who heard her in America not long ago told me she is a splendid singer, but rather fanciful. Whether her style will please the Parisians or not remains to be seen. She may be a second Malibran. Alboni's engagement is drawing to a close. I heard her lately in the *Prophete*, the *Favorite*, and the *Corbeille d'Oranges*, and I really think she sings better than ever. A new candidate for Terpsichorean honor, in the person of Mademoiselle Bagdanoff, pupil of St. Leon, made her *début* in the *Vivandiere*, with success.

BERLIN.—(From our Correspondent.)—Spontini's *Olympia* has been produced here with great success. The composer's widow assisted at the representation, and altogether the per-

formance was one of great interest. Of the music I am hardly enabled to judge from one hearing. As far as my judgment goes, Spontini seems to be the very antithesis to Rossini. His music appears always laboured, and I find little or no flow of tune, like that which pervades the compositions of the immortal author of the immortal *Barbiere*. But Spontini, on the other hand possesses that conscientiousness and determination which Rossini required. Every piece betrays the hand of the anxious and painstaking workman; and sometimes, no doubt, from the over-laboured brain and long consideration proceeds that which may take its place alongside the efforts of inspiration and genius. It were hard upon humanity if it were not so. But of the music more another time. Mademoiselle Wagner appeared with immense *eclat* in the character of Statira. Her great height here was an advantage in place of a drawback; and her powerful and grand voice, and large style told with unprecedented effect. Indeed, I must say, I never admired Mdlle. Wagner so much. She made a great impression on all who heard her, and was received throughout with tremendous bursts of applause. Madame Kœster, as Olympia, also came in for her share of the enthusiasm. She sang very charmingly, and was not snuffed out by so huge an extinguisher as Mdlle. Wagner. Of the gentlemen I cannot report much that is favourable. The piece was put upon the stage in the most costly and magnificent manner.

NEW YORK.—(From Saroni's Musical Times.)—Miss Catherine Hayes has had no ordinary opposition to contend with, no common-place battle to fight, to attain the position to which she is justly entitled among us, as the truest, purest, and most distinguished vocal genius we have ever heard here. For five or six years past, more or less justly celebrated vocal artists have preceded her—one after another, by fair means or foul, creating some sort of enthusiasm. Every one possessed peculiar merits of his or her own, but not all succeeded exactly in proportion to those merits.

It is almost impossible for us to draw comparisons between Miss Hayes and any other Prima Donna we have ever heard. She is "herself alone;" her power is equal throughout the entire register of her voice. Her articulation both in English and Italian is perfectly distinct and unobstructed in the most difficult chromatic or diatonic passages. The Italian will understand the words of her "*Ah! non giunge*," as well as the Frenchmen her "*Ah, mon fils*;" the Scotchman will be equally delighted with her "*Oh dinna think, bonnie lassie*," as the Irishman with her "*Savourneen Deelish*."

Her perfection and power of *sostenuto* have seldom been equalled, for what would appear almost insurmountable to many seems to come natural to her. Her invocation to the Virgin Goddess, "*Casta Diva*," was one continued outgushing of prayer to the Deity, whilst Agatha's great *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, was by her rendered a picture of the most impressive and serene beauty, subdued in the foreground, but with so effective a distribution of light and shade, clouds and sunshine over the canvass, that for the first time we began to appreciate and fully understand the meaning of that expressive word, "*Tongemälde*" (tone picture).

The ballads of a nation are the original expression of the nation's spirit, and more even than acts and deeds, popular songs show in words and melodies the peculiar characteristics of the people. Single individuals, however, are the speakers, the interpreters for all—and the lyrical form of these national expressions, is the only one that remains for untold ages. Catherine Hayes is *par excellence* the interpreter of her own country's ballads. Her characteristic, mellow, and soulful expression, her feeling, pure and impressive enunciation tell the

story of her ballad better than music and poetry united, ever told it before. All this we said and thought when we were enraptured with her Irish ballads alone, but great was our pleasure and astonishment, when we found her equally great, equally impressive in Scotch and English ballads. She is the ballad singer of our age, and none other that we know of can we compare to her.

We shall take a future opportunity of noticing her performance of sacred music, in which, as in ballads, she excels, by the subdued intensity of her style. For the present, we will no longer dwell upon a subject with which we are so strongly impressed, so truly delighted, that we could write on for pages more, but for the fear of abusing our readers' (we only mean those who have not heard her) patience.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—Niblo's Theatre was crowded in all parts, on Tuesday evening, to witness Madame Thillon's performance of Marie, in *La Fille du Regiment*. Her conception and execution were alike true and brilliant, and caused a tempest of applause, and frequent demands for repetition, with only two of which she complied. We should like to hear Madame Thillon in a serious opera. In the *Crown Diamonds* and the *Child of the Regiment*, the gay, light-hearted girl, has but one occasional shade of deeper feeling, gone ere it is noted. We should like the opportunity of seeing and hearing her when a loftier idea pervades her representations, and she seems to be fighting the battle of life in sad earnest, and with other weapons than a garland and a smile. Shall we have this pleasure, Mr. Niblo?

JENNY LIND denies that she has any intention of appearing on the stage, and in a letter to Mr. Jay, her counsel, in New York, thus decides the question:

"I have not the most remote idea of ever again returning to the stage; and although I usually treat with perfect indifference the reports and sayings of writers in newspapers, or otherwise, yet I should feel really thankful to you to state that no inducement whatever can tend to make me change my mind in reference to the resolution I have adopted to quit the stage."

Jenny Lind will sing in Buffalo on the 15th instant, and thence proceed to Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and New York, arriving here about the middle of December, to give a few farewell concerts here and in Boston.

DEATH OF LADY LOUISA STUART.—In London, on the 4th, died Lady Louisa Stuart, aged nearly ninety-four; the youngest daughter of the Minister, Earl of Bute, and grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the lady to whom we owe the charming "Introductory Anecdotes" prefixed to the late Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Works. Lady Louisa remembered to have seen her grandmother, Lady Mary, when at old Wortley's death that celebrated woman returned to London after her long and still unexplained exile from England. Lady Louisa herself was a charming letter-writer.—*Athenæum*.

DEATH OF MISS HARRIET LEE.—At Clifton, on Friday, the 1st instant, died Miss Harriet Lee, at the advanced age of ninety-five. Miss Lee is best known as having in her "German's Tale" of the "Canterbury Tales" (a miscellany of little romances by herself and her sister), furnished Lord Byron with the plot of his play of *Werner*. Mere old-fashioned novel-readers, who are given to weary at the philanthropy, philosophy, and preaching, which threaten to turn our thousand-and-one tales into something more like "Evening Services" than "Arabian Nights," will find in her vigour and clearness of invention a merit which of itself deserves to keep the name of the novelist alive. The "Canterbury Tales" evidences vigour and clearness of invention, and invariably an elegant and neat style. Miss Lee wrote a few plays, but they met with little success. In her youth she joined her sister in keeping a school at Bath.

Dramatic.

SADLERS WELLS.—The engagement of Miss Fanny Vining at this theatre is politic in the management and fortunate for herself. This lady first attracted public notice two years ago at the Marylebone Theatre, where, among other things, she played Romeo to Mrs. Mowatt's Juliet. She joined Mr. Anderson last Christmas at Drury Lane, but was allowed little opportunity for exertion. At Sadlers Wells she will have abundant room for displaying her resources and maturing the promise of her dramatic nonage. Miss Vining's personal attractions are considerable. To a handsome and expressive countenance she unites a form at once elegant and striking. As this is her first engagement to perform regularly in the higher walks of the drama, it would be hazardous, as yet, to speak with confidence of her powers. Her performance of Beatrice in *Much ado about Nothing*, possesses both truthfulness of conception and felicity of execution. The passages of wit and raillery are her best; but the latter scenes are not wanting in the same vivacity of conception, for example.—

Beat.—You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene.—Then do it with all thy heart.

Beat.—I love you with so much of my heart that there is none left to protest.

The natural grace and simplicity with which she delivered the last words—spreading out her arms and letting her hands fall gently on her lover's shoulders, was her best point, and well deserved the applause it obtained. She should not after this have missed other opportunities of the same kind. Her performance in *Katherine and Petruchio* was not so clever, owing probably to the fewer opportunities the part affords. Should this lady attain the reputation of which she has already given sign, it will not be the first time that the genial atmosphere of Sadlers Wells has nurtured latent talent to a fair maturity.

SURREY.—When Mr. Barnett produced the *Mountain Sylph*, some fifteen years ago at the Lyceum, Mr. Arnold, the then manager, was compelled to withdraw the opera soon after its production from its want of attraction. The work, however, thus rejected with indifference, soon became popular and is even now drawing nightly crowds to the Surrey Theatre; and it must be gratifying to the author, who never stooped to propitiate "the many-headed beast," to find the products of his muse gradually taking their proper stand in public esteem. The *Mountain Sylph* is well played at the Surrey, wanting only a somewhat stronger chorus, and a little more clearness and precision in the concerted pieces. In the part of Eolia, the histrionic as well as vocal powers of Miss Poole are brought into full requisition, and she looks, acts, and moves as charmingly as she sings—stooping from trees and gliding through walls with the very footfall of a fairy; the grace and simplicity of her motions being aided by her light and elegant form. We would recommend, however, a simple rose in place of the double wreath of small flowers which encircle her brows. It is to be regretted that the fairy-heroine of the piece has not a larger share of the music allotted to her. *Ernani* was produced on Monday, and *La Gazza Ladra* will be the next novelty. Of *Ernani* more next week.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE, STRAND THEATRE.—A new piece entitled *Circumstantial Evidence*, from the prolific brain of Morris Barnett, was produced on Monday night. It possesses all the elements of genuine comedy, and has the advantage of being not only admirably written, but the characters are artistically grouped. If at moments it grazes the confines of

broad farce, it never overleaps the boundaries of probability. Hence the extravagance never offends, and the peals of laughter which the oddity of the situations elicit, are the natural result of the opposition of the characters and the dilemmas in which they are placed. Mr. Comfit, a retired pastry-cook (Mr. R. Romer), has a lovely daughter, named Sacharissa Comfit (Miss Maskell), and is anxious to bestow her in marriage on a literary gentleman, and contributor to the *Ladies Magazine*, named Byron Jenkins Scraps, Esq. (Mr. Belton). The lady, however, prefers a person of her own choice, a Mr. Charles Callimanco, a linendraper's gentleman (Mr. Moreland), but old Comfit will hear of nothing else but a union with his favourite Scraps, in whose head he believes all the learning and acquirements of the age are concentrated. Mr. Scraps, however, unluckily for himself, was more intimate with another person, a certain Polly Pearlsh, a clear-starcher and getter-up of fine linen (Miss Marshall) than the old pastry-cook would approve of, and to add to his difficulties, this said Polly, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed herself with a scissors, and to his horror and alarm fell dead—as he believed—at his feet, from the effects of the wound. In making from the house to avoid detection, and dreading that a charge of murder would have been preferred against him, he encounters honest Joey Snubbs, the pot-boy, and, imagining he will name what had been done, contrives to purchase his silence by various presents of money. The most amusing, and indeed the principal portion of the piece, consists in the ludicrous scenes which ensue between them. Scraps has not a moment's peace lest he should be detected; he fears the approach of a policeman in every gust of wind that blows—while on the other hand the pot-boy haunts him as if he were his shadow, receives money on all occasions without knowing why it is so, attributing his unlooked-for good fortune to the generosity of his new friend, whom he believes to be a real banker. Mr. Rogers not only played the pot-boy with his usual power, but he looked one, even without the assistance of the "pots" that accompanied him in all his wanderings. The Scraps of Mr. Belton was everything that could be desired from a man who contributed to a *Ladies' Magazine*, a poet, and one over whose head was suspended, as he conceived, the sword of the executioner. It turned out, however, that Polly did not stab herself, and that "Joey," therefore, knew nothing of the act which Scraps conceived had been committed, and that all he did was to raise her from the ground on which she had fallen. The piece terminates of course, with the removal of the agony of Scraps, and the marriage of Sacharissa to Mr. Callimanco. The applause at the fall of the curtain was enthusiastic, and Mr. Bolton and Miss Marshall were called before the curtain. "*Circumstantial Evidence*," has been the great hit of the season.

Provincial.

MANCHESTER—(From our own Correspondent)—We are glad to see that any short comings in our reports, from time to time, are likely to be made up to you from one source or other; and we feel much obliged to "A Correspondent from Manchester" in last week's *Musical World* for eking out our very imperfect, and avowedly inadequate, notice of Mr. Glover's *Emanuel*.

His strictures on our "slight inaccuracies," as he terms them, we think are hardly deserved. Who that has listened to it can ever forget for a moment Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which, in our idea, differs essentially from the subject of Handel's *Messiah*. It is one passage the most exalted in the Redeemer's career on earth, not his gracious advent; and does not tread on the same ground nearly as much as Mr. Glover's libretto. However, we,

unlike your unknown correspondent, do know Mr. Glover personally, and are not "almost a stranger to him," consequently we do not wish to stickle or to be fastidious as to the amount of his daring. *Emanuel* is doubtless a work of no little talent, and reflects great credit on its author. We should be very glad to see its merits reviewed by some clever and honest musician; we use the word *honest* advisedly,—for it is unfortunately but too notorious, that in the musical profession there is more jealousy than in any other. Mr. Macfarren is a glorious exception; and it is really grateful to read his eloquent analyses of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. &c., and to find a composer not only giving a glowing eulogium on the works of a recently departed competitor, but so justly appreciating all his beauties of execution and intention, as he did the gifted Mendelssohn. It was not until Friday the 17th that we had an opportunity of going to any one of our short series of Italian Operas. What with the Queen's visit, and one thing or other, *Lucrezia Borgia* was the only opera we could get to. To tell the truth, the operas prior to that did not hold out much inducement, although we were very desirous to see and hear Madame Clara Novello on the stage. *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, *Il Barbiere* (the best of the lot, but imperfectly cast and given), and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, have all been done a good deal here, and with higher talent; so, at the risk of again being called "fastidious," we did not go to the Opera here until Madame Clara Novello's benefit—the aforesaid Friday—when we were most agreeably surprised and delighted by a very well got up and respectable performance of Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre* (in our opinion). Madame Clara Novello pleased us much by her conception of the character of Lucrezia and her rendering of the music. She failed in impersonating the vengeful poisoner, from her want of *physique*. She looked too young to be the mother of Gennaro (Sims Reeves); and her figure is too *petite* to give us the idea of the Lucrezia. Her voice, too, wants fulness and volume for such a part, but her execution and intonation were faultless. She gave all the favourite pieces, "Come e bello" and the celebrated "M'odi ah! m'odi!" with exquisite feeling and finish, and was equally good in the angry duet with the Duke, and the impassioned one with Gennaro, as well as in the beautiful trio with the two. Sims Reeves pleased us more in Gennaro than any character we have yet seen him in: his voice we always liked, not his style; and the reason for our liking him in Gennaro was that he *shouted less and whispered* seldomer; consequently his delivery of the music was more natural and more equal. He wore a splendid dress. Whitworth made an excellent Duke Alfonso; he dressed the part very becomingly indeed. It consisted of an easy-fitting simple dark myrtle silk velvet tunic, with a gold cord and tassel at the waist, and a collar (like the order of the garter), with white silk tights. He sang the music like a careful artist, and his fine bass voice told well in the vengeance song, and the trio "Guai se ti sfugge," which last was most rapturously and deservedly encored. Miss Rebecca Isaacs looked a plump and pretty page as Orsini, and gained an encore for her spirited version of the "Brindisi," repeating only the last strain. The dead Gennaro and no less lifeless Lucrezia were both recalled; and not satisfied with that, the audience would make them retire to bring on the Duke and Orsini. Such is the prevailing fashion of showing delight at a clever performance! It wants reforming altogether. *Lucrezia* was repeated on Saturday week, being Madame Clara Novello's last night. Since then English versions have been given of *Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *Don Giovanni*, a Madame Oswald being added to the company.

Hallé's Classical Chamber Concerts begin this evening at the Town Hall, a series of eight, to end in February next. We hope to be present (and to report them) at the greater portion, if not the whole, of them. This evening, too, the Glee and Madrigal Union give their first concert in Manchester. Such a party as Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Francis, Land, Lockey Whitehouse and H. Phillips is not to be matched in the kingdom, much less surpassed; and we are sorry we cannot be at the Free Trade Hall and the Town Hall at the same time. There now is a fine opportunity for your last new contributor 'A Correspondent'; there is 'ample room and verge enough' for one writer or three writers to contribute articles on "*Musie at Man*

chester" at present, besides our brief and often hasty lucubrations.

An undress concert took place at the Concert Hall, last week, but "your own correspondent" not being a subscriber, is not admissible, as we have before said—are any of your other contributors more privileged? Mr. Knowles, of the Theatre Royal, too, has forgotten the *Musical World*, and does not continue to be as liberal as Mr. H. B. Peacock, or Mr. Charles Hallé, or Mr. Glover; however, when there is talent at the Theatre Royal in opera, combined with novelty, we are pretty sure to be there, and to let you hear of it.

Mr. Thomas Chantry is added to the list of artistes engaged to give a series of concerts at the Mechanics' Institution. Last season he played a pianoforte solo at three of their concerts, and received a double encore every time.

Mr. Charles Hallé's first Classical Chamber Concert took place at the Town Hall on Thursday, the 23rd inst. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.

Grand Quintet, pianoforte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contrabasso, in D minor, Op. 74.....	Hummel.
Song, "Adelaide,".....	Beethoven.
Grand Sonata, Pianoforte, in C, Op. 24.....	Weber.

PART SECOND.

Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in C minor, Op. 1.....	Beethoven.
Ballad, "In this old Chair,".....	Balfe
Miscellaneous Selection, pianoforte, Nocturne, in F minor, Op. 55; Grand Polonaise, in A flat, Op. 53	Chopin.

The present season is the fifth of Mr. Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts. The Manchester Town Hall is by no means well adapted for Chamber music—being too lofty, and having a large dome in the centre, which is anything but favourable for acoustic effects. The Hall seemed large, gloomy, and at first cheerless and cold; nothing like the air of comfort and social ease about it that give all the charm of a private drawing room to the old locales in the departed Assembly Rooms. By degrees, however, as the room filled, and the light was increased, by the simple *coup du theatre* of turning on more gas, the hall assumed a more lively aspect; and at eight o'clock Mr. Charles Hallé made his bow and took his place at a magnificent new pianoforte of Erards', whilst his four able string coadjutors took theirs to give us Hummel's fine quintet. We very soon were so charmed as to forget all about the room, except that we were in it and listening to a very masterly performance of a tasteful and clever composition. Since we last heard him Hallé seems to have increased his command over the resources of the pianoforte (or is it that all we have heard in the interval causes us to think more highly of him by comparison?); he seemed like a giant refreshed—not with wine—but with renewed inspiration and genius. The opening allegro very soon gave Hallé an opportunity of shewing his powers. The pianoforte is almost obligato all through the quartet; but in the first movement there are some very florid passages for the pianoforte, whilst the four stringed instruments are carrying on an independent or sustained harmony; the effect of the contra-basso in the hands of Mr. Ward was at times very fine, a couple of notes merely given out to lend a theme or subject being quite electrical. Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel are equally deserving of praise on their respective instruments, and we thought a more auspicious opening could not have been made. The second movement, the *Scherzo*, was very charming; an easy flowing subject, reminding one of Mozart, with some splendid harmonies for the five instruments. The andante with variations, and the lively finale did not please us so much, although admirably calculated to display the powers of each and all the executants in turn. In some of the variations and solo bits for the violoncello, Lidel gave us his sweetness of tone most delightfully; Baetens too, with his tenor, was heard at times to great advantage; whilst Hallé, all through like the presiding genius of this feast of sweet sounds, was great and grand on the pianoforte. The quintet was much applauded. Weber's Sonata in C we do not remember to have heard before; it is of a wild yet bustling character, and afforded Hallé the opportunity of again displaying his wondrous power of memory and execution—being given without copy—and with his

usual mastery over his subject. Such power and largeness of style we have seldom heard on the pianoforte, yet how far removed from mere hammering and noise! and combined too with so much delicacy and ease. Beethoven's grand trio (in C minor, op. 1), is a work we have heard frequently with delight, and were glad to hear again from such executants as Hallé, Seymour, and Lidel. The allegro with its quaint subject so admirably worked out; the andante with its lovely variations; the short but lively minuet—and the stirring finale prestissimo, were all most perfectly given, and relished by the audience. As a musical wind up to this excellent instrumental treat, Hallé gave a selection of pieces, too greatly contrasted as usual, both by Chopin; the first a nocturne, in F minor—mournful and dreamy; the second, one of the most brilliant and joyous pieces it has been our lot to hear for some time—a grand polonaise in A flat—and grand it is in Hallé's hand in every sense of the word. Such a *crescendo*—such majesty—and withal such joyousness that makes your heart dance—not your feet; elevates the soul—not the limbs, or the body—sending every one home satisfied that Chopin, besides doing some extraordinary things, must have possessed great talent to produce such music, and that few can give to it such grandeur of expression as Charles Hallé. The vocal portion at these concerts we always leave to the last, although on this occasion, it was of a character quite in good keeping with the concert. Mr. Perring, a new tenor, who made his appearance at the concerts for the people, at the Free Trade Hall, on Monday last—was the only vocalist; he pleased the audience very much in two widely different songs—Beethoven's "Adelaide," accompanied by Hallé, and Balfe's "In this old chair," accompanied by himself; he gave both in excellent good taste, the first with varied feeling and expression as required; the second simply as a ballad. His voice is a high tenor, and he possesses a sweet falsetto—which he uses sparingly and judiciously. He will be a great acquisition to Manchester if he remains amongst us, as we have not before had so finished a tenor singer resident here, although we may have had some possessing naturally more power and depth of voice; he has both taste and judgment evidently, and has been educated in a good school. We shall gladly hear Mr. Perring again. Altogether we may congratulate Mr. Hallé on a most successful opening of his winter campaign of classical chamber concerts.

We were sorry to be too late with the article written for last week's number, in future will post them on Wednesday evening. We were also very sorry to have missed the second concert of the Glee and Madrigal Union on Saturday night last, which like the one on Thursday, we understand was exceedingly fine—only far better attended than the first concert. We had unluckily a prior engagement of a fortnight's standing, which we were compelled to fulfil. We hope that the Glee and Madrigal Union had such a reception on Saturday night, that the party may be induced to return to Manchester during their tour—as we should (and no doubt hundreds besides would), like to hear the most perfect glee singing ever heard in Manchester.

THE GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, &c &c.—(From a Correspondent.)—The most gratifying treat to the musical amateur enjoyed here for a long time past, was that afforded by the highly talented *troupe* of artists known as the "Glee and Madrigal Union," who have favoured us with a couple of Concerts during the past week. The title they have assumed is indeed a happy one, for certainly such an *Union* of human voices was never before heard in this part of the kingdom, and in all probability may be never again. Although the good citizens of this locality had long plumed themselves on their possessing one of the best Societies now existing for the encouragement of this class of music, and where certainly, in days gone by, the pure glee might be listened to with feelings of the highest pleasure, we are still bound to confess that it was not until now we could believe this branch of art was susceptible of all that powerful colouring of expression and sentiment which is so powerfully developed by the intelligent company of vocalists forming the "Madrigal Union." There all idea of individual display is abandoned. All seem to appreciate fully the sentiment they are called upon to express; in short, they may each be considered as little less than kindred spirits with the poet, than the blending of the voices. It is matchless! and so

completely do they carry away the hearts of their auditors, that even in the immense Free Trade Hall, with not less than fifteen hundred persons present, all was perfect stillness, that you might almost have heard a pin drop. Every one seemed forewarned by this very silence to breathe more and more softly. So intense indeed was the interest, that the programme was nothing more or less than a succession of musical pictures, sometimes reminding one of a delicious retreat, where flowers, verdure, and streamlet all combine to render the landscape one of surpassing beauty; we can only say to those of our readers who may not have been privileged as we, that in order fully to understand all we wish here to describe, it would be necessary that they be transplanted to the place in which we sat, and to feel the warm enthusiasm which such a moment inspires; but they are fled; a few brief hours enjoyment, and we are again emerged in the bustle, din, and smoke of the world; truly pleasure is a thing of glass; when it begins to shine the brightest, it is sure to meet with a fracture; but good Mr. Phillips and Mr. Loekey, you will come again to us ere long?

The cheap "Concerts for the People," gave their second night on Monday last, when upwards of three thousand people, a majority belonging to the operative classes, were present. The tenor, Mr. Perring, was again received with hearty and continuous applause; he sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" with much fervour of expression and purity of voice, but the subject was perhaps a little too classical for the place; hence he was more successful in Balfe's "In this Old Chair," which met with a most rapturous encore: this compliment was also accorded to a buffo duet from *Elisir d'Amore*, in which M. Delevanti took part; the latter gentleman was also encored in a humorous song by Hatton, "Mary the Milk Maid;" the other parts of the Concert call for no particular remark.

The series of Saturday Evening Concerts, at the Mechanics' Institution, are but indifferently supported, although the bill of fare is above the average. It has occurred to us at times that the directors of our Educational Institutions did not devote sufficient attention to the provision of entertainments which are calculated to cultivate a love of art, and refine the taste of those who enjoy them; we are now glad, however, to be able to congratulate the members of our Mechanics' Institution on the opportunity thus afforded them of hearing the best specimens of music, and would remind those who fail to embrace the privilege thus afforded them, that "He who will not when he may—" leaving the remainder of the proverb to be supplied by themselves.

The Distin family are announced to appear here next week, and droll Albert Smith with his Overland Mail will be here on Saturday. The Free Trade Hall is capable of seating some 4000 persons, and the spirited proprietor, Mr. H. B. Peacock, anxious to aid the scheme now being carried on by Charles Dickens and his friends on behalf of their brother authors, has generously placed this most commodious and suitable building at the free disposal of these gentlemen, provided the magistrates of the place would license it for stage plays: and strange, with all that want of charity which we least expect to find in officials like these, they have refused the application. The imitable pen of Charles ought to dash at this.

GRAVESEND.—Mrs. Augustus Eames (late Miss Greenwood), from London, has been singing between the pieces at the Theatre. This lady has created quite a sensation in Bishop's "Should he upbraid," and Frank Eames's Scotch song of "I'm a Lassie," which have been nightly encored.—*From a Correspondent.*

READING.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Two Concerts—one Morning, and one Evening—were given at the Town Hall, on Monday last. The vocalists and instrumentalists were all from the Metropolis. The former comprised Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Ward, Miss Louisa Nevett (pupil of Mrs. Alexander Newton), Mr. H. Barnby, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham. The instrumentalists were—pianoforte—Miss Eliza Ward; Concertina—Master J. Ward; and trumpet—Mr. R. Ward. The morning performances included selections from Mendelssohn's *Eljah*, and a popular semi-sacred miscellany. The evening concert was entirely miscellaneous and non-ecclesiastic. In the morning concert the selections from *Eljah* were:—Quartette—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord"—(Mrs. Newton, Miss Nevett, and Messrs. Frodsham and Barnby); Recitative—"Ye people" and

Air—"If with all your hearts" (Mr. Bridge Frodsham); Aria—"Hear ye Israel" (Mrs. A. Newton); Solo—"It is enough" (Mr. Henry Barnby); Trio—"Lift up thine eyes"—Mrs. Alexander Newton, and Misses Nevett and Ward; and the contralto Air—"O rest in the Lord"—(Miss Louisa Nevett). From the second, or miscellaneous part, I would select "Let the Bright Seraphim," and "Angels ever bright and fair," by Mrs. A. Newton, as being particularly worthy of mention. They were both very finely rendered, and with the chastest and most appropriate feeling. Mr. Ward's trumpet obligato to the first named song was excellent. Mr. Bridge Frodsham's "In Native Worth," (*Creation*), was also to be admired for its purity and religious expression. The evening concert being, so to speak, of a more profane character, appeared to afford more gratification than the morning. The applause was much greater and several encores were awarded, not one being tendered at the anteprandial exhibition. Your readers must hesitate ere they draw conclusions from these premises. On my own authority I can speak for the devotional tendencies of the Reading folk. No people are fonder of going to church on a dry Sunday. The specimen of holy music they hear there, it must be owned, is not adapted to awaken their sympathies towards heavenly strains. Let this stand for their excuse. The encores were given to Mrs. Alexander Newton, in the Cavatina "Qui la voce," *Puritani*; in the Irish ballad "Robin Adair" (mis-named "Scotch" in the programme. The old air is called "Eileen Aroon"—Robin Adair was a county Limerick man—vide Bunting and Moore's "Melodies") for which the fair vocalist substituted "Bonnie Prince Charlie" (a veritable Hielandman); and "Lo here the gentle lark," which, out of all comparison, was the crowning rose of the two performances. I never heard this glorious song given more brilliantly, or with more facility of execution. Mrs. Alexander Newton has made a great sensation in Reading, and will be always received here with open arms. Mr. Bridge Frodsham pleased very much in two songs—especially the first, Clement White's very sweet ballad, "Ah! why did'st thou tell me." Miss Louisa Nevett is a very promising singer, and will no doubt make rapid progress under the admirable instructions of Mrs. Alexander Newton. Miss Eliza Ward performed solos on the piano, and Master John Ward ditto on the concertina, with excellent effect. The Shakespeare readings of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, given recently here, appear to have absorbed all the attention for out of door recreations.

GUILDFORD CHORAL SOCIETY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A numerous and highly respectable assembly attended the opening of the concert season of this society in the Public Hall on Tuesday 21st October. A two-part programme was issued, half being sacred, and half secular music. The former comprised favourite solos from Handel, Calcott, &c, which were worthily intrusted to Miss Cubitt, Mr. Purday, and Miss Edwards, whose name we introduce thus not from any order of her merit, but on account of its being entirely new, a circumstance, however, which the fair *débütante* did not betray; her person, voice, and style of singing being as firm as we could desire. Her range of notes does not include the higher soprano, but there has evidently been great culture in her scale, through which it is rendered generally acceptable. Her principal features of art are clearness of expression, by such a distinct rendering of the words as gives them palpably and musically. Both in solo and concerted music Miss Edwards was successful. We do not know the precise routine of her musical education, but it has evidently been that of sound and experienced teaching. Miss Cubitt and Mr. Purday were all that could be desired, the former carrying the audience away with her as usual, in the deep pathos in which she wraps up the subject she so mentally fathoms. "Friend of the brave," and "Tom Bowling," by Mr. Purday, cannot be passed unnoticed; the audience recorded them with heartfelt approval. All the concerted pieces were treats, among which a production of Mrs. Lemare's, the conductor of the society, called "The Christian's Trust," and a glee, "The weaver's song," by Mrs. Purday, met with general encomium. The Choral Society gave two of Handel's most favourite choruses, and have promised other cheerful meetings to charm away the forthcoming winter.

SUNDERLAND.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Annual Concert of Mr. Loder, which is always anticipated here as one of the events of the year, came off, last week, at the Athenaeum, when a numerous attendance testified their appreciation of the selection, which was sacred, and comprised gems from the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *Creation*. The vocalists were Miss M. B. Marsh (her first appearance here), Misses Loder and Brown, Mr. Robson (of Newcastle), Messrs. Ferry, De Lacy, &c. The choruses from the *Messiah*, "And the Glory of the Lord," "For unto us," "Glory to God," went remarkably well. Miss Loder gave the recitatives "There were Shepherds," "And to the Angel," &c., expressively; as well as "But thou didst not leave." Miss M. B. Marsh sang "Rejoice greatly," which is peculiarly adapted for the display of her flexible voice, as well as "How beautiful are the feet," very chastely. Mr. Ferry's bass voice was heard to advantage in "The people." Mr. Robson (by desire) gave "Waft her Angels," from *Jephtha*. The splendid "Hallelujah chorus," from the same Oratorio was given. The second part opened with the difficult aria, "Hear ye, Israel," Miss Marsh's reading of which displayed excellent taste and judgment. Miss Brown rendered "Oh rest in the Lord," from *Elijah* effectively. The beautiful trio "Lift thine eyes," was given by Mesdames Marsh, Brown, and Loder, in admirable style. The choruses from the *Creation* were, "And to the etherial vaults," (Solo, "The Marvellous works," Miss Marsh), "Achieved is the glorious work," and "The Heavens are telling." The trio "On thee each living soul," was given by Miss Marsh, Messrs. Robson and Ferry. Miss Loder's singing of "With verdure clad," was very good. She has a beautiful organ. The concert went off well. Messrs. Loder and Vincent conducted with their usual efficiency.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening, October, 22, the celebrated Distin family paid a passing visit to Wolverhampton, and much to the delectation of a large and respectable auditory, gave a selection from their famous repertoire on their sax-horns. It would be superfluous to criticise a performance which has been justly praised and lauded by Meyerbeer and other composers, and therefore we content ourselves with observing that we never heard Donizetti's music more faithfully and beautifully rendered. The harmonies elicited by the extraordinary family are only surpassed by the wonderful precision, accuracy, and effect of the performance of their melodies. Especially does "The Soldier tired," by the eldest Distin, call loudly for the most enthusiastic commendation. In our opinion it is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The "Cuckoo's Galop" is a charming novelty, and was brilliantly executed.—(*Wolverhampton Herald.*)

Reviews of Music.

"CHANTS FOR FOUR VOICES, WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.
Edited by W. T. BEST. J. A. Novello.

Another addition to the countless collections of chants, without any special purpose or peculiar design in the publication, appears to us to be an entirely useless expenditure of paper and printing. The present volume contains a considerable number of the old approved specimens of this, the very smallest form of musical composition, the productions of the manifold musicians and clergymen who have from time to time limited or extended the expression of their ideas, as the case may be, to four chords in the first part and six in the second. It presents us also with several new chants by the editor, Dr. Wesley, Mr. Turle, Rev. W. H. Havergal, and some others. These are of various merit; but there is one thing that we esteem a fault which prevails generally amongst them, and in those of Mr. Best most particularly; this is the decidedly modern character of the harmony, which we consider incompatible with the solemnity of church music, inappropriate to compositions of this simple construction, and ineffective in any circumstances where chants are likely to be performed. We object without qualification to the restoring of the ecclesiastical modes and to the enforced preservation of the Gregorian Chant in any form for the purposes of

church music, because this style of music is obsolete and uncongenial to the taste, and even to the comprehension of the present public. We object also to the employment of unprepared discords and extreme chromatic combinations in music which is designed for performance by large multitudes in large echoing buildings, as being in the first place uncertain of execution, and in the second place, if perfectly executed of very questionable effect. That music may be written, of simplicity equal to that of the earliest times, but with also the purity that modern art has given to music we have happily met many examples, and it is this style of composition which we approve as best suited to the purposes of the Protestant cathedral service.

"ON WINGS OF MUSIC," (AUF FLUGELN DES GESANGES).—By MENDELSSOHN, transcribed for the Harp solo, and dedicated to his pupil, Miss Ellen Roe, by CHARLES OBERTHÜR. Op. 83. Ewer and Co.

The eighty-third work of Herr Oberthür consists of an arrangement for his instruments of a very well known and equally beautiful song of Mendelssohn. It is, as the title-page describes it, a transcription, or a compression of the voice part and the accompaniment into two lines, with only this exception, that for the second verse Herr Oberthür has substituted a variation which is graceful and pleasing.

"SIX LIEDER OHNE WORTE"—By MENDELSSOHN, transcribed for Harp and Piano, and dedicated to his pupils, the Misses Emilie and Josephine Lamb, by CHARLES OBERTHÜR, Harpist to H. S. H. the Duchess of Nassau. Op. 81. Ewer and Co.

In the eighty-first work of this composer we find even less that belongs to Herr Oberthür than in the eighty-third, since here we have not even a variation to ascribe to him, and candidly speaking we like his composition all the better for it. The songs here selected are—the one in A flat from the fourth book, the one in G minor from the same; the one in E minor from the fifth book, which was arranged by Moscheles for a military band, and performed at the funeral of the lamented composer; the one in E flat from the sixth book; and the one in F and the one in B flat from the seventh and last, of the posthumous series. The original pianoforte part is divided between the two instruments, and we look upon this arrangement as a medium to interest amateurs of the harp in some very beautiful music not otherwise accessible to them.

"THE CARLOTTA BLOOMER POLKA." Lee and Coxhead.

The music of this polka is more than pretty, being above the ordinary standard of dance composition. It differs entirely from polka music generally, and the long step requisite to be taken by the lady who may dance this polka will have the effect of showing off the figure and dress of the *danceuse* to advantage. Altogether this polka is worthy of the beautiful illustration, by Brandard, of the Bloomer on the title page.

Miscellaneous.

AN ELEGANT SILVER SNUFF BOX has lately been presented to J. G. Waetzig, Esq., bearing the following gratifying inscription:—"Presented to J. G. Waetzig, Esq., by the members of the band of Her Majesty's 2nd Regiment of Life Guards as a token of admiration of his musical talents, esteem for his uniform urbanity and kindness, and regret for his retirement, 1851."

FINE AMERICAN WRITING.—The *New York Journal of Fine Arts* aims at becoming also the journal of superfine writing. Welcoming Mrs. Mowatt back to her native country, the journal says:—"Her first bound upon the stage gives the same childlike joy that we feel in finding a dove's nest in the woods, and the meaning of the whole play stands revealed at once; even as to the poet's eye the soul of nature hangs incarnate in a humming bird on the dewy corolla of a cactus!"

MRS. ANDERSON.—We are happy to inform our readers that this accomplished pianiste, is rapidly recovering from her late severe accident.

THE CARLOTTA BLOOMER POLKA.—We understand that the "veritable Bloomer" has arrived in England from Melrose, near Boston, United States. If this be the genuine fair Bloomer (blooming?) revolutionist in the cause of reform in female attire, our fancy balls will produce a novel and comic, as well as *fanciful* effect, judging from the striking and gay colours apparent in *Middle*. Bloomer's costume.

PALTONI.—Our correspondents from Manchester in their communications have failed to notice the engagement of this clever and popular barytone, in the list of stars in the Italian opera at the Theatre Royal. Signor Paltoni, in fact, was one of the principal vocalists, and with Miss Clara Novello, and Mr. Sims Reeves, helped to give the performances all their *eclat*. This gentleman is an excellent *buffo*, and a good general artist, being an experienced hand in Italian opera, and perfectly alive to the business of the stage. His principal characters in Manchester were Figaro in the *Barbiere*; Ricardo, in *Puritani*; and Dulcamara, in *Elisir d'Amore*. We are glad to be enabled to make Signor Paltoni some amends for the remissness or oversight of our correspondents.

THE TYROLESE VOCALISTS.—On Tuesday week, the Tyrolean singer, Halaus, with his company of five persons, had the honour of singing before the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and a distinguished dinner party at Windsor Castle.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE, whilst riding on the Grand Parade, Brighton, last week, was thrown from her horse with great violence, and had a narrow escape of a very serious injury. She was conveyed to her hotel, but after a few hours Mrs. Kemble quite rallied, and gave the reading which was announced for that evening.

FRASCHINI.—Rossini's well-known "tenore di maledizione," or "cursed tenor"—so called by the silent swan of Pesaro for his powerful singing of the "malediction," in the second act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*—though killed with three poignant stabs in the heart by all the journals, excepting the **MUSICAL WORLD** who sniffed the joke, is, we are happy to say, alive and tuneful as ever, and will, in all probability, before he dies, utter many more forcible and remunerative curses on numerous Lucys in patent Theatres. Fraschini will be remembered as having been at Her Majesty's Theatre a few years ago, when he failed to ingratiate himself largely with the *habitués*. His voice had tremendous power, and in Verdi's music was singularly telling. Fraschini was originally an honest shoe maker and rose from the last. Collini, his reputed slayer, has not lost all his voice.

A FLOATING THEATRE.—Spaulding, the circus proprietor is about building in Cincinnati, a monster floating palace for theatrical, circus, and menagerie performances. It is to be 400 feet long, with 60 feet beam, and is to accommodate 4,000 spectators. It is to be towed by two steam tenders to the various towns upon the Mississippi and its tributaries in summer, and to be moored at the Levee, in New Orleans, in the winter. It is estimated to cost 40,000 dollars, and will be completed next spring.—*Montreal Courier*.

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A. HOLDEN.—Your letter can only be inserted as an advertisement.

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POETRY FOR MUSIC.

A few days since, upon looking over a number of ballad lyrics sent us for publication, and carefully noted as "copyright words," we were led into a train of speculation concerning the comparative merits of song writers of the present day and those that have gone by. The verses transmitted to us were nearly all of the same character; abstractions and sentimentalities being their principal groundwork, and all eschewing detail and the simplicities of narrative. Generally speaking, no story was aimed at, no tale was told. A youth at a ball-room saw a pale lady with a wreath on her brow, and made a remark—this was the basis of one ballad. Another youth beheld a florid maiden weeping beside a fountain, her tears a mystery—this constituted the materials of a second. A third youth saw nothing; she was gone from his eyes, and he bemoaned his fate in sixteen lines. One lover was under a tree; another stood beside a hill, or a rill, rawly ruminating; another was on the vessel's deck, looking leeward—all disemboguing their griefs and sorrows into the thin air. Occasionally a young lady asked a young gentleman why he forsook her? or she called him back from the dividing main, and described her feelings in varied couplets. A few of the compositions stood up stoutly for originality, and several were traceable to a source not very remote. All were, however, of the genus sentimental, didactic and melancholy. Not one merry lay did we discover among some dozens, nor one which entered into simple detail. In short, the tune to the "Light of other days is faded," or "Then you'll remember me," would have admirably suited all our poetical contributions, so similar were they in feeling and construction.

We began to consider why songs of the present day, almost invariably, should take this saddening tone? Were the poets of our time more melancholy than their predecessors, or did they copy Lord Byron in his dark hours? Were young ladies in seminaries—those juvenile areopogites of ballad music—taught to believe that mirth was out of fashion, and that plaintive sadness was the feeling most recognisable in certain circles, and, consequently, to be encouraged? In fine, were the publishers more serious than of old, and had the public become more morose and saturnine? To none of these self-propounded queries could we return satisfactory response; and we were almost moved to the conclusion that this serious tendency in our ballad writers must be entirely owing to some change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, the precession of the equinoxes, or the increase of population, which would fully

account for so much sighing and moaning. Some of the consequences might, perhaps, be laid to the account of Mr. Bunn, who, from the moment he undertook writing librettos for operas, had so serious a calling, that his study, with infinite propriety, might be said, never to have smiled more. Mr. Bunn's melancholy lucubrations have had a decided weight with certain ballad writers, and have influenced the age to an extent impossible to be ascertained.

In reading over the contributions above named, one fact particularly struck our notice; namely, the felicity of the name of each ballad, and the aptitude of the verses to afford illustration. Indeed most of the songs appeared to have been written with little or no other aim than to offer a striking title, and to suggest a picture. The poet seemed satisfied with the inspiration of his first line, and filled up the thought merely for the sake of the music. One song, we remember, was entitled, "She leaned against the topmost rail!" The title of this is singularly happy, and announces at once a lithograph by Brandard, or Hannart, or him, the clever stone-man whom Thomas Prowse, surnamed of Hanway Street, employs. We are authorised—to save the price of advertisement, the poet being poor—to sell the words of this ballad for two guineas, to the first applicant. We know some of the music publishers, judging from their customary poetical commodities, whom they would suit to a T.

Of the poetical merit of these ballad verses it would be difficult to speak. Having just pronounced that the writers appeared to have little or no other intention than that of providing a good name and furnishing a pleasing vignette, we have said all that is favourable. In almost every instance the poem—if we may call it so—was inconsequential, disintegrated, irrelative. Logic there was none; harmony was outraged; the language was vulgar and idiomatic; rhyme was sacrificed and grammar not preserved. To show the reader to what a depth of bathos the modern ballad has sunk we shall offer him a specimen from those sent us, and not choose the worst either to make our case better. The song we select is as follows:—

"I am left all alone,
Which she cannot deny;
And now that she's gone,
I must sit down and cry.
But she heeds not my tears,
Nor the sighs that I moan,
And no hope reappears—
I am left all alone!

"When I looked in her face
For the last time on earth,
And I thought I could trace
Her true virtues and worth !
They beamed not for me,
So I turn'd with a groan,
For I plainly did see
I was left all alone ! " *

We are perfectly satisfied that the verses we quote are equal in point of feeling and writing to one-half the ballads of the present day, reckoning the most popular among them. Read as above, in their nude form, they may elicit a smile even from those who would admire them when arranged and embellished in musical garments. But take, with few exceptions, any modern lyric composition, and set it as above on a plain white sheet—the effect it will produce in reading will be precisely the same as the one we have printed.

As a set off to "I am left all alone," we would present our readers with the words of a ballad, called simply "Mary," which presents an honourable exception to the mass of rubbish we waded through when perusing our heap of poetics; but the verses are unequally written, the first stanza alone being satisfactory. We shall, however, transcribe the first verse, and offer it as a specimen of a simple ballad written as it should be.

"'Twas in the season when the buds were blowing,
And the skies of April dainty show'rs did weep;
In the pleasant day time when the sun was going,
And the breeze of ev'ning rock'd the rose asleep.
Down by yon river's side whose waters vary,
As calm or dimpling on through fields they rove,
In life's glad op'ning there I met my Mary,
And there she listened to my vows of love!"

Here we have extreme harmony of lines, almost melodiously rhythmical in their flow, a very pleasing sentiment expressed in simple and felicitous terms, and clearness and spontaneity in the thought. Had the second and third stanzas been equal to the one we present, we should have pronounced "Mary" as one of the very best ballads of the day. We are, nevertheless, inclined to think that its plain form of composition and the natural sentiment it contains are not suited to our go-ahead age. Fast people require fast lines, and the quietude and simplicity inherent in "Mary" would not do for publishers and their customers. We have little doubt but that for one publisher who would purchase "Mary," there would be found ten who would treat for "I am left all alone."

We shall pursue this subject in another paper. We have much yet to say about ballads, poets, and publishers; and may be able, perhaps, to throw a light on the cause why the public are inundated with such a flood of puerilities and bombast as would have disgraced any epoch of our literature. The greatest poets have written the finest lyrics, and time was when song writing was confined to the proficient and the

experienced. Now, every puny rhymster whines his verses and swears to their poetry. "I had rather be a kitten and cry 'mew' than one of these same metre ballad-mongers." But the public are not of Hotspur's thinking. They like "mewing," and are amused (no pun) thereby. So enough for the present.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

In our last publication we owned ourselves at fault in respect to the arrangements of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but we have since received the prospectus of the forthcoming season, by which we perceive that the *Seasons* of Haydn is announced for the opening night. The public will therefore have an opportunity of hearing this magnificent work performed by the great resources of this society in a manner not hitherto attempted. Other novelties are announced, not the least attractive of which is Spohr's *Calvary*. This work, reckoned among the greatest of Spohr's efforts, was first produced in London in 1836; it was then performed at Norwich, under the composer's direction in 1842; and subsequently at the same place in 1845, under Mr. Benedict's conducting. Since that time we are not aware that it has been produced in its entire state, and we are therefore glad to perceive that the society have taken it up. In addition to these two great novelties, we believe it is contemplated to produce some of Mendelssohn's Psalms, treasures hitherto unknown to the public generally. The rehearsals for the *Seasons* are proceeding most satisfactorily under Mr. Costa's superintendence. The committee conclude their prospectus by venturing to express their opinion, that under the continued able conductorship of Mr. Costa, and with the same zeal and energy on the part of the members and assistants as in the past seasons, the society's performances will, in the coming season, attain a still higher degree of excellence than that already reached. The first performance of the *Seasons* is announced to take place towards the end of this month.

MUSIC IN CONVENTS.

(From *Mainzer's Musical Times*.)

(Concluded from our last.)

The pupil who succeeded Albrechtsberger upon the organ was Schneider; he was, according to Stadler, one of the first organists that ever appeared. Abbé Vogler, who undertook a journey for the express purpose of hearing him, one day gave him alternately with Forkel a very difficult chromatic theme, from which he improvised a fugue indicative of the full powers of this colossal instrument with thirty-two feet pedal registers. Such was their admiration of his performance, that they pronounced him *king of all living organists*.

Franz Schneider was born at Polkau in 1737; he was the son of a poor carpenter. The village schoolmaster undertook his education; and so early did he display his aptitude at acquiring knowledge, that, independently of the regular course of scholastic studies, he taught him singing and playing upon the violin, piano, organ, and several wind instruments. He was twenty years of age when Albrechtsberger summoned him to Melk, where he so formed himself under this master's guidance, that on Albrechtsberger quitting for Vienna, he proposed Schneider as his successor, who proved well worthy such a master, both by his talent in composition and execution on the organ.

In the convent library are to be found the following autograph compositions of his, which furnish ample testimony of the pitch to which he had carried the knowledge of his art; fifty masses, thirty-

* We are authorised to sell the above work. -Apply to Ed. M. W.

three motetts, thirty-four gradualia and offertories, fourteen requiems, &c. His works are imbued throughout with clearness and depth, science and inspiration. He departed this life in 1812.

Stadler, one of the proudest boasts of the Vienna school, passed twenty years in the convent at Melk. He devoted all his time to the study of music and theology. His old companions were full of anecdotes, descriptive of his ardent love of labour. This remarkable man, although Professor of Moral Philosophy, Ecclesiastical History, and Canon Law, still found time in the midst of his pursuits and historical resources, to study the great composers' works, and to write masses, litanies, vespers, hymns, trios, quartetts, and melodramas; besides practising on the organ so successfully as to become no unworthy rival of Albrechtsberger and Schneider. Frederick Nicolai, in the narrative he gives of his travels in Switzerland and Germany (a work in eight volumes), makes mention of a visit he paid to the convent at Melk, on which occasion he heard Abbé Stadler play on the organ, and speaks of him as one of the most distinguished professors of that instrument. In his compositions, Stadler blends science with inspiration: and the deep feeling, the unassuming spirit, which, aided by all that consummate skill can effect, are conspicuous throughout his works, render them of double value. During Joseph II's stay at the convent of Melk, Stadler performed one of his own compositions, with the assistance of the singers and musicians of the establishment, and so powerfully affected was the Emperor by his performance, that the very next day he invited Stadler to accompany him to Vienna, observing that talent such as his demanded a more extended sphere. In the capital of Austria he became intimate with Haydn and Mozart; and while there he wrote the choruses for *Polizène*, a tragedy by Colin, which was eminently successful. After Joseph II's death, he resumed his clerical functions, and officiated as *curé* at Lerchenfeld, from 1803 to 1815, at which period he returned to Vienna.

He was in his 60th year when he wrote his *Jerusalem Delivered*, a grand Oratorio, which was performed in that capital by 500 musicians in a style unusually splendid and effective. This work and his great *Requiem* secured him the admiration of the musical world, and a place side by side with his friends Haydn and Mozart.

This brilliant era was succeeded by the year 1780, which proved fatal to the palmy days of the religious establishments we have been treating of, and reduced them to a state of absolute insignificance. When the Emperor Joseph rendered the monastic orders mere secular bodies, he deprived them of the jurisdiction they had hitherto exercised over the colleges and seminaries that now by the imperial edict were removed from their immediate vicinity; nor would he suffer divine worship to be performed elsewhere than in the parish churches: this led to the dispersion of the professors, and as a natural consequence to that of the novices, while the choristers returned to their families.

After a brief period of resignation to their sovereign's decrees, the war with France broke out, and the religious establishments were dispossessed of their remaining privileges and rights under the French army. Melk in particular could not hope to escape the notice of Napoleon, for he was thence enabled to command the shores of the Danube, and thus intercept all communication with Vienna. After the battle of Ebersberg, he fortified this convent by surrounding it with trenches and mining the rocks; he planted cannon on all the platforms, and his guns frowned from a thousand loopholes over the adjacent country. The smiling gardens, with their fair walks and shady groves, where the pious Benedictines were wont to stray, were laid waste; field-pieces supplanted the insignia of religion; and from the windows, where in more peaceful times the monastic cowl alone was to be seen, peered forth the soldier's plume. The roll of the drum or clang of the trumpet succeeded the bell that tolled for matins or vespers; the spots once fragrant with incense, now reeked with the fumes of gun-powder; the aisles and cloisters no longer echoed with pious thanksgiving, but repeated the loud ribaldry of the rude soldier, to which the superior quality of the convent wine conduced in no small degree.

But the monks have had their turn again, and have destroyed

even the faintest trace of those military fortifications, that seemed as though they would have endured for ever.

The fifty-eighth abbot who had presided over the convent lost no time in recalling the professors and men devoted to the arts and sciences, and music again found a home within the abbey walls, and flourished more than ever. Each Sabbath day the church resounded with solemn masses, accompanied with vocal music, and on days of festival sacred compositions were performed by the whole force of the orchestra.

The work set on foot by the abbot above alluded to was carried out by his successor in 1827. His splendid apartments were thrown open for music *di camera*, trios, quartets, and quintetts; vocal music was not forgotten, and the long winter evenings were devoted to one and the other alternately. It was by the constant habit of hearing, practising, and playing the master-pieces in each respective branch, that amateurs and composers were alike formed.

A short time prior to my arrival at the convent of Melk, the son of a celebrated composer at Vienna, my friend and master, Seyfried, entered into the Benedictine order. Some years later, when the young man took priest's orders, Seyfried composed a grand orchestra mass in honour of what he termed the most solemn day in his whole life, and he attended in person at this beautiful abbey, led thither by devotion as fervent as it was sincere, to assist at this twofold solemnity.

Deep was my regret at leaving this noble convent. I could not refrain from lingering at my window to enjoy once more the splendid panorama I thence beheld. I wished to rivet in my memory the loveliest spot, the most varied and extensive view which human eye ever surveyed; and as I passed through the valley I turned many a time to catch a last glimpse of this imposing monastery, until the mountains shut out its turrets from my gaze.

The abbeys of *Marin Tafern*, *Heiligen Kruez*, (Holy Cross,) *Seitensteden* and *St. Florian* offer the same general features which are observable at Melk. Music is everywhere pursued with the same ardor and the same success; the only difference consisting in the number of those who meet together for its performance, and in the style of that performance. The libraries also are furnished according as the reigning abbot's taste inclines more or less to music; for all depends upon his supreme will and pleasure. Many of these abbots have peculiar tastes to gratify; some, who are by no means averse to secular pomps and vanities, bestow considerable pains on the decorations of their convents, and the lordly mansions appurtenant thereto, which serve them for abode during their stay at Vienna; others are constantly pulling down and reconstructing their places of residence; whilst many of them have carried their habits of extravagance to such an extent as seriously to affect the abbey revenues, and render long years of economy necessary to repair its shattered finances. We could mention more than one abbot divested, on this account, of power and dignity, by a decree of the chapter. Several abbeys have experienced severe losses by dreadful fires, the ravages of which have occasioned irreparable damage, more particularly as regards the libraries.

Music has not yet regained in these abbeys the pitch of glory to which she had attained, ere she was hurled from her pride of place by the act of secularization and the long years of war, during which the contributions levied, not by Napoleon, but by the Emperor Francis, were almost equivalent to total sequestration; nor were other obstacles wanting to its progress, such as the national bankruptcy, when all persons of property, and religious establishments in particular, only received fourteen per cent of the capital they had advanced to meet the emergencies of the state. Yet, spite of these draw-backs, music began again to be cultivated, as well as the French language, and in many colleges attached to the convents, Italian was also taught. Here and there men of talent were to be found who had survived the period fraught with such mischievous consequences to the convents; but those of the new school were as yet insufficient to restore instrumental execution to its former glory.

The musician could, however, still find in many libraries ample means for prosecuting his studies; such, for instance, as the works of Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Monteverde, Kerl, Murschhauser,

Freacobaldi; in short, a rich collection of the ancient and modern scores of the two renowned schools of Italy and Germany. Nor was that of France excluded, for the practical and theoretical works of the French composers, Lully, Rameau, Monsigny, J. J. Rousseau, Philidor, and Grétry, were to be found amongst them.

The courtesy of the abbot of Seitensteden, still a young man, considering the dignified station he filled, was not confined to introducing me to the master of the ceremonies, but he conducted me in person over the church, library, and entire establishment, accompanying me in my visits to the environs, and insisting upon my taking up my quarters at the convent. He, moreover, offered to be my companion at a later period as far as Vienna, whither he was bound, in order to attend the Diet as representative of the religious orders.

But as I did not find in the convent wherewith to occupy me for any extended space of time, and as I was desirous of profiting by the instructions of those great men of whom Vienna boasts, I was compelled to decline his friendly offer. "At any rate," said the abbot, as I took leave of him, "promise me a visit at Vienna, and don't omit calling on me at Klosterneuburg, in the neighbourhood of the town; it is the most remarkable abbey in the whole empire. I shall be there on the day of St. Leopold, our patron saint; there I can show you much which is deserving of your attention; and you will meet with persons better qualified than I to give you useful information." I gladly gave him the promise he exacted.

One of the best endowed and most spacious abbeys in Austria is Kremsmünster. So imposing, so noble-looking is this edifice, that one is almost tempted to believe it the proud abode of some all-swaying autocrat. The entire monastery is built on a gigantic scale. Although the palmy days of music were then gone by, still the noble collection of works it could yet display, bore ample testimony to the bright days it had once known. An erudite German musician who had stayed at Kremsmünster longer than I, gave me at Vienna some biographical notices of the composers who had lived in this abbey, which I here transcribe in due course.

Franz Sparry, born 1715, at Gratz, in Styria, studied the classics at the convent of Admond, and attracted much notice, from the beauty of his voice.

In the year 1737, he entered into the order of Benedictines at Kremsmünster, and was ordained seven years after.

The convent dignitaries remarked and encouraged his taste for music, and in order to facilitate his opportunities of applying himself exclusively to this art, they granted him permission to visit the great Italian masters. To use his biographer's expression, fortune and misfortune were his alternate companions at Venice, Rome and Naples. Chance brought Pergolesi on board the same vessel on which he had embarked on the Adriatic; he lost no time in becoming on terms of intimacy with the young Italian, and they communicated to each other their ideas concerning the art to which they were both devoted. During a storm their vessel was assailed by a Tripolitan pirate, when, at the very moment that the Corsair was throwing out his grapple-irons, his main-mast was struck by lightning, and to this well-timed accident did the two artists and the whole crew owe their escape from slavery or death. Whilst at Rome, Sparry studied with unremitting energy the vigorous style which characterizes the works of the great masters of Italy, and he made a valuable collection of them. The bark in which he returned home was again endangered by a storm, and he was deprived of a greater part of his acquisitions, the fruits of so much exertion and so many sacrifices, by the dishonest conduct of one of his companions. All that remained to him were some theoretical works, a few songs and Italian operas, a *Miserere* by Bigaglia, and Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, which had then but just appeared.

Counterpoint was his favourite study. His *Pange lingua*, and several other of his sacred compositions were quickly disseminated throughout Germany, and excited the greatest interest.

The severity of his studies had so impaired his health as to bring to a premature end that career already so triumphant. He departed this life in 1767.

George de Pastewitz was born in 1730, at Burhlitten, near

Passau. Whilst yet a mere boy he was sent to the Bavarian convent at Nlederalteich, where he sedulously applied himself to Latin and music. In 1744 he continued his studies at Kremsmünster, and became alike distinguished as a scholar and musician. In the year 1750 he entered into the order of Benedictines, and was sent to Salzburg for the purpose of completing his theological studies. He took the opportunity of his stay at this town to perfect himself in composition, under Eberlin; and he studied his master's works, and those of Fuchs and Matheson, as earnestly and successfully as he did canon law, exegesis, and doctrine.

He became professor of philosophy about the year 1759, at the academy annexed to the abbey of Kremsmünster, and officiated with great distinction during a period of nearly twelve years. In the year 1772 he was appointed to the professor's chair of political economy for financial and police administration. The few leisure moments he could spare from functions of such overwhelming importance were devoted to music. At Sparry's decease he was burdened with the additional duty of *regens chori*.

During the fifteen years that he held these various offices, he composed three masses, fifty antiphonies, four *Te Deums*, hymns, vespers, and oratorios, *Samson* and *Joseph*. These compositions were favourably received, and insured his reputation. Although unceasingly occupied in teaching the science of politics, he contrived to find time for the instruction of chorus and solo singers, both for the church and theatre of the convent, where, besides various biblical works, such as Kimmerling's *Bride of Isaac*, his own operettas were performed. He did not confine his attention merely to instructing them how to attain the greatest pitch of perfection in the dramatic style by practising them in singing airs and recitative, but he likewise exercised them in declamation and acting. His frequent journeys to Trieste and Venice accounted for his preferring the taste then prevalent in Italy.

In the year 1785, he was sent to Vienna as the abbey's representative and *charge d'affaires*. He there became acquainted with Joseph Haydn, Abbé Stadler, and Salieri.

During his stay at Venice, he composed two masses and a *Requiem* that were performed at St. Stephen's cathedral. Upon his recall to the monastery in 1795, he was appointed rector of the Lyceum, but this accession of dignity did not prevent him from pursuing his favourite art; he wrote a new mass, a *graduale*, and an offertory, in honour of the fifteenth anniversary of his taking orders, and these were the last things he composed. He died of dropsy, on the 26th of January, 1803, at the age of seventy-three.

The pupil who reflects the greatest credit on him is Süßmayer, who, on his arrival at Kremsmünster, was a chorister. He was indebted to Pasterwitz for his first notions of music, and whilst still under his pupilage, he tried his powers of composition by masses and symphonies.

When he became music master at the Kärnthner-Thor theatre, Süßmayer took up his abode at Vienna, where he came to be on terms of intimacy with Haydn, Salieri, and Mozart; the latter in particular was his inseparable friend and confidant; he even assisted him in his labour. Besides taking a share in the *Clemenza di Tito*, Süßmayer put the finishing stroke to Mozart's *Requiem*, with so much talent, with so great a display of powers of the highest order, that it is almost matter of doubt where the great master's work ends, and at what point it was taken up by his friend. Süßmayer wrote the whole of the *Benedictus* in the *Requiem*, and this alone bears ample testimony to his powers of conception, and loftiness of style. Süßmayer, in addition to all this, gained so much renown by many of his works, that his merits are beyond dispute. His most striking characteristics are the simplicity and grace of his harmony. His productions of a scientific nature are not entirely free from faults; not that they lack the requisite degree of knowledge, but he worked too much and too rapidly to comply with all the demands of his art.

He wrote a vast number of masses, cantatas, and operas.

Süßmayer died at Vienna in 1803.

GEMINIANI.

FRANCESCO GEMINIANI, a native of Lucca, was born about the year 1680. He received his first instruction in music from Alessandro Scarlatti, and afterwards became a pupil of Carlo Ambrosio Anonati, surnamed *Il Gobbo*, a celebrated performer on the violin. His studies were completed under Corelli.

In the year 1714, he arrived in England, where in a short time, his exquisite performance rendered him celebrated; and, amongst the nobility, several laid claim to the honour of being his patrons. The person, however, to whom he was most attached was the Baron Kilmansegge, chamberlain to King George the First, as Elector of Hanover.

In 1716, Geminiani published and dedicated to this nobleman, "*Twelve sonatas, à Violino, Violone, e Cembalo.*" These had such an effect that the public were at a loss to determine whether Geminiani's greater excellence lay in his performance, or in his skill in composition. The Baron had ventured to speak of this work to the king in such terms of approbation, as induced him to direct that some of the compositions contained in it should be performed in his presence by the author. Handel was desired to accompany him on the harpsichord, and Geminiani acquitted himself in a manner worthy of the expectations that had been formed of him.

Geminiani was an enthusiast in painting; and, to gratify this propensity, he not only suspended his studies, and neglected his profession, but often involved himself in pecuniary embarrassments, which a little prudence and foresight would have enabled him to avoid. To gratify his taste he bought pictures, and to supply his wants he sold them. The consequence of this kind of traffic was loss, and its concomitant, necessity.

In the distress which, by such imprudent conduct, he had drawn upon himself, he was compelled, for the security of his person, to avail himself of that protection from arrest which the English nobility had then the power of extending to their servants. The Earl of Essex was prevailed upon, for this purpose, to enrol Geminiani's name in the list of his domestics.

The place of master and composer of the state music in Ireland became vacant in the year 1727, and the Earl obtained from Sir Robert Walpole a promise of it. He then told Geminiani that his difficulties were at an end, as he had provided for him a place suited to his profession, which would afford him an ample provision for life. On inquiry into the conditions of the office, Geminiani found that it was not tenable by a member of the Romish communion. He therefore declined accepting it, assigning this as a reason, and at the same time observing that, although he had never made any great pretensions to religion, yet to renounce for the sake of temporal advantages, that faith in which he had been first baptized, he could not answer to his conscience. The place was given to Mr. Matthew Dubourg, a young man of great merit, who had been his pupil.

Some years having elapsed after the publication of his *solos* Geminiani resolved to turn into *concertos* the first six *solos* of Corelli. These he completed and published, in 1726, by subscription. Their success was fully answerable to his expectations, and a short time afterwards, he altered in the same manner the remaining six. These, however, having no fugues, and consisting altogether of airs, afforded but little scope for the exercise of his abilities, and met with an indifferent reception.

He likewise arranged as *concertos* six of Corelli's *sonatas*, that is the ninth in the First Opera, and the first, third, fourth, ninth, and tenth of the Third. This seems to have been a hasty production, and is now scarcely remembered. In the year 1732, he printed what he called his *Opera Seconda*; or, *VI. Concerti grossi con due Violini, Violoncello, e Viola di Concertino obbligati, e due altri Violini e Basso di Concerto grosso ad arbitrio.* The first of these is celebrated for the fine minuet with which it closes. The publication of this work was soon followed by another of the same kind, his *Opera Terza*, consisting of six *concertos* for violins, the last of which is esteemed one of the finest compositions in the world.

Geminiani now enjoyed a high degree of reputation as a composer for instruments; yet his circumstances were not much improved by the profits resulting from his publications. The manuscript of his *Opera Seconda* had been surreptitiously obtained

by Walsh, who was about to print it; but thinking it would be benefitted by the corrections of the author, he gave him the alternative, either of correcting it, or submitting it to appear with its faults before the world. Geminiani rejected the insulting offer with the contempt it deserved, and instituted a process in Chancery for an injunction against the sale of the work. Walsh compounded the matter with him, and the work was published under the inspection of the author.

The *Opera Terza* he sold to Walsh, who in his advertisements gave the public to understand he came honestly by the copy. In the year 1739, he published the *Opera Quarta*, consisting of *Twelve sonatas for a Violin and Bass*; and also a new edition of the *Opera Prima*, with considerable additions and improvements. Soon afterwards appeared a tract by Geminiani, entitled, *A Treatise on Good Taste*, and another, denominated *Rules for Playing in Taste*. These two publications contained, besides examples of such graces as Geminiani had adopted himself on the violin, variations on several well known airs and some select Scotch tunes. About this time also he printed *The Art of Playing on the Violin*, a work which contains most minute directions for holding the instruments used with the bow; as well as the grace demanded for the various shifts of the hand, and examples adapted to the rules.

About the year 1740, he published, and dedicated to the Academy of Ancient Music, his *Opera Settima* consisting of six *concertos* for violins; and, in the month of April, 1742, came forth his long expected work, *Guida Armonica o Dizionario Armonico*. In this work, after giving due commendation to Lully, Corelli, and Buononcini, as the first improvers of instrumental music, he successfully controverts an opinion that the vast foundation of universal harmony can be established upon the narrow and confined modulation of these authors; and makes many remarks on the uniformity of modulation apparent in the compositions that had appeared in different parts of Europe for several years back. The publication of the *Guida* was attended with circumstances that seemed to promise but little success. The old musicians stood aghast at the licenses which it allowed, and declared that, if well received, it would tend to the entire destruction of the science of music. They consequently determined to prejudice the public against it. Many persons believed it to be only an attempt to get money from the novelty of its contents, and these on all occasions ridiculed it. There were, indeed, very few, who were able to comprehend either the motives of the writer, or the tendency of his work.

In one of those excursions, which, after Geminiani had settled in England, he made to Italy, France, and other parts of the Continent, he visited at Paris, Pére Castel, a learned and ingenious Jesuit, and a man well skilled in music. To this person he shewed his manuscript, and explained its nature and design. Castel, with a view to remove the prejudices that had been entertained against it, printed, in the *Journal des Sçavans*, a dissertation on the *Guida*, and a strong recommendation of it, which Geminiani, on his return to London, got translated into English, and published in a small pamphlet of about thirty pages.

In a life so unsteady as that of Geminiani, spent in different countries, and employed in pursuits that had no connection with his art, and only served to divert his attention from it, we must suppose, in order to account for the means of his support, that he received very considerable pecuniary assistance from his patrons and friends. The emoluments arising from his publications were not in general such as in any degree to compensate for the many years of study and labour which they had occupied. Towards the conclusion of his life, he had recourse to an expedient for raising money which had never before been attempted: in the year 1748, he issued advertisements announcing that a *concerto spirituale*, would be performed for his benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, to consist chiefly of the music of Italian masters of eminence, but whose names were scarcely known in England. Geminiani, an entire stranger to the business of the orchestra, had no idea of the trouble and labour that were required to prepare singers for the performance of music which they had not before seen, or of the frequent rehearsals that were necessary for all the parties engaged. The consequence was, that the vocal department not being perfect, the performance miscarried. The audience were sufficiently numerous

to constitute what is called a good house, and the performance commenced with one of Geminiani's *concertos*, which was succeeded by a grand chorus. Both these pieces had justice done them; but the first of the women, to whom a solo air had been given, was unable to execute it, and the whole band, after playing a few bars, were compelled to stop. The audience, instead of expressing resentment, seemed to pity the distress into which Geminiani was thrown. An apology was received by them; and they sat silent till the books were changed for those which contained Geminiani's own compositions.

The profits arising from this entertainment, enabled him once more to gratify that inclination for rambling which was so inherent in his disposition. He went to France, and took up his residence for some time at Paris. As the engraving of music was then much more neatly executed in that city than in any other part of the world, and as his *concertos* had never been printed in such a manner as he wished, he was now determined to publish them himself in score. Accordingly he revised, for this purpose, his Second and Third Operas; but such was his desire for making improvements, and his passion for refinement, that he not only betrayed himself into numerous errors, but likewise was led to the insertion of many new and ill-constructed passages.

He staid long enough in Paris to get engraved the plates both for the score and the parts of the above-mentioned two sets of *concertos*; and about the year 1756, he returned to England, and advertised them for sale. About the same time he published what he called *The Enchanted Forest*, an instrumental composition, grounded on a singular notion which he had long entertained, that betwixt music and conversation there is a very near and natural resemblance. This he used to illustrate, in conversation, by a comparison between those musical compositions in which a certain point is assumed in one part, and answered in the other with frequent repetition, and the form and manner of conversation. With the design of reducing this notion to practice, Geminiani endeavoured to represent to the imagination of his hearers the succession of events in that beautiful episode contained in the 13th Canto of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, where, by the order of Iameno, a Pagan magician, a forest is enchanted, and each tree informed with a living spirit, to prevent its being cut down for the purpose of making battering rams and other military engines for carrying on the siege of Jerusalem.

The Enchanted Forest was succeeded by the publication of two numbers of a work entitled, *The Harmonical Miscellany*, containing sundry Modulations on a Bass, calculated for the Improvement of Students in Music, and the practice of the Violin and Harpsichord. Geminiani intended to continue this work by periodical publication; but as it did not receive much encouragement, he desisted from his intention.

In the year 1761, he went over to Ireland, where he was kindly received and entertained by Dubourg, at that time master of the King's band there. Geminiani had spent many years in compiling an elaborate treatise on music, which he intended for publication; but soon after his arrival in Dublin, by the treachery of a female servant (who, it has been said, was recommended to him for no other purpose than that she might steal it), the manuscript was purloined out of his chamber, and could never afterwards be recovered. The magnitude of this loss, and his inability to repair it, made a deep impression on his mind, and had such an effect upon his spirits as to hasten fast his dissolution. He died at Dublin on the 17th of September, 1762, in the eighty-third year of his age.

It is observable from the works of Geminiani, not only that his modulations are original, but that his harmonies consist of such combinations as were never introduced into music till his time. His melodies are in the highest degree elegant; and in their general cast, most of his compositions are exquisitely tender and pathetic. Of his execution on the violin, it may be stated, that he had none of the fire and spirit of modern performers; but he possessed an abundance of grace and feeling; nearly all the powers that engage the attention of the hearer, and render it subservient to the will of the artist, were united in him.

RETIREMENT OF MR. MURRAY FROM THE STAGE.

The Morning Chronicle, referring to this event, says—We perceive that Mr. Murray, the celebrated actor, and many years manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, has taken his farewell benefit, and has finally bid adieu to the stage. By his retirement the northern public loses one of the most active and enlightened managers who ever opened a theatre, and one of the most artistic and delicately refined actors who ever trod a stage. Mr. Murray took leave of his friends as Sir Anthony Absolute. His favourite line of parts, like that of Mr. Farren, whom in many respects he resembled, was the "old men." Mr. Murray's personation had all the delicate play of light and shade, the variety of suggestive by-play, and the easy and off-hand finish which distinguishes French acting. His "makes up" were very famous, managed with the most consummate artistic skill, and great taste and fancy. The identity of the manager was as perfectly sunk as that of any man could be in that strange, listless mass of slovenliness and tipsiness. Although possessing great and piquant comic powers, and principally delighting in their development, Mr. Murray could give both pathos and passion with great, yet always delicately and finely-toned effect. Few actors had less mannerism, or sank themselves more completely for the time in the character undertaken. Mr. Murray, besides being a consummate artist, and a manager of great tact, enterprise, and resource, is a scholar and a gentleman. He has always mixed in literary society, and the esteem in which he was held by Sir Walter Scott, and his circle may be gathered from many a letter published by Lockhart. Mr. Murray now retires to enjoy the produce of a life of honourable exertion; and we wish him a long and prosperous evening to his days.

COMPOSER AND PUBLISHER,

(Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grülliers.)

A musician is (and it is most indispensable that he should be) one of those men of deep cunning and knowledge, viz. a philosopher. The singer is not in this predicament; he can dispense with all learning whatever (and many avail themselves of the privilege), provided nature has kindly bestowed upon him a *la*, a *si*, or an *ut*, or more or less lungs. He has no future trouble; the present to him is all "*coulour de rose*," and the future (when he for an instant casts his thoughts in advance of old time) seems only to reflect back the luxurious ease and plenty of to-day. It is not he who is weak or silly enough to devote his time to the learning of music. No, no, he is gifted with too much good sense in this respect, to attempt such an inconsiderate rashness. Says he, exultingly to himself, "What's all this to me; of what necessity? None; as the earth is made to cover the blunders of doctors and physicians, is not the orchestra there to do the same by those of singers?" Immediately upon his appearance, he is in receipt of as much worldly wealth as would support ten of our families.

There is a class of musicians who demand a much greater share of our pity than instrumental performers; this unfortunate among the most unfortunate is a composer. I call all the powers of time and chance, which in this world make and mar the destinies of men; I appeal to them to witness that it is better to be a bricklayer, a shoemaker, a porter, a sweep, or any other vile occupation or calling that you can imagine, than to be a composer. If you wish to exist by your work or labour, beware of searching for it in the depths of musical science!

A young painter, has he talent or genius, few difficulties lie in his way. He paints a picture, a connoisseur passes, praises and recognizes its merit; the crowd immediately presses forward; the name of the artist is uttered; the newspapers re-echo it, and his genius is recognized, his talent is publicly appreciated, and no further fear has he. But a musician, were he possessed of the genius and talent of a Mozart, he would not be able to escape one, no not one of the thorns and humiliations which await a young composer on his "*début*."

When he has laboriously terminated the score of any serious work, his labour is hardly half completed. Should he (which is not unfrequently the case) happen to be poor he must turn

copyist, and waste a valuable and precious time in extracting parts sometimes doubled, sometimes threefold or fourfold, and all this as an indispensable step towards its performance. But this performance, how will they obtain it? He addresses his friends, his brother artists, every one and everybody; at the end of a world of time and trouble he occasionally is fortunate enough to meet with some sympathizing artists who promise their help, and keep their word. Then long and laborious rehearsals take place each week, and the work is studied and learnt by long and frequent repetition. At last it is heard, and the author receives the applause of the public and the congratulations of his friends. He returns home light of heart, and brimful of joy: an hour afterwards, when his enthusiasm has a little cooled down, he soliloquizes to himself, "Alas! thou art, and ever will be, a fine and beautiful thing; you satisfy the cravings of the soul, but those of the body—I must go and call upon a publisher." The unhappy man! a publisher!! No matter, he enters the first one's shop he comes to, then to another, and another. To the first one he obsequiously says, "Sir, I have come to propose to you to purchase a quartett for two violins, alto and bass." He is met by a bolsterous hilarity, "Ah! ah! ah! sir, where do you come from? We don't keep those sort of things here." To the second he offers a sonata. "Sonata, what will it thou with me," and they turn their back upon him. To a third he offers a mass from a requiem, for three voices. "You are mad," cries this one, "were it for thirty voices, how could I find in a mass for the dead material for a Schottische or a Polka? Pshaw." At last he exhibits some quintetts; the publisher first examines the title, "Sir," says he, "I will not hide from you that your name is totally unknown to me; but were you named Beethoven, what you show me would not sell, it would go no further than among your own friends. Have you many friends?" "Yes, I am somewhat fortunate that way." "Oh! in that case we may be able to do something together." On hearing this, a gleam of hope beams upon our composer. "Will you permit me," pursues the publisher, "to cast my eye over the details and arrangement of your work." "Come," thinks the artist to himself, "he is a connoisseur," and then the following dialogue ensues:—

Composer—"These quintetts have lately been played by some of the best artists of our capital."

Publisher (looking over the leaves of the score)—"Ah! ah! (in an under tone) four hundred and forty-two."

Composer—"What think you of the plan?"

Publisher—"The plan? (in an under tone) five hundred and eighty-three, 584—"

Composer—"Does the harmony please you?"

Publisher—"Military harmony?"

Composer—"No, no, I am speaking of the science of harmony, of the harmonical combinations you are at present analyzing with so much care."

Publisher (still analyzing)—"I find nothing objectionable; it appears tolerably good, (in an under tone) 1213. (aloud) the flats and sharps apart, they terribly encumber the engraving. Could you not suppress a few; for instance, those that would be least missed?"

Composer—"And the ideas?"

Publisher (in the attitude of a learned man meditating most profoundly)—"Oh, as to the ideas—(in an under tone) 1550—every one has his own, and the one which occupies me most at the present moment, is to find how I can be useful to you."

Composer (gratefully)—"I am sure you are very kind."

Publisher (after a long pause)—"Listen! I have just studied the first part of your work most minutely. I know all its points and stops; nothing has escaped me, and I will almost venture to say I am better acquainted with your work than you are. You smile! Well, well, I will wager that you are not aware that this first quintett contains 2575 bars, neither one more or less!"

Composer—"Really—yes,—I was unaware of it."

Publisher—"Ah! you see—this is how I was intently occupied when you spoke to me a moment ago: then you will fully comprehend that in consenting to publish your work, I incur a great and enormous sacrifice. If I consent to engrave it, I invest funds which, less fortunate than Epimionides of old, may never return to me; still, as it is a good office to be the protector, the mentor of

a young composer on his first appearance, here is what I propose. I will engrave your work (as a matter of course, the copyright will belong to me); and as soon as it is published you will purchase fifty copies, at the marked price, for your friends—you understand me—for your friends."

Composer—"Fifty copies—at marked price?"

Publisher—"Yes, at the marked price."

Composer—"And then—?"

Publisher—"Then!—that's all!"

Composer—"Sir, I am extremely obliged to you: I will reflect." And the composer retires heart-broken, carrying with him, however, his beloved work.

On getting to his sometimes miserable home, the poor composer, discouraged and completely broken down, thinks if it be not better to throw all his manuscripts into the fire, and rises with the fatal intention, at the moment a friend enters.

"Well, how have you got on? What success have you had?"

"Cannot you see, I am preparing for an auto-da-fé, all that your friendship is good enough to call my chefs d'œuvre."

"Nonsense, you are joking?"

"Yes, joking, as the wretched one who is about to blow out his brains."

"And the publishers?"

"I have seen them."

"Well?"

"Repulsed."

"Have you seen them all?"

"Nearly."

"It is not possible! you have not been to—?" and the friend, utters the name of a publisher who had not received the visit of our unfortunate composer.

"I was sure of it," pursued he. "Here is his address; go to him in my name, and in the name of all the friendly artists who have protected your work. He is a man of talent; he understands business in the pure sense of the term; and he is both a sincere and devoted friend to our art. You will not be dazzled by the appearance of his shop, it almost escapes the observation of the passers by, neither will you see festoons nor ornaments, nor Bohemian glass upon which polkas, mazurkas, or quadrilles appear in all their resplendent beauty; nor will you perceive gilt and magnificent albums, or the overtures of *Guillaume Tell* or *Jeune Henry* arranged for flageolet solo. You will ascend a staircase tolerably wide but badly lighted; you will enter an apartment of which the greatest luxury consists in a considerable quantity of packages, whereon are inscribed the names of those most celebrated in the musical art. Each illustrious composer has his place: to the vulgar it is a large and magnificent warehouse: to the artist it is a sanctuary of genius and science! There you will see a man with an eagle eye, and silvery hair, sitting before a desk, with pen in hand, or behind his ear. He is either writing or meditating. He is not surrounded by numerous officious or impertinent clerks: alone, alone he suffices for all; and this desk, covered with papers, plates, and proofs, has been ten, ay twenty times the stepping-stone of many an unknown and neglected artist to glory and renown."

The advice is followed; our composer presents himself, and receives an affable and gracious greeting. He explains and shows his work; and a few days afterwards, he is able to tell his friends of the success of his exertion. These suddenly and enthusiastically form a project, viz. that of offering to the good and honest publisher a proof of their respect; and surrounding him in a modest but bountiful banquet, they all drink, with the utmost enthusiasm and good-will, to the health and prosperity of that man of intelligence and feeling, the publisher-artist, their friend Simon Richault.

J. MURRAY.

Dramatic.

OLYMPIC.—On Thursday week, on the occasion of Mr. H. Warren's benefit, a new aspirant for public favour was introduced for the first time in a prominent position to the notice

of a London audience. The name of the *débutante* is Miss Laura Keene, who has been playing lately with considerable success at the Richmond Theatre during the period that it was open under the management of Mrs. Brougham. The play selected was the *The Lady of Lyons*, Mr. H. Farren being the Claude Melnotte, and Miss Laura Keene, Pauline Deschapelles. Miss Laura Keene possesses a great many of the qualifications necessary to form a good actress; she is above the middle height, her figure is slim, elegant and well proportioned, her face pleasing and very expressive, and her voice, which struck us forcibly as bearing a great resemblance to that of Miss Laura Addison, full-toned, rich, and flexible. From what we could judge from seeing her only once, she is endowed also with considerable intelligence; her conception, at least of the character of the merchant's haughty daughter, was, as a whole, just and natural; there were, without a doubt, certain portions of the play which might have been given differently by her, and which, in our opinion, would have gained by the alteration, but, as we have said, the general result was satisfactory. Miss Laura Keene's great defect, at present, is a want of energy where it is most needed; she is too emphatic during the *entire* piece, and in order to produce any great effects she must either be more forcible in her passionate scenes or less so in the others. Miss Laura Keene is also, at times, too artificial, as for instance in the cottage of Claude Melnotte's mother, where she learns the deceit that has been practised on her. In this scene, which in many respects, however, was played in a highly satisfactory manner, the violent heaving up and down of the body, when she buries her face in her hands and is supposed to be weeping, was very extravagant and anything but in accordance with nature; such tremendous and convulsive sobbing as Miss Laura Keene's could never last so long and be so violent—it must either cease altogether, and end hysterically—no person could, to use a vulgar phrase, “take on so” for five or six minutes and then rise up as calm and collected as Miss Laura Keene. Her last act was decidedly her best, and quite surprised the audience by its tenderness and pathos, but even these qualities would lose none of their effect by having a little more vigour infused in them.

Our opinion of this lady may be briefly summed up as follows. We think that with care, study, and perseverance she may take a very high position on the London stage, and it is precisely because we do think so, and, what is more, because we hope so—because we really desire to see some one able to take the leading juvenile parts in Tragedy and Drama, for which there is at present no adequate representative since the accomplished Miss Helen Faucit and the great and sublime Cushman have, so to say, deserted us—it is because we wish well to Miss Laura Keene that we thus point out what strike us as her defects, judging her by the standard of *excellence* and not by that of *mediocrity*. If she had come forward merely in a third or second rate character, we should have said she was all that could be desired, but when she appears as an aspirant to the first rank in her profession, we think it no more than our duty to tell her that she is as yet not duly qualified for the position, though we believe that care, attention, and experience of the stage will, perhaps, some day enable her to occupy it.

The applause at the fall of the curtain was unanimous and enthusiastic. Such applause, however, emanating as it does from the temporary excitement of an audience whose feelings have been worked upon by an interesting and well written play, should be viewed by distrust by all sensible young *artists* and not be taken as an unerring test of success, but

be looked on rather merely as an incentive to future exertions, and in this light or trait it will be viewed by the fair *débutante* of Tuesday last.

Original Correspondence.

THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—In two recent reviews in the *MUSICAL WORLD* there appeared some observations on the subject of the Gregorian Chant. These observations are so seasonable, so true, and so just, that those who really wish to see music as an art fostered and encouraged in the bosom of the English Church can, I think, scarcely do other than feel highly indebted to you for the candid and logical judgment you have pronounced on that question.

It is to be feared that the sanction of professional musicians has occasionally been given to a certain movement without its being sufficiently considered, or, perhaps, even suspected what might be the *animus* and ultimate aim of those who have been conducting the agitation in derogation of artistic music, and it is for the purpose of putting those on their guard who would not willingly lend their aid to the degradation of the music of the church, that I have thrown the following “notes” together.

In olden times the monasteries were the nurseries of all the arts and sciences—music among the number,—and all the old treatises which have come down to us on the subject of music (then only a dry science) emanated from such establishments. The ecclesiastics were, in a word, in those days the “chief musicians.” Nor could it be otherwise, since there were then no facilities for the laity becoming acquainted with more concerning music than the monks chose to teach them. But while the latter were the greatest cultivators of music, so far as it then went, they were also the greatest enemies to its progress. They were, in fact, simply schoolmen, not philosophers, and attached far greater importance to the laws concerning the ancient gamuts than to the evidence of their ears. Under such influence as the above did music labour from the time of Gregory up to the date of the Reformation—nearly a *thousand* years—during which lengthened period music made infinitely less progress than it has in any *hundred* years since. Judging therefore of effects from their causes, music has progressed and flourished far better without the assistance of a priesthood than with, and dates its development from a dull science into an intellectual and divine art only from the time of its complete release from such bondage. This brings me nearer to the main object of this letter.

In early times it was customary for the duties of Precentor, or “chief musician,” to be vested in an ecclesiastic. This arrangement was a most judicious one; for as the musical “learning” was, as we have just seen, chiefly confined to the clerical inmates of the monasteries, it followed that the duties of that office then devolved on one who was most likely to be able to discharge them efficiently. Now among the other attempted “revivals” of the present day is included a claim for the clergyman to the supreme directorship in musical matters, *because* this was the mediæval arrangement. Those who are endeavouring to enforce this return will not see what everyone else must—that the very circumstance that rendered such a plan advisable in olden times renders it *not* so now. The comparative knowledge of music possessed by the clergy on the one hand and the laity on the other is now *reversed*; and to place its control in the hands of the former is to trust its management to those who understand not the most but the least about it. The advocates of such a proceeding are grasping at the form and missing the spirit of the old arrangement; but this they will not perceive.

Music is no longer a matter of school-boy calculation, a mere question of quaint scales and strange progressions of common chords. It has grown into a beautiful language, and, like most languages, demands years of daily toil, pains, and congenial aptitude to thoroughly master, and after that constant practice to keep up. For “the advocates” to master music in its present advanced

state, then, is almost a forlorn hope; and this being the case, the adoption of one of two courses seems at first sight to be unavoidable. Either the management of the music can be reposed in the hands of one who understands the most about it (the organist), and so the "spirit" of the old arrangement be preserved and the dead form be foregone, or the priest can assert his irresponsible power and right to rule everything in the church, and so preserve the dead form and outrage its spirit. The former course, although graceful, would involve the relinquishment of a little power; and openly to exercise the latter would, perhaps, be impolitic just as present.

A third course therefore has been discovered, which is to *degrade* church music and reduce it to so primitive a state that any clergyman may master it—there being little or nothing left to master. Music must be found so simple that it would be difficult to make a mistake in talking about it; so simple that the most uncultivated voice can sing it; and a congregation so simple that it will believe anything, when "the authority" can forthwith indulge in all the pomp and consequence of a—medieval "church musician." Such music has been found,—(such music!)—also the uncultivated voices; the simple congregations; and the consequence—particularly the latter. Here and there also an unwary organist has been caught, and under these manifold auspices a march accordingly started to carry music *backwards* twelve hundred years.

Whether this crusade—headed by men the veriest middle-age schoolmen in the state of their musical knowledge—is ever to succeed depends, in a great measure, on the energy or indifference exhibited by those who must be the most interested in the progress of music as an art.

But the Gregorian Chant movement is not the end, but the commencement of the state of musical affairs that is being attempted to be brought about. It is but the narrow end of the wedge. Further particulars, however, I must defer till next week. In the meantime I beg to remain,

Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

November 5th, 1851.

ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having for some time past taken a leading part in the efforts which have been made in Leeds, to resuscitate and spread a taste for vocal concerted music, especially of that class of glees and madrigals, the creation and perfection of which belong exclusively to our native composers, I trust you will allow me a little space in your columns for the purpose of making some remarks on the visit of the members of the Glee and Madrigal Union to this place on Tuesday last, and on the peculiar claims of that music, which they principally interpreted on that occasion.

Before venturing an opinion, however, on the music of which I am speaking, I will premise, to prevent any mistake, that I am by no means prejudiced in favour of glee and madrigal compositions to the exclusion of any other species of good music, foreign or native; I merely desire to see these works take their former and proper position in our musical doings—social and public, (which from their intrinsic value, as well as from the fact of their being of purely indigenous growth), they are justly and fairly entitled to.

In the introduction to a "Lecture on English Glees and Glee Writers," which I had the honour to deliver before the members of the Leeds and other Literary and Mechanics' Institutions a few months ago, I made the following remarks on the claims of our national glee and part music:—

"It has been too much the fashion among our countrymen (not in general subject to an excess of humility) to be content to assert their superiority in the workshop, or the tented field, and to yield the artistic supremacy to Germany, Italy, France, or either of them, according to the caprice of the hour.

"Now, it is the foremost, if not the principal design of this lecture, to restore to the brow of our modest friend, John Bull, some of those well-earned laurels which he has with characteristic indifference allowed the minstrelsy of Italy to parade unchallenged.

"We deplore the low condition of music in England, and we

submit without a murmur to every criticism which asserts our incapacity. Now, my friends well know that if a boy at school is invariably pronounced a dunce, and childish tasks and occupations are given him on the assumption of his stupidity, he will soon verify the unhappy epithet by becoming dulness personified. 'Give a dog a bad name and then hang him,' is a just though commonplace aphorism, and the treatment of John Bull in things musical justifies it to the letter. It will be my business to show you that he is not really such a booby as he suspects himself; to reclaim the honours unjustly conceded to the Italian lyre, and to maintain that my countrymen may boast of being the originators of one of the most delightful forms of musical composition. I wish then to enlist, in some measure, your patriotism in behalf of a whole succession of composers in the purely English style of glee and part music. The opera, and many other forms of composition, may be of exotic growth, but I claim the glee as our own, originating on our shores, and matured and perfected, I am proud to say, at our firesides. And, if it has been supplanted in this its natural abiding place, I hope one fruit of this humble effusion will be, to reinstate it as one of the purest and most delightful of recreations that can gladden, endear, and refine the Englishman's home."

It was in this strain, likewise, that I appealed to my fellow townsmen in April, 1850, with a view to the establishment of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society; an appeal which, I rejoice to say, was liberally and generally responded to, though, as might be expected, there were not wanting many who endeavoured to depreciate the value and importance of that class of music which it was the object of the society to patronise and support, and which latterly, but especially since the successful efforts of Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Land, Francis, and Henry Phillips, in their performance of glees and madrigals, the critics have hardly found language to extol too highly!

Doubtless, the too often monotonous and inexpressive performance of these charming vocal gems by inferior singers at public concerts, is a chief cause of the omission in modern programmes as well as of the indifference with which they are so frequently received by an audience accustomed to hear foreign music so carefully and artistically rendered. But mark the difference: as soon as a band of first-class singers appears—such as those already mentioned—fully competent and resolved to do justice to that beautiful music which in the palmy days of Bartleman, Vaughan and Incedon, was wont to delight the frequenters of the concert room, the tables are completely turned, and apathy is transformed into enthusiasm: for, it is a fact, that notwithstanding the performances of glees and madrigals which Phillips, Lockey, and party lately gave at Willis's Rooms, in the height of the London season, were repeated again and again, they never failed to draw, not only crowded, but delighted audiences, and this, too, with a programme confined exclusively to English part music.

It is true, the programme for the provinces is agreeably diversified with solos by each of the party, who thereby, as was well remarked by one of your contemporaries "give us a taste of their quality, as well as cater for all tastes," but the main object of this musical union is, by correct and tasteful execution, to disseminate throughout the length and breadth of the land a taste for the best of that numerous class of musical works which come under the title of glees and madrigals.

In conclusion, I will only express my best wishes for the continued success of the Glee and Madrigal Union, and trust that this charming performance—than which, according to a leading London paper, "nothing so complete or beautiful, and approaching perfection, has been attempted,"—will be elsewhere, as it has been in Leeds, attended by a numerous and a delighted audience.

Apologising for having occupied so much of your valuable space,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W. SPARK.

Park Square, Leeds, October 30th, 1851.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

In the letter of "Philo Musica," inserted in our last week's number, the word *form*, in paragraph 2, line 4, should have been *force*; and in line 7, *Italian geology* should have been *Italian galaxy*.

Memories of Music.

THE VISION, Romance for the pianoforte, composed and dedicated to Miss GROSVENOR by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Cocks and Co.

THE ANGEL'S SONG, Romance for the pianoforte, composed and dedicated to Z. BUCK, Esq., by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Cocks and Co.

The name of Mr. Brinley Richards has of late been brought a great deal before the public as a composer for his instrument, and this leads us to preface our remarks upon his present publications with a hearty acknowledgment of our respect for those gentlemen of the music trade, who have set aside the prejudices of the age in doing justice to a musician of our own country, whose writings are, to say the least, equal to any of those of their class upon which, until now, foreign authors have been almost exclusively engaged for our market, and it is a very poor compliment to add that they are far superior to a large average of the productions to which we refer. Independently of original invention, there is certainly a very great merit in writing so as to produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of difficulty, in constructing graceful and brilliant passages for an instrument that lies well under the hand, and so well repay the small amount of pains required for their competent execution. This is the chief, if not the only merits of the composers to whom we have alluded; but we hesitate not to say that in the pieces now before us, there is combined with this a much higher order of musical excellence, namely, considerable originality of invention, and much elegance of idea. Let this assure the publishers that their experiment has been well judged, that musical merit is not incompatible with Anglican ancestry, and that a prophet is not of necessity a loss in his own country, provided they take the proper means to turn his true value to its right account.

Thus much for generalities. To speak particularly of the two graceful morceaux under present consideration, we opine that they fulfil all that is required of music for the drawing-room, and much more than a moderate experience of the majority of music for young lady amateurs gives us any right to expect. Our decided predilection for the classical may probably have been inferred from the general tenor of our remarks; but let not our fair readers suppose that we are insusceptible of satisfaction, imperturbable by pleasure from any music but that which is cast in the model of the great masters—to eschew the worn-out parable of the nourishing diet and the dessert after dinner, we beg to affirm that in music, no less than in literature, there is a "light reading" which affords a very necessary relaxation to the mind from the severity of more arduous studies; and this, when it is good of its kind, cannot be without interest to such as have taste without prejudice, among whom we hope to be considered.

Of the two, we prefer the "Vision," which illustrates the following passage of the American poet, Longfellow;—

"The dreams of youth came back again;
Low lisping of the summer rain
Dropping upon the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.
Visions of childhood, stay!—O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
'It cannot be!' They pass away!"

An episode in the key of A, which, we suppose, embodies the second portion of the stanza, pleases us especially.

The "Angels' Song" has also been suggested by a passage from the same favourite poet, and though we rank it second, we decidedly think it possesses all the elements of extensive popularity.

We shall always be happy to welcome such charming trifles a lease from the same or from any other source.

"THE STURM MARSCH GALOP"—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Cocks and Co.

A brilliant and easy version of the popular galop.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES"

No. 1.	...	"Poor Mary Ann."
" 2.	...	"The Ash Grove." (Llwyn on.)
" 3.	...	"The rising of the lark."

Arranged for the pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Cocks & Co.

Mr. Richards has here given three of the most beautiful melodies of his native mountains (for be it known Mr. Richards is an ancient Briton), free from the many corruptions which the "uses" of our successive Saxon songsters have introduced into them.

He has made these melodies so acceptable by the manner in which he has treated them, that we should not wonder at their superseding the modified versions of the same airs, with which we are more familiar.

Mr. Richards' variations are pleasing and well written for the instrument.

G. A. M.

"INFELICE!"—Scena for a Soprano, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte; the English version by W. BARTHOLOMEW, the Music by F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. OP. 94. Posthumous Works No. 23. Ewer and Co.

This is a singularly interesting work, as being the only composition of the kind that has come to us from the great composer, who has written in almost every class of music, and enriched every class to which he has contributed. It is composed upon the model of the classical Italian aria, of which Mozart and Beethoven have left us such great examples in "Non piu di fiori," "Non temer," "Resta o cara," "Ah perfido," the grand scena for Leonora in *Fidelio*, and many others that if less known are scarcely less beautiful. These songs consist all of a grand recitative, an adagio of considerable length, and an allegro, which last movement generally comprises the expression of several distinctly different feelings, and thus they give scope for the display of the highest attributes of a singer, namely, declamation, cantabile, and various passion.

In this respect they must be regarded as fulfilling the noblest purposes of the lyrical dramatic art, but the exigencies of stage effects have led to their being now supplanted in the theatre by the rather melodramatic scena which Weber, we believe, originated, and certainly perfected; a form of composition that, although certainly more pertinent to the continuous action of the scene, and so more congenial to modern taste, and perhaps in one sense more in accordance with nature, is of a less elevated style than that which it has superseded, in so far as it gives no opportunity for the extensive development of a musical idea or the exercise of continuity, which is one of the highest attainments of the composer's art.

The scena of Mendelssohn embodies the often-told tale of deserted love. In the recitative we have the complaint of the unhappy one, and the vain effort to stifle her feelings of fondness with the recital of her wrongs. The adagio is a recollection of the happiness of her hours of union with her beloved. The allegro interrupts this with the sad conviction that happiness in love is blent with torments, the cruel reality that dispels all her fond imaginings. The poetry is, for Italian poetry, singularly deficient in passionate expression, and though written in the form of the songs with which this classifies itself, it contains not the matter that in those songs calls forth the greatest power of the musician, that wonderfully eloquent simplicity wherein Metastasio so eminently excels, which may be called rather the diction of feelings than of words, and is of all poetry the best suited to the purposes of dramatic music, as suggesting to the composer all of which his art is capable in expression, and leaving to him the fulfilment of this expression instead of fettering him with metaphor and other figures which are as the music to poetry that is intended to be complete in itself, and not a vehicle, or framework, or medium for the exercise of another art. This song is not, as is the case with some of the greatest compositions of its class, an address to the faithless lover, but a course of reflection and self-communion, and it is therefore more of a didactic than a declamatory, more of a reasoning than of a passionate character. Such being the style of subject he has chosen,

we are not to expect from Mendelssohn in this scena a composition of so highly excited colouring, and of such consequent powerful effect as some of those we have named of Mozart and Beethoven, and, if it be that sublimity consists in the truthful rendering of the greatest passions of the human heart, we must look in the song before us rather for beauty which gives expression to the tenderer feelings.

The recitative pleases us perhaps more than either of the other portions of the composition; one passage in particular, where the words admit of more musical expression than all the rest of the poem, is given with the most touching pathos; we allude to the gradual transition, equally novel and beautiful, from the key of E flat minor, in which the words

"Riaveglia tua virtù!
Scordati l'empio traditore!"

are given with energy, to the dominant of C minor as the momentary resolution of self esteem melts into the gentle softness of personal regret for the loss of that which love has made so much a part of self, that no abstract love of self can compensate for it.

"Amante—sventurata—e l'amo pur!" The opening phrase of the slow movement is made very prominent by the somewhat unusual employment of a fundamental tonic seventh in the second bar, and this stands out as a feature wherever the passage recurs. There is another phrase of even more beauty, which may be described as an episode or dominant subject occurring in the key of F, when the poem enumerates the scenes which memory makes dear by their association with the presence of the betrayer. The last allegro is introduced with new and excellent effect by the interruption, with a change of key, of the concluding cadence of the previous movement. This finale is especially fraught with the peculiar feeling of Mendelssohn's music; one passage in particular, commencing on the words "E pur la memoria," recalls even the notes of the overture to *Alhambra*, and yet, with all our admiration, with all our love of this peculiar feeling in music, we find the movement rather lengthy, and though containing many highly effective points and not a few beauties, we cannot consider it so effective for performance as the previous portions of the song. There is, towards the end, an ingenious recurrence to the opening phrase of the slow movement which here derives new interest from the inversion of the harmony with which it was previously accompanied, but this is introduced so late, and with so long a preparatory symphony as to lengthen more than relieve the general effect. The conclusion is broad and clear, and the whole is admirably vocal.

Upon mature consideration, we are disposed to regard this scena as an early production of the composer, for we find in it a want of that power of concentration which is so eminently the characteristic of the practised musician, and the ideas seem more like the anticipation of a style that later became perfected, than specimens of that style when it had become fully developed. All this is advanced without a knowledge of the orchestral score, which, although it could not change our opinion of the music, might considerably qualify our ideas of the effect it will produce.

Such as it is, we sincerely recommend this only dramatic aria of Mendelssohn to the attention of the first class vocalist, since its novelty and the name of its composer are all-sufficient to excite the interest of an audience, and there is quite enough in it for the advantageous display of a singer to repay any effort its performance may cost and to satisfy any reasonable expectations of the hearers, and we hope before long to hear it with all its proper effect, since it is fully worthy of the best endeavours to do it justice.

G. A. M.

"THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE." By BROTHER JONATHAN. Edited by HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

The second part of the above, for this month, is, we think, an improvement on the first. The papers are better contrasted and more generally readable. The contributors to this number reckon, among others, the names of Longfellow, G. P. Morris,

Edgar A. Poe, Neal, Howard Paul, N. P. Willis, Sam Slick, Jun., Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Kirkland, and Mrs. Mowatt. The reader cannot fail to find infinite pleasure in perusing Edgar Poe's charming poem, called "Bells;" while the various stories and essays will afford both amusement and gratification. The illustrations to the number, are—a view of the Park and City Hall, New York, very finely executed on steel, from a design by Bartlett, and a wood engraving of James Fenimore Cooper, taken from a daguerreotype likeness.

Provincial.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—THE GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The visit of divers members of this popular union of justly celebrated English *artistes* to Leeds, and several other towns in the West Riding during the past week, has caused a veritable sensation, not only among folks musical, but with numbers of those, who, in common parlance are said to be "very fond of music, but don't understand much about it." "Never before," is the ordinary acclamation of those who had the good fortune to hear this charming performance of our national vocal part music, "never before have we heard such an exquisite union of exquisite voices!" The entire satisfaction, however, which the performance of Glee and Madrigals by Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Francis, Land, and Henry Phillips, appears to have given our towns-people, is certainly no more than was to be expected when we remember the sensation which their singing produced in London during the just concluded season of this memorable year. Surely, that music, which at once elicited the warm commendation of the Metropolitan press, and drew the lovers of vocal harmony in crowds to the concert room, would not fail in the Provinces to "draw" not only large, but enthusiastic audiences. I have often thought, in the midst of so much clap-trap and insane running after foreign art and *artistes*, the unusual success which attended the performances of this party at Willis's Rooms in the very height of the London season, was a glorious triumph, achieved by the legitimate force of talent, judgment, spirit, and good taste, on the part of the vocalists, and by a candid and hearty appreciation of their efforts by the public. It is almost unnecessary to say that it is most rare to hear this style of music with effect in the concert room; because it is either consigned to the vulgar, spiritless, and unmeaning performance of inferior singers, whose highest merit is that they keep time like an eight-day clock, and utter their notes as monotonously as its click-clack, or, if executed by artistes of superior merit, these pieces are notoriously stuffed into a concert to eke out the programme, sung at sight without care or consideration, and thus they become a sort of necessary evil to the vocalist,—a bore to the audience—and instead of lending the charm of sustained vocal harmony to diversify the sameness of solo singing, &c., they stand as a foil to it,—a series of dry, sterile tracks, whose only apparent purpose is to make the songs and duets sound quite ravishing by comparison. This is a crying evil, but we hope and believe that the very successful efforts of the eminent singers who have taken the matter in hand will "reform it altogether."

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The concerts of this society, which have been, according to custom, discontinued during the summer months, were resumed on Friday week, under the conductorship of Mr. Spark, when a very agreeable programme of vocal music was catered for a large assemblage of the members and subscribers. The following notice of the performance appeared in last week's *Leeds Intelligencer*:—"Although the selection had much of that miscellaneous air which always more or less characterises vocal concerts, when the singers usually select their own songs, &c., it had one point of difference in the introduction of four pieces from Mendelssohn's juvenile operatta, *The Son and Stranger*. We have seldom heard the richness of Miss Atkinson's voice to more advantage than in the romance, "There sat in the grey times of old." The duet, "Now here, now there," gave Mrs. Sunderland an opportunity for pouring out her silvery tones with sweetness and expression, and in the tertetto both ladies acquitted

themselves most creditably in concert with Mr. Winn. Of this gentleman, who evidently has the qualities to make a good sterling singer, we may here observe that the audience called for a repetition of his humorous pedlar's song, "I am a roamer bold and gay," in which, at any rate, he manifested every disposition to realize the character. There was an evident inclination to encore Blockley's so-called national song, "The sea is merry England's," but we suspect the loyalty of our countrymen is now a little more reasonable and substantial than to be stirred into uproarious ecstasy by such sorry effusions as this. We must not omit to mention that Bishop's plaintive glee, "Beautiful are the fields of day," sung with a beautiful blending of the voices by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Brown, and Miss Atkinson, was deservedly encored, as was a ballad very richly sung by Miss Atkinson; and a bit of musical pleasantry executed with charming *naïveté*, by Miss Brown, most deservedly set the company on the *qui vive* for its repetition, which, of course, the lady vouchsafed most courteously. Mr. Spark (piano), performed a piece by Mendelssohn, of a smooth cantabile character, in a style of execution which bespoke full acquaintance with its subject, and without any effort to substitute finger gymnastics for music; at the conclusion of this piece he played his own clever, sprightly, and imaginative composition, "Ariel." Upon the whole, we think this concert is one upon which the directors have just cause to congratulate themselves.

CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Messrs. Hird and Haddock—the former a pianist of good local fame, the latter a clever violinist, and brother to Mr. Haddock, of Liverpool—are endeavouring to get up a series of three concerts for the performances of classical music, similar to those given by Mrs. Beale and Mr. Haddock at Liverpool. They have the best wishes and support of the musical *dilettanti* of Leeds; but as these are comparatively few, we fear, from the small subscription list which has just come under our notice, that, in a *pecuniary* point of view, the well-meant efforts of these gentlemen will not be successful. The majority of concert goers in Leeds are by no means, we regret to say, prepared at present to support the "classical, the whole classical, and nothing but the classical."

LEEDS MADRIGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY.—This flourishing society has announced its intention of giving three grand concerts during the forthcoming season, at the Music Hall. You shall receive a due report of the performances as they take place.

EDINBURGH.—THE BATEMAN CHILDREN. (Oct. 30).—The Adelphi Theatre was re-opened on Tuesday evening, to exhibit the performances of the Bateman children. The fame of these infant actors, having preceded their arrival here, attracted a crowded assemblage, whose enthusiasm during the evening was quite exuberant. Having no prepossessions in favour of the display of youthful precocity of talent on the stage, we were scarcely prepared for the numerous proofs of natural ability afforded by these gifted children. Undoubtedly there was ample evidence of very skilful training; but the arch humour and quick intelligence of the young aspirants showed that the excellence of the performance was not the result of instruction alone. In truth, they evinced throughout a lively sympathy with the parts they had to sustain. They made their first appearance in the trial scene from the *Merchant of Venice*—Ellen as Shylock, and Kate as Portia. The representation of the inexorable Jew, in his gaberdine and black beard, was in strict conformity with the stage traditions of the art; but it is not too much to say—however ludicrous it may appear—that it was, except as being somewhat too declamatory, a vigorous and expressive performance of the part, keeping in view the age and sex of the actor. Kate, the elder girl, played the character of Portia with taste and discretion, and excited hearty applause by her excellent delivery of the speech on mercy. The performance, as a whole, had less of a mechanical aspect than might have been anticipated, and was in reality quite a triumph over a very natural prejudice. The comedy of the *Young Couple*, an adaptation of Scribe's *Le Mariage Enfantin*, and thoroughly French in idea and style, was the next part of the children's performances. It is better adapted for the display of their powers than tragedy. The characters are of their own age, and being more congenial to their tastes, are far more favourable for original action. The elder girl showed an entire comprehension of her part. She was a perfect

woman in miniature, and played with an intelligence and grace worthy of the highest ornaments of the profession. The entire absence of artifice imparted to her performance the truth of nature, and the finish of elegant comedy. Ellen also evinced considerable aptitude for her part. Her genial and overflowing humour enabled her to embody the character with irresistible effect. The versatility of her powers was equally conspicuous in the lover, the husband, and the master—realizing an amusing picture of youthful vivacity. It is to be hoped that they may fulfil the promise of their early years, though similar precocity of talent has too often ended in disappointment. It is almost needless to say that the children were called before the curtain to receive the acknowledgments of the crowded auditory, which were awarded in no sparing measure.

Last night the little vaudeville of the *Swiss Cottage* was performed, enabling them to exhibit, in their style of acting, singular freshness and variety. The performances of the Bateman children have been nightly preceded by a *comédietta* or *vaudeville* piece, in which Miss Villars, a popular favourite from the Princess's, St. James's, and other London theatres, appeared in the principal character. We saw this lady in *Perfection, or the Lady of Munster*, and were greatly pleased with her easy, natural style, and her genuine feeling for comedy. She is both elegant and graceful, and has studied in the best school. Miss Villars is also a good musician and sings tastefully, and occasionally with unusual effect, as was exemplified by a double encore of "Rory O'More," which she introduced into *Perfection*. It is a pity that any favouritism or prejudice should keep back such talents as those possessed by Miss Villars.—(From a Correspondent).

CAMBRIDGE.—On Tuesday week an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music, was performed in Trinity College Chapel. The composer was Mr. Steggall, of London, a pupil of Sterndale Bennett's; and his work was far above the average of such academical exercises, and did great credit to his own genius and the instructions of his master. It commenced with a chorus in eight parts, followed by a duett for two soprani, recit., and air tenore, double chorus, chorale, double quartett for eight voices, another duett for two soprani, aria basso, double chorus and fugue. The duetts for the soprani exhibited a happy vein of melody, and the quartett for eight voices and the final chorus and fugue displayed a learned acquaintance with the art of counterpoint. Altogether, Dr. Steggall may be congratulated on a work which gives him rank among English composers. His music was ably performed by the Cambridge choirs, assisted by some talented youths from the choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Temple Church; Professor Walmisley conducting, and the composer presiding at the organ. The tenor and bass solos were admirably executed by Messrs. Redfearn and Gray, of London. Among the audience was Mr. Sterndale Bennett himself, and he must have been gratified at the evident pleasure which his pupil's compositions gave to a large and attentive assemblage of musical amateurs. The exercise was considered by many competent judges to be the best that had been performed here for many years.—*Cambridge Journal*.

CHESTERFIELD.—The distinguished musicians and vocalists, the Distin family, gave a concert in the Assembly Room, Angel Inn, last Wednesday evening, under distinguished patronage. The arrangements, conducted by Mr. Trimmell, were comprehensive and complete, and gave satisfaction to a large and highly respectable audience, comprising the principal families of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Distin and his three sons received a most hearty welcome. The first piece a quartett from *Der Freischütz*, played on the Sax horns with that precision, perfect blending of the parts, purity and unison of tone, which have earned for the performers a widely spread fame. It was succeeded by Mrs. Theodore Distin singing with much ease and feeling Voss's *Romanze* "Oh stay with me." This was followed by a four part song, "The Red, Red Rose," which was encored, and Mrs. and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin substituted for it "Trust her not, she is fooling thee,"—a merry, amusing glee, which in its turn narrowly escaped an encore. Then followed the aria "Meco tu Vieni," from Bellini's *Straniera*, performed on the Sax tuba by Mr. H. Distin, a song the "Basque Muleteer," by Mr. Theodore Distin, "Where the Bee Sucks," by Mrs. T. Distin, and a quartett, "The Miller's

Daughter,' all of which were loudly cheered. A Madrigal, "Down in a flowery dale," was here introduced by desire, and met with an enthusiastic encore. The first part of the programme concluded by Mr. Distin, senior, playing "The soldier tired;"—the execution of this difficult piece elicited repeated plaudits. In the second part the instrumental portions most admired were Costa's "Vanne a colei," a trio played on the Sax horns by the brothers Distin, a selection from *Lucia* and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, "The Cuckoo Gallop" (encored), and "God save the Queen," by Messrs. Distin. In the vocal department "The Tear" (a new German ballad by Kucken, with Sax horn obligato, by Mr. T. Distin), given by Mrs. Distin, and "The Village Choristers" were most applauded, the latter being encored. Mr. R. A. Brown presided at the pianoforte.—*Derbyshire Courier*.

DUMFRIES.—THE MISSES SMITH'S CONCERT.—We were delighted to hear our old friends, the Misses Smith, once more in our Assembly Room in George Street, on Saturday evening, the 11th October. They were in the finest voice; they are very greatly improved in singing, and a more delightful concert was never heard here. Their performance in duet singing is perfect, evincing at once immense practice and extraordinary talent. The Italian pieces were sung with that firm and decided precision which is so seldom attained by our singers in executing foreign music. "Oh! Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me," was most beautifully sung. This is not a Scottish song, the elaborate and beautiful air being composed by Carter, an Englishman. The song, "Oh! Nancy wilt thou go with me," was written by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Drumore, and is an English song. It was barbarized into its present form for Vauxhall Gardens. Burns writing to Mr. Thomson pronounces Percy's song to be "perhaps the most beautiful ballad in the English language." It may be found in Mr. Thomson's work. The duet, "The Birks of Aberfeldy," was delightfully sung. To look at the air it would seem absolutely impracticable to arrange such a tune as a duet. The difficulty, however, is most successfully got over. The Irish ballad, "Aileen ma vourneen a cushla ma chree," was sung with genuine feeling. Those words properly written are "ma mhuruin, my darling, 'cushla ma chirdhe," artery of my heart. The tune of "Wha'll be King but Charlie" is almost as difficult to harmonize as "The Birks of Aberfeldy." The effect on the audience was absolutely electric. It is probable that the really pretty duet "Caller Herring" was never so well sung before. It almost surpasses our imagination to conceive that beautiful music should be associated with the idea of fresh herrings. Scott wrote a most spirited song to the tune of Caller Herring. It was written after a foot ball match at Carterhaugh, no very promising subject for a poet. But the banner of the House of Buccleuch was brought out and raised on the occasion, and the minstrel is inspired in a moment:—

"Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Etrick eight ages and more,
In peace we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
Or die at her foot like our fathers of yore."

The song may be found in Mr. Thomson's smaller work. "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw" was most charmingly sung. The first two stanzas only were written by Burns. All attempts to eke out his songs are miserable failures. It reminds one of the great image of the Babylonian monarch. The gold and silver beginning only makes the brass more palpable. The graceful air, "This is no my ain lassie," with Burns's pretty words, and arranged as a duet, was most beautifully given. The air is introduced by J. B. Cramer, under the title of "Aria Scozzese," into his instruction book for the piano forte. Perhaps the finest performance of the evening was "Tam Glen." Miss Smith's singing of it could not possibly be surpassed. The concert concluded with the well known song "The Lass o' Gowrie." The true text of the second verse (the only good verse in the song) is:—

"The rosebud tinged wi' morning shower
Blooms fair within its thorny bower,
But Katy was a fairer flower
Than ever bloomed in Gowrie."

This beautiful and graceful melody is one of Neil Gow's happiest

efforts. Its very name is poetical, "Loch Earraich," the Lake of Spring.—[The above criticism is from the *Dumfries Courier*, and was written by Robert Burns, eldest son of the Poet.—Ed. M. W.]

WOOLWICH.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Town Hall on Monday. The Philharmonic band assisted. The gems of the evening were Mrs. Alexander Newton's singing "Let the Bright Seraphim," and "Casta Diva." Mrs. Newton is immensely improved since we last heard her. Her voice is fuller, rounder, and more powerful, and she exhibits more style and finish. She made a powerful impression on the audience. Mr. Bridge Frodsham was encored in Clement White's "Ah! why didst thou tell me," and was much applauded in a new song, "The last bugle." The other singers were Miss Louisa Nevett (pupil of Mrs. Newton), Miss Ward, and Mr. H. Barnsby. Miss Eliza Ward (piano), Master John Ward (concertina), and Mr. Richard Ward (trumpet), were the instrumentalists; Mr. Bowman led the band.—(Abridged from a Correspondent.)

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—MADAME ANNA THILLON.—The engagement of this distinguished dramatic vocalist at Niblo's, draws to a close. To-morrow evening she makes her final appearance for the present, and performs in the admired operetta entitled *The Pride of the Harem*, taking the role of Roxalana, in which she will sing "Woman rules you still," and a scene from Auber. She will also perform in the second act of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, in which she has already produced such a sensation. That opera was written expressly for her; she is the original *fille du regiment*, and perhaps, take her all in all, has never been surpassed in that character. Her Catarina, however, in *Crown Diamonds*, has been equally popular here, and by some even preferred to her performance of the *Daughter of the Regiment*. In the latter she has sung three times; in the former, six times, in New York. Never has any operatic singer of her class met with a more enthusiastic reception, or been so successful as she has been, for her brief but splendid career at Niblo's. She has charmed all by the fascinations of her beautiful style—so graceful, so natural, so expressive, and yet so powerful. Her delicious voice is music itself, and is only in harmony with the radiant intelligence that beams from her syren face, and speaks more forcibly to the heart than any form of words of which human language is susceptible. The beauty of her countenance, not voluptuous, but indicative of passionate love—her piquant *naiveté* of manner—her exquisite tones—her captivating gestures—her beautiful attitudes, and the indescribable charm of nature that plays around her like a halo of light, beguiling the audience into the momentary belief that their senses are delighted with a reality, and not a mere dramatic representation on the stage, have been the theme of every tongue, and have won for this gifted lady an immense popularity in the great metropolis of the States.—*New York Herald*.

Miscellaneous.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—Jullien commences operations on Monday night next at Drury Lane. Among the attractions provided we may mention the engagement of Mrs. John Macfarren as pianiste, a highly talented lady, and an excellent performer, whose playing, we have no doubt, will be received with infinite gratification by Jullien's patrons.

MR. FRANK MORI has been selected as conductor and musical director in the operatic company about to commence a series of performances at Birmingham, on the 15th instant, which will be repeated at Glasgow and elsewhere. The principal section of the company is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Delevanti. The operas projected are *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, and *The Bohemian Girl*.

HERR STIGELLI, the popular tenor, has returned to London, having fulfilled his Manchester engagement at the Theatre Royal. Herr Stigelli appeared with great success as Almaviva in the *Barbieri*, Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and Edgardo in *Lucia*, in the Italian operas; and as Pollio in *Norma*, and Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, in the English operas. Having to appear at some concerts in the course of the month, Herr Stigelli will remain in London until the first or second week in December.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

** The Reminiscences of Henri Herz will be continued next week.

Advertisements.

CAUTION.

SEVERAL notices relative to the Bloomer Polkas having appeared, Henry Distin, in justice to himself, begs to inform the Music Trade, Profession, and Public in general that DISTIN'S BLOOMER POLKA, by Wellington Guernsey, price 2s. 6d., was the original one published, the title of the said Bloomer Polkas having been surreptitiously obtained by other parties in the first instance. Distin's Bloomer Polkas are nightly performed at the Public Balls, Concerts, Theatres, &c., and also at Distin and Sons' Concerts throughout the kingdom, and the various military bands of the army. Published by Henry Distin, at his Depot for Military Musical Instruments, 31, Crambourn-street, Leicester-square, London, where also may be had by the same popular author,

The Court Beauty Polkas (as performed at Her Majesty's State Balls)	2s. 6d.
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All with Cornet accompaniments.

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My Home in the Valley	Frank Mori.
Softly ye Night Winds	W. V. Wallace.
Astoria	G. Linley.
O thou, whose beauty shines	Kalliwoda.
Came smile again	W. V. Wallace.
The Rhine Girl	G. Linley.
Farewell	Frank Mori.

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FLURS EMBLEMATIQUE:—

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THE POPULAR SONG OF THE DAY.

"TALK OF HIM THAT'S FAR AWAY," composed by THOMAS CHANTREY. A new edition of which is just issued, may be had at ADDISON & HOELLER, 210, Regent-street, London. For simplicity, elegance, and originality of melody, it is unrivalled.

Also, by the same author, "Why wilt thou not love?" and "The dream is past."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES.

Welsh Airs newly arranged for the Piano, By

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

No. 1, Poor Mary Ann,
" 2, The Ash Grove,

No. 3, The Rising of the Lord,
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(To be continued.)

"It is not too much to say that Mr. Richards has succeeded in throwing a new charm around each of the specimens of Cambrian song that he has selected for his purpose, and at the same time made them most useful as 'teaching pieces.'"—*Vide Dramatic and Musical Review*, No. 365.

(Copy.)

"6, Somerset-street, Portman-square, Nov. 1, 1851.

"Dear Sir,—I regret to see by the advertisements headed 'New Music by Brinley Richards,' to which you have directed my attention, that an attempt is therein made to mislead the public, and to induce a belief that the 'Beauties of Cambria' is a recent work of mine. Having entered into an engagement with you to confine my labours connected with the Welsh melodies to those published by your firm, allow me to state that the 'Beauties of Cambria,' advertised by another house, so far from being 'new,' or even recent works of mine, were written and published many years since, while I was a student; and I beg distinctly to assure you that with the exception of the 'Recollections of Wales,' now in course of publication by you, I have not edited, nor entered into any engagement to edit, any works connected with the music of the principality since the period already alluded to.

"I remain very truly yours,

(Signed)

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"To Robert Cocks, Esq., Music Publisher to Her Majesty, New Burlington-street, London."

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(Signed)

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THE Committee beg to announce **FOUR CHAMBER CONCERTS**, to take place at **ST. JAMES'S HALL, ALOON, 28, BAKER'S STREET, ON MONDAY EVENINGS, Nov. 10th, 24th, Dec. 1st and 8th, commencing at Eight o'clock. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea each, or for a Single Concert, Seven Shillings; to be had of the Committee, of the principal Musicians, and of James Erat, Esq., Honorary Treasurer, 28, BERNERS-STREET.**

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ON FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER the 14th, will be performed, for the first time by this Society, Handel's Oratorio, **BAL-SHAZZAR**. Vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. R. F. Smith, and Mr. Lawler. The Band and Chorus will be on an extensive scale, consisting of Eight Hundred Performers. Conductor, Mr. Surman, Founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorio. The Subscription to the Society is £1 ls. per annum, or for Reserved Seats, 2s.; each Subscriber is entitled to Two Transferable Tickets to each Subscription Concert. Office, No. 9, Exeter Hall.

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SIGNOR
PIATTI,
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BOTTESINI.

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Several of the Instruments, to which were awarded the Council Medals at the Great Exhibition, having been purchased by M. JULLIEN, they will be introduced during the Concerts.

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Selection from Mozart's celebrated Opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO,"

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Among the lighter portions of the Music will be presented, the new Waltzes, Polkas, and Quadrilles, which M. JULLIEN, last year, had the distinguished honour of composing for Her Majesty's State Balls, and also, several entirely new Pieces, composed expressly for the present Series of Concerts, among which will be found

THE INDIAN QUADRILLE,

COMPOSED ON EAST INDIAN MELODIES,

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The Concerts will on each Evening commence at Eight, and terminate at Eleven o'clock.

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N.B.—The Theatre being Let at Christmas for Dramatic Performances, the Concerts can continue for One Month only.

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THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.

RENTREE OF SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday.

I have only time to write you a few lines about this very interesting and important event, which came off on Tuesday night. As you have been, from first to last, the staunch and enthusiastic advocate of Sophie Cruvelli, you will be pleased to hear that all you predicated in her favour has been more than verified in Paris. Three weeks repose in the bosom of her family, at her native town of Bielefeld, in Westphalia, have restored her energies, invigorated her health, and enabled her to show herself—what you have all along declared her to be—the greatest dramatic singer of the day. I shall not enter into any description either of the performance or the sensation produced on Tuesday night. They beggar description. Suffice it, that Sophie Cruvelli, by one effort, has resuscitated the *Opera Italien* which was “on its last legs.” If Mr. Lumley be not the luckiest man in the world, he ought to be. He has found another Jenny Lind, at a moment of imminent danger. Barbieri Nini, I regret to say, has been a failure, and the *Theatre Italien* was gradually being deserted, when a champion comes forth in the form of a young, gifted, and lovely girl—a German, not an Italian—and holds up the shield of genius in its defence. Nothing can resist her. She appears as Norma the Druidess, and with one gesture, one glance, one regard, lays the whole audience at her feet. You do not want an account of Norma, much less of Cruvelli's Norma. It is enough to sum up with the assurance, that so great and complete a triumph was never before achieved on the boards of the French Italian Opera. For the present I shall conclude with the following literal translation of a short paragraph from the glowing pen of Fiorentino, which immediately followed the night of the representation, in anticipation of his *feuilleton* in the *Constitutionnel*:

“*OPERA ITALIEN*.—We have at last a veritable Italian Theatre. The success which Mlle. Cruvelli has just obtained in *Norma* has surpassed the expectations of her most fanatical admirers. The *formulas* of eulogy have been so unhappily lavished, that we can only supplicate those who were not present at the performance to believe that what we announce is no more nor less than the cold and exact truth: None of the artistes who have preceded Sophie Cruvelli in this great part—Malibran and Pasta included—ever reached so high a degree of inspiration. Never was voice of more prodigious extent, of more admirable quality, of more irresistible attraction, placed at the disposition of more burning passion, or of

greater dramatic genius. Tragedian as great as Rachel, *cantatrice* incomparable and unique, Mlle. Cruvelli realises in *Norma* the ideal of the art. At each phrase, at each gesture, at each burst, the public rose *en masse*, bounded with surprise and delight, and covered with incessant plaudits the voice of the singer. The performance was interrupted several times, and Mlle. Cruvelli was compelled to retire to the back of the stage to wait until the acclamations had subsided. We will not speak of the recalls, bouquets, and other such ordinary manifestations, which might have been dispensed with on such an occasion, since they only served to recal the too frequent abuse of them in honor of commonplace mediocrity. Enough that it was one of the most irreproachable representations, and one of the most complete we ever witnessed. We shall return, as may well be believed, to this memorable *soirée*, which opens a new era to the Italian Opera, at the very moment when its *clat* appeared to be fading, and its fortune to be on the decline.”

In my next I shall enclose the articles of the chief *feuilletonists*. Meanwhile all Paris is in extacies, and, perhaps, never was opinion so unanimously enthusiastic in praise of an artist. It is unnecessary to add that I agree with the general opinion, being not a less warm, though a much less eloquent advocate than yourself, of the genius and endowments of Sophie Cruvelli.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

JULLIEN is the Grand Master of the ceremonies to the winter season. He is the Usher of the White Rod, and yearly proffers invitation to our hybernal festivities. He is the titanic porter of the Temple of Music, who turns the key, and lets in the world to enjoyment. Without Jullien we should have no veritable season. His loss would be, as it were, unsuppliable, irremediable. The public, deprived of Jullien at this period of the year, would become a moping, melancholy, disappointed, and maimed public, having, so to speak, one eye plucked out of their recreations, one ear cut off from their diversions. But Jullien and the public will, we trust, for many years to come, shake hands in brotherhood, and exhibit unnumbered interchanges of good feeling. Jullien will still prove himself the Napoleon of eaterers, and the public will not show itself ungrateful. Jullien will demonstrate his invention and research, and the public will subscribe to his genius. Jullien will provide novelties and wonders, and the public will roar and pay.

We are going to write down a used-up phrase—but what can we do? No new words can express so forcibly the truth. Were a going to say, that the largest audience ever congregated

within the walls of Drury Lane assembled on Monday night—the opening night of Jullien's Concerts—and that the theatre was crowded to suffocation. This is neither true nor original. We have occasionally seen the theatre as crowded, and there was no "suffocation," if we except one short fat man in the pit, who fainted in the arms of a policeman, and was carried to an oystershops in Russell Street, borne on a back door with a bolt in it. If we say that Drury Lane was chock full (or, choke full, to save disputation), and that nearly 7000 people were crammed and jammed together in the theatre, we shall convey no very indifferent notion of the state of affairs.

The interior of the house has undergone but little change. The decorations of the promenade are, however, new, and exceedingly simple and chaste. They consist of plain white and gold, with single wreaths of flowers very tastefully disposed. Mr. Frederick Gye has an excellent eye for effect, and he has seldom exhibited a nicer feeling for arrangement and contrast than on the present occasion. The magnificent, fairy-like, and unique crystal curtain still hangs its glittering splendours between the stage and the front of the house, and adds greatly to the appearance of the theatre. The arrangements in the reading-room are on the same gigantic scale as before, and Mr. G. Payne provides bodily condiments for such as eschew the more attenuated refreshments of music.

The orchestra is, perhaps, the finest and most complete which Jullien has yet brought together. All the players of note and merit in London are retained, and one or two has been drafted from the Continent to fill up a "toom" space, which could not otherwise be well supplied. The following is a list of the solo performers:—Baumann, Baker, Band, Cioffi, Collinet, Cooper, Defolly, Deloffre, Doyle, Frelon, Godfrey, Handley, Harper, T. Harper, C. Holt, Howell, Janza, Jarret, König, Kreutzer, Lavigne, Lazarus Lutgen, Mori, Piatti, Prospero, Pilet, Phillips, Sonnenberg, Thirlwell, and Vogel.

This alone would constitute a strong phalanx, but it makes little more than a third of the band. Herr Janza, who leads the second violins, is the Viennese artist, of whom, some weeks since, we introduced a memoir in the *Musical World*. He is a first-rate player and a distinguished musician. We are pleased to see M. Baumann at his old post in Jullien's troupe; although Mr. Winterbottom, his successor, the last two seasons, was far from being an inefficient substitute. M. Remusat is first flute, and a better selection could hardly have been made. In short the band is nearly perfect at every point, the cymbals alone being objectionable on the score of pitch.

M. Jullien's phalanx had a glorious opportunity of exhibiting their power and capability in the grand overture to *Leonora*, which in some respects was better played than we ever heard it. Jullien conducted the overture admirably and did not allow a single point to be lost. The few bars for the trumpet, introduced with such magical effect, were played to perfection by König, and made a distinct feature in the performance. The band were also heard to great advantage in the andante to Mendelssohn's third symphony, and the

andante from Beethoven's symphony in D, both of which were delightfully given and immensely applauded. Previous to the *Leonora* overture, with which the concert virtually commenced, there were two demonstrations of popular feeling; one when Jullien appeared on the platform, and one, when "God save the Queen" being called for was played by the whole strength of the band. Jullien was received with deafening cheers, as was also Her Majesty, who though absent was musically present, and the feeling popular and the feeling loyal contested for mastery. For the sake of loyalty and gallantry we are glad to announce that the Queen had a trifle the best of the conductor.

Beside the pieces named, the programme included a new quadrille, composed by Jullien on themes from *Il Prodigio*, an excellent set, and sure to become popular, concluding with the celebrated "Pas des Poignards;" Jullien's "Crystal Fountain Polka," first time of performance at the concerts; "Marianette," a valse by König (first time in public); and several old friends, among whom we may name the exciting, brilliant, and overpowering "Great Exhibition Quadrille," which terminated the first part with a perfect *furor* and gave rise to a double encore for "God save the Queen," and a demand for "Rule Britannia," amid a noise like the roaring of ten thousand buffaloes in amorous season.

The grand feature of the evening, however, was the performance of Signor Bottesini, which produced as powerful a sensation on the audience as ever we remember to have witnessed in any theatre by any performer. Bottesini is the instrumental wonder of his age. He has been well styled the Paganini of his instrument, and is, no doubt, as perfect a performer on the contra-basso as his illustrious countryman was on the fiddle. It is quite impossible to conceive the absolute mastery which Bottesini holds over this most unwieldy of instruments: nor how he awakens from its massive strings those exquisitely delicate and fluty tones, which would seem born of a silver thread spun to the fineness of a hair; nor how he runs up and down, as it were, miles of lines with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, and never deviates in his intonation, the note being true as a tuning-fork; nor many other things which seem impossible, and which are impossible to all but himself. But if Bottesini's sway over the contra-basso be marvellous, if his execution be "perfect as conjecture," his beauties are not confined to mechanical wonders and sleight of art or artifice. Bottesini can play a simple air as Miss Stephens or Alboni would sing it, without ornament or alloy and produce a greater effect than any body else by aid of lace-work and embroidery. Who that has heard Bottesini sing, not play, the "D'un pensiero" in his *Sonnambula* fantasia but must have felt the same emotions as when listening to a Malibran or a Cruvelli! We shall not dwell upon the effect Bottesini produced on his audience on Monday night. It was prodigious, and truly unparallelled.

Miss Dolby, who was received with great fervour, introduced "Nobil Signor" from the *Huguenots*, and the Scotch

song "Bonnie Dundee." Both were given with the fair singer's peculiar charm, and the first encored. Miss Dolby is a great favourite and deservedly so. She has a most beautiful voice and sings like a true musician.

The opening night augurs well for Jullien's concert season. Bottesini is a grand eard, and will be sure to draw thousands to the theatre. Indeed, no one should miss the opportunity of hearing the unrivalled contra-bassist. Miss Dolby will also prove a great attraction, but we would advise her, with deference, to adhere more to simple ballads, or arias of the non-bravura character, which none can sing better than herself, and leave Meyerbeer's cavatinas to their proper home, the stage. We never admired vastly "Nobil Signor," even when Alboni sang it on the stage, and have no great affection for it off. There are songs of Mozart for which Miss Dolby's pure and delicious voice is far better suited.

The performances have been varied nightly, but we must postpone our notice of the novelties until next week, having already devoted a large space to one performance. It is enough to say that a new Grand Quadrille, called "The St. Leger Day," has been produced; also a new walse, called "La Prima Donna," and "The Bloomer's Quadrille" (new); and the "Indian Quadrille," is announced for next week, full particulars of which will be given in our next.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

Having been absent from town some little time, I have not had my weekly opportunity of reading your clever little paper, but feeling interested in the subject-matter of several letters you published a short time since, on the formation and establishment of a National Opera, I set myself down on this thoroughly November day, to scan briefly over the feasibility of such a proposal with reference to existing circumstances, and to offer a few remarks as to what I conceive to be essential before we can entertain even a bare hope of ultimate success.

If the permanent establishment of an English Opera be in this age something more than a myth, there is but one way to set about it, and that one way is fraught with many serious and complicated difficulties. The success (or I should perhaps more correctly say the *existence*) of two Italian houses, does not at this present moment afford the slightest criterion of a similar result in a national undertaking—I say at this present moment, for tastes do alter and appetites vary, but where music is concerned, seldom at the instant. Unfortunately for our native products, we cannot in this damp atmosphere, make up our minds to turn fashion adrift, even in matters where she is positive destruction to our better feeling and judgment; and this is especially palpable, when our own lyric genius and industry is brought into question. Again, in the first setting such a scheme on foot, there are of necessity so many cross purposes to battle with, so many divers tastes and wills to consult, and in many instances how to, such dangerous heads to conciliate, so much of popularity to *make*, and so very much of injustice and absolute malice to encounter, that unless a tolerably fair field be given, and hand joined in hand to effect a safe launch, the permanent establishment of a National Opera will never in my life time be ought but a name. It is in vain to hope for anything lasting, unless at the very onset

there be constituted, what may be termed a musical republic—not in management forsooth! nothing could possibly be worse than that—but in a powerful co-operation of our leading English composers and artists, in a strong and united endeavor to place the advancement of native talent on a better and surer footing (it cannot by any manner of means be in worse plight than at present), and to make English music and English musicians what they should be, in a country which already boasts of, with much reason, the greatness and excellence of its many national institutions. For my own part, I am, under a few restrictions, a staunch musical protectionist, and shall continue to be so, until I can discover some shew of justice towards the home article. I have no personal objection to either Italians, Germans, or Frenchmen. I respect their talent, and enjoy it thoroughly. I delight in the two great rival houses, but I faint must mourn over the aggrandisement and fame of an enormous body of aliens to the utter exclusion and ruin of my gifted compatriots, who are alas! for bread and butter's sake, compelled at times to drag at fashions' tail, ay, even to twist plain Mr. into Signor, and tack an harmonious vowel to the harsh final consonant of their English surnames. Sir Charles Coldstream "et hoc genus omne," make take snuff, and yawn at the idea of there being such a commodity as indigenous musical talent amongst us Britishers, but nevertheless there it is, lying about, and only waiting to be picked up; talent that does not surely possess the mighty aids of rank, fortune, or fashion, that very "Gamp" of the age, but talent nevertheless. On this point we need be under no apprehension, we have so far little of the right elements to commence our work, but much, very much of good support from those, whose love of the science, means, and position in society, should make them lean with sympathy towards a class of men, who are their brethren, both in country and in art. Nor can we conceal from ourselves, how disagreeable a difficulty we have to meet, in the want of good union and friendship that exists amongst the profession, for without some such bond, I am firmly convinced success is impossible. And this is strange enough, for they, upon whom this last issue is so materially dependant, are those who are in every way interested in the well-doing of this enterprise, as much I trust for the honour and glory of the art they represent, as for the better filling of their mouths and pockets. It is however on this rock I fear our ship will run foul, if not split, for I do not hesitate to affirm, and I will arraign the profession as my witnesses, that as there is on the one hand a greater amount of talent in the body of English musical artistes, than in most other callings; so there is assuredly, on the other, a much larger sum of jealousy, ingratitude, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. There is a total want of sympathy amongst them, the very reverse of a disposition to lean tenderly to one another's failings, the success of the one is bitterness to the other, the advancement of one member a sure card to generate the envy and ill will of his neighbour. As in every case so in this; there are many happy exceptions, but take the profession *en masse*, their want of goodfellowship is a proverb, even amongst themselves. But I must not be misunderstood. I do not say, nor do I think, the unity we ought so much to covet is impossible. If it be so, I do believe, as I said before, the permanent establishment of a National Opera is also impossible, at all events at this present time. It is fatal to allow ourselves to be influenced by the success attendant on foreign opera houses or theatres. They are set fairly afloat. We have not as yet stirred one foot from our moorings. The skilful guidance of a vessel out of port, which is surrounded by rocks and shoals, and the direction of it in smooth water, when past all immediate danger, are two very different things. Our undertaking just now presents no feature in common with

other establishments. We have nearly everything to make, with scarcely anything at hand. Our difficulties soar one above the other; powerful rivalry, prejudice, and a host of evil spirits, will do their worst to foil us, and our only chance is to make ourselves fully aware of the danger, and to meet it steadily and boldly. We may be as hopeful and earnest as possible, but without screening one iota of the true state of our position, and when we examine the one sheet that exhibits the possibility of gain, we must instantly turn to the other, that sets forth the possibility of loss. There are scores of males and females, who as Puff shrewdly remarks, "never take the trouble of judging for themselves." These characters will require much to persuade them, an English throat may perchance warble full as sweet as an Italian's, or that they are very wrong indeed to constitute fashion their Queen, in place of their subject. When we can then fully appreciate our present position, understanding how mainly dependant we are one upon the other, we shall have made a grand step towards maturing, at all events, the preface of our work, and a good preface is very often half the battle. But if on the other hand, Mr. Second Violin Jones, is to put on his war paint, and brandish a tomahawk because Mr. Second Violin Smith is to play two desks higher than himself; if Mr. Double Bass Stiggins refuses to play under Double Bass Wiggins, and in accepting two pounds ten shillings per week, insists, that it is "*position*" he only cares for, and "*position*" he must have at any sacrifice; if, in fine, we are all preparing to stickle for this, that, and the other, and run counter to everybody who does not entertain the exact views we ourselves hold, it will be better, far better, for the profession, and the public at large, to leave posterity the task of supplying, what is now supposed by some, and denied by others, to be a desideratum.

The possibility of obtaining a government grant for the formation and support of a National Lyric Establishment has I believe been mooted more than once, but I cannot remember that the subject has ever as yet been placed in its proper light, before proper persons, that is to say, before those whose rank and influence qualify them to advance matters. We have seen within the last few years, a vast and cumbrous pile erected at a prodigious expence for the reception of the choicest works by the greatest masters, many of which have been purchased at the price of a handsome fortune. True it is that the three sisters,—Poetry, Painting, and Music, walk hand in hand *in name*; but now-a-days *in fact*, the case is widely different, the first seems but little appreciated, and has gone sadly out of date, the second is housed and tended by a refined and polite nation; while the third, inasmuch as national character and claims are concerned, is forced to seek a crust and shelter where it may. We have institutions in plenty, but not one for the shewing forth and development of English musical genius. I do not give a *thought* to the Royal Academy, for wherein is the use of instruction, if the fruits of that instruction cannot be made manifest. The Royal Academy of Painting is another affair altogether. In the case of talent, *that* institution may be but the stepping stone to the adjoining rooms, and whether it prove so or not, matters but little to the man of genius and industry. His fame is reaped, and money paid year by year. In musical matters England neither does herself credit nor us justice. She shews forth her national love, by importing whole shoals of foreign singers, fiddlers, dancers, and actors, by expending enormous sums, not in supplying their wants, but in pandering to their luxuries, and very often vices, and by discarding the claims of those who only rightly have a claim. It is impossible to advise just now any measure, by which this most important matter of a government grant may be well and advisedly brought forward. Doubtless there are wise and experienced heads, who have the subject at

heart, and who are capable of treating it. It is in my opinion one of the first features to be attended to. It must be entered upon with full consideration, and all efforts must be directed in the proper quarter. If this be done, I by no means despair of success, for I have often thought if the circumstances of the case had been placed in their true light by men of influence and position, whose love of the divine art would have made them earnest in the cause, we need not now have been speculating upon possibilities.

The choice of a head man or manager involves again no small difficulty. The proverb tells us, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," but, as far as operatic and theatrical management is concerned, there never was a graver error. There must be but one prime minister, with a good working cabinet at his elbow. The essential attributes for such a position are numerous,—diplomacy, a certain amount of musical capability (not genius, that would be dangerous), decision, prudence, shrewdness, knowledge of the world, and of theatrical matters in general, and *if possible*, honesty. Oliver Goldsmith's remarks on this head delivered nearly a century ago, are full as applicable at this present day. Alluding to the Italian Opera as at that time existing in London, he writes:—"However upon the whole I know not whether ever operas can be kept up in England; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assigned to men unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the people they would amuse, and whose only motives are immediate gain." There are of course men fully qualified to conduct the administration of affairs, but it is a difficult matter to put one's hand upon them, so few in this reprobate world have characters to lose, so many reputations to make.

The enormous disproportion of salaries is another principal evil. Any one acquainted with such matters must know right well what sums our principal foreign artistes are in the habit of exacting, sums that cannot fail (save in the case of the two London Operas, where subscriptions and patronage are on a grand scale) to eat up not only any profit that might accrue, but that must effectually prevent the necessary regard and attention to other *not* minor details. The due efficiency of conductor, orchestra, chorus, etc., being of far more consequence than the engagement of some one or two cormorant vocalists, on whom very often nature, *not* genius, has been lavish in her gifts.

I cite the greatest authority the world ever has, or I believe will produce, in reference to the numerical strength of an orchestra. Sixty good men and true are, I am convinced, sufficient for every purpose. We shall in this case have some chance of feeling whether the chorus are really singing, and not merely opening their mouths, a fact extremely problematical in these days of ophicleides, drums, and thunder. In regard to the chorus, much must of course depend on the works to be produced; but I would prefer a picked staff of strong choristers, men, who would sing out loud, clear, and in tune, to an overwhelming so so band. With a good working number, it would be easy, under extraordinary circumstances, to enlist extra assistance, without in any way marring the effect.

A word in conclusion on the prices of admission, which should in the first instance be simply of a remunerative character; nothing more or less. I do not suggest any particular scale, for circumstances might, of course, affect a different decision; but we may rest assured, money is well known to be money in this age of events, and where a pound was little thought of years since, a sixpence is now turned over a score of times.

I fear I have trespassed very far on your space and good humour, although I have necessarily left much unsaid I wished to say. If, perchance, you should speak to the contrary, I may resume the subject at a future period. I am satisfied the success of the undertaking in question, is, under certain circumstances, feasible; but unless it be taken in hand well and steadily, and by those who are really fit to move so important a measure, we shall but experience disappointment and loss; and inflict much injury on the exponents of a science we would fain love and cherish.

H. L. C.

THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

Messrs Collard and Collard have sent us the following document, which we print without hesitation, as a corollary to our remarks, in a late number, on the distribution of the prize medals in the matter of Broadwood and Sons. It may be remembered that we ourselves testified to the injustice done to the Messrs. Collard, and stated that they were unanimously awarded the Council Medal by the first, or professional jury. The rescinding this verdict by the second or group jury, who were quite incapable of giving any opinion on the subject, naturally excited the indignation of the Messrs. Collard, who had every just reason to feel themselves aggrieved, and they made their protest accordingly. The document below, however, originated in the desire to set aside the erroneous impression created in the public mind by the omission of the Messrs. Collard in the first protest to the Royal Commissioners by the musical jury, all of whose names will be found appended to the protest in favour of Collard and Collard, as in the case of Broadwood and Sons, whose name alone was included in the first protest. In fact, two protests were issued by the musical jurors; the first in favour of Broadwood and Sons, the second on behalf of Messrs. Collard and Collard. Of course the latter firm was not mentioned in the first protest, but many who had read it were led to the conclusion that the musical jury awarded the Council Medal only to Broadwood and Sons. Hence the publication of the accompanying document.

PROTEST OF THE MUSICAL JURORS.

To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., President, and to the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

May it please your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen, With reference to the memorial which the undersigned members of the Musical Jury, Class 10a, had the honour of addressing to your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners on the subject of the reversal or non-confirmation of their awards of the Council Medals for pianofortes at the Great Exhibition, they beg most respectfully to state, that the eminent firm of Messrs. Collard and Collard was also returned by the unanimous decision of the Musical Jury, as entitled to the Council Medal for their various improvements in pianoforte-making, and for the general excellence of their instruments. The memorialists would respectfully beg leave to impress upon your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners, that the arguments already adduced by them in the memorial referred to, apply with equal force to the house of Collard, which, from an early period, has been most honourably distinguished in connexion with the manufacture of the pianoforte, and whose important improvements have had a beneficial and lasting influence on this branch of our manufacture: in confirmation of which and of their own awards, the undersigned would

respectfully refer your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners to the accompanying list of Patent Inventions which have been introduced by the house of Collard, and which, in the opinion of the memorialists, fully entitle them to the award of the Council Medal. They have the less hesitation in thus again addressing your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners, as they find that public opinion has already called into question both the justice and the correctness of the awards for this section of the Exhibition, recently published under the authority of the Royal Commissioners; and that the musical public in particular attach to the memorialists the responsibility of such decisions.

While the memorialists will be ever ready to defend the integrity and soundness of their own decisions, they cannot but protest against being held responsible for those of other bodies—from whose opinions they unequivocally differ, and who however competent on other subjects, have not evinced on this the requisite knowledge to justify the reversal of the decrees of those better qualified, both by professional experience and scientific acquirements, for the more effective discharge of such duties.

HENRY R. BISHOP, Knight, (Chairman and Reporter),
The Professor of Music at the University of Oxford.

DR. SCHAFHAUTL, Commissioner from Bavaria and Juror, Member of the Royal Academie, and Professor and Head Librarian in the University of Munich.

LE CHEVALIER SIGISMOND NEUKOMM
WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT, Professor in the Royal Academy of Music and Queen's College.

CIPRIANI POTTER, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

GEORGE T. SMART, Knight, Organist and Composer of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS (Copy, No. 1.)

"To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., etc., etc., President, and to the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

"May it please your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It has been intimated to us that the jurors, consisting of eminent professors of music, appointed to make the awards for the musical section of the Exhibition, had decreed to us a first class prize in respect of our pianofortes, and, moreover, that that decision had been unanimously arrived at by that body. We also learn that another jury, termed the Group Jury, consisting mainly of non-musical members, to whom that award had been subsequently submitted, had thought proper to reverse the decision, and to assign us a prize of a secondary character.

"Assuming these reports to be authentic, we lose no time in recording our protest against this proceeding, and in stating our resolution to reject any award, but the one decreed to us by the Musical Jurors—the only tribunal recognised by the musical exhibitors, as competent to form a correct opinion of the relative merits of musical instruments, and of pianofortes in particular.

"It is not for us to canvass the propriety of inviting a body of eminent men to devote their time and their talent to the discharge of an onerous and delicate duty, and afterwards of empowering another body, incompetent by reason of their non-musical acquirements, to review and reverse their decisions; nor do we seek to obtrude the merits of our instruments, to the disparagement of those of our competitors. It is sufficient for us that a body of gentlemen, known to the world for their high character and eminent professional attainments, have done us the honour to return our names as worthy of the highest distinction, and it is satisfactory to us to feel, that their verdict has been generally concurred in by a large body of the public, among which may be cited the names of some of the most eminent native and foreign professors of the age.

"At an early period we had occasion to protest against the acts of partiality evinced in favour of a foreign competitor, by the

Executive Committee, or its subordinate officers, in direct violation of the prescribed regulations,—regulations which we ourselves had most rigidly observed. Our remonstrances remained either unheeded, or received no other than a mere formal official acknowledgment; and we owe to the courtesy and friendly feeling of the Coalbrookdale Company, rather than to official justice, a position in the Exhibition for the display of our manufactures, equal to that officially conceded to our more favoured competitors, although denied to us.

"It has never been intimated to us, that it was incumbent on us to bring under the notice of the Group Jury, either the number or the character of the improvements we have introduced in our pianofortes, secured to us by patent right. Had this principle, as the ruling guide of the jurors, been promulgated (which it was not) we should have been prepared to have shown that, either for their number, or their character, or for the more recent date of introduction, our position in all these respects was in no degree subordinate to that of our competitors; but we imagined (declusively, as it would now appear) that the test of merit would alone be the intrinsic excellence of the instruments exhibited; and that due merit was accorded to us on that score, is sufficiently shown by the fact, that the unanimous verdict of the Musical Jury was in our favour.

"Feeling strongly that an act of injustice has been, perhaps unintentionally, inflicted upon us, we beg respectfully to urge that the decision of which we complain may be re-considered, with a view of securing to us the award, to which, after the decision of the Musical Jurors, we feel we are justly entitled; or we would respectfully request to be heard before any competent tribunal, to substantiate our claims, not only by reason of their intrinsic merit, but by our numerous patent inventions, all of which, we submit, have tended as much to the permanent improvement of the pianoforte as to the maintenance of the traditional superiority of England in this important branch of the industrial arts—a superiority which we fear not will still be sustained, notwithstanding the effect that may be produced by this temporary discouragement of English claims.

"We have the honour to remain,

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"With profound respect,

"Your obedient humble servants,

(Signed)

"COLLARD AND COLLARD.

"26, Cheapside, Aug. 7, 1851."

(Copy, No. 2.)

"Exhibition Building, Hyde Park,
August 13, 1851.

"Gentlemen—I am directed by Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th instant, on the subject of the jury award, which you state it has been intimated to you has been made in respect of the pianofortes exhibited by you.

"In reply I am directed to acquaint you that the Commissioners have at present no official cognizance of the awards of the various juries, the whole of the proceedings of which have been strictly confidential; and they are therefore not in a position to entertain the question raised in your letter.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient Servant,

"EDGAR A. BOWRING, Acting Secretary.

"Messrs. Collard and Collard."

(Copy No. 3.)

"To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., etc., President, and the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

"May it please your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen—We have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, dated the 13th inst., under the signature of your acting secretary, Mr. Bowring, informing us that, the awards of the juries not having come officially under your notice, you are not in a position to entertain the question raised in our letter.

"We trust when the decisions are brought officially under your cognizance, and it should be found that our anticipations in re-

spect to the awards are well founded, we may not be considered unreasonable in again respectfully soliciting your attention to the facts laid before you in our letter of the 7th inst., especially as we have since learned that no less than three great medals have been awarded among the few organs exhibited; while for pianofortes, one of the staples of our commerce, and of which there are nearly two hundred specimens, contributed by upwards of one hundred exhibitors, the award has been limited to one great medal; an anomaly which, we conceive, is perfectly irreconcilable with the comparative commercial importance of the two instruments.

"We beg to tender our most respectful apologies for again trespassing on your attention, and

"We have the honour to be,

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"With profound respect,

"Your most obedient humble servants,

(Signed)

"COLLARD AND COLLARD.

"26, Cheapside, Aug. 18, 1851."

Appended to the paper is a list of the dates and particulars of patents assigned to Messrs. Collard and Collard, the period of which ranges from 1829 to 1847.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's Second Classical Chamber Concert took place on Thursday the 6th. The programme was as follows:—

Part First.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in D, op. 70, No. 1)	Beethoven.
Scena, <i>Der Freyschutz</i> ,	Weber.
Grand Sonata, pianoforte (in E flat, Op. 33),	Beethoven.
Part Second.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in E flat, op. 100),	Schubert.
Song, <i>Nina</i> ,	Hobbs.
Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte, Presto scherzando (in F sharp, minor); Lieder ohne Worte (in E major and C major, 6th book)	Mendelssohn.

Every succeeding concert of Hallé's seems greater than the last; yet to listen to such a concert as the one above given on the 6th instant, one would think it impossible to surpass it. Hallé shows his thoughtful attention to his friends and subscribers even in minor matters, for the Town Hall was not a little improved since the former occasion, by a different arrangement of the seats, by the floor being carpeted, and last, not least, by the covered part of the dome being shut out with a covering of glazed crimson calico, a manifest improvement, the performance being much more distinctly heard. The programme, as will be seen, was of first rate quality, admirably selected by Hallé to give specimens of the more choice of these compositions for chamber performance. A trio and solo sonata of Beethoven—that remarkable trio of F. Schubert, which he introduced to us last season—and a short selection, as usual, to finish with for himself on the pianoforte (not too greatly contrasted, as by a mispunctuation we were made to say of Chopin's nocturne and polonaise last concert) but greatly contrasted, and so much the more delightful on that very account. Hallé, Baetens, and Lidel were all evidently in good vein, and the opening trio was gloriously played; it was the perfection of performance in concert on three instruments, as near as we can imagine it. The *allegro* was so charmingly conversational, we might with very little stretching imagine the three instruments sentient beings holding a most delightful colloquy. Then the *Large*—again the same intimate relations—but a more subdued and serious tone is given to the converse between them, which rises by degrees into a hymnal strain of as fine harmony as ever Beethoven produced. All wound up by the *presto finale* into a perfect poem.

The sonata, op. 30, is a very fine one, and to say that Hallé played it, is needless; to say how he played it, is no less so. We were greatly delighted, though in especial with the *minuetto* and

its grand *motivo*. Hallé made the subject to sing out from the instrument with his right hand so expressively; it was altogether a great treat.

Schubert's clever and brilliant composition was better performed than ever—all three artists seemed to glory in mastering its difficulties, and showing the trio with all its beauties to advantage. It is quite unnecessary to select one movement for any particular mention, they are all so good, differing though they do from each other; we know no trio which so well displays each instrument in every style of playing adapted to this class of composition. Schubert seems to have brought them all in, yet all are introduced appropriately, easily, and effectively; the various subjects are all melodious, and are worked up in the most provokingly, teasing, and tantalizing manner—now on one instrument, now on the other, then on the pianoforte, next in combination. But it should be heard—and by such players, nothing less—certainly no *pen* can do justice to it. Being so elaborate it is necessarily long, as long as a symphony, some forty minutes or so in the performance, yet the audience were interested to the last. The pianoforte selection was entirely from Mendelssohn—a presto movement in F sharp minor, and two of the songs without words from his sixth book (E major and C major), each of which was highly relished by the refined and appreciating auditory, and loudly applauded. Mr. Perring had the distinction of again being selected as the vocalist, and he proved that he was worthy of it by his performance. His first effort was a trying one, the magnificent tenor scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Through the forest, through the meadow," which he gave in Italian, and which we liked no better for his doing so. He sang the melody very sweetly indeed; but the impassioned and agitated movements in this difficult scena require somewhat more force and energy than nature has gifted Mr. Perring with; still he manages his voice well—never offends, and never tries to do more than he can accomplish. There is an earnestness too, and a distinctness in his expression, which renders his delivery peculiarly agreeable. His second song, Hobb's "Nina," got considerable applause—the sweet telling quality of his voice, his perfect intonation and purity of style, well deserved it. He was accompanied in both songs most ably by Mr. R. Andrews on the pianoforte. The room was well filled, and the audience seemed all delighted with this charming chamber concert.

The next concert, we see, takes place on Thursday, the 20th instant. We are glad to see that Mr. Perring is engaged for the next dress concert and ball on Monday, the 17th instant, to sing in company with Miss Birch and her sister, and Mr. H. Phillips. Our new tenor is evidently becoming a favourite in Manchester. Most inadvertently we have done injustice it seems to two clever artistes—Signori Paltoni and Stigelli, who were both in the Italian Opera Company lately here. The fact was they did not appear either of them, in the only opera we saw, viz., *Lucrezia Borgia*. Stigelli we never heard—but Paltoni is an old established favourite in Manchester, having been on the boards of our old Theatre Royal in Italian opera some fourteen or fifteen years ago, and we have since heard him with pleasure many a time and oft at concerts at the Free Trade Hall and elsewhere. We regret not having seen his *Dulcamara* and his *Figaro*.

On Tuesday evening last, we went to hear Balfe's ever popular and pleasing *Bohemian Girl*, at our Theatre Royal. Allen was the Thaddeus; Whitworth, Count Arnheim; Miss R. Isaacs, Arline; Miss S. Kenneth the Queen of the Gypsies; and Delavanti, Devils-hoof. It was a very satisfactory performance; Allen's voice shews symptoms of wear and tear, but his dramatic feeling and expression place him still at the head of all our acting tenors; the feeling and finish he infused into, "With other lips," quite made it another affair, and produced a rapturous encore. Pretty nearly the same thing may be said of the song:—

"When the fair land of Poland."

It was given with greater dramatic force than we ever heard it, especially the lines:—

"My birth is noble, unstained my crest,
As thine own, let this attest."

The encore was vociferous and unanimous. Miss Isaacs won a well

merited encore for the neatness with which she gave the well known, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and the spirit she infused into the aria with chorus, "I am the Gypsy Bride." Delavanti made a capital Devils-hoof; his make up and bye-play were excellent, and his singing very serviceable in the concerted pieces. Whitworth was most respectable as Count Arnheim, and sang well "The heart bowed down," and all the music allotted to him. With a word of praise to Miss S. Kenneth—the chorus (which were very good, especially trebles and tenor)—thanks to Mr. Anthony and band—thanks to Mr. Seymour, we must conclude. All the principals were recalled.

(From a Correspondent).—In accordance with an established rule of the society, the members of the Gentlemen's Glee Club held their usual monthly meeting on Thursday last, when we were glad to find the large room of the Albion Hotel well filled. Mrs. Sunderland, and Mr. Perring, the now resident tenor here, had been engaged in addition to the regular choir. We were never more painfully impressed with the fact that our vocal singers are sadly deceiving themselves in supposing they have a claim to rank high in this branch of art, for although this Club did at one time stand perhaps the highest in the kingdom of its class, in later years, the *materiel* has been gradually sinking, and we have but little hope of ever again hearing the pure glee given with all that intelligence and point which so strongly characterised the palmy days of the veteran "Daddy" of the Club, and his worthy co-mates. With this we pass on to remark that the meeting of which we are now speaking may (taking the applause of the company as a criterion) be considered more than usually successful. Mrs. Sunderland, the "people's" vocalist of the northern provinces, was never a favourite of ours. In her part singing we lose all that beautiful blending of the single voice for the effect of the whole, an absence of that sympathy which so strongly pervaded all the efforts of the clever Glee and Madrigal Union of but a few weeks past. Here this lady will always be more successful in the concert room than in the quiet glee club. Of Mr. Perring we can only say he fully justified all that we have before said of him, and his reception by this rather fastidious company was most unequivocal and complete. After supper a variety of songs and catches were given, and the hilarity of the evening considerably heightened by the introduction of Mr. Delavanti, who gave several of Hutton's songs with much humour. The series of cheap "concerts for the people," at the Free Trade Hall, are already beginning to manifest a want of novelty and variety in their schemes, although the audiences are rather on the increase than otherwise. The conductor does his best with his somewhat refractory forces, for there is no mistaking it, that the choir, altogether, this year, is not by many degrees equal to former seasons, the basses alone being good. Of the trebles it were charity to say nothing, while the tenors at all times appear as if they were "lost in a fog." This may, in part, be owing to the scenery which has been placed on the platform or orchestra, and which we are rather disposed to believe, as the two leading principals who have sung at former seasons do not now appear to be gaining in popularity, but rather the contrary, if we may judge from the reception each Monday evening, which is often of late a compliment very like "cold porridge." Miss Shaw does not possess sufficient qualification for the position she has assumed or been thrust into, we know not which. As principal soprano of these concerts, her first appearance before the public was premature and ill-judged. With young artists this is at all times a dangerous experiment, and, in the present instance, a fact only too painfully proved. Young ladies' talents are often precipitately brought before the public, and are by them indiscreetly applauded; the result is, that pride and vanity are engendered, and no further pains for improvement are deemed necessary. Mrs. Thomas does not fulfil the expectations formed of her in past seasons. We would also counsel her to abandon the shake until she has thoroughly mastered it. We feel these remarks to be due to the individuals we have commented on, and not less to the musical conductor, who must be aware that the concerts, with the exception of Messrs. Perring and Delavanti, are by no means equal to former seasons. The opening piece usually

* The late much respected Mr. Isherwood.

played on the organ, we would gladly sacrifice for something more in accordance with the instrument. Surely there is good organ music to be found.

Original Correspondence.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The above words seem destined to inspire confusion. I sent you an article upon their relative meaning. In that article I unfortunately attributed to the two "supplements" of the "Dictionnaire de l'Academie," and to "Leveau's Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," an explanation of "Andantino" as slower than "Andante," whereas, in truth, these authorities all make it "quicker" than Andante. I soon afterwards discovered my error, and immediately corrected it in a fresh cast of the article in full time for insertion; unfortunately, instead of inserting the corrected article, you inserted the one I first sent you. In justice to you, to the public, and to myself, I desire to correct the error; and, not to occupy too much of your space, I will state how the matter stands as shortly as possible. Alberti, Lichtenthal, and the above French dictionaries, make Andantino *quicker* than Andante, and Messrs. Merou and Lafage very peremptorily maintain the same opinion. These latter gentlemen, however, state that many composers (beaucoup de Compositeurs) use "Andantino" to express a slower time than "Andante." I find also in Clementi's Gradus ad Parnassum, Andantino expressly given as *slower* than Andante; and there can be no higher authority. I also must mention to you the "Andantino Sostenuto Cantabile" in Mozart's fourth Stanza for pianoforte and violin, in E flat (Pleyel's edition), which from its character cannot *possibly* (I think) be meant to be played *faster* than Andante. Lastly, I would speak of the words themselves. Andante, from Andare to go, signifies an onward movement, and its diminutive Andantino must signify a diminution of that onward movement; in other words a slower time, just as Allegretto, diminutive of Allegro, signifies a slower time than Allegro; and Larghetto, a diminutive of Largo (which signifies a *slow* time) signifies a quicker time than Largo. In Beethoven's third trio, opera 1, in C minor, marked Andante, part of the movement is marked *piu* Andante, and this is always played, as it ought to be, faster than the other part of the movement. Now if *piu* Andante signifies *faster*, the diminutive must signify *meno* Andante, that is slower.

In this so widely spread difference of understanding, we can therefore only form the best opinion in our power of what a composer meant by Andantino; but I think I have shewn that the true sense of Andantino must mean a slower time than Andante; at the same that there are many good authorities for this, its proper meaning.

I have been driven to more repetition than I could wish, but I wish to do my best to put the matter on its true footing.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
AN OLD AMATEUR.

Nov. 11th, 1851.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—To commence where I left off last week. Those who volunteered to expound the means of effecting the purification and elevation of church music, instead of urging on the attention of the clergy the propriety of studying music in its present advanced and improved state, and so entitling themselves to willing recognition as the "chief musician" in their churches—those rather to advocate a depression of the highest standard of church music; a course which, while it rendered a knowledge of "the science" of music more easy of attainment, certainly lessened its value when acquired, and scarcely entitled its possessor to the distinction of chief

musician in the *old* spirit, whatever it might do in regard to the mere form. The Gregorian Chants offered the most appropriate materials wherewith to commence the work of musical retrogradation. And most cleverly was the commencement made, too. The said chants were raked out, and plausible pretexts *invented*, on which to justify their revival, and to urge their acceptance by the laity. They were said to be essentially "the people's song"—"the birth-right of the people"—and so forth; and most particularly that they were far easier to sing than any other kind of chant.* This solicitation to see "the rights of the people" restored to them, and their "ease and comfort" studied, took immediately in some quarters. The disinterestedness of the ultra high church clergy was highly extolled, and an eager desire to accept their suggestion exhibited accordingly.

But how have matters turned out? *Were* the clergy acting with the singleness of heart, for the interest of "the people," as they affected to be? By no means. A return to those chants—so particularly suited to uncultivated voices and uncultivated ears—was said to be made for "the people's" sake; although it is well known that such voices and ears exist to a greater extent among the *clergy themselves* than among any other class of men whatever. But the *ruse* was not perceived by many; and some of the laity were induced to consent to the introduction of those chants.

This being done, the real design of the movement now began to appear. The clergy *were* able to sing these chants, and by doing so, were made to appear as the leaders of the voices of the congregation. Here the first step was gained by the party towards their real object, the establishment of an ecclesiastical "chief musicianship." The next thing was the announcement that the reciting note of the chant had no fixed pitch, but might be raised or lowered as might be found most convenient to "the priest and people." So now it came out that the voice of the people, whose comfort had been, it was pretended, so much consulted, was now liable to be dragged to all parts of the gamut, according as "the priest's" voice might be high alto or deep bass. If they could not follow him they might hold their tongues: all was being done for the comfort and convenience of—the people. So much for ecclesiastical "disinterestedness." It is not many months since I heard a "priest" in the fullness of his zeal and musical innocence, start a Gregorian Chant on a note which he afterwards found he himself could not sustain; so in the course of a few short verses he was obliged to lower the pitch of the reciting note gradually to the extent of a fourth. The voice of "the people"—which latter were in the full enjoyment of their "rights" and privileges—was also dragged down to the same extent by the assistance of their chief musician.

At the present time the leaders of the movement are busily engaged in exhuming medieval hymn tunes, equal in sublimity, it is said, to the Gregorian Chants, which is excessively possible. These products from "the diggings" in Missals and Breviaries will be attempted to be forced on the acceptance of "the people," accompanied, no doubt, by the customary professions of "disinterestedness;" but before professed musicians lend their aid to forward the success of this second step towards the entire degradation of the music of the church, it will be well for them to take a lesson from the past, and consider what may be the probable consequences of the success of the scheme about to be submitted to them, in common with the laity generally.

When the medieval hymn tunes are accepted, the magnificent corales of the Reformed Church will be condemned. In the same manner that the Gregorian Chants were intended to supersede the best Anglican Chants, the medieval hymn tunes are designed to supplant our glorious Protestant psalm tunes; and those who give their assistance to the revival of what was at the Reformation by general act laid aside, will be but hastening this consummation.

Then observe what may follow. Gregorian Chants being the productions of a Pope, and the medieval hymns of priests, it may then be said that the best church music is *admitted* to be that composed by ecclesiastics. And this assertion may, perhaps, be backed up by the professional recognition of competent but unwary organists:

* The question concerning the transposition of the Gregorian Chants, and other matters connected with them, can be discussed at a future opportunity.

Here will be the first clear claim for ecclesiastical chief musicianship. Next, music being carried back a thousand years, and the rules of "the science" once again reduced to a primitive state, and capable of mastery by those of the smallest aptitude, here will be a chance for a second claim for ecclesiastical musicianship.

In a word, church music will again be placed in the same shackles which for so many centuries utterly checked its progress. The priesthood of the middle ages, if they kept music at a stand still, yet cultivated it to the extent it then reached. The English priesthood of the present day are doing nothing of the kind. They will not recognise the precedent set by Pope Gregory, although they acknowledge him in another way by accepting his chants.

Until the clergy of the Church of England, then, by principles entirely different from those they are now pursuing, entitle themselves to the distinction which they as a body have the ambition but not the attainments, still less the "spirit" to attain, there is no sort of reason why the laity should entrust the entire regulation of the music of the church to those who at present are only prepared to abuse that power.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Nov. 12th, 1851.

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Wisbech, Nov. 8, 1851.

SIR,—It seems I made a misstatement in saying, a few days ago, that Dr. Burney's History of Music had been recently published by Bohn. This I regret, and must apologise for it. I had seen the work announced as preparing for publication, in Mr. Bohn's advertisements, and concluded it had appeared accordingly.

Yours truly,
B.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS AND HIS WELSH MELODIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have been in the habit of teaching, for a few years back, a selection of Welsh melodies, arranged by Mr. B. Richards; I sent to town a few days ago for a fresh supply to a music seller, when to my surprise he sends me the same airs, newly arranged by the same composer, but totally different in every way.

It must prove a serious detriment to the music publishers of both sets of Welsh melodies, besides being a subject of annoyance to

Your obedient servant,

Birmingham.

A COUNTRY PROFESSOR.

P.S.—Surely Mr. Richards might have found other subjects to display his ability on, without reiterating the same tunes over again. The Principality is not so deficient of good melodies.

THE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Brighton, Nov. 15, 1851.

SIR,—Is there no friend to the above Society to give the council some advice to prevent them from giving their last concert? They have started with the understanding that new and untried compositions were to be the features of the undertaking. I have the programme before me, and with the single exception of Mr. G. Macfarren's overture (Don Carlos), certainly a very great novelty, what new or untried work is to be heard besides? It is hoped the conçoitors are not trying to make it a society of mutual applause.

Weber's *Preciosa*, and Mendelssohn's symphony in A, are, no doubt, classical works, but are they unknown to the amateur and professor; while the vocal music announced to be sung has been heard for years in London, at every concert bordering on respectability. Are there not composers whose works have never been heard in London, both native and foreign, for which the amateur and professor would gladly support any society, strictly adhering to

the point—that the said unheard works should have the preference to a hearing, instead of what has been performed over and over again for years back. They have made another grand mistake, charging the public 10s. 6d. for a single admission. If they mean to keep it amongst themselves, they could not go a better way to work. There is not that great difference either in talent or music, between the Orchestral Society and the Promenade Concert at Drury Lane, that should warrant them charging the public over ten times as much. If they were admitted for 2s. or 2s. 6d. (even that sum I doubt, under present circumstances, whether they would pay), it might be a helping hand towards popularizing the art in a slight degree; but considering the present state of music, it is, their charging the sum announced for admission, as bad as a baker charging 2s. 6d. for a half quartern loaf, the present price of flour under free trade considered, and I fear they have just as much chance of customers as the baker that would attempt such an extortion.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As some of your readers appear to be in a state of doubt and uncertainty as to the relative meaning of the words "andante" and "andantino," and as an "Old Amateur," in a letter betraying both learning and research, gives reasons and authorities on both sides of the question, perhaps you will allow me to suggest that when words are used as terms of art, their literal meaning, as applied to language generally, becomes quite a secondary consideration; and a word applied to art has a distinctive, and often different meaning to the same word as applied to general language; therefore references to dictionaries will generally mislead.

The word *andante* as applied to music, will, I think, be generally admitted to mean slow; and as it will also be admitted that *andantino* is the diminutive of *andante*, it necessarily follows that *andantino* means *less* slow, and therefore indicates a quicker movement than *andante*.

Even before the invention of the metronome, words of this kind were used as much to indicate the spirit and expression as the speed of the movement; and as now the use of the metronome is quite general, their meaning as the degrees of movement is altogether unimportant.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
Newark, November 12, 1851. EDWARD DEARLE.

Reviews of Music.

"BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA."

- No. 1. "The Live-Long Night" (Ar hyd y nos).
- " 2. "Margaret's Daughter" (Morch megyn).
- " 3. "The Ash Grove" (Llwyn onnen).
- " 4. "Sweet Richard" (Richard Melys).
- " 5. "Lady Owen's Delight" (Pleser arglwyddes owen).
- " 6. "The March of the Men of Harlech" (gor Hoffdd-gnŷr Harlech).

Arranged as Divertimentos for the Pianoforte by H. B. Richards.
Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

These six pieces belong to an entirely different class of music from that in which we ranked some compositions of Mr. Richards' in our review of last week, they being obviously designed for the purpose of bringing the beauties of Cambria within the capacity of pianoforte players at a very early stage of proficiency. To such executants they offer the attraction of the highly-esteemed national melodies, alternated and relieved with a variety of graceful passages calculated to strengthen the finger and form the taste. There is more merit in writing easy music than the world is gene-

rally willing to allow; this is proved by the fact that though we should never look for beauties in what may be properly considered as elementary works, we see not many publications of this class in which there are not faults as striking as to manifest themselves without our looking for them. The more praise is therefore due to a writer who, with the limited means to which he must prescribe himself in composing for beginners, can produce some degree of effects and avoid everything that can offend the most scrupulous criticism.

These arrangements fulfil all the purposes for which they can have been designed, and we confidently recommend them to the attention of teachers.

DEUX VALSES STYRIENNES—"Pour le Piano par W. GRILLIERS. Op. 1.

"NATIONAL MORAVIAN MARCH"—"For the Pianoforte, composed by W. GRILLIERS. Op. 2.

"THE IMPERIAL MAZURKA"—"For the Pianoforte, composed by WILLIAM GRILLIERS. Op. 3. Rüst and Stahl.

Mr. Grilliers makes a good beginning as a writer of graceful trifles in these, which the title-pages announce to be, his first publications. Op. 1 pleases us decidedly the best, but our preference of these Waltzes over the Mazurka Op. 3, we admit to be only a matter of taste, while we pronounce the March Op. 2, to be inferior to both, inasmuch as it aims at more, and accomplishes less. This young composer has evidently a natural facility for melody, and his music lies well for the instrument.

"HYMN OF PRAISE FOR ALL NATIONS"—"A Sacred Cantata for four voices, with Chorus and an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte; the words chiefly selected from the Holy Scriptures; the music by THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE. J. A. Novello.

This is also the first production of a young composer, who disarms criticism of its severity by declaring in his preface that "while he did not dare to aim at anything great, he was wishful to commemorate in as simple and pleasing a manner as he could," &c., &c. After this we of course expect not greatness; we certainly find simplicity, and we doubt not but that the work may be pleasing to some. It consists of a march, several choruses, a quartet, a duet, and a song, all of which have the characteristic of brevity. We consider the quartet, "Oh Lord save thy people," with the symphony that precedes it, as the most original part of the composition, and to us it is by far the most pleasing. Mr. Fowle has a long list of subscribers, whom he thanks gracefully in his preface, and he dedicates his Sacred Cantata to the Queen of England and all her assembled guests from the four quarters of the globe.

G. A. M.

Dramatic.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The management here is unusually active, and comedy at length seems to be in the ascendant at the theatre. Scarcely is the ink dry with which we announced the appearance of Miss Fanny Vining, a promising votress of Thalia, than we have to notice the return of Miss Fitzpatrick, the young lady who, two years ago, at Sadler's Wells, so successfully filled Mrs. Nisbett's line of characters. The play was *The Love Chase*, and we need say no more of Miss Fitzpatrick at present, than that she had a most gratifying reception, that she looks, plays, and dresses as well as ever—for we remember her to be an accomplished mistress of the toilet. The piece was unusually well played. Mr. Barnett is probably the best Sir William Fondlove (except Mr. Farren) that the stage at present possesses; and Mrs. Marston (now that Mrs. Glover is gone) the best Widow Green. Miss Frost was the Lydia. She is very young, exceedingly pretty, both in face and person, and, allowing for her extreme youth, evinced a graceful and delicate perception of the character.

SURREY.—From the comparatively thin houses that have attended the performance of *Ernani*, its production must be considered as at least a partial failure; in short, the music of Verdi—young Verdi, as the Italians call him—which was to bring another spring-tide, and actual abundance to the art, turns out to be nothing but the very sear and yellow leaf of modern Italianism. *Ernani* is Verdi's best opera; but if it contain fewer imitations of worthless models, and less noise and bombast than his other works, yet, like them, it leaves the imagination untouched, and the passions cold.

"We cannot blame, indeed, but we may sleep."

The exceptions to this general characteristic are few. The chief one is perhaps the little chorus in the masquerading scene, commencing the last act. This chorus is elegant and fanciful, and would make graceful dance music. The performance was excellent throughout. The *mise-en-scene* was admirable; and the performers being the usual ones, were, of course, as usual. The encore—the only one during the evening—of the concluding *terzetto*, was due less to the music than to the spirited acting of Miss Romer, who, moreover, looked exceedingly well in her bridal dress.

A new opera is advertised, and *Masaniello* and *La Gazza Ladra* are both talked of. The new piece, called *Pride, or the Curse*, gives occasion for some excellent acting on the part of Mr. Mead.

If the success of *Ernani* has been doubtful, not so that of *Fra Diavolo*, produced on Monday last to a house crammed to excess, a fact alike honourable to public taste, and to the spirit which can discover and foster it. The opera presented us, as usual, with Mr. Travers and Miss Poole. The gentleman obtained a loud and well-deserved encore in the popular serenade, "Young Agnes, blooming flower," the lady receiving the like honour in the song at the beginning of the second act; while her ease and nonchalance during the cavatina, in which she makes her night toilet, excited the merriment and applause of the audience. Miss Poole never forgets the histrionic side of her duties.

Midas, with its quaint old English melodies, and Miss Poole for Apollo, has been played with *Ernani* for the purpose, we presume, of helping on the latter to the end of the week, when, let us hope, we shall hear no more of Verdi, at least for the time to come.

Foreign.

(From our Correspondent.)

PARIS.—The much talked of engagement of Lola Montes with Mr. Barnum, has, it appears, not been concluded, as the lady in question has been dancing at several of the provincial theatres, and lately at Lyons, with considerable success. The *Salut Public* of Lyons publishes a warlike epistle from the Countess of Landsfeldt to Dr. Veron of the *Constitutionnel*, in consequence of some sarcastic remarks upon her, which appeared in his journal, in which she warns the Doctor, that in case of the attacks upon her in the *Constitutionnel* being continued, she will send him a challenge to fight a duel—not with the sword or pistol, but arms more familiar to him, two pills—one of them poisoned, each of the combatants to swallow one! Whether this letter be *bona fide*, or a pleasantry on the part of the *Salut Public*, we have no means of knowing, but the joke is a good one. An American journal states that the Countess has declined to being *Barnumized* in America, and has made an engagement with Mr. Barry of "The Broadway" New York, to appear at that theatre in the month of Decem-

ber. The fair Lola will dance in Paris before her departure.

LYONS, 17th October.—The Countess of Lansfeldt gave one representation here lately. She had addressed the following letter to a French newspaper:—"To A. M. Veron, editor and proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*. Here are two occasions, within two months, on which your journal has made me the subject of its articles. The first does not designate me by name, but the least intelligent reader can perceive that it is I who am meant, and to avoid the responsibility you stated that you had extracted it from an English journal. The English writers are not so perfidious. The second article (a Belgian counterfeit) bears no name, and for this reason I require you to insert my reply to your very ill-conceived sneers; for I know not what I have done to merit them. First, then, sir, I do not know how to swim. * * * You would be my master in politics. Second, my correspondence with high personages, * * * is worth considerably more than yours as a tragedian. Third, as to poniards or pistols, I don't know the use of them, but your journal possesses weapons still more powerful—falsehood, ridicule, and perfidy; you will let nothing pass to avenge yourself upon an unprotected woman. This is neither frank nor manly. If you continue, sir, I will see myself compelled to send you my card, with a witness, to put a stop to your contemptible animosity; but it is not to the pistol I shall appeal; I shall act in a manner more germane to such a combat. I offer to you the choice of one, I taking the other, of two pills in a box, one of which shall be poisoned; and you cannot surely refuse a duel with arms which are so familiar to you. I have the honour to salute, LOLA MONTES."

NEW YORK, October 25.—Catherine Hayes is still in Boston, and will remain there, we understand, until the end of next week, when she will return to New York. We are happy to record the fact, that the warm eulogiums bestowed upon the artistic efforts of Catherine Hayes in this city have been fully endorsed by the Providence and Boston journals; the beauties, natural and artistic, which we pointed out after her first appearance, have been dwelt, and commented on, by the most able of the Boston critics, and there is scarcely a shade of difference in the opinions set forth. In fact, the merits of Catherine Hayes, stand forward in bold relief, that it is only those that will not see, that do not acknowledge them. Those who cavil, have to cavil upon hair-breadths, and pin's-points, or are obliged to manufacture, for the occasion, some new rule of art, by which to condemn a fault that does not exist.

There are many of our great critical authorities who have a fit of indigestion if they cannot pick some great or little hole in the artist's coat; and this very tendency to spleen, which they mistake for critical acumen, generates a dissatisfaction in their own minds, which is invariably, and very generously, put down to the credit of the artist. Most of the slashing articles which are remarkable for every thing but justice, originated in this way, and should therefore be read with considerable suspicion. Boston has, we understand, one grumbler, who can see nothing good in Catherine Hayes, or any of her party. Well, New York had several unbelievers in the first instance, but, one by one they retired from their hostile position, and eventually yielded to the fascination, which, in verity they could not resist, and acknowledge that power of truth and nature by which Catherine Hayes sways the multitude. Besides, the public voice is omnipotent, and though one voice may turn the popular tide, if it speak truths, palpable truths, it effects nothing, talk it never so loud, if it be raised only in the spirit of cavil, and contrary to fact. The public voice is with Catherine Hayes, and that is certain success, and the best kind of success; for so long as the principle is not vicious it will

teach and delight thousands, while the ultra-purist in art will only influence the smallest possible minority.

The concerts of Catherine Hayes in Boston have been crowded to the utmost by the *elite* of the city, and the pecuniary result has, we have no doubt, been satisfactory in the highest degree. In Providence the rush for tickets was immense; every seat in the hall was occupied, and high prices were paid for standing-room. So great was the impression made by her singing, that a repetition of the concert was unanimously demanded, and Mr. J. H. Wardwell announced to the public assembled, that Miss Hayes would repeat her concert in Providence at the earliest possible moment. Catherine Hayes' success in this country is a settled fact; there is nothing to stay her triumphant course from Maine to Georgia. We wish her all possible success; we have taken a lively interest in her career from the first moment she came to the country, and it is pleasant to find our impressions confirmed and our prognostications verified.

Messrs. Augustus Braham and Herr Mengis have been received by our Boston friends, with much more kindness and consideration, than was awarded them in this city. In Boston they have been judged by their merits and not by comparison.

We understand that Catherine Hayes will appear at Tripler Hall, on Monday, November 8th, that she will only give two or three concerts before proceeding to Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was rumoured, and we hoped and believed, that she was to appear, positively, in opera, in the latter part of November, or the 1st of December, but judging from appearances, there is little prospect of so rich a treat. We fear that her operatic greatness will remain as a sealed book to us.

MADAME THILLON.—Niblo's has been crowded to excess and the plaudits bestowed upon Madame Thillon, have been not merely the formal recognition of the presence of genius, but the warm and spontaneous effusions of the heart. Mr. Niblo, who deserves infinite credit for his shrewdness in effecting an engagement with this "bright, particular star," desires to obtain from her an immediate re-engagement; but her previous arrangements made for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, preclude the possibility of a New York audience having her again for some time to come. She is one of those few artists that never weary by their performances, because they are true to nature, like a beautiful landscape, which imparts pleasure every time it is beheld. Hence the fact that she has performed so many as two hundred times in a single character, in one season, in London. In Paris, and in the British metropolis, she has been equally triumphant, and the critics of both countries have been unanimous in their judgment as to her incomparable charms, while the subtlety and versatility of those charms have defied the art of criticism to analyse them. It is not this or that feature in her performance, but the *tout ensemble*—like the statue of Venus de Medici—that dazzles and captivates the spectator.

Madame Thillon was born in Calcutta, of English parents, but was brought up in France from the age of fourteen. She made her debut at Clermont, in the opera of *Le Rossignol*. She afterwards appeared in *Jean de Paris*, in which she attracted the marked notice of the French critics and the public. This was the commencement of a victorious career in France, which was succeeded by an equally flattering one in England, having obtained an engagement at the Princess's Theatre in London, where she made her first appearance in *Crown Diamonds*, creating an excitement not often surpassed by that attending the performances of any other artist. Her success in France and England is crowned by her triumphs here, which, however, have only commenced, for there is a brilliant future before her. The artist that can produce such

effects in the Old World and in the New—in the three greatest countries on the face of the globe—differing in many respects in a most remarkable degree, but all unanimously concurring in their judgment in her favour—must be more than an ordinary woman. In truth, Madame Thillon possesses capabilities and talents of a very high order, and her gifts have been cultivated with the most perfect care. She is entirely unique, there being no other comic opera singer in this world like her.

We feel utterly incompetent to convey our impressions of the fair cantatrice. Criticism cannot fully describe her. To realize what she is, she must be seen and heard in the *Crown Diamonds* or the *Daughter of the Regiment*; and that not only once, but many times, for such is the witchery of her charms that they cannot be comprehended in a single night. Like a picture, they must be taken separately and in detail, in order to obtain a just idea of the whole.—*New York Herald*.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—The fifty-second public performance of the Festival Choral Society presented a new oratorio by the composer of the *Deliverance*, which produced so great a sensation a short time since. Striking as are the beauties of the above named work, we perceive great advance in *Isaiah*. The society exhibited no less judgment in the adoption than in the selection of material in the performance; and the engagement of Mrs. Sunderland left Mr. Jackson nothing to wish for in the rendering of his production. The introduction was the commencement of a train of subjects invariably and faithfully maintained to the very last note of the finale. The instrument typical of the prophet is no less novel and effective; and we are impressed with an awful feeling at the deep, yet mellow iteration of the trombone. The accompanied recitative, by Mr. Armstrong, was carefully delivered; and the succeeding chorus, "Clash the symbols high in air," was enthusiastically encored, and repeated with increased effect. Miss Whitnall's absence, through indisposition, afforded Mrs. Sunderland an occasion of exhibiting no less her professional acquirement than her kindly feeling in the alacrity with which, at a moment's notice, she prevented any shadow of disappointment by singing the songs assigned to Miss Whitnall, in addition to the very arduous duties of her own allotted portion of the music. We never heard her in better voice. Mrs. Sunderland's delivery of the recitative, and the air succeeding, "Ah, sinful nation," delighted everybody. The chorus, "We have made a covenant with death," is written for descriptive effect. In a style utterly opposite, but with equal felicity, Mr. Jackson's feeling and taste are shown in the solo and chorus of "Holy is the Lord of Hosts," the performance of which was highly creditable both to the vocalists and band. Mr. Ryalls gave considerable effect to the beautiful air, "Woe to Israel;" the concluding chorus of the first part is very fine. The introduction to the second part is in keeping with the overture, and exhibits a pleasing subject, which Mr. Jackson has given with no less ingenuity than effect. In the second part, "The Lord shall comfort Zion," may challenge the happiest effusions of the best of the moderns. Mr. Armstrong sung an air, "As the hart pants," admirably, as, indeed, he did the whole of his portion, both of solo and concerted music. We were much struck with the originality of a chorus, "Behold, O God, thou art wroth," and deeply regretted its non repetition. Mr. Jackson has varied the soprano airs; and Mrs. Sunderland's style was eminently conspicuous in "Hearken unto me," a song which must soon be popular. Her last song is "O let the nations rejoice." Mr. Jackson, in his chorus, has accomplished the junction of attractive airs with elaborate and skilful contrivance. This has given to the work a charm with which choral auditors are not familiar, and neutralizes the general indifference except for solos. In the choice and application of instrumental power, there is a transparent clearness in

his score worthy of note by many who overlays his productions to suffocation. The winding up of this train of effect and beauty is by a bold, clever, and well-wrought fugue, upon a subject of which the simplicity is far from its least merit. We must not (though conscious of many beauties at present unenumerated) omit to express our admiration of the delicious specimen of pastorelle in a duo, "Then shall the earth," sung by Messrs. Ryalls and Armstrong, the instrumenting of which is praiseworthy. The choral precision was admirable, and worthy of their excellent director, Mr. G. Holden, at whose wish and earnest desire the talented composer was invited to attend on the occasion. The room was densely filled by a delighted and discriminating audience. The applause was incessant, and the recognition of Mr. Jackson no less honourable to themselves than gratifying to him. The calls for repetition were too numerous to be all acceded to, of choruses in particular.—(Abridged from the *Liverpool Mail*.)

This week Albert Smith has given his most amusing and instructive entertainment of "The Overland Mail," three times at the Philharmonic, before large audiences, comprising the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood. As might be anticipated, from the well-known and versatile talent of Mr. Smith, the entertainment went off each day with the utmost success—the somewhat frigid audiences being kept in a state of amused and unusual excitement during the whole time it lasted. No one that has ever appeared in Liverpool with the intention of amusing the public has done so more successfully than the talented author of "Christopher Tadpole," whose wit, good humour, vocal fluency, and happy delivery, make his efforts to please always interesting, and never tiresome. The scenic views, by Mr. Beverley, are as glowing and as brilliant as ever, while a new one of Folkestone harbour by moonlight, is a miracle of scenic and dioramic art. This morning and evening, Mr. Smith gives his entertainment at Birkenhead, and, as it is the last time he can ever give it there, we advise our trans-Mersey friends not to omit the opportunity of hearing him.

OXFORD.—(From our own Correspondent.)—On Wednesday, 29th ultimo, the Choral Society gave a miscellaneous concert at the Town Hall, in aid of the Blue Coat Boys' School. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Wilcox (who gave her services gratuitously), Miss Messent, and Messrs. Houghton and Horsley. Mrs. Wilcox was encored in Spohr's song, "The Bird and Maiden." The two gentlemen sang a variety of songs, of which "The Tempest," by Mr. Horsley, and "Non piu Andrai," by Mr. Houghton, were the most effective. To Miss Messent, however, was awarded the largest share of the honours. Besides delivering Mozart's "Per Pieta" and Sir Henry Bishop's popular song, "The Mocking Bird," with charming effect, she was loudly encored in "Tell me my Heart," by the latter writer, as also in Mr. Baker's pretty ballad, "I've a heart to exchange." The audience was more remarkable for gentility than number.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Monday last Mr. Charles Goodham, the resident professor of music, gave a musical *soirée*, assisted by Miss W. Williams, the vocalist, Mr. Goffrie, the violinist, and Mr. H. W. Goodham, the violoncellist from London. The programme comprised some of the choicest classical morceaux, and included Hummel's charming trio, in E flat, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's grand duo, in D, for piano and violoncello; Beethoven's trio, in D; Benedict's and De Beriot's duet on airs from *Somnambula*, for piano and violin; and De Beriot's "Tremolo." As will be seen from the above programme both the mental and executive talents of the artists had full scope for display, and we must do them the justice to say that their rendering of each of these beautiful compositions left nothing to be desired. Miss Williams's lovely contralto voice was heard to perfection in Gluck's Rec. ed aria, "Che farò," in Land's ballad, "When Sorrow Sleepeth," in Linley's song, "Thou art near me again," and in Lackner's beautiful song, "Think of me," with violoncello obligato. The latter was encored with great enthusiasm. The audience was select, and the delight with which they listened to the performance was an evidence of the advanced state of musical taste in Tunbridge Wells.

LEEDS.—Miss Mountain's benefit concert took place on Thursday evening last, and was very successful. The fair *beneficiaire* possesses a fine soprano, the notes being clear and mellow, and her

forte and *piano* well modulated. We find Miss Mountain's voice improved in flexibility. This was observable in her song "Dearest Companions," from *La Sonnambula*. Miss Mountain was received with much applause throughout the evening. The pretty song of Wallace's, which was allotted to Miss Atkinson, she gave with a purity of tone and chasteness of style which fully deserved the encore demanded by the audience. There were two more features in this concert, viz.: the singing of Master Ramaden, and the violin playing of Mr. J. W. Sykes. Master Ramaden, a youth of about thirteen years, a member of the choir of our parish church, has one of the finest voices we ever heard. It cannot, of course, be expected that he should be able to execute secular music in a very finished style, he being too inexperienced a musician; but his extraordinary fine notes quite electrified the audience, and the applause which was showered upon him was as enthusiastic as it was long continued. Master Ramaden will probably keep his present voice a year or two longer, when it will be prudent to abstain from singing for a time, in order to allow nature to develop his future voice. Mr. Sykes played a violin solo, composed by Sainton, his former master. The first movement of this composition deserves high praise for its beautiful plaintive strains. The performance of Mr. Sykes was excellent; he has greatly improved since we last heard him, and there is no doubt that he must have practised with unabated perseverance. His double notes are clear; his rapid passages neat and distinct; and his *adagio* is replete with feeling and infinite expression. The room was very respectably attended, and the audience, as we have already stated, was extremely profuse in its applause.—R.

SHEFFIELD.—On Tuesday the venerable poet, James Montgomery, Esq., completed his 80th year. In celebration of the event, an oak tree was planted on the lawn in front of the Sheffield Infirmary by the poet, whose name has been intimately associated with the annals of the institution since it was projected in 1702. The ladies of Sheffield also presented Mr. Montgomery on his birthday with a "friendship offering," consisting of a handsome easy chair, beautifully carved in walnut wood, with laurel leaves, and covered with Utrecht velvet; a reading stand, with a lyre for the bookrest, the rose, thistle, and shamrock entwining the pedestal, with a royal rest footstool; together with a donation to be presented, in his name, to the Moravian Missionary Society. A similar contribution was awarded to the Sheffield School of Design for an annual prize medal, to be designated "the Montgomery medal," and for free pupils in the same institution.

LIVERPOOL.—The eighth concert of the Philharmonic Society took place in their great hall, on Tuesday evening week. It was principally instrumental, Mr. Sims Reeves being the only vocalist. The great pieces of the evening were Spohr's celebrated symphony, "The Power of Sound," and Beethoven's quintett, op. 16, for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn. The band performed admirably; the brass instruments were much better than usual, and the audience appeared highly gratified, though the symphony took no less than three quarters of an hour in performance. It was indeed in itself a perfect illustration of "the power of sound." Beethoven's quintett was also admirably performed, but it would be a poor compliment to the composer of *David*, to tell him that he is a fine pianoforte player. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the scena from *Euryanthe* beautifully, but when Sir Henry Bishop tells us that the whole of the music of this opera was composed by Weber, "so as to be appreciable only by first-rate musicians," we cannot wonder that it did not produce a very great effect. We cannot quite admit the full force of this; but we are willing to allow that it requires to be heard more than once to be appreciated by unlearned hearers; we therefore hope the committee will give us some more of it. We recommend to their especial attention the fine solo and quartett "Ben vieni, O Lysart." Mr. Sims Reeves was very happy in Beethoven's *Adelaide*; he was encored in the recitative and airs from *Roberto Devereux*, "Ed ancor la tremenda porta," by Donizetti, "Come if you dare," by Purcell, and in a ballad by Chimon. Mr. E. W. Thomas and Mr. Lidel performed a duet concertante on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, which appeared to give great satisfaction, but most unquestionably, from the admirable skill of the performers, rather than from any great merit in the composition.

Two madrigals by Bennett, 1598, were not effective. The intervals were well filled up by two sparkling overtures by Auber and Lindpaintner, and the whole wound up by the march from the *Prophete* taken rather slow. In spite of the weather, the attendance was full and brilliant, and the concert appeared to give great satisfaction. The next concert is to be the oratorio of *St. Paul*, with Miss Birch, Miss M. W. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips for principals.—*Liverpool paper*.

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grilliers.

(Continued from page 695.)

THEORY OF CONCERTS.

It will, doubtless, appear strange to those unacquainted with musical matters, when I affirm that it requires as necessary and indispensable a knowledge for concert-giving, as for musical composition; that there exists an equal theory for both. Travelling artists must not only possess talent, they must also have tact, and a knowledge of this theory concerts; without it no artist can ever hope to attain glory or renown. I must add that this tact and knowledge can only be acquired by experience.

Doubtless, there exists numerous and various ways and means of succeeding in a country where an artist is known by reputation only. I cannot pretend to be acquainted with them all, but I will mention two, which have been practised by some of the greatest celebrities. For instance, you arrive in a town where you have been anxiously expected; you give a concert, and obtain an immense success. Will you leave the public under the first impression, and abruptly abandon the scene of your triumph, to return in a short time, and gather an additional harvest? Or will you (renewing the part of the man that Horace mentions) remain, unflinchingly and undauntedly, at your post, and exert your utmost energy and fertile invention to invest each succeeding concert with greater and increasing attraction, till you have exhausted both admiration and purses? The celebrated Catalani, Jenny Lind, Paganini, Lafont, Sivi, Liszt, Berlioz, and the sisters Milanollo, have followed this plan; Baillot, Thalberg, De Beriot, Moscheles, Servais, Vieuxtemps, and Artot, have employed the first. I am well aware that both the one and the other have at times been crowned with an equal success; but, for my own part (after having, in many travels, essayed both) I have acquired an indubitable and unalterable belief, that it is better, as the saying is, to beat your iron while it is hot, than to let it cool by cutting it in half. When an artist is fortunate enough to excite in the first instance public sympathy, his reason and interest both command him not to retire till he has won it completely. But how often do not circumstances and events overrule and annihilate our will and intentions? For me, there was no reasoning or personal interest which could have induced me to forfeit my word. I had promised, and that was sufficient; I had mentioned the time I would return to my Boston friends, and I did not for an instant hesitate to abandon the successful career of my concerts in New York, to fulfil the engagement to which I had given my word and honour. I engaged a berth on one of the magnificent steamers which perform the journey between New York and Boston.

MY DEPARTURE FOR BOSTON.

It is impossible for me to give my readers an idea of this vast and superb floating palace. It was one of the finest steamers I had ever seen. To the French, who have not viewed the wonderful steamers of the Mediterranean, who have seen nothing more than those of the Channel, the description of an American steamer such as the *Atlantic*, must call imagination to its aid. I was told it had cost 150,000 dollars, and could supply commodious and spacious convenience for five hundred persons. The saloon was adorned with princely splendour. Most of the ornaments were of a bright and dazzling gold colour; and on the numerous panels, shown to better advantage by being encased in splendid frames, were

painted excellent paintings, representing hunting and battle subjects. This gigantic steamer was entirely lined with polished mahogany, which shined as gloriously as the waves, when the lovely sun gilds them with his beams; each object was reflected back with the irreproachable truthfulness of the finest mirror. Along the galleries which formed the first floor, were spread with the utmost profusion sofas and easy-chairs; it is true they were somewhat of equivocal taste, but they were constructed and adorned with unheard of richness. Each object and intention—in fact, the great aim of all that is done in the United States—appears to democratize luxuries; profuse and luxurious ease prevails among a vast number of the population. The fare of these royal habitations—for indeed they merit the name—is so small that numbers find it economical to reside, and altogether take up their abode in them. They meet with innumerable amusements, see lots of society, and enjoy the sea air, in addition to rooms of exquisite cleanliness, and delicious and abundant breakfasts, dinners, &c. The provision department in these vessels equals their magnificence; for they are both irreproachable.

THE STRUGGLES OF OPPOSITION.

But to all these good and fine things (as to most in this world) there is a reverse side. All those honest people who go to seek for pleasure and amusement in these splendid steamers, oftentimes meet with a cruel and heartrending deception, and such a deception as puts it out of their power to remedy, or recover from it, as we do from most in this world; for it not unfrequently annihilates both the happiness they are at the time enjoying, and any future they might anticipate. The annals of American shipping are crowded with these awful and sinister accidents. They throw a sad and melancholy reflection upon the genius, industry, and perseverance of the inhabitants of the New World. Doubtless, their genius and industry shine with a brilliant and dazzling light; but this brightness is so frequently accompanied by such desolating strokes of lightning and thunder, that they can almost count in equal number their days of glory and their days of mourning. Civilization takes rapid strides in the United States; but in its haste it passes over many and many a corpse. For example, to the captains or proprietors of the steamboats between New York and Boston, the lives of the passengers are of very small importance; they are held in quite a second, if not a third consideration. To arrive at their journey's end with the greatest promptitude—such is their aim—no matter the risk or danger; no consideration or thought of this kind will stop them; to attain the greatest speed is their object. This is their sole pleasure and delight. Should they happen to perceive a rival steamer pursuing the same route as themselves, they immediately augment their steam, and no attention whatever is paid to any traveller who might mention that the boiler is on the point of bursting. The first time I witnessed one of these frightful marine-races, I was completely terrified. But it is a most singular and unaccountable thing, that one gets quite inured to them, and imitates the conduct of the American passengers, who, instead of recommending and suggesting prudence, animate, both by word and gesture, the captain and crew to increase the speed, so as to leave the competitor in the background. Not unfrequently their rashness and audacity is crowned with complete success, and affords a certain satisfaction, in which each passenger seems to partake. But oftentimes, Providence chastises their reckless and immoderate rashness; such temerity frequently receives an awful check; such frightful accidents occur, they baffle description. I will, however, attempt to relate the catastrophe of the *Atlantic*, which happened by a competition for speed between it and another steamer.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

MADAME PARIKH ALVARS.—This most admirable artist is charming a circle of fashionable amateurs at Leamington with her rare talents on the harp, whence she will return to perform at a concert in Brighton previous to her making a professional visit to Manchester, where she cannot fail to make many friends and gain universal admiration.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This fashionable place of amusement opens, for the winter season, on Monday, with Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, and the farce of *The Rough Diamond*. Mr. Webster is determined to make opera a principle feature of the performances, indeed we might say, the principal feature, seeing that he has provided so excellent a vocal troupe, and so efficient a band, which we are pleased to see has been strongly reinforced. A good working chorus, also, we understand, has been obtained; so that we may confidently reckon upon seeing Macfarren's opera rendered in a complete and satisfactory manner. Mrs. Stirling is engaged, and will appear on Tuesday. Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff are also on the bills. Various novelties are in preparation.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—This Society commenced its second, or Winter season, last Monday evening at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Ann Street. The programme was excellent, including the Quartett by Mozart, No. 1 in G for two violins, tenor and bass; a grand pianoforte trio in D, by Beethoven, and several songs and solos. The artists assisting, were—Vocalists, Mad. Garcia, Mad. Wagner, Miss Young, Herr Stoffregen and Mr. Jansen:—Instrumentalists, Mad. Goffrie and Herr Kloss (pianoforte), Herr Goffrie, Herr Gollmick (violin). Mr. Boose (tenor), and Mr. Goodban (violoncello). The entire works of Mozart and Beethoven were listened to with the greatest attention, and were executed in first-rate style by the above named artists. The manner in which these *soirées* are conducted, deserves especial commendation.

MOZART.—Mozart was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart, was skilled in music, being sub director of the Princes Chapel. This was a circumstance highly favorable to the predilections of the young Mozart. From infancy, Wolfgang displayed a marked fondness for music. When only three years old he would busy himself in trying to find thirds on the piano; the success of his incipient efforts always afforded him the most exquisite pleasure. Up to the age of ten he had an unconquerable horror of the trumpet. One day his father, hoping to subdue this fear, blew the trumpet in the presence of his son. The affrighted boy turned ghastly pale, and immediately fell almost senseless to the floor. Before Mozart was sixteen years old he had performed, in conjunction with his sister, Mary Ann, at the principal courts and cities of Europe. At this early period of his life the entire continent of Europe literally rang with his fame. In the month of November 1780, Mozart made his final settlement of residence—Vienna was the favoured city. With such a chaplet as that which now encircled the young prodigy's brow, any ordinary mind would have been intoxicated, or settled into a self-complacent *inertia*; not so with Mozart. He never seemed flattered by the showers of honour that everywhere fell upon him; but totally indifferent alike to sincere applause and the jealous carplings of an envious criticism, he pursued his course with unabated and undeviating vigour. There is hardly any department of music in which he did not excel. Opera, symphony, song, and dance, flowed from his pen with a richness and grandeur never achieved and sustained, except by genius of the highest order. So intense was his application that it checked considerably his natural growth. The most striking thing in Mozart's personal appearance was his perpetual restlessness and the ever-varying expression of his features. He seemed to have little or no idea of economy and domestic management. Extravagantly fond of expensive pleasures, and possessed of a heart more generous than wise, he emptied his purse with the recklessness of one who cared not for wealth, who had not even learned the value of money. In the midst of fame and labour, with his thirty-sixth year yet incomplete, surrounded by "troops of friends," his magnificent career was suddenly closed in death. Haunted by the gloomiest forebodings, he seemed to have a strange presentiment of his own early decease. For some time previous to his death his health had begun to decay. One day a circumstance occurred which, working powerfully as it did upon his morbid sensitiveness and strong imagination, doubtless hastened his end. A grave-looking personage called upon him and agreed with him for a Requiem, which the stranger said, was for a friend. He withdrew, refusing to give either his own name or his friend's and promised to call again in a month. The time expired, the mysterious visitor again appeared; but Mozart's health and spirits

rits had been so wrought upon, that he had been unable to finish the composition. Another month was agreed upon, and the stranger again withdrew, still refusing to satisfy Mozart's curiosity as to who he was. The terrified composer tried to obtain some knowledge of this strange personage but in vain. The melancholy visit, the veil of mystery that hung upon it, led Mozart to conclude that the stranger was an inhabitant of the invisible world. "I am writing this Requiem for myself," said he, in accents of utter despair. He toiled on, finished his task, was seized with fits and died. *Requiescat in pace.—Aurelian.*

BARNUM AND LOLA MONTES.—The much-talked-of engagement of Lola Montes with Mr. Barnum, has, it appears, not been concluded, as the lady in question has been dancing at several of the provincial theatres, and lately at Lyons, but without success. The *Salut Public* of Lyons publishes a warlike epistle from the Countess to Dr. Vernon (of the *Constitutionnel*), in consequence of some sarcastic remarks upon her in his journal, in which she warns the doctor that, in case the attacks upon her being continued in the *Constitutionnel*, she will send him a challenge to fight a duel—not with sword or pistol, but arms more familiar to him—two pills—one of them poisoned; each of the combatants to swallow one! Whether this letter be a *bona fide*, or a pleasantry on the part of the *Salut Public*, we have no means of knowing, but the joke is a good one. *Galignani's Messenger*, however, has the following:—"We are requested, on sufficient authority, to contradict the statement copied into the *Messenger* on Saturday, to the effect that the tour of Lola Montes in the province had not been successful, no *artiste* of modern times, our informant states, having succeeded so well in a pecuniary sense. She is engaged for the United States, and will appear at New York in December."

Advertisements.

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CAUTION.

SEVERAL notices relative to the Bloomer Polkas having appeared, Henry Distin, in justice to himself, begs to inform the Music Trade, Profession, and Public in general that DISTIN'S BLOOMER POLKA, by Wellington Guernsey, price 2s. 6d., was the original one published, the title of the said Bloomer Polkas having been surreptitiously obtained by other parties in the first instance. Distin's Bloomer Polkas are nightly performed at the Public Balls, Concerts, Theatres, &c., and also at Distin and Sons' Concerts throughout the Kingdom, and the various military bands of the army. Published by Henry Distin, at his Depot for Military Musical Instruments, 31, Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, London, where also may be had by the same popular author, The Court Beauty Polkas (as performed at Her Majesty's State Balls) 2s. 6d. The Angelina do. do. do. 2s. 6d. The Belvidere Galops do. do. do. 2s. 6d. The Cuckoo Galop do. do. do. 2s. 6d. All with Cornet accompaniments.

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M. JULLIEN has the gratification to state that he has become the purchaser of several of the Instruments to which were awarded the Council Medal, at the Great Exhibition, among which are:—The Violin manufactured by M. Vuillaume, of Paris—several of M. Sax's Wind Instruments—and also the Grand Pianoforte of the Messrs. Erard; this latter Instrument will be EXHIBITED EVERY EVENING, and will be performed upon by the celebrated Pianiste, Mons. BILLET.

PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 17, 1851.

PART I.

Overture, . . .	"Der Freischütz," (First Time this Season.)	Weber.
Quadrille, . . .	(Humorous,) "The Bloomer Quadrille," founded on American and English Melodies.	Jullien.
Symphony, . . .	"The Power of Sound,"	Spohr.
Song, . . .	Miss DOLBY, "Ah quel Giorno," from the Opera "Semiramide." (First Time at M. Jullien's Concerts.)	Rossini.
Valse, . . .	"La Prima Donna," composed for the Court Balls, (1851,) and performed at Buckingham Palace.	Jullien.
Solo, Contra-basso, Sig. BOTTESINI, "Le Carnaval de Venise," originally composed by Sig. Paganini for the Violin, but performed by Sig. Bottesini on the Contra-basso.		Paganini.
Quadrille, . . .	"Great Exhibition,"	Jullien.

PART II.

Opera, . . .	Grand Selection and Fantasia, from Mozart's <i>Chef-d'œuvre</i> , "Don Giovanni," arranged expressly by M. Jullien. The Solos by M. LAVIGNE, M. BAUMANN, M. PROSPER, Mr. TAUBER, and Herr KENIG.	Mozart.
Solo, . . .	Mons. FRELON, on Mons. Alexandre's new Instrument the Melodium.	Donizetti.
Polka, . . .	"Polka des trégnards,"	Auber.
Song, . . .	Miss DOLBY, "The Flowers are sleeping,"	Baker.
Duo, Violin and Violoncello, without Accompaniment, Mons. DELOFFRE and Mons. PILET (first time)		Deloffre.
Valse, . . .	"Miranda,"	Kenig.
Galop, . . .	"The Review,"	Jullien.

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GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN'S Annual Grand Bal Masque will take place on FRIDAY, DEC. 12th.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,
EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—THE SEASON will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, the 5th of December, with Haydn's Oration, THE SEASONS (first time by this Society). Subscriptions are received at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall (where also prospectuses for the ensuing season may be obtained), daily, between 10 and 5; also on Tuesday evenings, between 7 and 10. The Subscription is—for central area seats, numbered, £3 3s.; area or gallery, reserved, £2 2s.; body of the hall, £1 1s.

MISS DOLBY

BEGS to inform her friends that her first MUSICAL SOIREE will take place at her residence, No. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, on TUESDAY, Nov. 18th, at Eight o'Clock.

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'Sing unto God, O ye Nations of the Earth,'

after which a short solo, then another chorus, then we find the National Anthem, a very good arrangement of it for four voices, and several more hymns, solos, and choruses, of each of which we can freely say the one is only equalled by the other."—*The Britannia* of May 31.

"Ambitious, full of promise, and will doubtless survive the occasion which gave it birth."—*Church and State Gazette*.

"We regard this work as a most creditable and promising composition, comprising as it does much careful, agreeable, and orthodox—if not entirely original—writing; and we congratulate Mr. Fowle upon his success—a success happily commensurate to his praiseworthy ambitious design."—*Magazine of Science* for June, 1851.

"The Overture is full of rich chords: it represents the March of all Nations to the Exhibition. This is followed by a chorus for four voices, sweetly arranged—'Sing unto God, O ye Nations of the Earth.' After a short solo we have another splendid chorus, and a capital arrangement of our National Anthem for four voices. Several other hymns, choruses, and solos are introduced, all of which are arranged with great taste, sweetness, and effect."—*Mark Lane Express*, June 30, 1851.

"This work is handsomely printed and embellished, and will doubtless be a leading feature of its kind during the gathering of the people of all Nations."—*Musical and Dramatic Review*.

"This work is within the compass of all players and vocalists. Its simple grandeur of style is well fitted for its comprehensive title, and will form a pleasing and appropriate musical record of the great and all-absorbing event of the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1851."—*The Guardian* of July 2.

"Mr. Fowle has succeeded in producing a work which will doubtless prove very acceptable to many a private family, or small party of musical friends."—*Pools and South Western Herald*.

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The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

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CRUVELLI AT THE ITALIENS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I promised you in my hurried letter last week a more detailed account of the first appearance of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, accompanied by a translation of the articles of the principal *feuilletonists*. As the tone of all these criticisms, however, is precisely similar, the most enthusiastic and unrestrained terms of eulogy being adopted by all the authorities of the press, it would be wasting my time, your space, and your readers' patience to reduce the whole of them into English. I shall, therefore, satisfy myself with extracting a few passages here and there, so as to give you a general impression.

One of the most glowing apostrophisers of the merits of Sophie Cruvelli is M. Eugene de Fresne, *feuilletoniste* of *Le Pays*. M. de Fresne is not merely recognised as an eloquent writer and a sound critic, but has distinguished himself as a musician by several compositions. He appears to have been completely magnetised by the influence of the new Norma. He does not attempt to criticise, but contents himself with paying her homage. The following is an extract from his article:—

"The Italian Theatre was in a languishing state. The *rentrée* of Madlle. Cruvelli has in an instant, and, as though by the touch of a magic wand, restored it to power, health, and *eclat*. Madlle. Cruvelli, however, is a rare and precious artist; she seems to have been endowed by the fairies. She is Grisi at twenty years of age, with more sentiment, more distinction, with a beauty less opulent but more refined, and of a loftier character; with a voice less hard in the higher notes, more varied in its tones, and provided with magnificent lower notes, which rival the quality of the contralto. When Madlle. Cruvelli appeared on the stage as Norma, with the scythe of gold and the crown of oak, we thought we saw before us the beautiful Velleda of Chateaubriand; severe and tender, fanatic, and amorously subdued; the flames of Greece in the melancholy of Armorica; the sun burning in the mist. It was a vision. Only that Velleda was fair and Norma is dark. Hardly had Sophie Cruvelli cast her fixed and flashing look upon the public than the effect of that magnetic ray, which signalizes the powers of the earth, was felt in every heart. *Incessu venit Deus*.

"The audience at once felt that they had to do with a *soufflé de la maestria*, one whom they were called upon not to judge but to admire and be happy. The explosion of the burning soul—which penetrates its material covering by the mysterious action of life, to spread itself into sympathetic and dominating rays over all the *âmes soumises* that group themselves around it in the mystic relations of art and love, the

principles of all creation and all happiness—was felt like a thunderclap! Perhaps our expressions may be found somewhat hyperbolic. We obey, nevertheless, the impression we truly received. We were struck as with an electric flash at the apparition of Sophie Cruvelli—we say it because we felt it. Ought criticism to be always cold and meticulous? Is it not lawful for it at times to become the intermediate between the charm prestigious of the artist and the admiration of the crowd? Have we for an instant ceased to be critics to fall into the ranks of the audience? If so, what a triumph is achieved by the mystic and sentimental influence of the artist over that frigid spirit of analysis, which resists always, and only allows itself to be conquered when it is crushed!

"The representation of *Norma* was a long triumph. Never in that large golden cage, which is called the 'Italian Opera,' sang bird more beautiful. Birds are only happy among flowers, and flowers among birds; a shower, a storm, a hurricane of bouquets were not slow to present themselves, and more than one of the boldest Romans of the guard of Pollio was employed in carrying to the feet of the goddess the offerings of the faithful. Have we judged Madlle. Cruvelli, or have we only admired her? Are we traitors to criticism, or only faithful to art? The future will decide, but we do not fear to compromise our oracles in announcing for Madlle. Cruvelli the prodigious career of Jenny Lind."

It is not easy to turn such high-flown language as that of M. de Fresne into simple English. Your readers must therefore excuse me if I have botched it. I could send you a dozen more articles in the same strain, equally enthusiastic and metaphysical; but *a quoi bon*? the example I have given you is a good specimen of the rest. Suffice it, that the critics of the *Journal des Debats* (M. Delecluze), of the *Constitutionnel* (M. Fiorentino), of the *Presse* (M. Theophile Gautier), of the *Assemblée Nationale* (M. Adolphe Adam), of the *Patrie* (M. Alex. Basset), of the *France Musicale* (Léon Escudier), not to mention the witty Eugene Guinot, the biting Alphonse Karr, and a host of erratic and brilliant writers, are all of one mind, and all pay the same homage to Sophie Cruvelli. You can read their articles, which I enclose, and judge for yourself. To this you will reply, that I have not fulfilled the pledge with which I commenced this letter; to which I reply, it is true I have not. But what then? Sophie does not stand in need of an army of Parisian advocates, glowing and magniloquent, to remind her London admirers of her great merits, or make them long for the period of her return. It is enough that the lively inhabitants of the most brilliant of cities echo, without a dissentient voice, in their own sparkling and animated style, the deeper and more sober homage of the English—and that in Paris, as in London, Sophie Cruvelli is appreciated and admired.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI IN PARIS.

The political correspondent of *The Times* affixes the following account of Cruvelli's *rentrée* at the *Theatre Italien*, in his Paris letter dated Wednesday, the 12th inst. :—

"Not for years past has any theatre in Paris witnessed a greater triumph than that won by Mdlle. Cruvelli at the Italian Opera last night. How Mdlle. Cruvelli sings and acts it is superfluous to say, but never yet did the genius of the artist appear more glorious than on the occasion of which I speak. The piece was *Norma*, and the Druid Priestess has seldom, if ever, found a more magnificent representative. The improvement in singing and acting made by this artist since her last appearance in Paris was admitted by every one to be great. During the whole of the first act it was impossible for the audience to restrain their feelings. It was not an occasional burst of applause, but a continued display of enthusiasm throughout. The stage was covered with bouquets, and the attendants were obliged to appear more than once between the acts to remove them. The house was never so crowded; in fact, people were obliged to go away from the doors from the impossibility of finding places. All that Paris contains of rank and fashion had representatives there; and I believe the whole of the distinguished artists of the capital witnessed this undoubted triumph of Mdlle. Cruvelli."

The correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes in terms no less glowing and decided in his Paris letter, dated Nov. 13, of the brilliant success of Mdlle. Cruvelli :—

"ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.

"PARIS, Wednesday.

"Cruvelli appeared here last night in *Norma*, and fairly carried the cold audience of the *Salle Ventadour* by storm. On her first appearance the house became hushed. The young and beautiful singer advanced clad in graceful drapery, and her fair brow encircled by the priestess' wreath, which hitherto none but singers of the highest renown—as Malibran, Pasta, and Grisi—have fitly worn.

"Encouraged by the voice of English criticism, and the plaudits of a London public, Sophie Cruvelli now advanced to ask of the judgment of one of the severest of operatic audiences a confirmation of her right to wear the laurel crown as the successor of the great names above mentioned.

"She had no sooner sung the 'Casta Diva,' than the entire house, as surprised as delighted, rose to applaud the *debutante* again and again. The whole opera was a scene of continued triumph, varied only as the plaudits were earned by the wonders of her singing, or the power of her acting.

"The judgment she called for was given. It was decided that she was a fit successor of the greatest singers, and that had she been their contemporary, their laurel crowns would have sat but doubtfully on their brows.

"The critics were delighted; they could scarcely find terms to express the full amount of their praise. The *Corsaire*, no mean authority, says, 'Never was a voice of so prodigious a compass, of so admirable a quality, of so irresistible an attraction, placed at the service of a more ardent passion, or a greater dramatic genius.'

"The great success of Cruvelli promises a brilliant and prosperous season for this most fashionable of theatres."

The following detailed account, from the widely circulated columns of *Galignani's Messenger*, the Parisian English paper, will give our readers a more distinct idea of the performance and triumph of the celebrated artist :—

"ITALIAN OPERA.—MDLLE. CRUVELLI.

"One of the great privileges of true genius is its extraordinary power of creating fresh interest, and revealing new points of beauty and colouring in things with which we have been long familiar. Thus, in Bellini's *Norma*, one of the most popular operas of modern times, every phrase of which the musical public have known and admired for a series of years, a young artiste suddenly comes forward, and, though following almost countless vocalists, all of high celebrity in the part, by her bold and original conception, intensity of feeling, and powers of voice and dramatic expression, at once annihilates all our recollections of the past, and gives us another and a new reading of the character, more tender, more impassioned, and more deeply tragic than we had ever witnessed, or even conceived before. The public came prepared to admire; for the impression Mdlle. Cruvelli had produced last season during her brief stay in Paris, in Verdi's *Ernani*, was not a thing to be easily effaced—still her personation of *Norma* took them by surprise; they were not prepared for the splendid display of power, both vocal and dramatic, which burst upon them, and in her very first scene their delight broke out into plaudits which seemed almost without bounds, and, surely, never was this lovely opening scene given with so much poetry and profound feeling. Her appearance was indeed that of the inspired priestess—but it was the priestess who had forgotten her holy vows, and who was already paying the penalty of her crime by the pangs of remorse, jealousy, and betrayed affection. Mdlle. Cruvelli, on her entrance, presented a perfect picture of the unhappy *Ariadne*, described by Catullus,

"—deserta in litore quondam—

Guossia Thesæ flevit perjuria linguæ."

The *adagio* was given *sotto voce*, and it was not until the passage in which she implores for peace that she ventures to raise her eyes to the Deity, whose altars she has profaned. All this was as beautiful as it was original, and was more than once interrupted by murmurs of delight. The *cabaletta*, which anticipates a return of her lover's affection, was exquisitely rendered; here she put forth some of the secrets of her great vocal power. In a cadence on the word *sereno*, she descended from *Re* above the lines to *Fa* below, bringing out the lowest note with extraordinary force and firmness. This feat was accomplished with an effortless ease, which seemed to banish every idea of vocal difficulty. The applauses and bouquets which followed brought the performance to a stand-still for some minutes. In the grand trio which concludes the first act, in which the perfidy of Pollione is fully disclosed, her concentrated rage and jealousy was only to be compared to one of the magnificent bursts of Rachel in *Phedre* or *Horace*. Her

"'Trema per te fellow

Pei figlia tuoi—per me,'

was given with the scorn and hatred of an avenging spirit. The duo, *Deh! con te!* with *Adalgisa* was given with soul-touching pathos and beauty; and here Mdlle. Corbari most justly divided the applause with the new *Diva*. In the concluding scenes Mdlle. Cruvelli was equally perfect in her singing and acting, the enthusiasm of the audience being equally divided between the vocalist

and the tragedian. *Indeed, with the single exception of the great ornament of the French stage, mentioned above, we know no equal to Mdlle. Cruvelli as an actress.* The reiterated plaudits which followed the conclusion of the opera, and the overwhelming recall of the *étoile de la soirée*, set the final seal to her triumph. Madlle. Corbari delighted the audience by her singing of Adalgisa, which was perfection throughout. The house was crowded to excess by one of those elegant and fashionable assemblages only to be found at the Italiens, the *foyer* fairly presenting a congress of the *élite* of all nations. The season may now be set down as really begun.

"*Norma* will be repeated to-night at the Italian Opera. The brilliant success of Mdlle. Cruvelli—which we may go so far as to say—was one of those splendid displays of talent which mark an epoch in the history of musical art—seconded by the admirable performance of Mdlle. Corbari in Adalgisa, renders the representation of Bellini's *chef d'œuvre* one of the most perfect that can be witnessed on the lyric stage."

In addition to the above our correspondent has sent us a file of the French journals, who are all in raptures with the new *Norma*. Of these, we shall avail ourselves as occasion offers, since it gives us no small pleasure to be able to prove to the satisfaction of our readers that we do not stand alone in our opinion of the genius and extraordinary endowments of the young and beautiful Sophie.

THE PIANOFORTE QUESTION.

We have this week received two letters on the all absorbing subject of the Pianoforte controversy, from which it would appear that we have not been sufficiently clear and explicit in our remarks, prefixed last week to the protest of Messrs. Collard and Collard against the decision of the Council of Chairmen. "In a momentous matter of this kind," writes one of our correspondents, "it is necessary that every thing should be distinctly understood and plainly expressed." Good! We shall, therefore, simplify our present remarks, and render them so legible that all who run may read.

We stated last week that there were two protests from the first or professional jury against the decision of the Council of Chairmen—one on behalf of Broadwood and Sons, the other in favour of Messrs. Collard and Collard. So far correct; but we neglected to add, that the protest on behalf of the Messrs. Broadwood and Sons was the only *bona fide* one drawn by the professional jury of their own accord, and sent to the Royal Commissioners; while that of the Messrs. Collard and Collard, was transmitted some time after to the Commissioners, and did not proceed directly from the first jury, being drawn up by themselves, and signed at their request. It is true that the professional jury unanimously awarded a Council medal to the Messrs. Collard and Collard, and it is also true that they signed the protest; but the distinction should have been marked between the spontaneous issuing of the protest by the jury, as in the case of Broadwood and Sons, and that sought for and obtained, as in the case of Messrs. Collard and Collard. It appears to us that the Messrs. Collard and Collard should have

directed the battery of their protest against the second or group jury, not against the Council of Chairmen, who had no voice in the matter, the verdict of the first jury having been set aside before it reached them.

We trust now we have made ourselves sufficiently clear, and that our Liverpool correspondent will have no further occasion to object to our lucidity—at least, in the matter of the Pianoforte Question.

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society commenced its fourth season, on Friday, the 14th of the present month, with Handel's *Belshazzar*. This work was originally produced under Handel's own direction, and was performed three times in the Lent season of 1745; viz.:—the 27th and 29th of March, and the 23rd of April. The principal singefers were as follows:—Signora Francesina, Nicotris; Miss Robinson, Daniel; Mr. Bend, Belshazzar; Mr. Rainhold, Cyrus, and likewise Gobryus, with the exception of one song. The events which form the subject of this oratorio are the siege and destruction of Babylon by Cyrus, and the consequent overthrow of the Assyrian empire, and deliverance of the Jewish nation from bondage. Handel's opinions upon the merits of the work as a drama designed for music may be interesting to our readers. On the 19th of July, 1744, in a letter to Charles Jennens, Esq., the compiler of the libretto, he acknowledges the receipt of the first act, which he states he had perused with great pleasure. On the 21st of August he expresses himself in similar terms with regard to the second act, which he had just received, saying—"I am greatly pleased with it, and shall use my best endeavours to do it justice," he adds, "I can only say that I impatiently wait for the third act." Two days after this date he commenced composing the music. On the 13th of September he writes—"Your most excellent oratorio has given me great delight in setting it to music and still engages me warmly. It is, indeed, a noble piece, very grand and uncommon; it has furnished me with expressions, and has given me opportunity to some very particular ideas, besides so many great choruses." The last letter on the subject is dated October 2nd, and begins thus:—"I received the third act with a great deal of pleasure, as you can imagine, and you may believe that I think it a very fine and sublime oratorio," &c. Since the time of its first production it has seldom been performed entire. Selections from it, consisting of the recit and air, "Rejoice my Countrymen," the air, "O Surest Oracles," and "O God of Truth," with the choruses, "Sing O ye Heavens," "See from His Host," and "O Glorious Prince," were especial favourites at the Ancient Concerts.

The Oratorio was revived by the Sacred Harmonic Society, March 19, 1847, when under Mr. Surman's direction, and drew a full room, since which time to the present, it has not been heard, although it is a work admirably adapted to the means of large choral societies.

The vocalists on the present occasion were Miss Birch, who sang the music of Nicotris with her usual correctness. The part of Belshazzar in the hands of Mr. Lockett was highly effective. Mr. Lawler's fine bass voice told well in the recitatives and songs for Cyrus, and Mr. R. F. Smith was all that could be desired in the part of Gobryus; but to Miss Dolby, as Daniel, however, must be awarded the palm of the evening. Her delivery of the recitative, "Thou O King," was magnificent, and was listened to by the audience with breathless attention, and at the end a loud call was made for a repetition,

which was not complied with, as it would have broken the thread of the story. The choruses on the whole went with great spirit and correctness, although it appeared to us that many were taking part that had not attended the rehearsals; such persons generally do more harm than good at performances. The hall was well filled, while everybody seemed provided with a comfortable seat.

The next concert given by this society, will be on Monday, Dec. 22, when will be performed Handel's *Messiah*.

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grilliers.

(Continued from page 734.)

A TRAGEDY AT SEA.

The 26th of November, 1846, the steamer *Atlantic* started, with about a hundred passengers on board. They had hardly lost sight of the lighthouse, before the pipe which conveyed the steam from the boiler, burst, with a tremendous noise, and brought the machinery to a standstill. A few of the passengers had been scalded by the explosion, and their cries threw the rest of the company into the greatest alarm and confusion. The night was pitch dark; and, by a species of fatality, the weather which till then had not been boisterous, all at once became violent and tempestuous, and increased to a perfect hurricane. The wind also changed from the north-east to the south-east. The storm raged with the utmost fury; the steamer could neither advance nor govern its course; it was at the complete mercy of the furious waves. The three anchors were thrown out, but without success; they offered no resistance to the raging sea. Nought but fear and consternation reigned within the unfortunate ship. The cold was intense; all the fires had been extinguished by the water, which could not be kept out. The unfortunate passengers were compelled to wrap themselves in their blankets. The storm gave no appearance of abatement; its fury only appeared to increase. To ease the ship, the chimneys and pilot's cabin were thrown down, and about forty tons of coal were cast into the sea; and the flag was hoisted half-mast high, in signal of distress.

The opponent steamer had also suffered great damage; it was compelled to pass on, it could offer no help to the unfortunate *Atlantic*. The captain seeing himself abandoned in his distressed position, had the signal flag taken down, and ordered all the goods and merchandise which were on deck, to be thrown overboard; amongst other valuable objects consigned to the furious and unmerciful waters, was a chest of plate worth seven thousand dollars, and a bundle of lace valued at the same sum; the passenger to whom the latter valuable article appertained, offered to give it to any one who would save his life. During this time, tables, chairs, doors, everything was seized upon to construct rafts, and many bound themselves to life preservers; fortunately the ship was well supplied with them. A few passengers had three or four with them, and by this means several escaped this fearful disaster. For a moment the storm appeared to have exhausted its fury, and hope seemed to renew in every breast; but oh! deception, this momentary calm only gave way to increased violence. The unfortunate ship was drifting nearer and nearer towards the shore, destruction seemed to threaten every soul on board. About four o'clock in the morning, the after-part of the vessel went aground, and the two cables which still retained the anchors were instantly snapped asunder; this was the climax to their uncertain and fearful situation; no longer could they hold out; a thousand voices appeared to answer the shock; in an instant the ship was driven on its side, and the helpless passengers engulfed by the furious waves; some were carried on to the rocks, where they met their fate, others immediately sunk with the wreck to rise no more. I cannot help a shudder when I call to mind the terrible incidents of this fearful disaster. Amongst the victims all the women were enumerated, there was six on board. A family consisting of husband, wife, daughter, and three others, all—

perished. A gentleman, an inhabitant of New York, had had a young lady from Boston confided to his care; he exerted the most unheard of efforts to save her life, but could not accomplish his praiseworthy act; it was with great difficulty he himself escaped.

Captain Dunstan must be noticed as one of the most heroic victims of this sad catastrophe, he is remembered by his rash devotion, "if my ship perishes," said he, "I perish with it." He left a wife and five children (of whom he was the sole dependance) to mourn and bewail his unhappy fate. It is strange that this man, who was so stoical and indifferent towards himself and family, should have experienced such an interest in the fate of a youth, one of the crew of the *Atlantic*. The captain was heard to call him several times before the steamer went aground. This youth reached the shore in safety, in company of a passenger from Massachusetts; their preservation was perfectly miraculous. This latter had been sitting on deck busily occupied in securing his safety by the help of several life preservers, when a tremendous wave from behind sent him rolling headlong from one side of the vessel to the other; he however contrived to grasp one of the masts, but his life preservers getting entangled in an iron crook, he was almost strangled in their folds. With immense exertion he was fortunate enough to free himself, but in an instant he was washed overboard; again he was favoured by fate, he was able to reach one of the port-holes of the unfortunate ship, now almost a wreck; on the inside was the youth we have spoken of. The half-drowned passenger called to him to throw some planks out, but he, thinking he was counselled to quit the ship, immediately left it: both passenger and the boy were instantly swept away by a furious wave. The first swam to land in the midst of dead bodies and pieces of the wreck, he had hardly touched *terra firma* before he heard a voice crying "Oh, what shall I do, what will become of me, I cannot reach land!" It was the poor boy. His companion in misfortune encouraged him to persevere in his efforts, guided him by his voice and gestures, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him safe and sound by his side.

Another of the crew of the *Atlantic* was saved in a most singular and remarkable manner. When one of the boilers was with great violence thrown into the sea, he and four of his companions were forced along with it, the boiler was subsequently driven to land by the waves, and he was found insensible in the inside. The manner in which he got there could not be accounted for; it must have been an interference of Providence. His four unfortunate comrades were all killed by the shock.

Three young men affianced to three young ladies of New York, were also among the victims. Another was returning to his native place, to rejoin his young wife, and obtain the pardon of a father, with whom he had long been on unfilial terms, when death put an end to his anticipations of happiness. When his unfortunate young wife heard the awful news, she lost her senses.

By the side of the painful impression which this lamentable catastrophe aroused, I am grieved to mention an occurrence which is a stain upon humanity. While the hand of death was laying so many heads low, the hands of men were busy with their victims. Each time a corpse was brought to shore by the unmerciful waves, human vultures, with the greatest haste, immediately seized their clothes, their jewels, and their money; boxes were broken open and their contents strewed by the side of those who had no more use for them. Nothing was respected by these inhuman and unfeeling monsters, tempted as they were by the Satanic demon, avarice. Oh, humanity! humanity! Thou art, indeed, weak and frail.

This accident gave rise to another painful exhibition. A few days after, profit and speculation made the most of by an outrageous puff upon the life-preservers of the *Atlantic*. It is thus that the dead supply the living with eating and drinking.

The *Atlantic* was lost through want of prudence. The circumstance was talked of for a day; the next, it was replaced by one of far superior magnificence.

Boston.

I had faithfully promised to be in Boston before the end of

November,* and true to my word, arrived there on the 29th, I was thoroughly worn out and exhausted by my efforts in New York. But my courage had not for an instant given way, I felt armed with more than sufficient energy to carry on a musical campaign, which had been fraught with so much success in the Empire-City.

My first care, on arriving at Boston, was to study and appreciate as much as lay in my power, the habits, customs, and manners of its inhabitants, known in all America and in Europe by the name of *Yankees*. This is the appellation of all those born in Massachusetts, and I cannot possibly imagine or institute a more just and striking comparison than by liking them to our cunning, crafty, and clever Normands. They are loyal to the utmost degree in the fulfilment of any contract, either written, signed, or sealed, or by word of mouth, no matter which, each is held as sacred and binding, and no breach is ever, for an instant, thought of. They, however, foresee all objections, any difficulty which might afterwards arise is anticipated, no unforeseen or unexpected probable occurrence can escape them; and there is no combination of words (*tournures des phrases*) or argument ever overlooked. Nothing which might carry conviction or belief into the minds of the undecided is ever neglected or unemployed. There is nothing that their smooth tongues will not have recourse to when this object is in view; and they never fail to have recourse to any permissible cunning which will hasten or bring about the conclusion of any advantageous affair. The Yankee most essentially differs from the inhabitant of New York, and one is inclined to suppose that nature has established this difference. The inhabitants of Massachusetts further enforce this dissimulant, and seem to have a cunning pleasure in making this natural dissemblance more apparent. For this reason, nothing was more likely than an enterprise, which had met with success in New York, should altogether fail in Boston. This, for some years past, has been the same with Paris and London; longer ago, it was quite the reverse. To make certain of a cordial welcome in England, it was indispensable to have received the plaudits—the baptism—of a Parisian audience, this was the *sine qua non*. At the present moment, I believe it to be quite different, it is enough to have gained the spurs in Paris, to have them refused in London, to obtain—where nothing but glory and honour was expected—a repulse and total defeat: or, if the English do, not unmake the reputations we have formed with great trouble, they completely monopolise and claim them as their property, so saturate them with enthusiasm and guineas as to force the object to forget and erase from his memory the country where he first took wing. This is the exact kind of rivalry which reigns between New York and Boston.

CHARACTER OF THE YANKEES

The mind of the Yankee is serious, calculating, meditative, and religious. Among them the sciences obtain a far greater share of honour and profit than the arts. Puritanism sways to an extraordinary extent, both their actions and thoughts, and naturally inclines them to find much more pleasure and enjoyment in scientific lectures and public preaching than any amusement or instruction the arts could pretend to afford. Preaching and religious instruction take place even in the open air, and crowds flock to these public exhibitions, of which the expounding of the Bible and the ways and means for the salvation of the soul, are the principal objects. Warnings for the wicked and consolation for the good, compose their whole stock-in-trade, not weighty in a material sense, but of the utmost importance in a Divine one. Preaching, which has temperance for its object, is generally the most patronized, and Sunday is the day the orators mostly choose for their orations. Oftentimes have I met them on chariots, furiously gesticulating, opening a large and capacious mouth for their voices to be heard at a distance, by those who were not fortunate enough to obtain a near approach. Ordinarily, they are surrounded by an immense concourse of auditors, who listen with the most profound silence and pay the most scrupulous attention to the harangue; not a single assistant would think of leaving the crowd he has helped to enlarge, before the preacher strikes his hands together

twice; this is the signal that the oration is concluded. The same individual, drawn by his vehicle, will repair to another neighbourhood, and again repeat the same sentiments to a new and increased audience no less attentive and silent than the previous one. Both men and women mix in these public assemblies, but never to the prejudice of the most irreproachable conduct, nothing can be more orderly or well-behaved than these Sunday congregations.

Numerous *blue-stockings* are to be found in Boston, and I must confess, that it was not this I was best pleased at. There, she who is acquainted with a little of everything, who has studied the sciences, commerce, she who has gathered a thorn from the path of literature, who has attempted any of the arts, neither resembles the English or French, she has no analogy with our blue-stocking of Europe; she is a creature apart, it is a mixture of the priest and the man of knowledge, of the merchant and the literary man, with all the faults of a pedant, and none—not one—of the qualities you would wish and expect to meet with in a woman of real knowledge. After this, can you be astonished at the puritanism which seems to have instilled itself in all ranks of the inhabitants of Boston? Can you feel any surprise at the severity with which the male portion not only regulate their dress, but their conduct? They will not suffer any stranger to smoke in the streets, and should a watchman meet with any incautious personage innocently enjoying a cigar in *Tremont-street*, or in the Park, he peremptorily gives him to understand that no such thing is allowed in Boston, that the immaculate town, of which he surveys and regulates the public conduct, does not grant the same liberty of action as the other towns of the *Union*.

Should you feel inclined to visit the theatre, you must not neglect to dress with the utmost exactitude, a red or yellow spot either on a black or white cravat, would authorise them to refuse you entrance. The black coat is so rigorously enforced, and so usual, and so generally adopted by the Yankees, that they suppose it impossible for any one to appear otherwise accounted either in a theatre or concert-room.

One day my servant, while brushing my coat, caught sight of a small piece of red ribbon which was attached to the button-hole. He innocently thought it was a private mark for me to recognise my coat from those of the other travellers lodging in the same hotel. He came, and with great precaution, asked me if he might take it away, assuring me, I should never have cause to blame him for giving me any other coat than my own. To cut short the observations of this scrupulous negro, I took the offending piece of ribbon and put it in my pocket.

MUSIC IN ARABIA.

M. Comber, commissioned by the French government to make certain scientific investigations in the East, gives the following interesting particulars respecting the state of music among the Arabs:—

"In quitting France, I have regretted few things so much as the music I leave behind. As often, therefore, as an opportunity has presented itself of listening to music, I have seized it with avidity. At Malta, I was present at the representation of Mercadante's *I Briganti*, but in spite of my inclination to be satisfied with the orchestra and singers, I am obliged to avow that they were detestable: and greatly was I grieved to hear this score of Mercadante, which seems to me very fine, so ill understood and interpreted. I found, too, a theatre at Alexandria and another at Cairo, but he who would enjoy them must not be too particular. Nevertheless, the establishment of these two theatres in a Mohammedan country is a remarkable fact, well worth recording. Arab music makes little progress; it is monotonous, without sweetness or charm of any kind. The Arabs have some few melodies slightly striking; but all the rest are impressed with one character, which offers no variety. Of harmony they are entirely ignorant. If they sing in chorus, they sing the same notes; and yet they are passionate lovers of music. No *fete* can take place among them without music, nor do they ever work but to the accompaniment of singing. Their musical sense only wants enlivening, they want composers and teachers. It is remarkable

* It will be remarked by the reader, that at least a year must have elapsed between Mr. H. Herz's first and second visit to Boston.

that music is here more intensely felt by the multitude—the populace—than by the higher classes. The few European musicians who have visited Egypt, have asserted that the Arabs were insensible to *our* music. This is not strictly true, and the following incident proves the contrary. We were journeying towards Upper Egypt, and had halted in the neighbourhood of a beautiful village, called Magaga, situated between Benisouef and Mignie, on the left bank of the Nile. The sky was cloudless, and the full moon shone on a fairy landscape. The ripples of the river ran silver in its light, and majestic palm trees threw their waving shadows on the bank. At intervals veiled women passed silently by, and in the distance was heard the barking of famished dogs. The firmament glittered with stars, and I wandered slowly through the palm groves, drinking in the beauty of the spectacle which spread out before me. All at once I was seized with a passionate desire for music, and I entreated Peluchenu, one of my travelling companions, to send for his violin, which was in the boat, and play for me. With his accustomed courtesy, he indulged my longing; and at the first sounds of his instrument a number of natives, who were scattered around, grouped themselves about us, and leaning on their clubs, listened attentively. The first pieces played were heard in silence, and it was evident that the auditors were agreeably affected by the music. A murmur of pleasure hailed the overture to *La Caravane*, but the enthusiasm somewhat cooled at the *ondante*. A waltz by Labitski, excited transports; but Weber's Last Waltz seemed to strike them as wearisome. The allegros, the quick and light movements, were decidedly more to their taste than grave and imposing compositions. The "Prayer of Moses," however, made a profound impression on them. They listened in religious silence, and questioned us as to the meaning of that mysterious and sublime language. When I explained to them that it was the prayer of a prophet to God, they asked him for a repetition of it; and when their request was complied with, they looked at one another with astonishment, and expressed their admiration by a general exclamation. An Arab never stands when he can sit; yet, so long as the sounds of the violin continued, no one sat down; the pleasure which they evidently experienced made them forget that they were on their legs—a fact sufficiently remarkable to any one familiar with Oriental habits. A native—I mean an Arabian—air, performed by Peluchenu, concluded the musical entertainments of an evening, which will be long impressed on my memory. Peluchenu was vehemently applauded; and the Arabs, grateful for the pleasure which they had received from us, repaid the debt by dancing to the sound of the tarabouk, and singing their favourite airs. We passed a portion of the night beneath the palm-groves, and the hours glided rapidly away.

Dramatic.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Webster's elegant and fashionable theatre opened for the winter campaign on Monday with brilliant *eclat*. The house, in every respect, presented a brilliant appearance. The interior has been thoroughly cleansed, refreshed, and partly re-decorated, and was as gay as new colours, new gold, and new damask could make it. The audience was unusually brilliant, the dress circle exhibiting quite an *operatic* splendour. The entertainments were, Macfarren's opera, *King Charles the Second*, and the two popular Buckstonian farces, the *Rough Diamond*, and the *Three Shaws*; or, *Wagshaw, Bagshaw, and Ragshaw*—the latter by no means calculated to excite the "pshaws" of the critic. A smiling opera, therefore, and two roaring farces constituted a right merry entertainment for one evening.

Our readers have no need to be made acquainted with our opinions respecting the merits of Macfarren's work. They have been told over and over again, in the pages of the *MUSICAL WORLD*. It is just two years and a month since *King Charles the Second* was first produced at the Princess's

Theatre. It had a run of nearly fifty nights in that house, and has since been played in most of the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, with invariable success. Its performance on Monday night, at the Haymarket, included four of the principal artistes in their original parts; viz. Mr. Harrison as Charles; Mr. Weiss as Captain Copp; Madame Macfarren as the Page; and Miss Lousia-Pyne as Fanny. The substitutions were, Miss Pyne for Mrs. Weiss in the Queen, and Mr. Durand for Mr. H. Corri in Rochester. The orchestra was well and carefully selected, and comprised several names of note, and, if not all that could be desired for a work of such pretension as that of *King Charles the Second*, was very efficient, and certainly the best we have heard at a non-operatic theatre for many years. The same may be affirmed of the chorus, which did the music great justice as far as their means allowed. The whole of the first finale—an unusually lengthy and elaborate composition—was excellently rendered, as were also the concerted pieces in the second act. We must here award the highest praise to Mr. Alfred Mellon, the musical conductor, for the pains he has taken, and the care he has expended in getting up the music. *King Charles the Second* is no ballad opera, and requires a good head to superintend it and bring it to fruitful issue. The dresses were extremely rich and appropriate, and the scenery and *miseen scene* all that could be desired. In short, the greatest credit is due to the management for the enterprise and spirit exhibited in a production out of the usual routine of the theatre.

The favourites were all received with immense fervour; Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne, of course, coming in for the lion's share of enthusiasm. We have not heard Mr. Harrison in such good voice for years; he sang with unusual power and effect. The duet with Rochester was rendered with so much spirit and energy as to provoke an encore, which, we believe, had not happened hitherto. Mr. Harrison was also exceedingly happy in his other songs, especially "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," which barely escaped a repeat. We also admired greatly his *mezzo voce* singing in the beautiful quartet, "O father, prove not so unkind," and the expression exhibited therein, which went far in obtaining for it the rapturous encore it got. Mr. Harrison's acting is also to be praised for the heartiness and jollity in the disguised scenes—the only situations, by the way, where acting can be really shown—and the exertions he made throughout the performance, to do it every justice, vocal and histrionic. Altogether, we should say, Mr. Harrison's *King Charles* is decidedly his best part. He was applauded throughout very warmly.

Mr. Durand is a *debutante*. He is not deficient in vocal capabilities, but has hardly the powers to suit him for a part like Rochester. After a few nights he may improve.

Miss Pyne sang the music of the Queen carefully and tastefully. She has a nice *mezzo-soprano* voice, which she manages with skill. Her first ballad, "Fare ye well, fond hopes adorning"—with new music, by the way—was rather a nervous display. As Miss Pyne warmed she became better, and in the concerted *morceau* in the Palace, she gave the bravura passages capably and with decided effect.

Madame Macfarren, as usual, exhibited her musician-like feeling and skill, and sang every note of the music entrusted to her with effect, despite her evident nervousness. We could wish that Madame Macfarren would get rid of that extreme timidity which seems to mar her best histrionic intentions. The fair artist need not feel ashamed of displaying her limbs, which are particularly well-shaped; and yet it always appeared to us as though this very talented lady was not quite at

her ease in masculine garments since she never exhibited any of that nervous timidity, when we saw her in *Gustavus*, or the *Night Dancers*, in her proper attire. Madame Macfarren is very young to the stage, and will, no doubt, get rid of this very natural feeling.

Miss Louisa Pyne sings as charmingly as ever, and acts with a great deal more spirit and *naïveté*. Her reception was a very warm one, and the several encores she obtained showed her still the particular favorite of the public. We marked and admired many points in Miss Louisa Pyne's Fanny on Monday night, which, not seeing on former occasions, we could not admire. Miss Louisa Pyne was encored in "Canst thou deem my heart is changing," "A poor simple Maiden," and in the quartet, "O father, prove not so unkind."

Mr. Weiss, we fancy, makes up rather too old in Captain Copp. The fine voice of this gentleman tells to peculiar advantage in the concerted music, in which he bears a conspicuous part, and his "Nan of Battersea" is a fine specimen of rough and energetic singing—qualities best adapted in interpreting a sea-song.

The encores were seven in all; two in the first act, and five in the second. This was a great triumph for the music, more especially since two of the "popularities" in the first act escaped the usual honors.

All the artists were recalled at the termination of both acts.

It being opening night the "National Anthem" was sung by the whole company, Miss Pyne, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mr. Harrison taking the solos. A general call was then made for Mr. Webster, whereupon the curtain rose, and "God save the Queen" was repeated. The curtain having descended, a second call was made for Mr. Webster, who, being at Calais, did not respond.

The inimitable Buckstone and the charming Mrs. Fitzwilliam next enlivened the audience in the *Rough Diamond*; and the three "Shaws" wound up the night.

On Tuesday Mrs. Stirling made her *reentrée*—to borrow a word from over the way—in *The Ladies' Battle*, and Mr. Webster made his first winter bow in his celebrated part, *Tartuffe*, in Molière's play of that name. Mrs. Stirling is a great favorite with all publics, and whether she play at the Strand, the Olympic, Drury Lane, or the Haymarket, she possesses equal attractions. In obtaining the services of so popular and talented an actress Mr. Webster exhibited sound generalship.

Mr. Webster had a tremendous reception. The audience cheered him for several minutes. He played with as much *finesse* and fineness as ever in the immortal hypocrite of Molière, and was never more loudly and continuously applauded.

King Charles the Second was repeated on Wednesday and last night. We have to notice an improvement in the general performance, seeing that Miss Pyne and Mr. Durand had, in a great measure, got rid of their nervousness, and that Madame Macfarren did not show that extreme timidity observable on the first night. This opera ought really to prove attractive. The beauty of the music, the merriment and liveliness of the book, and the careful and efficient manner in which it is performed should secure for it a large amount of patronage. All we have to say is, if *King Charles the Second* does not draw, we have no hope whatever for a National Opera.

OLYMPIC.—On Tuesday week, Shakespeare's play of *The Merchant of Venice* was produced here with Mr. Henry Farren as Shylock and Miss Laura Keane as Portia.

Mr. Henry Farren has now been some time before the London public, and although, on his first appearance, he was favourably received as bearing a name which his inimi-

table father had for ever rendered celebrated in the annals of the British Drama, there were many persons who predicted very confidently that he would never attain to any very eminent rank in his profession; they were willing to allow that he would prove a respectable actor, but not a great one. These persons forgot one thing: that use and experience are to a young actor's talent what the chisel of a Canova is to the block of marble; however great the actor's talent may be, it avails him little until use and experience have lent their aid to mould it into those forms which shall charm and delight the beholder. The Shylock of Mr. Henry Farren completely proves what we have now advanced. We have no doubt that this gentleman conceived the character as well, three years ago, as he does at present; but we are equally as sure that had he played it then the result would have been widely different, and we might perhaps have had to chronicle a failure; at present we have to record a triumph: his Shylock is most certainly the most perfect of his performances we have yet witnessed.

Among the best scenes we may mention that with Antonio in which he has to deliver the celebrated speech beginning—"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft," etc., and that with Salarino in which he pours out his long list of interrogatories—"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," etc., with the most telling effect; nor must we pass without praise the following scene with Tubal in which he learns that Antonio has an "Argosy cast away coming from Tripolis," and exclaims thereupon—"I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?" The manner in which Mr. H. Farren delivered this last sentence brought down long continued applause, and proved to our mind most satisfactorily that though talent is not generally hereditary, there are some rare instances in which it most certainly is so.

The Portia of Miss Laura Keane was a quiet, ladylike performance, never absolutely bad, but never rising into greatness. We still adhere to the opinion we gave in the *MUSICAL WORLD* of last week, that this young lady has much to learn before she can claim for herself the vacant thrones of Helen Faucit or of Miss Cushman.

A new farce entitled the "*Original Bloomers*" has not met with the most uproarious success. Plot there is none—fun, very little. It is a mere *piece de circonstance*, and not a very good one. It will serve to fill up a space in the bills until the management have something new, and then it will be shelved.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.—A little sketch founded on our national and Christianlike practice of burning Guido Faux, Esq., every Fifth of November, has proved a "hit" for this little theatre. It is from the pens of Messrs. Sutherland Edwards and Augustus Mayhew, and has achieved merited success.

ADELPHI.—We believe that no more novelty is to be expected here until Christmas. M. Grisar's pretty opera "*Good Night, Signor Pantalon*," has reached its 120th night, Mr. Silsbee continues to give his Americanisms amidst incessant bursts of merriment—and last, though not least—the fair Adelphian luminary, and most graceful Bloomer, Miss Woolgar, displays the social vivacity of her acting, and a costume in which she has continued to combine elegance and femininity to a degree that we could hardly have supposed to belong to Bloomerism.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Murphy's little comedy, "*Three Weeks after Marriage*," has been played during the week.

Miss Fitzpatrick's Lady Racket differs somewhat from the traditional readings, which have always invested the character with the polished dignity and elegance of fashionable life. Miss Fitzpatrick, on the contrary, is the lively and spoiled child, become a woman, and transferring her love of power and contradiction from the nursery to the drawing-room. If this reading is less striking, it is more original, and the fair artiste embodies it with natural ease, and grace. In short, Miss Fitzpatrick's thoughts are evidently her own—she puts no faith in tradition, and hence her acting has an impulsive freshness which already atones for the defects of youth and inexperience.

THE RIVAL HOUSES RECONCILED.

(From "The Month.")

We learn, from private information that may be relied upon, that Messrs. Lumley and Gye have determined on uniting their respective companies next season, and conducting the Opera on an entirely new and original plan, which, owing to the excitement attendant on the Great Exhibition having subsided, and a duller season than ordinary, anticipated will be necessary to ensure anything like success.

Acting, therefore, upon the old adage that "union is strength," Messrs. Lumley and Gye have joined forces, and agreed upon a very peculiar line of management, of which the following is a slight sketch. In the first place they have come to the conclusion, that, without the inducement of "playhouse prices," none but a few grey-headed old gentlemen, or withered old ladies, of the bygone Ancient Concert style of audience, will pay to attend a representation of *Don Giovanni*, or *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Secondly, all the pretty lighter operas, such as *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Pasquale* &c., &c., are too hacknied to be looked upon as great attractions; so that the repertoire of really "drawing" operas may be said to be nearly confined to *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*. In this emergency, as the *roccoco* legitimate drama has all blown up and gone to pieces at last, having nobody but Messrs. Creswick, Charles Kean, Hicks, and Co., to support it, it has occurred to Messrs. Lumley and Gye to have some of the best-known English comedies and farces translated into Italian; and to engage M.M. Meyerbeer and Auber, at liberal salaries, to compose music for them.

We are in a position to give our readers the cast of one or two of those that have been already decided on:—

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle	Signor Ronconi.
Sir Oliver Surface	Signor Lablache.
Joseph Surface	Herr Formes.
Charles Surface	Signor Mario.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Signor Stigelli.
Crabtree	Signor Tagliafico.
Rowley	Signor Polonini.
Snake	Signor Rache.
Trip	Signor Luigi Mei.
Moses	Signor Rommi.
Lady Teazle	Madame Sontag.
Mrs. Candour	Madame Garcia.
Lady Sneerwell	Mademoiselle Angri.
Maria	Mademoiselle Corbari.

This will be followed by an Opera Buffa version (somewhat in the style of the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*) of *Box and Cox*, under the title of

IL STAMPATORE ED IL CAPPELLAIO.

Box, stampatore	Signor Lablache.
Cox, cappellaio	Signor Ronconi.
Mrs. Bouncer	Mademoiselle Cotti.

We are unable at present to give the full cast of *The Beggar's*

Opera, which is also mentioned; but Tamberlik is talked of for Captain Macheath, and Grisi and Viardot for Polly and Lucy. Tamburini will most probably be the Peachum, and Alboni, Mrs. P.

Other pieces are mentioned, but are, as yet, by no means, decided upon. Among them we may mention *Hamlet*, *High Life Below Stairs*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Wreck Ashore*. In the latter piece, Lablache's *Marmaduke Magog* will, it is believed, eclipse John Reeve's. Maraldi will play Walter Barnard; Sofie Cruvelli, Alice; Herr Formes, Grampus; Corbari, Bella; and Massol, Miles Bertram. Meanwhile we can only heartily wish Messrs. Gye and Lumley the success their novel undertaking so well deserves.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

Jullien is doing wonders at Drury Lane. Without the French Drummers he is doing wonders. Without the three Military Bands he is doing wonders. Without the chorus to shout in the Grand Exhibition Quadrille he is doing wonders. By means legitimate and simple—by the instrumentality (without a pun) of the first players, some of the first players, in the world, he is doing wonders. And where is the wonder, if, with Bottesini, Sivori, Piatti, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Alexander Newton, and others, together with his magnificent band, Jullien is doing wonders. Drury Lane is, as it were, roomless every night. Never did such crowds congregate before even to these most popular of entertainments. Were they to continue but for half a year with such success as in the two weeks past, Jullien would be enabled to purchase one of the Irish Encumbered Estates, and retire from public life. Wherefore, we are thankful that the Drury Lane Concerts continue not for so long a period, and thus present an impossibility to Jullien's conglomerating so much money as would render him lord of an encumbered estate and take him from our eyes for ever.

There were several novelties since we last quoted. M. Billet, the eminent classical pianoforte player, appeared on Saturday and had a great success. This success, however, according to the *Times*, was neutralised by the thin tone of the instrument on which he played; the instrument, most strange to say, being neither more nor less than the identical one, according to the bills, which obtained the Council Medal at the Exhibition. For our own parts we agree with the writer in the *Times*, and consider the piano in question as one by no means favourable for the exhibition of the qualities of a pianist in a large theatre. So much so indeed, that we would advise M. Billet to take an unexhibited piano on which to test his powers for the future.

Mrs. Alexander Newton was another novelty, and one which proved highly acceptable to the multitudes. Mrs. Newton has appeared every night during the week, Monday excepted. She chose for the two first songs, the "Qui la voce," from *Puritani*, and a new song by Macfarren, called "I am alone." Mrs. Alexander Newton's voice told with brilliant effect in Bellini's cavatina, and excited great applause; and an enthusiastic encore was the consequence of the second. Macfarren's new song is a charming specimen of a plaintive ballad, and was given with irresistible feeling and expression by the fair songstress. We should advise Mrs. Alexander Newton, however, as we last week advised Miss Dolby, to eschew scenes and cavatinas, which depend so much for their effect on the same situation. "Qui la voce," for instance, is sung by Elvira, under the influence of madness, with her hair dishevelled, and all made up for dramatic effect. Mrs. Alexander Newton, on the contrary, comes forward in the calmest manner possible, like Lalagen, sweetly smiling, dressed with the most minute attention to graceful details, and with a printed copy (by Boosey

or Prowse) runs her sparkling glances over the pages, and commences her mad song with a happy and a healthful look. Mrs. Newton, let us have no more mad songs at Jullien's Concerts! Your sweet looks and charming voice will tell to more advantage in songs not directly wedded to the situation.

Another novelty was Piatti, who played a duet with Bottesini on Wednesday night. The effect was terrific. Bottesini continues the lion of Jullien's menagerie, even although Sivori—another novelty—tried a bout with him for superiority, several nights during the week.

The "Bloomer Quadrille"—another novelty—was produced on Monday, and excited great mirth and applause. It is Jullien's comic masterpiece. A new valse by Jullien, also was played; and the fantasia on airs from *Don Giovanni*, which proved so favourable for Jullien's soloists; as well as many more novelties—all acceptable to the patulous public.

On Monday, positively, the "Indian Quadrille" will be given, and the highest anticipations are formed about this new work of the composer, which is expected to contain many novelties, surprises, and new effects.

GIAMBATTISTA MARTINI.

The historians of music, to whose labours we are indebted for much of the materials employed in our biographical department, have no less a claim to our notice than professors themselves. Many productions of the latter, and even the very names of some of the individuals, would have sunk into oblivion, had they not been rescued by writers in this branch of literature, through whose means attention has often been called to meritorious compositions nearly lost, of which only a copy or two had escaped the spoliation of time; while the record of names has in several remarkable instances led to the discovery of works, which in a few years would, probably, have perished.

Among these historians the subject of the present memoir holds a prominent place, though he only completed part of a great design. But his history is not the only produce of his pen that entitles him to our notice. His practical Essay on Counterpoint has conferred on him a distinction which alone would be sufficient to render the omission of his name in this portion of our work an act of injustice to his memory, and a sufficient cause of complaint to our readers.

GIAMBATTISTA MARTINI—well known in Europe by the title of *Padre Martini*—minor conventuale of the order of St. Francis, and Member of the Institute of Sciences and Philharmonic Society of Bologna, was born in that city in 1706. In his youth he was admitted into the Franciscan order; but it does not appear whether he was ordained before or after his taste for erudition and love of antiquity had led him in his travels even as far as Asia. But it was on his return that he devoted himself entirely to music, which he studied under many masters; among whom he mentions the celebrated Antonio Pertì.

His progress in composition was so rapid, that in 1723 he was appointed *maestro di capella* of the monastery of his order at Bologna, a situation which he retained till his death. He exercised as part of his office the functions of professor, and his school—the most learned at that time existing in Italy—produced a number of artists of the highest excellence, among whom was the famous Jomelli.

To a talent for instruction, he united that for composing. He wrote a vast quantity of church music, which was highly esteemed; but those compositions which had the greatest success were his duets in the fugue style, and canons for the harpsichord or organ, which are excessively difficult. These, in spite of their coldness, pleased by the purity, clearness, and good taste which characterise them.

But he derived most of his reputation from his *Saggio fondamentale pratico di Contrappunto sopra il Canto Fermo*, (or Practical Essay on Counterpoint on a Plain Song), and his *History of Music*.

The former of the works is divided into two parts, or volumes. In the first is a "Compendium of the Elements and Rules of Counterpoint." The laws of harmony are here comprised in ten rules, which are well explained and illustrated. Then follows his Practical Essay on Counterpoint, with upwards of sixty compositions in all the ecclesiastical tones, by the greatest masters of the old school of counterpoint in Italy; such as Animuccia, Cifra, Palestrina, Porta, Zarlino, and others.

The second part contains a practical essay on *contrappunto fugato*, by which the art of fugue is intended to be implied, though inaccurately expressed. Here all the terms of this art are explained, and canon is defined. There are prefixed to many ancient canons, certain mottoes and enigmas of very difficult solution. The author has collected and explained a series of these. All the rules and terms are illustrated by examples of composition by Martini himself. After which are nearly fifty compositions from the works of Palestrina, Agostini, Luca Marenzio, Monteverde, Clari, Lotti, Marcello, Pertì, Stradella, Steffani, Scarlatti, &c., in 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 parts. The grand merit then of Martini, in this work, consists in his having proved how perfectly conversant he was with the excellent schools of the 16th and 17th centuries; and in having made his reader appreciate the admirable taste and judgment with which he has selected the *chef-d'œuvres* of that period.

His "History of Music" is a work that proves his immense reading, and prodigious erudition. It is a succession of essays written with a complete knowledge of the subject, but the design is defective, and the arrangement without method. He proposed to comprise it in five volumes, but would have extended it to five times the length, had he finished it according to the plan on which he set out.

With a view of pursuing his labours, he amassed an enormous quantity of materials. All the Italian libraries enriched him with their precious manuscripts. His friend Botrigari bequeathed to him his grand collection, which contained many rare works; and the generosity of the famous Farinelli, who furnished him with considerable funds, enabled him to obtain all the materials that were to be procured. These, united, formed a library of seventeen thousand volumes, of which three hundred were manuscript. They occupied four rooms. In the first were the MSS., the second and third contained the printed books, and the fourth was filled with the works of composers of all ages and countries.

"No history of music," says Dr. Burney, "had been attempted in Italy since that of Bontempi appeared in 1695, till Padre Martini, in 1757, published, in 4to., the first volume of his *Storia (della) Musica*, upon so large a scale, that though the chief part of his life seems to have been dedicated to it, only three volumes were published before his decease."

The first volume of this elaborate work only contains sixty-one pages of history, which advance the subject no further than what the sacred writings have told us concerning its state among the Hebrews, &c. The rest of the volume is filled with dissertations on the nature of melody, the Greek system, &c.

The second and third volumes, printed in 1770 and 1781, do not bring the history down lower than Alexander the Great. The style of his work has been said to be dry and prolix. "It is, indeed, enlivened by no extraneous matter, but each page is replete with information on the subject in question! and the notes abound in curious passages from scarce books."

In 1769 the *Padre* drew up, and gave to his disciples, a very short tract, entitled "Compendio della theoria de numeri per uso del musico di F. Giambattista Martini." In this are defined the principal calculations and ratios in the division of the monochord, and in temperament.

A rude and formidable attack was, in 1775, made on his *Saggio di Contrappunto*, by the Spanish jesuit Eximeno, in which, in defence of his own system, he endeavors to overturn all others, and principally that which Martini explains and defends. Eximeno was an acute reasoner and an able writer, and there is much good sense and strong argument, mixed up with some conceit and pertinacity, in his "Dubbio," but his publication did not produce the effect he anticipated from it; the advocate of *Cantor Fermo* stood on ground that remained unshaken by the violence of the Spaniard. He was also assailed by Andrea Manini, of Udini, in

a work entitled "Trattato in genere teorico," whereupon the Neapolitans, whose school and method of teaching counterpoint by writing upon *Canto Fermo*, had been so ably defended by Martini in his *Saggio di Contrappunto*, published, without name or date, a pamphlet under the title of "Giudicio di Apollo," in which all the venerable harmonists of the 16th and 17th centuries appear before the god of song in defence of the person attacked; and "the author of the libel is sentenced, not only to perpetual banishment from Parnassus, and from all intercourse with the Muses and their votaries, but prohibited in future from all use of his pen." This pamphlet was circulated all over Italy, nobody knew by whom or by what means.

The gentleness, simplicity, and modesty which formed the character of Martini; his eagerness to communicate to every one who desired it the treasures of science and learning which he possessed, gained him universal veneration and esteem. Frederick the Great, to whom he sent his History of Music in 1782, paid him the compliment to acknowledge the present with his own hand, accompanying his letter by a snuff-box, in which was the monarch's miniature, encircled with diamonds. Every one whom the love of the arts conducted to Italy, visited him as he passed through Bologna; and withdrew penetrated with sentiments of admiration and gratitude.

Burney says, "that he had symptoms of water on the chest, as far back as 1774, of which he died in 1784."

At Rome, a discourse on the Padre Martini was delivered, and published, by the Padre della Valle, on the 24th of November, 1784. It was likewise on this occasion that the Maestro di Capella, Sabbatini, caused a mass by Padre Martini to be performed with vast pomp. Another eulogy appeared at Bologna in 1786, by G. B. Moreschii. Martini bequeathed his materials to the Abbe Matte, his scholar, who it was hoped, would finish his History of Music; but he never, we believe, set seriously to work in his task; in fact, the publication of Burney's rendered such an undertaking almost unnecessary.

Original Correspondence.

"THE GREGORIAN CHANT."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have always been unwilling to notice anonymous articles in the public prints, but having seen two lately in your paper signed "An Old Correspondent," which I think both ill-spirited and likely to do mischief, I am led to say a word or two respecting them.

As regards your correspondent's views of the Gregorian Chant I entirely agree, so far as to its being behind the musical knowledge of the day, and not being in accordance with the feeling or taste of the public generally; with the aid of modern harmony it may however be made, and has been made, a very suitable adornment of devotional praise; but I entirely disagree with the motives your correspondent attaches to such as have adopted it. "A ruse," he says in his letter two, was adopted by the clergy for the sake of keeping the lead in the musical arrangements of their churches; and this ruse he explains further on to be the introduction of these antiquated chants; for what purpose think you? In order, he says, that the clergy, whom he describes as having *uncultivated voices, and uncultivated ears to a greater extent than others*, might be able still to lead the people, and still to secure their prerogative!

Was anything ever heard half so preposterous, anything half so absurd? Again, too, still bearing hard upon the same body, he says, "the clergy of the church of England have the ambition to seek the direction of musical matters, but have neither the attainments nor the spirit to carry it out." There is a bitterness lurking in these words which defeats their object, and carries with them their own condemnation.

First of all let me in reply say, that the clergy of the church of England with few, very few, exceptions, are not advocates of Pope Gregory's music; and that where they are, that music is conducted by the organist who instructs the choir; that it is not "led by the

priest at whatever pitch is convenient to himself," so that the "*ecclesiastical disinterestedness*" of which your correspondent ironically speaks, which is shewn in the choice of these chants, just means what the expression is worth—nothing at all. In the second place, permit me to say that the clergy are not more deficient in music, as a body, than the laity generally, but (waiving the presumption that they ought to know more of it, by being so constantly interested in the music of their churches, attending rehearsals, and watching its progress) we will assume for argument's sake they know as much, the musical profession always excepted; are these, according to your correspondent's argument the laity, to have the *chief direction* of the music used at the sacred services, and also to be first in objecting to what is contrary to their taste, as your correspondent does, who from his expressions I presume is a layman?

Are the clergy then, *equally* capable of judging as they, to have the last, or no voice at all either way? Nay, Sir, I have said they were, or assumed them to be *equally* capable of judging with the laity, but I might have said, that their profession leads them naturally to a certain familiarity and acquaintance with church music more than what the laity enjoy; whereas it is urged in the two letters before me that "*the clergy understand least of it, and have neither the attainments nor the spirit to acquire its knowledge*!"

How differently has a "musician and organist lately expressed himself on these subjects in a short but excellent pamphlet, which I strongly recommend to "An Old Correspondent's" perusal. Imbued at once with the spirit of knowledge, and of charity, he speaks of the simplicity of church music, such as can be participated in by both priest and congregation as an indication of its surpassing excellence, and complains of the florid character of much of the present day; while "An Old Correspondent" speaks of the clergy reducing church music to this plain simplicity, in order that they might master it the more easily, and as a *ruse* on their parts to maintain their supremacy! The objection here urged against the simple form of music being that most used as laudatory of its fitness for sacred purposes by the writer named above, who complains of the removal of the plain song from the tenor to the treble part, and thus depriving the people of their birthright and portion in the sacred song.

I am sure every clergyman would gladly leave, as many do, the sole direction of the church music in the hands of such able men as him I have named above, whose judgment, no less than ability, are sufficient to ensure its being properly done; but unfortunately they cannot always do so. Some organists lack zeal, others industry, others ability; consequently the choirs become indifferent, and the music is sadly rendered; in many of our metropolitan churches the choral service is anything but creditably done. Does this imperfection then arise, as your correspondent urges, from the interference of the clergy? or is it not as probable by chance that the want of supervision in the clergyman may have induced a sense of apathy in that important branch of Divine service, and promoted rather than checked its indifference? I am much inclined to the latter opinion, for sure I am that where the clergy take a due interest in the choral parts of our sacred services, there we shall find a better rendering of the same, and it will be easy there also to trace the same spirit or feeling with which they have been influenced, communicated in large measure both to choir and choir-master.

I have made, Sir, these few observations, not with any direct intention of meeting, that is opposing or frustrating your "Old Correspondent's" arguments, or at all of controverting his singular notions regarding the *unmusical voices and ears* of the English clergy, and regarding their peculiar little *ruses* in the adoption of the old chants, for which I am sure they will feel much obliged to him; but I have done so with a view to check, if I may, the spread of such notions amongst others who may not be so well acquainted with the *attainments* or the *spirit* of the English clergy, as your correspondent happily seems to be.

I remain, Sir,
Respectfully apologising for the intrusion,
Your obedient Servant,

Notting Hill, 17th Nov., 1851.

ONE OF THE CLERGY.

* Lecture on Church Music by William Spark, organist of St. George's and St. Paul's, Leeds; conductor of the Philharmonic Society, &c. Leeds: R. Slocombe;—London: Novello.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Andante is oftentimes used as a positive term; it is unsafe to calculate upon its literal source, viz., from "Andare," to go—otherwise why would many of our great composers write Andante, *con moto*?

The Andante is often understood as the *slow* movement of the piece, and *piu Andante* would then be *slower*, and *meno Andante* *quicker*.

Yours,
PRACTICE.

BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I was much surprised to see in the last number of the *Musical World* a review of some Welsh airs, arranged by me, and published by Mr. Lee ten years ago. I do not think it correct that pianoforte arrangements published so long since, should now be submitted to your reviewer as *modern* works. Of these circumstances your reviewer could not be aware, although he has justly stated in noticing the "Beauties of Cambria," that "these six pieces belong to an entirely different class of music from that in which we ranked some compositions of Mr. Richards' in our review of last week." I should have treated this affair, like many others, in silence; but that these publications have been advertised in the *Musical World* and in the *Times* as *new music*. In your last number Mr. Lee has also stated in his advertisement, that these "Beauties of Cambria" had been played by me at the meeting of the Welsh Society, on St. David's day, at the Freemasons Hall; and that they were dedicated to the late Duke of Newcastle; these statements are both incorrect. The arrangements of the Welsh airs performed in public by me, have never been published by Mr. Lee, and if this gentleman had recently perused the title-pages of the "Beauties of Cambria," he would not have made the mistake as regards the dedication.

I remain,
Truly yours,
BRINLEY RICHARDS.

6, Somerset-street, Portman-square,
Nov. 20th, 1851.

FERDINAND RIES'S WORKS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In the catalogue of Ferdinand Ries's works which is given in No. 16 of the *Harmonicon*, April, 1824, there are mentioned three pianoforte trios (op. 2, 28, and 63), and three pianoforte quartets (op. 13, 17, and 129). Can you give me any information as to where these works can be procured? Have they been published in London?

Your obedient servant,
LEGNA.

[Can any of our readers reply to Correspondent?—Ed.]

"WHAT TO AVOID."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As very many of your subscribers may be arranging their professional tours for the winter season, I think it but fair to tell them about the Assembly Rooms, at the King's Head Hotel, Cirencester, as, out of above 200 rooms that I have tried in all parts of England, this is the first complaint I have chosen to make publicly.

The room itself is a bare barn of a place, with stable-like, semi-circular windows, and plastered walls, and the approaches are rough and uncarpeted. The only ornament, is a large gas illumination plume of feathers, such as we stick up outside houses on great occasions; and this gem, the landlady is comically capacious of having touched, from some hazy legend of the Mississippi having blown her roof off. The sum I paid for the room was in itself quite enough. Two guineas, without lights and seats, compared with such fine rooms as the Council Chamber at Chichester, the New Hall at Reading, and fifty others; but this I do

not so much grumble at. In the first place, for three dozen old chairs and twelve forms, an additional charge of *one pound two* was made. (The other chairs for stalls, I hired of an upholsterer at two shillings a dozen.) Finding the place damp and cold, I had a fire lighted in the rusty grate, from about half-past three till six. For this, *five shillings* (!) was charged. I carry my own London gas-man with me, as my apparatus at times requires a little more tact than we meet with in the provinces; but a man was forced on me, whom I did not want, and who charged *four and sixpence*, for turning the stopcock of the metre, which was all he did. An additional *five shillings* was then charged for some mysterious porter, whom I never saw; so that altogether the room came to *Four Guineas*, at the least, a few shillings less than the Music Hall in Store Street, in the height of the London season. I do not grumble at five, or ten, or even fifteen guineas (as at Bath), for a room with corresponding advantages; but in a little town like Cirencester, this extortion was really too glaring.

I am, yours obediently,

ALBERT SMITH.

Provincial.

MAIDSTONE.—(From our own Correspondent.)—A selection of music was given at the Corn Exchange, on Thursday se'nnight, for the benefit of Mr. Ireton, the director, we believe, of the military band of the cavalry depot. The concert, which was given under the patronage of Colonel Middleton and the Officers, was very well attended. The room was quite full; the audience including many of the gentry and musical amateurs of the town and neighbourhood, and a number of the officers of the depot. The vocalists were Miss Messent, Miss Bassano, and Mr. Leffler; and Mr. Willy played a couple of solos on the violin—Macfarren's trio "The Troubadour" was expressively delivered by Mr. Leffler and his fair compeers. Miss Messent was encored in Mr. Baker's ballad, "I've a heart to exchange;" Mr. Leffler sang Bellini's aria, "As I view these scenes;" and Miss Bassano was loudly applauded in Donizetti's popular aria "In questo semplice." Mr. Willy followed with a solo and variations, in which he displayed his usual taste and mastery of the instrument. The popularities of the second act which received the honour of encores were Barnet's duet, "The Singing Lesson," sung by Mr. Leffler and Miss Messent; "The Minstrel Boy," sung by Miss Bassano, in her most charming and impassioned manner; and the lively Scotch song, "Gin a Body," delivered by Miss Messent with the characteristic humour peculiar to her, this being the third encore the fair artiste received in the course of the evening. Indeed the concert throughout seemed to give very general satisfaction.

BARNSTAPLE.—(From a Correspondent.)—The theatre here which has now been open two months, under the management of the popular Plymouth Director, Mr. Newcombe, has had one run of continual success, such a *troupe* never having visited the town before. On Tuesday evening Miss Aldridge, a name well known in all the musical societies of Liverpool, gave *The Hunchback* and *The Waterman* for her benefit. The theatre was crowded in every part, and the performances gave the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Paumier's Master Walter was excellent, as was Mr. Newcombe's Modus. There was a dry quaint humour throughout in the latter gentleman's performance which hit the audience, and kept them in roars of laughter during the scene with Helen, which was admirably sustained by the fair *beneficiaire*. Sir Thomas Clifford and Julia, in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, could not have been better acted in any provincial town, and the minor characters so often neglected in the provinces, were all ably sustained. Miss Aldridge was a capital Tom Tug. She sung the music admirably, and why the bills stated that she acted it (on this occasion only) I am at a loss to conceive, for she ought to be the stock Tom Tug, if one may judge from her success on Friday. Mr. Newcombe's Robin, well known in London and the provinces, is as humorous a bit of acting as one ever meets with; his song of "Cherries and plumbs" was received with shouts of laughter and was vehemently encored. Mrs. Parker's Mrs. Bundle was excellent, not the least exaggerated or vulgar. This lady's dressing is a model for all "the old women" on the stage.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Henry Reed is appointed conductor, and Mrs. Henry Reed (late Miss Emily Newcombe) pianiste to the Plymouth Philharmonic Society, which is supported by the chief aristocratic musical amateurs of the country, including the Earl of Mount Edgcombe.

LIVERPOOL.—The second of the Musical Union reunions took place on Monday evening last, in Mr. Elliston's room, Nelson St., Great George-square, which we were glad to see was again well filled by a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme included the names of Ries, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, with the addition of one piece by Wolff and Batta, illustrative of the modern school of composition. The quartett in F minor, for piano-forte, violin, viola, and violoncello, one of Ries's early works, was well played by Mrs. Beale, Messrs. Willy, Baetens, and Haddock. The performance of Mozart's quintett in C major was admirable. The *undante* was remarkable, as affording a very fine example of viola playing. Mr. Baetens has always stood high in our estimation as an artiste of first-rate capabilities. The duo concertante, by Wolff and Batta, for piano-forte and violoncello, was executed by Mrs. Beale and Mr. Haddock in a manner that elicited repeated expressions of admiration. Mr. Haddock's tone on the violoncello is pure and refined; and he displays considerable mechanical facility and certainty. Beethoven's trio in C minor, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, was capitally played by Mrs. Beale, Mr. Willy, and Mr. Haddock. We never heard Mrs. Beale play better. Mendelssohn's quartett in D, splendidly executed by Messrs. Willy, Lawson, Baetens, and Haddock, terminated the concert. Mr. Willy's rendering of this quartett was the theme of universal admiration. His tone is beautifully clear and liquid, and he has great energy and animation. His general style of playing is sound and musician-like, qualities which place him at the head of English violinists. We hope for other opportunities of hearing Mr. Willy during the series.—*Liverpool Mail*

KINGTON.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The first meeting of the Kington Musical Society, for this season, took place on Thursday evening, the 13th inst. Lord Mornington's glee, "Here in cool grot," was effectively rendered by the chorus, and elicited an enthusiastic encore. Haydn's *andante*, from Symphony No. 3, Mozart's spirited overture, "La Clemenza di Tito," and the *andante*, minuet, trio, and *finale*, from Haydn's symphony No. 1, also received the same compliment. Bateman's "Angel of the Flowers," and Miss Barker's clever glee, "Can a bosom," was well interpreted. Several other compositions of a lighter cast were sung, which found favour with the numerous audience assembled.

Reviews of Music.

"ROMANCE SANS PAROLES"—Pour Piano.

"REVERIE"—Nocturne.

"LA GRACIEUSE"—Mazurka—H. BOHRER. Chappell.

We have not lately met with three moderately easy pieces for the pianoforte better suited to the purpose for which they are destined, and at the same time graceful and well written, without a sign of labour or difficulty. Herr Bohrer is evidently a musician of experience, which in addition to an elegant turn of thought gives additional value to his effusions. Of the three pieces our preference must be given to the *Romance sans paroles*, the theme of which is exceedingly pretty and fresh, while the variations are skillfully designed and brilliant in effect. The Mazurka and the *nocturne* are shorter than their companion, but offer many noticeable points. Professors of the piano will lose nothing by recommending the three *morceaux* of Mr. Bohrer to their pupils.

"THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN'"—Newly harmonised by J. B. KEARNEY, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. J. Alfred Novello.

For treble, alto, tenor, and bass. An offering to the loyal and curious, to whose inspection we can safely recommend it.

"THEY WONT LET ME OUT"—Irish Ballad—Written by HUGH REILLY, Esq.—Composed by WILLIAM MURPHY, Jun. G. Case.

An Irish song to the backbone, written by an Irishman (Hugh Reilly is decidedly Celtic), and composed by an Irishman (Murphy—there is no mistake about the *alias* for potatoe). Were there no other proof present that this ballad was the concoction of a son of the Emerald Isle, it would be found in the fourth bar, where the three A's are repeated, and at the close, where the three D's are ditto'd. The air is not very original, but Mr. Murphy, jun. is a Mus. Bac.; nor the words egregiously poetical. The song, however, must pass muster, the more especially as the title-page is very handsome, being drawn in gold and crimson, or lake colour, which, notwithstanding, is a bull, the proper colour for an Irish song being an emerald green.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The city of pleasures is becoming daily more animated and brilliant. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the impending crisis, *Paris s'amuse* and waits the coming blow with philosophic composure. True, many timid foreigners quit the city, but, as a balance, as many bold ones continue to arrive, and the season is likely to prove one of universal gaiety even for Paris, which is ever gay and busy. The theatres are progressing. The departure of the glorious Alboni, for awhile threw a damper upon the Opera; but her place has been filled up by a new singer, Mdle. Tedesco, of American celebrity, who, in Halevy's grand opera, *La Reine de Chypre*, has appeared with great success, and been much lauded by the press. In the same opera the popular barytone, Massol, has made his *reentrée* with brilliant success, *en attendant* the new part in M. Halevy's forthcoming opera, *Le Juif Errant*, which he is about to create. Roger, fresh from his German triumphs, added to the interest of the representation; and Shapuis, the new tenor, sang the couplets of the fifth act. The opera has been repeated several nights since, *en attendant* the new grand ballet, *Vert-Vert*, which will be produced on Monday next. Meanwhile, Alboni is gone to Turin to fulfil an engagement of eight performances in the capital of Sardinia, and takes Lyons *en route* for four performances. She is not going, as was stated, to return to Madrid. *On dit*, that both Mr. Lumley and M. Roqueplan have despatched messengers after the celebrated *cantatrice*, to endeavour to obtain her for the *Italiens*, or the *Academie*; which will get her, if either, it is impossible to say. The third lyric theatre, or *Opera Nationale*, is not doing very well. Perhaps, however, when the new opera of Felician David comes out, things may change for the better. One of the approaching novelties of this theatre is Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, which has never been heard in Paris. The popular composer is here completing a new opera for the ensuing campaign of Mr. Bunn at Drury Lane. He keeps very quiet, and is seldom seen on the Boulevards. At the *Opera Comique* a new opera, by Limnander, a Belgian composer, who gained considerable reputation by his *Montenegrins*, is in rehearsal, and will be produced immediately. Madame Ugalde will take the principal character. In the meanwhile Mehul's *Joseph*, and the inexhaustible *repertoire* of Auber *font les frais*. You will be glad to hear that Auber is engaged in the composition of an *opera comique*.

Among the lions here now is Leopold de Meyer, "*le puissant pianiste Viennois*," as Berlioz calls him, who, I understand, will shortly give a concert. Ernst, too, the celebrated violinist, who has not been heard in Paris for many years, and

whom all Paris is longing to hear, announces a similar intention, previous to setting out for England, where he is going to establish, I am told, some classical chamber concerts during the ensuing winter.

Vivier, the inimitable, is still the lion of the *salons*, and the wonder of the *Boulevards*, although, in regard to his instrument, he maintains a provoking silence. Were Vivier to announce a concert, all Paris would respond to his appeal. His name bears with it a sort of mysterious *prestige*. Paris acknowledges him a great artist, and yet Paris knows nothing of his talent, the chosen few excepted of his intimate associates, to whom Vivier has condescended to reveal it. Vivier has abandoned for awhile his soap bubbles; but he has not abandoned his "*charges*." The principal seat of his exploits is the *Magasin* of a *debitante de tabac* on the *Boulevards des Italiens*, which the presidency of two or three charming and *spirituel* demoiselles renders the centre of attraction to the *jeunesse* and *esprit* of artistic Paris. One of Vivier's most recent *tours de force* was on Sunday last at the time of drawing the numbers for the great lottery of the "*Lingots d'Or*," in the *Champs Elysées*. The weather was very unfavourable for the ceremony. There were between one and two hundred thousand persons present in and about the *Champs Elysées*, whose going and returning caused the whole length of the *Boulevards*, as far as the *Rue de Richelieu*, to be a continued scene of bustle and excitement. Vivier, vexed at having purchased a number which gained no prize, amused himself at his favorite cigar shop by sticking up against the window the following announcement of his own invention, which he had traced in large characters on a sheet of paper:—

LINGOTS D'OR.

Le numero gagnant le gros lot de [400000 FRANCS] est sorti, mais il est rentré si vite a cause du mauvais temps qu'il a été impossible de distinguer le nombre exact de ses chiffres.

Les autres numeros ne veulent absolument pas sortir.

Le tirage est renvoyé au premier rayon de soleil. Prefet de Police D. Maupas.

The announcement thus publicly exposed, as may be imagined, attracted the attention of the passers by, who perceiving the heading "*Lingots d'Or*," began to peruse with eager curiosity. Those who had wit enough to see that it was a joke, went away laughing, and saying, "*La charge est bonne*." Those who had not read and read again, puzzling their brains to discover what it meant. All, of course, who had had shares in the lottery, took an interest in the matter, and in a short time the crowd was so great in the vicinity of the cigar shop that it was impossible, not merely for those on foot, but for carriages and horses, to pass in that direction, which was completely blocked up by the crowd. At length, doubtless some apprehensions were entertained of an *emeute* from so dense a crowd having been gathered together without an obvious purpose, a large body of *gens d'armes* interfered, and after a time, with no little trouble, succeeded in dispersing the mob. The brigadier then went to the window to satisfy himself with his own eyes of the purport of what he supposed to be a seditious circular,

when Vivier, who had been all the time in the shop quietly enjoying the scene, slipped out, took down the paper, presented it to the brigadier, and said, "*Voila, Monsieur, mettez le dans votre poche, vous le lirez à la maison avant de vous coucher*."

BERLIN.—(From our Correspondent.)—I am at present in a condition to inform you upon positive authority that the celebrated vocalist, Mdle. Wagner, has signed an engagement to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre during the ensuing season. Both Mr. Lumley and Mr. Gye have been in treaty with Herr Anders, the Viennese tenor. I do not think anything definitive has been settled. Among other news you will be surprised to hear Mr. Gye has engaged Guasco, the tenor, for the Royal Italian Opera, and Perrot, the celebrated dancer, which looks as if he was now determined to have a ballet next year. Mdle. Gazzenega is also talked of here as one of the recent engagements of Mr. Gye; and on the other hand, Mdle. Grua among those of Mr. Lumley. Both these ladies are celebrated as light sopranos, and will be acquisitions to the London Italian Opera. Meyerbeer has been here some time. The great composer is rapidly regaining his health. He will probably spend part of the winter in Paris, previous to his visit to London, upon which, it appears, he has positively decided. Spontini's *Olympia*, about which I wrote to you in my last, has obtained a *succes d'estime*, but nothing more. The performance of Mad. Kæster and Mdle. Wagner, however, have excited general praise.

BASLE.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed here in the St. Martin's Church, assisted by the "*Sängerverein*." Herr Jules Stockhausen sang the part of *Elijah*; the soprano principal by Madame Reiter, which tended much towards the success of this celebrated work. The greatest praise was bestowed on Herr Stockhausen, who not only possesses a baritone of uncommon purity and sweetness, but seemed also to have entered into the spirit of the composition with great fervour. Herr Bar's style of singing is also much admired; he undertook the tenor part.

BOSTON—Oct. 27th.—The series of concerts given by Catherine Hayes in this city has just terminated. It would be difficult to give you any idea of the impression which her performances have left on the memories of the large audiences which have thronged the Tremont temple each evening. The last concert took place on Thursday evening, the performance commenced with Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, played as only the "*Germania Musical Society*" can play it; the *pianissimos* were excellent, and the director seemed imbued with the spirit of the immortal author. This was followed by the duet "*Quando di Sangue into*" from *Belisario*, sung by Mr. Augustus Braham and Herr Mengis, with considerable effect; after which, Mr. Kyle performed a solo on the flute, The aria "*Robert toi que j'aime*" next introduced Miss Hayes, in which she fully sustained her brilliant reputation; she received an *encore* not only in this, but in every thing else she sung during the evening. Two ballads sung by Mr. Augustus Braham, and also the "*Bay of Biscay*" though not exactly suited to the character of an audience like that of Miss Hayes, nevertheless received a large share of applause; the "*Happy Switzer*" and an "*Aria Buffa*" from Donizetti, sung by Herr Mengis, gave sufficient proof that he was an artist of no ordinary merit. The "*Qui la voce*" from *Puritani*, we think is the happiest effort of the fair "*Swan*"; the *andante* particularly, was given with a feeling and expression which we have never heard surpassed.

Miscellaneous.

PIANOFORTES.—Without in the least disparaging the instruments of other makers, we may call attention to the pianofortes manufactured by Messrs. Rüst and Stahl as uniting many good qualities. These gentlemen give their undivided attention to one class of instruments only, viz., the upright piano (piccolo and cottage), the moderate price of which is an additional recommendation. The instruments we have seen—piccolos of nearly seven octaves (C to A), and seven octaves full, cottages—appear to be made of the best seasoned materials; and to combine all the modern improvements; and the experience of Mr. Rüst as a professor, and that of Mr. Stahl as a maker, seem to have been successfully united in producing good pianofortes at a reasonable charge. Because an instrument is cheap, it does not necessarily follow that it is bad, and Messrs. Rüst and Stahl are willing to test this principle by their offer to exchange, free of expense, any instrument, if not found perfect in every respect. In these days of "Free Trade," small profits and quick returns are apparently their object.

MR. JOHN CLINTON, the flautist, was elected a member of the Royal Society of Musicians at the last monthly meeting.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—Mr. John Rackham has succeeded the late Mr. Baker as secretary of this society.

MR. ELZA, Director of the Musical Union, has returned from the continent, after an absence of nearly two months.

MR. BEALE, of the great house of Cramer, Beale & Co., has returned from Paris.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIRÉES MUSICALES.—The first of the series of three was given on Tuesday, at Miss Dolby's residence, 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square. The fair *beneficiaire* was assisted by Mr. Dando, Mr. Loder, Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Sterndale Bennett as instrumentalists; and by Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Barclay, and Mr. Benson as vocalists. The next *soirée* is announced to take place on the 2nd of December.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—This fashionable place of amusement opens this evening with the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with a strong cast, new scenery, new dresses, new decorations and new effects. Mr. Bartley is engaged, and will appear as the immortal "Jack." *On dit*, Messrs. Charles Kean and Keeley are about to dissolve partnership.

MR. WESSEL, the eminent music publisher, has returned to London after a lengthened tour on the Continent, laden with MSS of new and valuable works, of which his *abonnés* will doubtless shortly reap the benefit.

METHODS COMPLETE DE SAX HORN.—M. Adolphe Saxe, the celebrated inventor and manufacturer of the Sax Horns, which are now so rapidly obtaining vogue, has just issued a method for his instruments, under the above title, with a copy of which we have been favoured. We shall shortly bestow upon this valuable contribution to elementary literature, the attention to which the increasing popularity of the instruments, and the great reputation of their inventor, entitle them.

REUNION DES ARTS.—Last Wednesday night this society gave its second *soirée* of the winter season to a very crowded assembly, at the Queen Anne Street Rooms. The *soirée* opened with Beethoven's septet (No. 1) for wind and stringed instruments, which was most ably executed by Messrs. Goffrie, Hancock, Gantz, Suelling, T. Mann, Boosé and Ould. A trio by Beethoven, in the second part of the *soirée*, was also well played by Messrs. Gollmick, Hancock and Boosé, both pieces being listened to with great attention. The songs and solos were given by Miss Wagner, Miss Mary Rose, Madame Lemaire, Mr. Swift, Mr. Rummell, Mr. Kloss, Mr. Wüsterman and Mr. J. Case. Thalberg's grand fantasia from *Don Pasquale* was charmingly played by Mrs. Goffrie. (From a Correspondent.)

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This Society recommenced its performances on Friday sennight, with Handel's *Belshazzar*. The date of the composition of this Oratorio is somewhat late, coming after that of *The Messiah* and *Samson*. Although *Belshazzar* will certainly not stand the test of time like these and other of the author's great works, it contains abundant warrant for an occasional performance. The story relates the Fall of Babylon and the Assyrian Empire, effected by Cyrus and the Persians, and

contains the appalling incident of the mysterious and prophetic "Writing on the Wall" of the Royal Palace. As this is the first time we have heard the entire work, we will not venture on more than a brief and general notice of it. A great deal of the recitative might be judiciously cut away. In the opening, for example, Miss Birch had to recite some twenty or thirty lines of indifferent verse, to an accompaniment of the same "kith and kin." Handel, however, soon rouses himself. The air which follows, contains many salient points, and the chorus, *Behold by Persia's*, is highly spirited and exhilarating. The next song, *Dry those unavailing Tears*, for the bass voice, is, perhaps the finest solo piece in the work. The somewhat difficult and elaborate chorus, *All Empires upon God*, we should have been better able to appreciate, had it obtained full justice from the choir, which lacked energy and precision throughout it. The next chorus, *Sing oh ye Heavens*, is, unquestionably, the triumph of the Oratorio. It consists of an introductory movement and fugue, both of which are invested with the colossal strength of the writer's genius. The first movement, from its greater clearness and simplicity, is probably the finest. The second act, also, contains a fine bass song. The martial chorus which follows it, is brilliant and characteristic. In the series of recitatives, solo and choral, describing the terror and confusion of Belshazzar and the Court at the writing on the wall, Handel has recurred, with considerable effect, although hardly with success, to his power of dramatic painting. The last act, which however, scarcely occupies half an hour, is unequal to the rest. The executants were Miss Birch, and Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Lawler, and R. F. Smith. Of these Miss Dolby contrived, as usual, to help herself to far the greatest share of the laurels. Her delicacy in the recitative "Yes to obey," is, of the kind, as fine a piece of vocal declamation as has ever been heard within the walls of Exeter Hall, and but for the rules of the Society, would have been enthusiastically encored. Mr. Lawler executed the two songs aforesaid most effectively. Miss Birch was less fortunate in her share of the music; but she sang very nicely, and looked very well. Mr. Lockey's chief share of the business, lay in the recitatives depicting Belshazzar's terror and confusion at the mysterious characters on the wall. Mr. R. F. Smith has a fine baritone voice, but he had so very little to do that we must hear further ere we can say more. The Hall was quite full.

Advertisements.

MUSIC.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, newly harmonised by J. B. KEARNEY, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. Price 1s. London Sacred Music Warehouse, J. Alfred Novello, 69, Dean-street, Soho, and 34, Poultry.

MUSIC FOR THE ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.

THE AMATEUR ORGANIST—a collection of soft and full Voluntaries, arranged in six Books, 3s. each, by EDWARD TRAVIS, and may be had elegantly bound, price 18s. Mr. Travis has introduced to the musical world a new and interesting work for the Organ or Harmonium, under the title of 'The Amateur Organist.' Mr. Travis has availed himself of an extensive and classical music library, and selected with great taste the most beautiful morceaux of the great masters, Foreign and English. To lovers of classical music this work will be found to be the most superb selection that has ever issued from the musical press. —*Vide Musical Review.*

THE AMATEUR INTERLUDIST—a collection of short Interludes to play between the Verses of the Psalms, in one Book, price 4s., by EDWARD TRAVIS and J. P. DYER.

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THE PSALMODIA BRITANNICA—a selection of Psalms and Hymns for the Voice and Organ, in six Books, price 3s. each, arranged by EDWIN FLOOD, and may be had in one Volume, neatly bound, price 18s. London: LEE & COXHEAD, 48, Albemarle-street, and can be had of all Book and Music-sellers.

N.B.—A New Edition of "Mark, the Sabbath Bell," by Edwin Flood.

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The Tears of Love ...	W. Maynard.
My Home in the Valley ...	Frank Mori.
Softly ye Night Winds ...	W. V. Wallace.
Astoria ...	G. Linley.
O thou, whose beauty shines ...	Kalliwoda.
Came smile again ...	W. V. Wallace.
The Rhine Girl ...	G. Linley.
Farewell ...	Frank Mori.

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FLURS EMBLEMATIQUE:—

No. 1, Primavera ...	4s. 0d.
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CAUTION.

SEVERAL notices relative to the Bloomer Polkas having appeared, Henry Distin, in justice to himself, begs to inform the Music Trade, Profession, and Public in general that **DISTIN'S BLOOMER POLKA**, by Wellington Guernsey, price 2s. 6d., was the original one published, the title of the said Bloomer Polkas having been surreptitiously obtained by other parties in the first instance. Distin's Bloomer Polkas are nightly performed at the Public Balls, Concerts, Theatres, &c., and also at Distin and Sons' Concerts throughout the kingdom, and the various military bands of the army. Published by Henry Distin, at his Depot for Military Musical Instruments, 31, Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, London, where also may be had by the same popular author,

The Court Beauty Polkas (as performed at Her Majesty's State Balls)	2s. 6d.
The Angelina do.	2s. 6d.
The Belvidere Galops do.	2s. 6d.
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All with Cornet accompaniments.

SAX MILITARY BAND INSTRUMENTS.

COUNCIL MEDAL, July 10th, 1875. Messrs. ROUSSELOT & Co. beg to announce that being the representatives of the eminent inventor of the Sax Horns, who has gained the sole Council Medal for the Military Band Instruments, they are able to provide purchasers with genuine Sax Horns, French Horns, Trombones, Cornets with or without the patent slides, &c., at moderate prices. The admired instruments from the Exhibition are now on view at 66, Conduit-street. List of prices forwarded on application. London, Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

LECTURE HALL, GREENWICH.

MISS BINCKES' GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the above Hall on **THURSDAY NEXT**, Nov. 27th, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocal performers—Mesdames Garcia, A. and H. Alexander Binckes, and Ransford, Messrs. W. Harrison, J. Haigh, A. Irving, and Signor F. Ronconi. Instrumental—Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards; Flute, Mr. E. S. Pratten; Conductor, Mr. Brinley Richards. Tickets and Programmes to be had at the Hall, and at Binckes' Pianoforte and Organ Manufactory, Old Kent Road.

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MESSRS. RUST & STAHL, in calling the attention of Pianists and the Trade to their unique instruments, beg to intimate that they have just completed arrangements for the manufacturing of the upright piano only, viz., the Piccolo and Cottage; hence they are enabled to give their undivided attention to this now almost universal class of instruments, which, combined with the terms to meet the present exigencies of the times, small profits and quick returns, will place their pianofortes beyond the possibility of competition. To this they need only add that their instruments combine all the modern improvements, and are made of the best seasoned materials, are warranted, and may be exchanged free of expense if not found to be in every respect perfect. Drawings and lists of prices forwarded post free.

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BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA,

By BRINLEY RICHARDS.

CONTAINING:—

- No. 1, The Live Long Night,
 " 2, Margaret's Daughter,
 " 3, The Ash Grove,
 " 4, Sweet Richard,
 " 5, Lady Owen's Delight,
 " 6, March of the Men of Harlech;

THE PRINCE OF CAMBRIA'S BAND MARCH.

Price 2s. each.

The "Beauties of Cambria," by Brinley Richards, were first performed by the author at an Annual Festival of the Cambrian Society of Ancient Britons on St. David's Day, at the Freemason's Tavern. The delight and enthusiasm which these national melodies produced on the company were immense. The "Prince of Cambria's Band March," by the author of "The Beauties of Cambria," threw the company into a state amounting to delirium. These Melodies were dedicated by permission to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by whose kind patronage this talented Ancient Briton became a student of the Royal Academy of Music, where he gained the honour of being elected a King's Scholar.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE Examination of Candidates for the Two King's Scholarships, one male and one female, annually vacated at Christmas, will take place at the Academy, on Friday, the 19th December next.

Candidates, whose age must not be under twelve nor exceeding eighteen years, will send in their names and addresses to the Secretary, at the Academy, accompanied by the recommendation of a Subscriber to the Institution on or before Saturday, the 13th December.

The certificate of birth must be produced previous to the Candidate being allowed to compete for a Scholarship.

By Order of the Committee,

Royal Academy of Music, J. GIMSON, Secretary.
 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square,
 November 19th, 1851.

LINDSAY SLOPER'S**EDITION OF PIANOFORTE WORKS.**

ALREADY Published:—No. 1, L'Absence, by F. David, 3s. No. 2, Reverie, by F. David, 2s. No. 3, Souvenir de Reims, by F. Beyer, 2s. 6d. No. 4, Valse Brillante, by Burgmüller, 3s. No. 5, Valse de Salon, by A. Thomas, 3s. No. 6, Krieger's Lust March, by F. Beyer, 2s. 6d. No. 7, Le Torrent, by Marchalton, 2s. 6d. No. 8, Air and Variations, in F major, by Mozart, 2s. No. 9, Air and Variations, in A major, by Mozart, 3s. 6d. No. 10, Air and Variations, in G major, by Beethoven, 2s. No. 11, Reverie, in G, by Rossellen, 2s. No. 12, La Filia del Reggimento, by E. Wolff, 3s. No. 13, Notturmo, by Commettant, 2s. No. 14, La Femme du Martin, by Kalkbrenner, 2s. 6d. To be continued.

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ITALIAN VIOLIN STRINGS,

28, Holles-street, November 20th, 1851.

MESSRS. BOOSEY & Co. have just received from Padua a case of very choice VIOLIN STRINGS, to secure any of which an early application is necessary.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS!

CURE of a disordered Liver and Bad digestion. Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, 7, Prescott-street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851. To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the virulence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she only used three boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think speaks much in favour of your astonishing Pills.

(Signed)

R. W. KIRKUS.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:—
 Ague Constipation of the Bowels Fits Rheumatism Tumours
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 Skin Dysentery Inflammation Sore Throats &c., &c.
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Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilised World, at the following prices—1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 35s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

THEATRE ROYAL,  DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS, LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE INDIAN QUADRIILLE.

Solo.—Signor BOTTESINI.

Solo.—Signor SIVORI.

Solo.—M. BILLET.

M JULLIEN has the honor to announce that the theatre being let at Christmas for Dramatic performances, the present is most positively the last week but one.

The Programme for Monday Nov. 24th, will include the first performance of the new Indian Quadrille composed on East Indian Melodies and exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of the Instruments of the native Indians used in their Dances, Festivals, Sports, Wars, Religious Ceremonies, &c. &c. A Solo on the Contra Basses by Signor Bottesini; a Solo on the Grand Piano-forte of the Messrs. Erard, to whom was awarded the Council Medal at the Great Exhibition, by M. Billet, a Solo on the Violin by Signor Sivori, the new Waltzes and Polkas of the Season, &c. &c.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT, TERMINATE AT ELEVEN.

Promenade, Boxes, and Galleries, 1s.
Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.

GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN'S Annual Grand Bal Masque will take place on FRIDAY, DEC. 12th and terminates the Season.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS FOR THE VIOLIN.

Op. 6, Premier Concerto, with accompaniment for piano	0 12 0
" 7, Second Concerto. (Clochettas) "	0 10 6
" 8, Le Streghe, (Witches' dance) "	0 4 0
" 9, God Save the Queen	0 4 0
" 10, Le Carnaval de Venise	0 3 8
" 11, Moto perpetuo	0 3 6
" 12, Non più mesta	0 4 0
" 13, I palpiti	0 4 0
" 14, Etudes en 60 variations sur l'air Barucaba for Violin Solo, in 3 books, each	0 2 6
The same nine works in two books, and embellished with the author's portrait	1 16 0

ORCHESTRA PARTS.

To Op. 6, Premier Concerto	1 4 0
" 7, Second Concerto	1 4 0
" 8, Le Streghe	0 10 0
" 9, God Save the Queen	0 8 0
" 11, Moto perpetuo	0 3 0
" 12, Non più mesta	0 8 0
" 13, I palpiti	0 10 0

Paganini's Portrait	0 5 0
Biographical Notice of Paganini, &c., &c.	0 1 6

Schott and C., 89, St. James's-street.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—The SEASON will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, the 5th of December, with Haydn's Oratorio, THE SEASONS (first time by this Society). Vocalists—Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. Subscriptions are received at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall (where also prospectuses for the ensuing season may be obtained), daily, between 10 and 5; also on Tuesday evenings, between 7 and 10. The Subscription is—for central area seats, numbered, £3 3s.; area or gallery, reserved, £2 2s.; body of the hall, £1 1s.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

ON MONDAY, December 22, 1851, Handel's Oratorio, MESSIAH. Vocalists—Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Temple, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Conductor, Mr. Surman, Founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. The Subscription to the Society is—£1 1s. per annum, or, for Reserved Seats, £2 2s. Subscribers joining previous to the 22nd of December will be entitled to Four Tickets, and Reserved Seat Subscribers a splendid copy of the oratorio.

HER MAJESTY'S PUBLISHERS.
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SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES.

- No. 1, Poor Mary Anne, ... No. 4, March of the Men of Harlech.
" 2, The Ash Grove, ... " 5, Of Noble Birth was Shenkin.
" 3, The Rising of the Lark, ... 3s. each.

(To be continued.)

"We have never heard these airs so admirably rendered; there is a power, delicacy, and finish about the variations which must charm all who hear them. We long to see more of Mr. Richards' 'Recollections.'"—*Vide Eliza Cook's Journal.*

"6, Somerset-street, Portman-square, Nov. 20, 1851.

"Dear Sir,—The manuscript letter you showed me a few days since, from the publishers of the 'Beauties of Cambria,' has just been placed in my hand, in the form of a printed circular; which, however, upon comparison with the original, I find to be an incorrect copy. I will not waste your time by pointing out the altered portions of that circular, but proceed at once to more important points. In the first place, any one perusing the circular would, of course, conclude that I had sold to you the identical works published by the other house; and secondly, that the 'Beauties of Cambria' had recently been written and published. In duty to you, to the public, and to myself, I feel bound to repudiate these insinuations. In the first place, the two works are widely different in style and character, and, in the second, 'The Beauties of Cambria' were written by the ten years ago. No language or personal abuse can justify the publishers in wilfully advertising these works as 'new music.' The 'Recollections of Wales,' now published by you, are a collection of Welsh airs recently arranged by me in the modern style of piano-forte music, containing three of the melodies introduced in the old work; but these three airs are so differently written (as might naturally be expected after an interval of ten years) as to render the grievances of the other house quite imaginary. Attached to the circular I find an announcement that the 'Beauties of Cambria' had been played in public by me. This assertion, like the advertisements that they are 'new music,' is equally devoid of truth. The fantasias upon Welsh airs have never been performed by me at the anniversary meetings on St. David's Day have never been published by Mr. Lee."

I remain, truly yours,

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

NEW PIANO MUSIC BY THEODORE GESTEN.

When the Swallows hasten Home	2s. 6d.
Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor	2s. 6d.
Three Legend Fantasias, Nos. 1 to 3	each 3s. 6d.
Variations on Weber's Preciosa	2s. 6d.
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Fantasia on the Freischütz	3s. 6d.
on Norma	3s. 6d.
L'Étoile Avancé, two instructive Rondos	each 2s. 6d.
Perles de l'Opéra, twelve elegant pieces on operatic themes	each 2s. 6d.
Perles Allemandes, six elegant fantasias on favourite German airs	each 2s. 6d.
Pathway of Flowers, books 1 to 4 (piano duets)	each 3s. 6d.
Soirées Elysées, Nos. 1 and 2	each 2s. 6d.
Musettes de l'Opéra, No. 1 (duets)	3s. 6d.
Fantasia on La Dame Blanche	3s. 6d.
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au clair de la lune	3s. 6d.
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Fantasia on Die Grossfärsinn	3s. 6d.

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CONTENTS:—No. 1, Sonata, Steibelt; No. 2, Sonata, Clementi, 2s.; No. 3, Sonata, Beethoven, 2s. 6d.; No. 4, Sonata, Steibelt; No. 5, Sonata, Haydn, 2s. 6d.; No. 6, Rondo, Mozart, 2s.; No. 7, Andante and Variations, 2s.; No. 8, Sonata, Clementi 3s.; No. 9, Thema con Var., Beethoven, 2s.; No. 10, A, ditto, 2s.; No. 11, Capriccio, Haydn, 2s. 6d.; and No. 12, Sonata Pastorale, Haydn, 2s. 6d.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As it is impossible to include, within the space of an advertisement, one title of the numberless works published by Robert Cocks and Co., the Musical Profession and Public are hereby informed that upon application they can receive, gratis and postage free, Catalogues of Music for all Instruments, published by their house. But, as the Catalogues are classed in nine parts, each containing music for a specific instrument, it is requisite to state for what instrument the Catalogue is required.

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Valse de Salon, and GALOP di BRAVURA. The most successful pieces of this popular composer.
Campbell, Ransford, and Co., 53, New Bond-street.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden).

No. 48.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence

THEATRICAL PRICES.

While Jullien is filling Drury Lane every night to excess at the cheap rates of admission, nearly every theatre in London—at least, on this side of the water—is empty. This is a sign of the times too significant to be overlooked. While the prices of provisions and necessaries are lowered, and every article of traffic falls in proportion, theatres and muffins alone make no alteration in their charges. After sundry managers had ruined themselves at Covent Garden, by upholding the high terms of admission, Mr. Osbaldiston, in his two years' administration, showed how easily the treasury might be replenished by reducing the prices. Subsequent managers took no hint from Mr. Osbaldiston's success, but returned to the old prices, and were ruined. Even Macready—at the old rates—with an unparalleled company, could not make Covent Garden pay. How infatuated are theatrical speculators! How self-dependant and hopeful are managers, when they are actors themselves! What Macready could not effect at Covent Garden, he expected to achieve at Drury Lane. But the same objections confronted him at one house as well as the other. The prices were too high, and people would not go. It is useless to adduce the failures of Mr. Hammond and Mr. Anderson as examples of cheap prices not proving attractive, since the companies provided by these gentlemen were below mediocrity, and would have proved remunerative under no circumstances. Mr. Bunn, we think, might have made his own fortune, and that of Drury Lane, if he had lowered the prices so as to meet the conveniences of theatrical goers; but, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, he has remained a strict conservative in his management for many years, and will not bate his terms of admission a doit. Should Mr. Bunn prove as contumacious and inveterate as ever in adhering to the old prices, it will require no great prophetic powers to foresee the result of his present managerial diplomacy.

Why is Drury Lane crowded to suffocation every night—six nights in the week? Because admirable entertainments are provided for the visitors at cheap prices! This is the secret, and no manager takes the hint. Jullien alone consults the interests and inclinations of the public—alone makes money. It is certain that Jullien procures the first artists of the day, engages a most admirable band, and provides every novelty which can amuse and entertain, thereby involving a serious outlay; but his theatre is filled every night from floor to ceiling, his expenses are paid, and a large sum remains to reimburse him for his time and trouble. Let Jullien double the prices at

Drury Lane, and what will be the issue? Empty benches, unoccupied boxes, a deserted promenade! We stake our lives upon it. But Jullien will try no such conclusions. He will keep his charges as they are, and meet the conveniences of the multitudes who flock to his standard.

Every day we hear complaints on all sides of the decrease of public taste for theatrical amusements. There is no such decrease. People are enticed to theatres because they must be entertained of an evening. If the prices are agreeable to their means, they will go, provided they perceive sufficient attraction in the bill of fare set before them. If they see the attraction, and find the charge of admission without their means, they may be tempted to go—occasionally; or, much more likely, they will seek for a cheaper place of amusement, and learn to forego something of their anticipations. All this, and much more, works against the high prices and tells in favour of the low.

Entertainments of a peculiar kind, such as the Opera, the Philharmonic, &c., constitute exceptions, because they are supported by a particular class, who do not make terms of admission a primal consideration. Even in these high places, unless we are very much mistaken, we espy indications of a change which will create a revolution in the prices. Already faint murmurs reach our ears of a rival Philharmonic, which if once established will necessarily create opposition, and opposition will necessarily engender an alteration in the subscription—even as Crawford and Hearnden's Penny Busses have brought down to the same standard the flagrant Fourpenny Charges of their rivals, the Conveyance Company and the Wellingtons.

Her Majesty's Theatre this year offers a strong corroboration of what we have advanced. During the whole of the regular season, although in the height of the Exhibition time, when everybody was supposed to be in London, Mr. Lumley lost money nearly every night. No sooner, however, was the subscription closed and the extra season commenced, at low prices, than the fortunes of the theatre turned, and a large sum was realised in a brief space of time. This is matter of history and needs no testimony. If, after this, the managers of our London Theatres require fuller proof of the insufficiency of their conservative prices, let them seek for it in the treasury next pay day. Meanwhile Jullien is making a fortune and they are losing one—and we wish them all every success.

CARLYLE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Of the Haymarket opera my account in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabres, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall

as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it; stamped by nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patent travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of king's grantees, or the like show figures; but very few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees;—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the devil's name! A truly notable motion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the opera—perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it, but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling. Perhaps neither Semiramis nor Oatherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feats and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of musical sound or rhythmic motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers; fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into industrial regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of music and rhythm vouchsafed by heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, aristocracy so called, or *best* of the world, beware, beware what profits

you give of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's creation, I am! And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that! John, the carriage, the carriage: swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection; perhaps, to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of enchantment: and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar oil graciously, and then tripping out again;—and, in fact, I perceive that Coletti and Cerito and the rhythmic arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste, which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the modern aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its arts, heavenly music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to "the melodies eternal," might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme and his improper females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you had some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart and Bellini—O Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of eternal death; through it too I look not "up into the divine eye," as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless eye-socket"—not up towards God, heaven, and the throne of truth, but too truly down towards falsity, vacuity, and the dwelling place of everlasting despair.

What will the readers of the "Keepsake," and the old improper-females (of quality), say to it?—*Keepsake for 1852.*

MADAME SONTAG is still attracting large audiences to the Opera at Frankfort.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's Second Classical Chamber Concert took place on Thursday the 20th. The programme was as follows:

Part First.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in G, op. 1) Beethoven
 Grand Sonata.—Pianoforte and violin, (in C minor, op. 30) Beethoven
 Part Second.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in B. minor, op. 49) Mendelssohn
 Bourree and Double.—Violin and pianoforte, (in B minor) S. Bach
 Preludes (D flat and A flat) and Polonaise (A Major.)—Pianoforte Chopin

Before noticing the above, there are one or two inaccuracies in our report of the last concert which we wish to correct. We are quite willing to attribute them to our crabbed writing, rather than to your reader or compositor; but we are very unwilling that they should go unnoticed. In speaking of the improvement of the Town Hall, we are made to say that the "covered part of the dome was covered, &c.; it should be "the coved part. Again, we did not find fault with Perring for singing the Freyschütz scena in Italian, we merely notice the fact from having heard it only in German or English before. We spoke of Mr. Perring having received an engagement to sing at "the next dress concert at the Concert Hall," which is made into "the next Dress Concert and Ball." Now Mr. Perring dances, we dare say, but it would appear strange to your readers that a tenor singer should be engaged for such a purpose. The concert in question took place on Monday last, with Molique as solo violin; but have not seen or heard as yet any report thereof.

Hallé's third Chamber Concert, as above, came off on Thursday the 20th instant, when the chief feature of interest was the appearance of Molique as primo violin—in fact, sole violin—for he, Lidel, and Hallé, were the only artists, not a vocalist being engaged.

The result proved that Hallé was right, the hall being fuller than on either of the two previous concerts, and no concert could be more successful in every sense of the word. To our thinking, Molique is the most perfect player in concert in this class of music that has yet appeared in Manchester. If he lacks the sentiment and impassioned fervour of Ernst, his intonation is invariably unerring, and he has a peculiar clearness and bell-like purity, as well as a singing quality in his tones, mixing and blending at the same time so carefully with his co-executants, as to become absolute perfection. As a whole, we never listened to a more masterly performance. Molique was great, very great, but he had artists fully competent to play up to him in Lidel and Hallé. How all three seemed to enjoy it to be sure! They played with that confidence in each other which gives such *aplomb* and nicety to particular passages, such force to a forte, and such delicacy to the faintest piano. Never did we hear more perfect mechanism: the wonder at the beauty and genius of Beethoven or Mendelssohn was eclipsed by our marvels at the talent of the performers.

The first part was devoted (as will be seen above) to Beethoven—his Grand Trio (in G. op. 1) for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte; and his Grand duo Sonata for violin and pianoforte (in C minor, op. 30.) To attempt to describe each successive movement, as given by such hands, is quite out of the question. We can merely allude to one or two as being superlatively beautiful, as for instance the largo con espressione, and the short and fantastic scherzo in the first, and the

adagio in the latter. The interest and attention of the audience were most intense; every one seemed to listen with bated breath, lest they should miss a note of this matchless performance. The absence of a vocalist between the two pieces was a relief, rather than otherwise, enabling the audience to give expression to each other of their pent-up feelings. Beethoven makes such large demands on the imagination, that it was also a relief to have a change in the second part, and most grateful did it prove. Mendelssohn's grand trio (in D minor, op. 49.) is an established favourite at these concerts; and it had never more ample justice done to it than on this occasion, by both executants and listeners. The whole trio abounds in elegant and melodious *motivi*, all of which are treated by the hand of a master; and we know not which most to admire, the flowing graceful *Mozartian* allegro, the lovely andante (with its wonderful gliding passage from violin to violoncello, when you cannot tell when the one ends and the other begins), the vivacious scherzo, or the impassioned finale; perhaps, if anything, the andante has it—if any. Each movement was rapturously applauded, the andante narrowly escaping an encore. The Bourree and Double of Sebastian Bach was a masterly display of genuine good fiddling, in this quaint old school, by Molique, accompanied by Hallé. Then Hallé wound up with two preludes, and the polonaise of Chopin that he gave us at the first concert in October, in his usual powerful style, closing this exquisite concert about half-past ten o'clock. The next takes place on the 4th proximo.

At our Theatre Royal, the only novelty since our last has been the reproduction of Loder's clever and pretty opera of the *Night Dancers*, but we have not been able to go and see it. Mr. Loder, by the way, has acted as conductor during the entire series [both of Italian and English operas; the latter will be continued, we understand, until the theatre closes to prepare for the Christmas pantomime, which is to be founded on the old nursery tale of "The Babes in the Wood." Barnett's *Mountain Sylph* is to be the next English opera produced. Since writing so far, we have seen the report in the *Manchester Guardian* upon Hallé's concert, which agrees in the main with the above—especially in our estimate of Herr Molique—but it contains also an interesting anecdote about Molique's violin, which we cannot refrain from quoting entire.

"It is said of him (Molique), that he is sceptically heterodox on the great and unapproachable merit of the old makers of violins—the Cremonas, the Amatis, and the Straduaris—which have so high a celebrity as to make it worth while to counterfeit them, which is done in some parts of Italy, with as much success as they manufacture pictures of old masters. Herr Molique, to parody the well-known couplet on Sir Joshua Reynolds

'When they talk of Cremonas, Amatis, and stuff,
 He looks at his fiddle, and only—takes snuff.'

"He may well look at that violin. It has no high birth to boast of. Herr Molique bought it of its maker, an ingenious baker at Stutgard, who was very well satisfied with the price he received for it, £7 10s. 0d.; and its tone was liked so well by musicians, that a worthy amateur of this town, since deceased, gave Molique a commission for a batch of three such fiddles, from the oven of the Stutgard baker. They proved good articles, and we believe one of them is occasionally heard with delight by musical audiences here."

MUSIC OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY A YANKEE.

Every race, and almost every nation of men, has created some peculiar form of musical expression, and most of these

individualities are so well defined, that they are generally recognized, even by those who have not made music a study, and who know but little of it, save the vague pleasure derived from listening to melodious and harmonious sounds. Thus, the Italians are celebrated for the grace and expression, the tenderness and pathos of their melodies; the Germans for the complication and intricacy of their musical forms; the Scotch for wildness, plaintiveness and abruptness; the French for gaiety and sprightliness, &c. &c.

The peculiar form of musical expression characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, is unquestionably the glee, catch, madrigal and round—all the same thing in principle, with only slight variations in the minor forms and the number of performers. Although other nations have occasionally produced pieces which may be ranked as glees, yet it is only in England that this description of music has been regularly cultivated by great composers, and thus received its highest developments. It is not too much to say, that this glee is the national music of the English. Although in London and New York, a few of the more refined and pretentious aristocracy make the Italian Opera fashionable, and support it by the most enormous contributions, yet the taste for it is forced and exotic, and only extends to the few who have introduced it. The general public taste, both in England and the United States, remains inevitably wedded to its ultimate form of musical expression. Thus, while it is only by the most extraordinary exertions that the Italian Opera is enabled barely to exist for a few weeks in the year, in the metropolis itself, every respectable company of quartett singers can draw large audiences in every city, village, and hamlet in the Union; and even a company of negro melodists, vamping imperfect accompaniments to "Lucy Neal" or "Jim along Josey," draw crowds of well dressed, and well-educated auditors; while "classical" concerts, "operatic" entertainments, and "grand musical festivals" without number, are advertised, puffed, passed over and forgotten, by all save the unfortunate givers, who find themselves hundreds of dollars minus every year.

The reason of this is strong and simple: The Anglo-American, in his semi-savage state, does not sympathise with the refined and sentimental-song of the Italian music, and instantly condemns all the *cadenza-ing*, *bravura-ing*, and *fortiure-ing* of the *soprano assoluto de cartello*, the bellowing of the *basso cantante*, and the sky-rocketing of the *primo tenore*, as the most unmitigated trash and nonsense. If compelled by fashion, or the persuasion of wife and daughter, to rent a sofa at the Opera for five dollars a night, he yawns, fidgets and sleeps through the finest passages over which his foreign-bred neighbours go into mustachioed ecstasies; and the whole family, sighing for the full and rich harmonies of the "Alleghanians," turn languidly toward the stage, and exclaim with Christopher Sly, "'Tis a very excellent piece of work—would it were done!" With the glee and its varieties, on the other hand, the Englishman (?) or the American heartily sympathises. It is full, strong, clear and straightforward, like himself; like himself, too it goes ahead, and never stoops to effeminate dallying nor meretricious ornament. Its tones are the natural compass of the human voice, and its melodies move energetically and independently, now approaching and now receding from each other, like the bright streams of his native land, and anon gracefully mingling their outlines, yet each preserving its independant form, like the blue mountain horizon that at sunset bounds his wide and picturesque view. The glee in

short, is as natural and indispensable an object of admiration to the full-grown and thoroughly developed Englishman as his rivers, his mountains, or his azure skies.

The original meaning of the Saxon word Glee, is *mirth*, *merriment*, and in old authors, *music itself*. Its technical musical signification is, a song in three or more parts, without instrumental accompaniment, in which the voices begin and end together. In the *Catch*, the voices take up their parts in succession, and a ludicrous turn is generally given to the words by the peculiar manner of the performers breaking in upon each other. The *Madrigal* is a composition generally in four parts, intended to be joined in like New England Church Music by all the company. In time the arrangement of parts to single voices was found to be the most capable of diversified effects, and was employed in all classes of subjects—eventually giving rise to the apparent anomaly of a *serious glee*. The prominence given to this species of composition has therefore given us glees of a pathetic, grand, and (as Webbe's "When winds breathe soft," and Calcott's "Oh! snatch me swift.") even devotional character. It is generally, however, a delightful and rational compromise between the trivialness of the theatre, and the solemnity of the choir. All the great masters of English composition have bestowed particular attention upon the writing of glees, rounds, catches, etc., etc., and some of the finest and best remembered pieces of Purcell, Arne, Looke, and other great names in English Musical History, are of this character. Among the composers whose principal works consist of glees, catches, rounds, madrigals, etc., we ever recall with pleasure Atterbury, author of the charming round, "Sweet enslaver," and the popular glee, "Lay that sullen garland by thee;" Baidon, author of "When gay Bacchus," and "Adieu to the village of delights;" Danby, Paxton, Spofforth, author of "Hail, smiling morn!" Dr. Harrington, author of "How sweet in the woodlands!" Dr. Benjamin Cooke, author of "Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings," "How sleep the brave," "In the merry month of May," etc., etc.—his son, Robert Cooke—and Lord Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington, and author of some of the most beautiful glees, "Here in cool grot," Gently hear me charming maid," "Hail, hallowed fane!" "'Twas you, sir" etc., etc. Sammel Webbe is another honoured name, and his "When winds breathe soft," is still recognized as one of the most sublime musical pictures extant. He is also the author of "Glorious Apollo," the "Ode on St. Cecilia," and many other well known pieces. Dr. Calcott is another honoured and revered name in musical annals, and divides the glee-crown with Webbe. The "Oh! snatch me swift from these tempestous scenes," of Calcott, has probably never been surpassed.

But it is unnecessary to prolong this list of the composers and compositions, in a species of music which, although just now somewhat overlaid by the Italian Opera in New York, still claims its numerous appreciators and supporters, not only here, but throughout the country. In every principal city, private glee clubs exist, many of the members of which would do credit to the public stage or concert room. Quite recently, too, there has arisen a quartett band of native vocalists, under the name of "The Alleghanians," whose public performances are so perfect and exquisitely expressive of the very spirit of English Glee, that they promise to revive the popularity of this charming style of music. In Boston, (the musical taste of whose citizens cannot be questioned) they have been listened to with the greatest admiration; and in every other place where they have been heard, they have

elicited the most unanimous applauses. We learn that it is the intention of these vocalists to give *one concert only* at Saratoga springs, on Saturday evening, Aug. 3. We have heard them in private, and fully endorse the recommendations they elsewhere received. We watch their course with lively interest, and cordially bid them God speed upon their refining and ennobling mission.

There is one idea which we would press upon our readers in the country where the "Alleghanians" may happen to pass. It is that in the principal churches of Europe and the principal cities of this country, the choir consists of only four voices, and the Alleghanians are an admirable model for amateurs to study. They have already laid the foundation of several admirable church quartetts in different parts of the country, and in this way their influence is destined to be widely and actively beneficent.

Original Correspondence.

FERDINAND RIES'S WORKS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In reply to an inquiry for Ferdinand Ries's Works in your No. 47, page 747, I beg to state, the Pianoforte Trios Op. 2 and 28, are published at N. Simrock at Bonn

" 63, (easy) ditto ditto

" 143, are published at Les fils de B. Schott, Mayence, Paris and Anvers

The Pianoforte Quatuors

" 13 and 129, at C. F. Peters at Leipzig.

" 17 and 129, at N. Simrock at Bonn.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOSEPH RIES.

33, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square.

FERDINAND RIES'S WORKS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In reply to an enquiry of "Ligna," in your last publication, respecting Ferdinand Ries's Trios and Quartetts, they are to be had at Ewer and Co.'s, Newgate-street.

"MELODIES OF WALES" AND "BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Permit me to reply to the letter from Mr. Brinley Richards, inserted in your widely-circulated paper of the 22nd inst.

In the first place, it would appear from the Author's written statement, that he is justified in selling his copyright to another firm. I find on enquiry at first-rate music publishers and booksellers that there is no instance in which any author of repute has so committed himself. I confess I am at a loss to conceive how Mr. Brinley Richards can justify a mere re-arrangement of the same "Melodies of Wales," long since sold to his former patrons, firstly, as duets; secondly, as solos; thirdly, the same subjects under the title of "Beauties of Cambria;" and fourthly and lastly, sold to another house.

Some of our best poets and composers have considered their first works to be their *best*; and there are now in my possession many unpublished works by Sir J. Stevenson, Wade, C. Horn, John Barnett, the late Alexander Lee, and, amongst others, of Mr. Brinley Richards himself; but because I have not published them, does that argue that these works are not *new*.

Now, Sir, permit me to state without quibble, that the "Melodies of Wales," which were dedicated by permission to the Duke of Newcastle (notwithstanding Mr. Brinley Richards' disclaimer) were published first, and were performed by the Author at the Cambrian Society of Ancient Britons, on St. David's Day, at the Freemason's Tavern. They had never been reviewed nor advertised

in the public journals; consequently I presume they must be *new* to the public, for although many meritorious works may lay untouched on the shelves for years, yet, by some unaccountable impulse of the moment, they may suddenly become familiar with the musical world in general.

It may be, Sir, that under ordinary circumstances I should not have noticed the plagiarism of which Mr. Brinley Richards has been guilty, but when a flagrant attempt is made to injure the character of my firm, some explanation is doubtless as much looked for as it is required.

I am truly sorry that any respectable professor should descend so low in the scale of propriety as to promulgate publicly vexatious and unnecessary mis-statements. My firm is, however, on its trial before a discerning and enlightened public, and such is my faith in the principles of truth and justice, that I feel confident of a favourable verdict from all disinterested parties, fully convinced I shall rise superior to my adversaries in this controversy.

In conclusion, Sir, allow me to assure you that had Mr. Brinley Richards applied to his *early friends* and first publishers to re-arrange or edit a new edition of his works, either the "Melodies of Wales," or "Beauties of Cambria," he would have not only met with most liberal terms, but would have received that courtesy which I regret to perceive he denies to his former patrons.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LEONT LEE.

Firm of Lee and Coxhead,
48, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.

WHERE MR. WILKINS LIVES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you can please to inform me where Mr. Wilkins lives, a Professor of Music, who London two or three times a week to give lessons.

I am Dear Sir,

Your's truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

[Can any of our Subscribers answer the above?—ED. M. W.]

THE BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The following is a copy of a letter which I had the pleasure of receiving a few days since, from one of the most distinguished composers of the day; and as it tends so materially to confirm the statement contained in my last letter in the *Musical World*, I shall feel much obliged, if you will do me the favour to insert it. Without reference to its importance to myself, it will be perused with interest by your readers, as an example of the writer's characteristic independence of mind.

I remain, truly yours,

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

6, Somerset Street, Portman Square, Nov. 25, 1851.

"Mr. G. A. Macfarren presents his compliments to Messrs. Lee and Coxhead, in answer to a circular from Messrs. Lee and Coxhead just received; Mr. Macfarren begs to state, that having lately reviewed in the Musical Journal referred to in that circular; both Mr. Richards's works, "Beauties of Cambria," and "The Recollections of Wales," is at a loss to suppose how Messrs. Lee and Coxhead can in any way confound or connect these two publications with each other, seeing they are dissimilar in every particular by which a Musician can distinguish them, and from their different degrees of difficulty, they address themselves to entirely different classes of players.

The circular of Messrs. Lee and Coxhead, contains a misstatement in the announcement that the "Beauties of Cambria" are dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, inasmuch as the title-pages of the various numbers, contain dedications to various private individuals. This incorrectness, and Mr. Macfarren's knowledge of Mr. Richards's abilities as a pianist, induce him to disbelieve another statement in the circular, namely, that Mr. Richards performed these arrangements "at the Freemasons Tavern, &c. &c.," as it is highly improbable that an artist of

eminence would perform in public pieces such as these, calculated as they are most admirably for the advancement of little children. Mr. Macfarren would not trouble Messrs. Lee and Coxhead with these remarks, but that he supposes their sending him their circular is intended to elicit a reply. He forwards a copy of this note to Mr. Richards with full permission to that gentleman to make any use of it he may think proper."

78, Welbeck Street, Nov. 21, 1851.

CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you inform me whether Cherubini composed the Mass for the Emperor Napoleon's Coronation, and if so, by what key it is designated, as in D, or C, or F, and whether it is published in Paris?

I enclose my card, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

AN AMATEUR.

London, 26th Nov. 1851.

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In a late number of the *Musical World*, the question was mooted whether a reprint of Dr. Burney's History of Music would not prove very acceptable at the present time; and in a subsequent impression appeared an intimation that there would be no lack of persons ready and willing to subscribe to such an undertaking.

The original suggestion and the assurance drawn forth are welcome indications of the healthy desire that exists to study music, not simply practically and theoretically, but also historically and philosophically. But would a literal reprint of Burney supply all that is expected or required at the present day? There are I think adequate reasons for supposing not. In the first place, although Burney's is undoubtedly the best written English History of Music, it is I believe, generally admitted that Sir John Hawkins's contains a greater amount of curious records concerning the art; but from his materials not being so well arranged and digested as Burney's, they are not so readily available to the Musical Student. Now it seems to me, that any fresh publication ought to embody all the historical facts and particulars that are within reach, and which must be allowed not to be included entire in Burney. Then, many of Burney's criticisms require material modification. For instance, some of the harmonies used by Dr. Blow, he has reviewed with great severity; yet the self-same chords have been employed by Mendelssohn, and with most charming effect. Again, Burney's opinion when speaking of Sebastian Bach's great Organ works, that Bach "seemed to have been constantly in search of what was new and difficult, without the least attention to nature and facility," would require absolute reversion before it could now be accepted or reiterated.

What seems to me to be the great desideratum just now is "a revised Burney" (as being the better written work) by way of text, with ample extracts and extra illustrations, from Hawkins and other published and MS. authorities, as foot notes; and if some patient musical antiquarian, such as Dr. Rimbault, could be induced by some spirited music or book publisher to undertake such a compilation, the object so much desired by your correspondents H. J. F., Belfast, &c., and, I may add, myself and others, would, I imagine, be more satisfactorily attained than by the course originally suggested.

But what seems to me to be most urgently required for more immediate practical use, is, a continuation of the History of Music from the period of Burney and Hawkins to the present time. It is not asserting too much to say the present histories leave off where one of the most important eras in the art commenced. The discovery and development of the symphonic form of instrumental composition, and the rise and progress of the difficult art of writing for an Orchestra, are subjects wholly untouched upon by either Burney or Hawkins; and although the compositions of Haydn the inventor, and of Mozart the improver of the symphony, were known to the former, he dismissed these authors in

about half a page each. The last observation made by Burney on the subject of Instrumentation, is I think that wherein he speaks of Handel making the Flutes play in octaves with the Violins, then a "new effect," but how much this leaves to be said on Orchestration is too obvious to enlarge upon. Now, what I think will be admitted on all hands to be a much needed addition to our musical literature, is a work embodying a complete analysis of the Instrumental and Choral works of the great writers of the last seventy or eighty years.

The production of so interesting and desirable a book should, of course, only be entrusted to one who was a deeply read musician and composer to begin with, one who could alike detect the dawn of new harmonies, or the slightest modification in the form of a movement, and most particularly, who possessed the fortunate gift of conveying his impressions clearly and vividly to his readers; and I can call to mind no gentleman in whom these several necessary powers are so happily blended as Mr. George Macfarren.

And as I suppose we must take a mercenary as well as a professional view of such a proposition, a publication of the kind just hinted at would be sure to sell well. The possessor of a copy of either of the present histories would require the "continuation." This would secure a circulation to the extent of perhaps twice that ever attained by Burney or Hawkins; and if the numerous warm and public thanks that have been offered to Mr. Macfarren for his masterly essays and criticisms in your journal be any criterion, there are hosts of others who would be but too glad to welcome the appearance of such a volume.

Hoping that some steps may be taken to meet the present growing desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the history and science of the divine art of music, and apologising for troubling you with so long a letter.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

69, Tachbrook Street, Warwick Square, Nov. 25th.

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grilliers.

(Continued from p. 741.)

SINGULARITIES.

The Sunday is invariably a dull and melancholy day in Boston. Woe be to the stranger who lets himself be overcome by the spleen; to chase it away, he has not the resource of visiting his friends or acquaintances. Everybody is at church; should you attempt to see any one, you would find nothing but closed doors. I have even remarked that on this day the most charming countenances are dull and severe, which appearance ill contrasts with the sweet and kindly humour of the young women of the country. I remember that I found them far handsomer on the other days; and not to lose any of my illusion (if such it was), I made a determination never to stir out on a Sunday as long as I should remain in Boston.

I believe these facts will sufficiently illustrate the puritanism which predominates both in the public and private life of the inhabitants of Massachusetts; but by an inexplicable anomaly, Boston is the only town in North America where concerts are held on a Sunday. They are certainly concerts which are called sacred, doubtless to place them in some sort of unison with their religious principles, but in truth they are nothing but musical entertainments: and they attract the greater number of persons as the public has not on that day the choice of amusements.

Another singularity of the Bostonians is, that they compel artists to give concerts at half-price; for example, if the entrance fee is a dollar in New York, it must be only half a dollar in Boston, not for economy, but philanthropy, say they.

Another and more remarkable phenomenon exists among the inhabitants of Boston: it is impossible to distinguish an artisan

from what in society is denominated a gentleman. There appears to be no outward distinguishing trait of the Lord or the man of wealth from the plebeian: they present the extraordinary and rare spectacle of equality; and moreover, this dogma of equality is so profoundly rooted, that the rich would reproach themselves if they partook of any amusement or recreation of which their less fortunate brethren would be deprived. The possession of riches and wealth does not extinguish all feeling and consideration for their fellow mortals. I will venture to say there is more enlightenment and real knowledge diffused among the people of Boston than in any other town of America. I will presently relate the precaution and cunning to which I was obliged to have recourse, to conciliate my interest with the exigencies of the Boston public. I will for the present only relate one characteristic fact.

One day I dined with one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the city. Immediately after the repast, my amphitryon, who had hired a piano expressly for the occasion, said with great emphasis, that he had never had the pleasure of hearing me play, and would feel much obliged if I would play him a piece. Surprised at this abrupt request, which followed rather too close upon the coffee, I excused myself, and invited him to come and hear me at my next concert. "I could not think of it, sir. What would the persons of my acquaintance say, who cannot, like me, afford to spend a piastre?"

"Then, Sir," I answered, "I hope you will come and dine with me, and you shall hear me play without incurring the risk of being criticised by any of your fellow citizens."

I scarcely need say, that by this reply I saved the trouble of renewing my invitation.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

As my reminiscences may be read by artists who have the intention of visiting America, I think everything worth mentioning that may be conducive to their comfort during their sojourn. I will then say that the hotels of Boston appeared to me the finest and best regulated in the world. Those of *River* and *Tremont* must above all others be signaled for their magnificence and incomparable comfort. The apartments are lighted by gas, and are furnished and decorated with finished taste. The four meals a day are delicious, and of an exquisite *finesse*. The attendance is performed with a military regularity.*

Here occurs a very uninteresting description of an American contrivance, intended to facilitate and render the attendance in Hotels prompt and perfect; this I have thought proper to omit.—Translator.

Time is money: The devise of the Americans, and of the Yankees in particular, everything they do, all their actions tend towards the fulfilment of their motto. Any mechanical contrivance which offers a saving of time, is hailed with applause, and received with delight by the industrious and active American people.

I have already said that instruction and knowledge is diffused to a far greater extent in Boston than in any other town of the Union. The numerous churches, the multiplicity of literary and scientific institutions, the magnificent hospitable establishments to be met with at each step, all—all attest the right that every man possesses to busy himself for the public good. These things spread among the artisans of Boston, a knowledge and enlightenment that might at the present time be vainly sought for even within the middle class of French people. I speak nothing but the truth when I say poverty is unknown, that every inhabitant of Boston can by his industry make sure of a small independence.

This feeling affords them an encouragement, and gives so much zest to their efforts, that every one is active and busy—no one is dormant or useless. It is the most animated maritime port of the Union.

MY FIRST CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

It was not till I had profoundly studied the manners, the customs, and the character of the Boston people, that I could trace a plan of conduct in accordance with their ideas. Deeply

penetrated with the truth that nothing could be more opposed or dissimilar than the taste and habits of the citizen of New York and the habitant of Boston, I resolved upon a course of action totally different from that I had pursued in New York. I was severe and formal, even to the form and appearance of my programmes, and I banished from my concerts any exhibition of charlatanism, too much in usage in that country. Instead of seeking or conciliating the press, I did all that lay in my power to confine it merely to the announcement of my arrival and my concert: no exaggeration, no puff; nothing would I adopt that was not formal and reserved. My way of acting succeeded admirably. I had never imagined for my tactics the full and complete success they met with. I gave a great number of concerts in Boston, and I cannot but with pleasure reflect upon the reception I received.

Another singularity; the Boston public, notwithstanding its excessive puritanism, is infinitely more enthusiastic than that of New York; and I think it advances far beyond it in the understanding and appreciation of the beauties of music. Classical works here meet with great favour; and I can truly affirm that in no other town of America will the immortal works of Beethoven, Weber, and Hummel receive as sincere, as enlightened, and as ardent an admiration. It has so often been repeated that the compositions of these authors were serious works, that the Bostonians—serious by their nature—almost impose upon themselves as a law, their show of excessive enthusiasm.

(To be continued.)

THE DEAD MARCH.

A FANTASY.

In by no means a small sized room, there sat a youth, numbering, we will suppose, about twenty years of age, although by his appearance a person might easily imagine him much older, for anxiety, and toiling away the nights given by Nature to sleep, had left their mark, and caused him therefore to appear care-worn. He was seated by a round table, on which, among some musical instruments, papers, and folios, lay his watch attached to a heavy silk ribbon, and marking the advanced hour of the night, together with an inkstand, pen, and several loose sheets of music paper, on one of which he held his pen, though rather at a loss what thereon to write. By the light proceeding from a green shaded lamp, one or two pictures were distinguished on the wall, and two or three musical personages were represented by busts and statuettes around the room; there was also an open piano, and the windows of this apartment were screened by dark green curtains, and the floor was covered by a deep brown carpet.

The young man was a musician, but in vain pressed he his pale forehead with his still paler hand; in vain gazed he at different objects with a vacant stare; in vain bit he his pen and frowned, for no idea came, of no theme did he think that might be transposed to paper: he was writing for a prize which in a week's time would be awarded by the Academy of Music, that great institution having proclaimed that they would so do for the best original piece; and although quite young, yet this musician was noted, for his productions were spread around the land, and his fame went abroad.

Time went on.

He was at a loss, as I have said, what to write, and was beginning to despair, when on a sudden he beheld the end of the room opposite where he was, commence to recede, and the ceiling rose, changing from a plain to one of the splendid Gothic orders, and numberless immense columns reared themselves as if by enchantment, beginning a short distance from

the table where he sat, on each side of the now widened room, all being, together with the floor and ceiling, hung, bound, and festooned with black crape, while his view was arrested by a velvet curtain of the same sombre colour, on which was delineated in silver two human skulls. He gazed thereon in wonder, and the light of the lamp now commenced gradually to fade away; and as soon as it was extinguished the dark curtain was drawn up, while a light, proceeding from behind, illuminated the columns, and gave the astonished beholder a view of what came forth. A body of men appeared slowly marching towards him, to the measured tap of the deep brass drum, all habited in dark dresses, their polished brass instruments being likewise bound in crape; in a moment they commenced playing, and the whole place was filled with the sweet, though solemn strains of the dirge-like music; when advancing half way they stationed themselves on the right side, while a tall man, dressed completely in black, with an immense sable plume nodding from his cap, advanced in front, and with a long wand beat time. Now appeared a company of twelve persons in red garments, and with red feathers in their hats, marching three abreast, having in their grasp burning torches reversed, being followed by a band of soldiers; twenty-five young girls dressed in white, bearing wreaths of the same coloured roses, preceded by as many boys carrying laurels, the whole being followed by an immense funeral car, having at the corners nodding plumes, and drawn by twelve horses. In the centre of this car lay a coffin, surmounted by the pall, and over which stood two persons, intended to represent Tragedy and Comedy, and the figure of Music weeping, with a broken lyre at her feet, showing that the deceased excelled in both these descriptions of music—and there was also seen a black banner, on which were written in letters of silver, words to the effect that peace was to the soul of Melchang; and the young musician who witnessed all those proceedings, turned still paler than usual, and with trembling frame looked aghast, for—he saw his own funeral!

The whole procession having turned to the left, disappeared between the columns, and when such was the case, the tall man with the wand stepped forth, the band followed, and to the time of the most splendid music that Melchang ever heard, commenced marching towards that place whence they at first appeared, and the head of the procession immediately followed from the right side, and the whole train passed once more before his eyes. The black curtain again descended, darkness for an instant followed, again light shone from his lamp, the columns tottered, and in falling vanished from the view, the ceiling changed, and the room was as formerly.

Melchang immediately set to work, and with the air still fresh in his memory, commenced writing it on the paper before him, being possessed of the idea that it would be his last performance, for as he was superstitious, he believed his death was near at hand. The watch indicated that the night had passed, yet he opened not his shutters to admit the light of day, but re-filling his lamp, proceeded with his work, at times trying passages on his piano; he placed the last note on the score, and with a triumphant smile on his wan features, sunk back exhausted in his cushioned arm chair, and thence and slowly to the floor, senseless.

The family in the house not seeing him at breakfast nor at dinner, grew alarmed at his absence—for he was very punctual in attendance—and proceeding to his room found the door fastened; they burst it open and entered.

The spirit of the young musician had fled for ever.

The whole Academy of Music turned out at his funeral, and his mortal remains were carried to their last resting place by the inspiring sound of the once visionary, though wild, soul-stirring and exceedingly magnificent composition of his own—the DEAD MARCH.

Dramatic.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Bonnycastle fancies that an individual he has met in St. James's Park has snatched his watch out of his fob; meeting with the same individual a short time afterwards he puts in practice the *Lex Talionis* by twitching his watch out of his fob, and running off with it. On his arrival home he discovers to his horror that he has left his watch on his dressing-table, and has consequently been guilty of what in the eye of the law might simply be denominated highway robbery. He goes the next morning to state the matter at the nearest police office, but is so horrified by the view of a large placard offering £20 for the apprehension of the culprit, that he immediately packs up a few things in a carpet bag, and rushes in despair to Canterbury. Here he manages to obtain a situation as copying clerk to Mr. Smuggins, who is a relation of his wife. This Mr. Smuggins has a niece who possesses some property, and being naturally desirous to keep it, he proposes to Bonnycastle, whom he only knows as Mr. Jorum, that he should marry her. Besides her property, however, the niece has a lover, a Mr. Johnson, and the latter, to obtain admittance into Smuggins's house, takes the name of Bonnycastle, and excites the anger, indignation, horror and jealousy of the real Bonnycastle by the manner in which he talks of the latter's wife. But Bonnycastle is obliged to devour his rage, however unpalatable he may find it, as he dreads that Johnson may after all be a policeman in disguise ready to arrest him for his crime. To make matters worse, Mrs. Bonnycastle arrives, and to punish Bonnycastle, whom she suspects of an intrigue with Smuggins's niece, supports Johnson's deception by acknowledging him as her husband. Matters at last reach their culminating point, when the flat candlesticks are brought in, Mr. and Mrs. Bonnycastle, that is to say Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Bonnycastle, told that their room is ready. This is too much for Bonnycastle, who arms himself with a revolver, and is only prevented from adding murder to his other misdeeds by the whole affair being explained, and Johnson turning out to be the gentleman who has lost his watch.

Such is a brief outline of one of the best written, liveliest farces we have seen for some time. It was admirably played by everyone, more especially by Buckstone. Whoever wants to see Buckstone supremely Buckstone, must go and see him in the *Two Bonnycastles*; but, however, there is no need for hurry, for we believe that the piece will be running six months hence.

The *Beggar's Opera* was revived on Wednesday, and was as strongly cast as the means of the theatre would allow. We cannot, however, greatly laud the manager for resuscitating this obsolete masterpiece of the poet Gay. The *Beggar's Opera*—which, by the bye, was first suggested to Gay by Swift—was written at a particular time for a particular purpose, and no doubt satisfied the wits and audiences of the period. The time has past away, and the purpose does not exist. The consequence is that the wit is more than half lost, and many of the allusions are quite incomprehensible to a

modern audience. Besides this, the *Beggar's Opera* requires the most accomplished singers and actors to show it in its most fascinating colours. The melodies are for the most part exceedingly beautiful, and afford the vocalist an excellent opportunity of exhibiting his voice and style to the best advantage. For this reason alone the *Beggar's Opera* will be preserved until, if the time should ever come, the ballad opera be entirely banished from the stage.

If we cannot laud the revival of the *Beggar's Opera* on Wednesday night as being foreign to the taste and refinement of the present time, and as being entirely obsolete, neither can we praise the cast, except in some particulars. Mr. Harrison certainly made a bold and dashing Captain Macheath, and sang occasionally with immense spirit and energy; Miss Louisa Pyne looked most charming—more charming than ever—in Polly, and sang the music beautifully, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam made the sauciest and perkiest of Lucys; but here our praise halts—no, we must except Mr. Weiss, who, as Mat O' the Mint, sang the Bacchanalian song, "Fill every glass," with unusual fire, and left out his best scene, that in which that glorious line occurs, "Damn it, Captain, die game." Mrs. Caulfield should not have been thrust into Mrs. Peachum, being unfit for such a part: neither ought Mr. James Bland have played Peachum, nor yet Mr. Lambert Lockit, these gentlemen being completely out of their element. Nor were we greatly enamoured of Mr. Buckstone's Filch, which was, what it should not have been, an irresistible caricature. On the whole, although the revival contained some excellent things in the performance, it was by no means satisfactory, and we cannot anticipate for it a long run.

It is a very unpleasant duty to find fault with an artist like Miss Louisa Pyne, who stands so high with the public, and whose rare gifts as an artist we have been amongst the first to perceive, and the most strenuous and persistent to uphold. We were grieved indeed on Wednesday night to find Miss Louisa Pyne departing so far from her usual good taste and judgment as to introduce two Italianised variations to "Cease your Funning," thereby completely setting aside the intention of the poet and musician. A more preposterous interpolation could not well be imagined, and we consider that the audience showed no small amount of forbearance in allowing Miss Louisa Pyne to continue the scales, arpeggios, roulades and trills she thought proper to tag to so simple a melody joined to such touching words. What the audience really thought, was evidenced most unmistakeably in the manner in which they received Captain Macheath's answer to Polly's passionate pleading—"Really, Polly, this is carrying the joke too far"—which was singularly *apropos*, and was received with shouts of laughter and opposition cheers. We must do Miss Louisa Pyne the justice to say she sang the variations with extraordinary fluency, and that she was rapturously encored in the last, which was quite a juvenile Sontag feat; but we would entreat her to keep her flourishes and fireworks for a more fitting occasion, when she will not be likely to make the judicious grieve, and peril her own position as a real artist.

King Charles the Second has been played five times, and goes better every time; and the new farce, *The Two Bonnycastles*, has proved one of the greatest hits for many years. As the *Times* says, "it promises to prove a rival to *Box and Cox*."

PRINCESS'S.—After an interregnum of hardly six weeks, this theatre re-opened for the season on Saturday last the 22d inst., to a house crowded in every part. The theatre has been cleaned and re-touched, but in decoration and appointment it remains much as it was. The play was the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The whole strength of the company was put into

requisition, and the parts were judiciously assigned. If it be true that Falstaff has never yet found an adequate representative, Mr. Bartley comes quite as near the author's ideal as any actor of the present day. We are told by the commentators that the Falstaff in the play is unequal to the same character in *Henry the Fourth*, because "we can take no part in the continual triumphs over him," a judgment to which we must demur; for there is certainly no reason why this facetious and bloated impostor should escape the reprisal and atonement which are his due; nor could any better instruments of justice have been chosen, than a couple of virtuous and intelligent women who have become the objects of his lust and cupidity. Mr. Charles Kean's Ford was all the better for a dash of comic humour which he infused into it, and which was just enough to give freshness to his portrait without compromising its integrity. Ford's jealousy of the fat knight, although a serious matter to himself, cannot be other than a subject of merriment to the audience. Mrs. Kean was all that could be wished in Mrs. Ford, although the part is, in fact, hardly worthy of her. Mrs. Keeley with her racy, rational humour, gave to Mrs. Page a prominence with which we never before saw the character invested. Mr. Alfred Wigan (the Doctor Caius) is probably the best Frenchman the stage possesses—the scene of the Doctor with Mr. Keeley for his adversary—was as droll as such practical fun can be made, although we are less edified by it than by other things. Mr. Harley's Slender is well known, as being happily adapted to the actor's peculiar style of rustic humour. Mrs. Winstanley's Mrs. Quickly would have been the better for a little more reflection. The dialogue with Sir John, in which she congratulates him on his *bonnes fortunes* was excellent; the rest lacked that most necessary quality in the representation of Shakspeare's discrimination. "Sweet Ann Page" in her youth and beauty, found an admirable type in Miss Keeley, whom, however, we must caution not to sing songs savouring at all of the florid kind, till she has obtained more fluency and confidence. G.

OLYMPIC.—The legitimate drama seems to have settled definitively at this theatre. We mentioned last week the performances of the *Merchant of Venice*, and we have to record the production of *Romeo and Juliet* last Monday. Miss Laura Keene was the Juliet. We have seen worse Juliets in our time, but candour compels us to avow that we have seen many better. This young lady's acting is deficient in many points and more especially in energy. She is too uniform, and although her reading is generally pretty correct, her impersonation of the gentle Juliet wants those salient points which appeal to the hearts of the spectators, and mark the existence of *genius*. We have never disputed Miss Laura Keene's claims to *talent*, but if she wish to maintain the position she has endeavoured to take she must do more than she has yet done, and prove that her acting proceeds not from the careful tuition of some old stager, but from the spontaneous promptings of her own heart. Miss Laura Keene must not think she has achieved every thing when she has got by rote certain traditions and instructions;—unless she feel for herself she will not rise much higher than a clever parrot, and most decidedly cannot pretend to be superior to Mr. Somebody's learned dog, who used to throw the audiences of the Surrey and Coburg into ecstasies by ringing the bell of the "Lone house in the forest," and dragging the comic man of the piece to the spot where the victim of villainy lay stretched a "co-r-r-r-pse" beneath the merry greenwood, etc. But we trust, and believe, that Miss Laura Keene has *genius*, and we therefore advise her to set seriously to work to dig up the precious gift from the

mine of inexperience under which it at present lies hid. Let her persevere, and she may eventually be destined to achieve great things; but let her not be led away by a few plaudits, and fancy that she is already a great actress, and that she has nothing more to learn. Nature has done much for her personally, and we are inclined to think mentally also—it remains for the lady herself to prove us true prophets.

This was, we believe, the first occasion of Mr. W. Farren, jun.'s, undertaking the character of Romeo, of which we are glad to be enabled to speak in highly favourable terms. It was conceived and executed in the spirit of a gentleman. Intelligence went hand in hand with the actor's personal appearance, which is greatly in his favour, possessing, as it does, youth and elegance. Some of Mr. W. Farren's scenes took the audience quite by surprise, especially that in which Friar Lawrence informs him that he is banished, and likewise that at the tomb of Juliet, in which the artistic manner of his death told upon the spectators with thrilling effect.

The Mercutio of Mr. H. Farren may rank next to his Shylock; it is certainly a most clever performance, full of nice discrimination of the author's meaning backed with unflinching animal spirits and cavalierlike bearing. His delivery of the celebrated description of Queen Mab was sparkling with humour, all the more effective because, although no doubt the result of careful study, it bore no marks of elaboration, but flowed as glibly from the actor's tongue as the thoughts are supposed to do from Mercutio's brain.

Mr. Compton was the Peter; everyone knows what importance the part assumes in the hands of this popular and great comedian. Another small *bout de rôle*, which showed what a good actor can do with a little, was that of the Apothecary in which Mr. Shalders gave proof of great talent. The "make-up" was admirable, and very different from the absurd fashion in which actors generally dress the part.

At the fall of the curtain, both Miss Laura Keane and Mr. W. Farren, jun., appeared before the curtain in compliance with a unanimous call, but people soon forget the dead, and therefore it did not surprise us that no call was raised for Mr. Henry Farren, whose exertions had most certainly deserved this tribute of approbation.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.—A slight sketch, entitled *Counter Attraction*, written by Mr. Tilbury, was produced here last Monday, with complete success. On being summoned, at the fall of the curtain, to receive the plaudits of the house, Mr. Tilbury informed the audience that he had written the piece in order to afford an opportunity for the peculiar talent of Mr. J. Reeve in assuming a variety of characters. In this he was decidedly successful, as Mr. J. Reeve's efforts were greeted with continuous laughter and as continuous applause. The piece will doubtless have a long run.

Reviews of Music.

"LES RAVISSANTES" DE PARIS AND LONDRES—TROIS NOUVELLES DANSES POUR LE PIANO FORTE.

No. 1. La Kabyle.

" 2. La Willeikâ.

" 3. La Sicilienne.

C. L. CZAPEK. Wessel and Co.

M. Czapek is one of the most voluminous and popular of piano-forte arrangers, and is, besides, an elegant composer of light pieces. The "Ravissantes" are amongst the best things we have seen from his pen. The groundwork is slight and delicate, but they are built with neatness and much taste. These dances have

already obtained a large share of popularity in some of the Parisian theatres, and are sure to make their way in London, when known. We have not seen them as yet performed, and know nothing of their several figures; nor does any description in the text accompany them. "La Kabyle," No. 1, was composed, we are informed in the title-page, by Messrs. Charbonnet and Babiller, and is in march time. "La Willeikâ," No. 2, composed by Messrs. Duffort and Angessy, is in the same tempo as the polka, and would answer as music for that dance. The "Sicilienne," No. 3, speaks for itself. As a composition, it is the longest and most ambitious of the three. The two last please us much, and we can recommend them not only as elegant specimens of dance music, but as neat and interesting *morceaux* of practice for the pupil. As mere dances, however, until the figures be explained, they must stand for nought.

"REMEMBER ME" Polka, for two performers on the pianoforte. Composed by CHARLES ELSASSER. D'Almaine and Co.

Simple in construction, simple in form, simple in tune, and simple in the accompaniment; and withal a lively and danceable polka: The theme is well divided between the two performers; and the polka itself would suit two fair players, anxious to join forces and entertain their friends in the ball-room. We rather like the idea of arranging a polka for four hands, and recommend it to be carried out furthermore.

Three Songs for Voice and Piano. No. 1, "TO A LADY." No. 2, "REMEMBRANCE." No. 3, "EARLY DEATH." Poetry by LORD BYRON. Music by S. PERCIVAL. Wessel and Co.

The first of these is written to Lord Byron's exquisite lyric, "And wilt thou weep when I am low," and the composer should so have entitled his song. Sadness is the prevailing characteristic. The three lyrics are, indeed, amongst the most painfully sad Lord Byron has written, and we are somewhat surprised, Mr. Percival should not have selected from his favourite poet verses which would have given his pen ampler room for contrast. The themes, however, of these three songs, although bearing a family resemblance in character and colouring, are well varied, considering the *vraisemblance* of the subject treated. Mr. Percival, in other respects, has written the songs not only with the feeling of a musician, but of a poet.

The first song, in D, common time, is very tuneful and flowing, and is, to our thinking, the best of the three. It possesses a semi-religious air, by no means out of keeping with the words. The second in C, 2-4 time, is not so tuneful, nor so characteristic, but is equally well written, and the accompaniments are sufficiently easy throughout. The third in D, 3-4 time, is of a more pretentious character, but hardly so tuneful, and loses, we think, by its want of simplicity.

Provincial.

LIVERPOOL.—During the week two little girls of the respective ages of six and eight years, have been playing a variety of characters at the Royal Amphitheatre with the utmost success, if we may judge by the applause their performances created. These two children, Kate and Ellen Bateman, came from the United States, where their talents were first discovered by the far-famed Barnum, who, after realising a considerable sum by their exertions in America, sent them over to this country, where they have also been most favourably received. In London they played for several months at the St. James Theatre, where they soon succeeded in attracting crowded and fashionable audiences, though a natural dislike to precocious prodigies made their reception at first far from hearty or enthusiastic. At present we have only seen them in one piece, *The Young Couple*, a translation of a petite drama by Scribe, in which they sustain the characters of two young members of the French noblesse, in the time of Louis Quatorze, who are, for worldly reasons, married before they can either read or write perfectly. The character of Henrietta de Vigny is performed by the eldest; Ellen Bateman, while little Kate

in scarlet coat, powdered wig and satin smalls, hits off to the life, the gay, aristocratic, and dashing Charles de Blonville, her husband. In this little piece they each act with wonderful self-possession, and with a graceful ease and energy which is rarely found in our most talented performers. Their performances in fact are truly wonderful, without being painful, and it is plainly to be seen that the little artistes have not only been well and judiciously trained, but that they possess abilities of no common order. They succeeded in keeping the audience in a state of pleasurable excitement when they were on the stage—while at the termination of the piece, loud applause greeted them from all parts of the house. Mr. Baker and Miss Fanny Baker have also appeared in several of their most pleasing characters, with their usual success—the true comic humour and dramatic experience of the father, combined with the personal advantages and elegant impersonations of the daughter, making the several farces and dramas in which they perform, to go off right merrily.—*Liverpool Mail*.

CHELTHENHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Thursday evening last the first of a series of Concerts took place in Messrs. Hale and Son's New Music Room. Sir H. Bishop was announced to conduct but was prevented from severe illness, in consequence of which Mr. Bianchi Taylor presided at the pianoforte, the company including many of the leading musical families of the place, whose frequent and hearty applause testified the pleasure they experienced from the performances. Mr. and Mrs. Millar, who sustained the principal parts in the scheme, sang very sweetly all they undertook, and Miss Thornton was also equally successful. To a peculiarly pleasing voice Miss Thornton adds a polished and agreeable manner, which materially contributed to the effect of her singing. Miss Loveday performed a sonata of Beethoven's with brilliancy. We must not omit to mention the performance of a concertina solo by a young lady (her first appearance), a pupil of Mr. R. Blagrove. Miss Creed, for such is the young lady's name, played in a style creditable to herself and her master; she was heartily encored. This, we believe, is the first concert held in this room, and we were pleased to find that it is in every respect admirably adapted for musical purposes. There were between 200 and 300 people present.

BILSTON.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Tuesday evening the 18th inst., the Annual *Soirée* was held in St. Mary's Schoolroom, when one thousand persons sat down to tea. The room was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. Appropriate mottoes, ingeniously formed of laurel leaves, were exhibited on the walls, and opposite the platform was a portrait of the excellent vicar of St. Mary's, the Rev. J. B. Owen, tastefully encircled by a wreath of laurels, and surmounted by the words, "Long live our beloved pastor." Mr. Paget, of Atherstone, was present, and sang in an artistic style the recits. and airs, "Arm, arm ye brave;" "For behold darkness," and "But who may abide," which were warmly applauded. He subsequently gave, at the request of the Rev. chairman, an extra song—"The Song of the Haymakers" (without accompaniment, the piano being very much out of tune), which was capitally sung and vociferously encored. The choir of St. Mary's also added to the harmony of the evening, and executed several pieces with an accuracy that called forth loud expressions of approbation. In the course of the evening the Rev. J. B. Owen delivered a pathetic Scriptural allegory, and the performances of the interesting and talented family, "The Minstrel Fairies," elicited the most enthusiastic plaudits from the audience. Mr. Thompson, the organist of St. Mary's—a pupil from the Blind Asylum, Liverpool—presided at the piano with ability, and was awarded a vote of thanks for his services.

DUBLIN.—PAROCHIAL PSALMODY.—We direct the attention of our readers to one of the most important experiments of its kind which has been made within our memory. We allude to the performance of parochial psalmody last Tuesday evening, at the Parish Church of St. Mary, in this city; the object of which was to illustrate in the most effective manner, during divine service, the various chants, psalms, and hymns, for which provision has been made in the Book of Common Prayer, in *harmony*, and thus demonstrate what can be effected by a congregation, if trained and practised in singing. The experiment was instituted under very favourable circumstances. Mr. James Hill, the organist of Saint Mary's, has

been long labouring to train the members of the congregation, capable of assisting, to the performance of Church psalmody in part singing. Invaluable facilities were afforded to him in his task by the admirable arrangements of the psalms and chants in "The Choralist"—a work for which the public are indebted to the joint labours of Messrs. Robinson and Bussell. In addition to the members of the congregation, the gentlemen and children of the choirs of Trinity College, the Cathedrals, and the Chapel Royal, and several distinguished members of our choral societies contributed their aid, so that a body of effective singers were collected, which could not have fallen far short of three hundred. The chants and psalms selected for performance were the following:—

Chant—95th Psalm, "O come let us sing unto the Lord" ... Dr. Smith
Psalm 42d, "As pants the hart" (Ferna) ... Ld. Mornington
Chant—*Te Deum*, "We praise thee, O God" ... J. Hill
Chant—*Jubilate Deo*, 100th Psalm, "O be joyful in the Lord" ... Bennett.
Anthem—a Prayer, "Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake" ... Farrant
Hymn—"There is a land of pure delight" (Madrid) ...
Psalm, the old 100th, "With one consent" (Savoy) ... Martin Luther

EVENING SERVICE.

Chant—*Magnificat*, St. Luke i. 46, "My soul doth magnify the Lord" ... Ld. Mornington
Anthem—"God is gone up with a merry noise" Dr. Croft
Psalm 39th, "Lord, let me know my term of days" (Martyrdom) ...
Anthem—Job xxviii. 12, "O where shall wisdom be found" ...
Chant—*Nunc Dimittis*, Luke ii. 21, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace" ... Tallis
Psalm 149th, "O praise ye the Lord" (Hanover)
Evening Hymn, ending with "Glory, honour, praise and power" (Magdalene) ... Handel

Where every portion was well given, we are slow to mark any for particular commendation; still we must observe the fine effect of Martin Luther's hymn (the 100th psalm), one verse of which was given in *unison*.—*Warder*, Nov. 22.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent, Nov. 26.)—Herr Kühe's Annual Morning Concert took place on Wednesday, (yesterday,) when a very fashionable assembly attended the Newburgh Rooms, Cannon Place. Sivori, Platti, Stigelli the tenor, Miss Binckes, Madame Garcia and others, assisted Herr Kühe. Sivori created a furore in the *Carnaval de Cuba*, and Herr Kühe was unanimously applauded in all his performances.

CHELTHENHAM.—Mr. George Marshall gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening. The programme was excellent, and included some rare specimens of the old madrigal writers. The chorus went well, and the concert afforded great satisfaction. Mr. Marshall himself sang several solos, and Miss Loveday varied the entertainment by performances on the pianoforte.

LEICESTER.—The performance of *The Creation* on Wednesday evening, in the New Hall, was one of the best choral concerts we have had in Leicester for some time. The band and chorus were numerous and effective, the comparative deficiency in strength being in the violins and the soprano. The solo parts were admirably sustained by Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler, and, with few and trifling exceptions, with a praiseworthy fidelity to the author's text. Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Lockey are so well known to the musical public of Leicester, that we need only say that (though the lady was understood to be suffering from cold) both were in excellent voice. Mr. Lawler, however, has but once before visited us; and then, though struck with the fine quality of his sonorous bass, we could not but feel a want of ease and flexibility, as well as notice a certain roughness of style and pronunciation. In his delivery and style the improvement was so great, that we could scarcely believe our ears. Mr. Lawler now wants a little more fire and passion to place him in the first rank of English

basses. In the choristers we noticed a decided improvement, especially in the male department, the parts in which were well balanced; and throughout the Oratorio, we noticed a much more intelligent appreciation of light and shade, and a greater attention to accuracy of intonation, than has sometimes been the case in our town. Mr. Oldershaw acted as chorus-master in preparation for the oratorio. The band was led by Mr. H. Gill, and the oratorio was conducted with great spirit by Mr. H. Farmer, of Nottingham; and the solo instrumental parts were ably rendered by M. Hausmann, and Messrs. A. and H. Nicholson, Adcock, Waldrom, Weston, J. Smith, Nicholson, sen., &c. The only drawback was, that the reserved seats were not full; and for the cause we are rather inclined to say—Musicians are bad financiers. One would have thought that Jullien had taught them that the lower the price of admission, the more they would gain. But we can only say "rather" inclined; for we are more struck with the bad finance-management which does not render the Hall capable of accommodating a much larger audience at moderate rates—(as might be done for an expense not exceeding £150)—and so will drive all the concert-business now doing there, to the Temperance Hall, when built.—(*Leicestershire Mercury*.)

READING.—(*From a Correspondent*).—A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given at the Town Hall—by permission of the Worshipful the Mayor—on Tuesday evening, under the direction of the Reading Amateur Musical Society. The committee has come to the determination of devoting the proceeds of this, or any subsequent concerts, to the various public charities in the town. The concert was well built up. The band and chorus amounted to more than seventy performers, and were in the main an efficient body. This force was led by M. Venua, according to the bills, "Late Leader of the Band, and Composer at the Italian Italian Opera, and Member of the Royal Society of Musicians, London." How ignorant we Provincials are! I was not aware that Mr. Venua had written an opera for Covent Garden, nor that he was leader of the Royal Italian Opera Band, always believing that Mr. Costa was the sole conductor, and that there was no leader of the band. We provincials are indeed woefully in the dark, and, as you see, must sometimes depend for our information on bills and programmes. I shall be most happy to be further instructed as to the precise operas Mr. Venua composed for the Royal Opera, and at what period, and for how long a time was he leader of the band. Mrs. Alexander Newton, and her fair and promising pupil, Miss Louisa Nevett, volunteered their services on this occasion, and came direct from London, which gratuitous visit, we of the town of Reading will be slow in letting slip from our memories. The band played Haydn's Surprise Symphony and the overture to *Don Giovanni*, besides aiding in the glees and chorusses. The chorus sang Webbe's glee, "Glorious Apollo," arranged as a chorus, with an appropriate instrumental introduction by Mr. Venua; Dr. Calcott's glee, "The Red Cross Knight," similarly preambled and garnished by the same composer and leader; and Bishop's "The Chough and Crow," (the solo parts by Mrs. Alexander Newton and Miss Louisa Nevett). Nelson's glee for four voices, "The Forester's sound," was also sung, and "God Save the Queen" served for a grand finale. To Mrs. Alexander Newton's share of the performance I would particularly call attention. She sang an air from the *Lucia* in brilliant style, and showed herself perfect mistress of the bravura school. In a different style, the ballad, she was still more successful, obtaining a boisterous encore in the Irish ballad, "Robin Adair," which she sang with exceeding sweetness and expression. Still more successful was the fair artiste in Mendelssohn's charming song, "The Charmer," which the audience encored unanimously, and would fain have had a third time, were it not for very shame. Mrs. Alexander Newton also assisted Miss Louisa Nevett in Mendelssohn's "Greeting," duet, and in a duet from Mercadante's *Andronico*, both of which were encored, the latter tumultuously. Miss Nevett's solos were "M'Odi, m'odi," well and energetically given, and a ballad by H. Farmer, which obtained an immense encore. Besides the above a flute solo was given by a gentleman whose name was omitted from the bills, and Mr. Venua and Mr. Brown played a sonata of Mozart's, for piano-forte and violin, with good effect, Mr. Venua handling the violin,

and Mr. Brown fingering the Broadwood. Mr. Barton presided at the piano during the evening.

BIRMINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*, Nov. 24.)—The operatic performances, which will be brought to a conclusion to-morrow, have passed off exceedingly well. They have been confined to four operas, *Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Furiani*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves have been in immense favour, and the performances all went exceedingly well under the conductorship of Mr. Frank Mori, who is certainly a Field Marshal of the baton, and to whose exertions and high capacities the success of the speculation is mainly indebted. Mr. Frank Bodda was to have been the principal barytone, but having met with an accident, his place was supplied by Mr. Stretton. The operatic company leave on Saturday for Glasgow, where they give a series of performances.

MANCHESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Concert of Monday last of the series of "Concerts for the People" was the best given, if we except the opening night. We arrived only in time to hear a portion of the programme; but were much better pleased with the efforts of the choir; the fine glee by Horsley, "Hail! Golden lyre" for full chorus, being especially worthy of commendation. As we are "nothing if not critical," we will just remind the conductor that Kucken's "war song" could never be intended for female voices, and the sentiment of the piece altogether, we think, confirms this opinion; take for example the two opening lines—

"The banners wave, the drums are beating,
With courage, comrades, to the fray!"

With these comments we pass on to Mr. Perring, who, we are glad to find, continues increasing in popularity. We have never before had a resident tenor here who was so general a favourite with all classes. He has, during the short time he has been among us, had engagements to sing at the Gentlemen's Concert Hall, in company with the Misses Birch, and Mr. H. Phillips; also at two of M. Hallé's Classical Concerts, as well as at the Glee Club and other places in the neighbourhood. We hear he is also much sought after as a teacher, making his opening in this locality one of the most promising. On the evening of which we are speaking, Mr. Perring sang in an exceedingly chaste and pleasing style, the well known ballad, "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee," as also Balfe's air from *Juan of Arc* "The peace of the valley." In the latter the cornet-a-piston was added as *obligato* with good effect. We need scarcely say both pieces were loudly encored. A merry troling chorus from Flotow's *Stradella* "Hark! the merry breezes bearing," with the aid of bells accompaniment, closed the first part. In the second part Mrs. Thomas sang the much hacknied and not very elegant composition, "Do you really think he did." The audience received this piece of purity with the utmost indifference, and hence, we expect, it is now "consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets." M. Delevanti gave the comic scena "Traveller's all," from Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, with excellent point and humour, and was complimented with an encore. Miss Shaw had less to do than on any former occasion. A clever professor here, Mr. W. K. Kohler, gave a couple of solos during the evening on the concertina and cornet-a-piston, and was loudly applauded. We have always looked upon the single voice glee as a failure at these concerts, the audiences are too migratory, and not perhaps as a mass sufficiently cultivated as will properly enable them to enjoy and appreciate the quiet glee in its purity. It is partly with these views we shall consider "A Knight there came," of Monday last, as the most unsatisfactory piece of the evening, although the amalgamation of voices was by no means as bad as we have heard in the same composition. The bass, a Mr. Craig—we believe one of the chorus—possesses a fine, full, rich voice, of considerable compass and volume, but his chief aim seems to consist in giving out the notes in that eight-day clock style of expression, very much reminding us at times of the clever automaton figure we witnessed some weeks past, when the ingenious Kaufman was here. Of the other singers in the glee, Miss Shaw, Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Perring, we have little to say. Your advertising columns will contain an announcement of a prize glee to be given by a young and promising club at Ardwick, one of our suburbs.

We attended one of their concerts on Wednesday last, and were much pleased with the musical treat offered by the members. The professionals were Messrs. Edmondson, Walton, Phillips, and Smith. The former gentleman, a stranger in this neighbourhood, has a fine natural alto voice; perhaps the best of its kind we remember to have heard. He was very successful in the glees the whole evening, and must prove a great acquisition to our clubs in the vicinity. We cannot touch now on the programme, but may recur to this society in our occasional "dottings." A very excellent pianoforte player, Mr. Richard Seed, is the accompanist.

Miscellaneous.

DRURY LANE.—The attractions have not abated a jot. On the contrary they have increased. Despite the enormous crowds that wait on his baton, and despite his new magic loadstone, Bottessini, Jullien does not let novelty sleep, but varies his programme nightly, and infuses fresh materials into it. On Saturday Mrs. John Macfarren performed a popular fantasia on the pianoforte, and was most warmly received. The fair artist was exceedingly nervous, but played very brilliantly notwithstanding. Miss Bassano appeared on Monday and during the week, and sang several favourite songs with great applause. Of Jullien's "New Indian Quadrille," produced on Thursday, we can only say that it is worthy of Jullien's genius and talents, and is equal in every respect to his "Swiss Quadrille," which we have always considered the Quadrille *par excellence*. The success was immense. We shall give particulars next week.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The opening concert of the season is fixed for Friday next, Dec. 5th, when the society are to perform for the first time Haydn's Oratorio, *The Seasons*, under the conductorship of Mr. Costa. This announcement has created much interest in musical circles, from the circumstance of the work (which many musicians prefer to the *Creation* of the same author) never having been adequately represented in London upon the grand scale of the society's performances. The subscription list is rapidly filling, and it is said that the amount is likely to exceed the, till then unprecedented, amount of last year.

MR. FOWLE'S HYMN OF PRAISE FOR ALL NATIONS.—This little work (now in its second edition), is a sacred cantata for four voices, and has been exceedingly well spoken of by the public journals. The author (a young amateur of the art), had he not succeeded so well as he has, would at least have deserved the highest praise for his spirited undertaking. The words, which are chiefly from the Holy Scriptures, are well selected. The work commences with an overture representing the March of All Nations to the Exhibition. The author shows, first the duty of all nations to sing praises unto the Lord, represented by a chorus, "Sing unto God, O ye nations of the earth," and after a short recitative another chorus, "We praise Thee O God;" 2nd, the duty to the Sovereign, and the prayer that God would bless and preserve her, shown by the introduction of a verse of the national anthem; 3rd, the prayer for the nations and the prosperity of the Exhibition, which brings us to "O Lord save thy people," an unaccompanied quartett; 4th, the uncertainty of life, and that our times are in Jehovah's hand, carries us on to a very plaintive duet and chorus, which, we may here mention, has been used in some churches as a hymn for New Year's day; a very effective recitative, solo, and chorus, teaches us the manner in which we are to show our thankfulness to God for all his mercies. The work then appropriately terminates with two chorusses, inviting all nations to worship the Lord, and to sing praises unto Him, "O all ye nations bless ye the Lord," Hallelujah, "Praise the Lord." Knowing this to be Mr. Fowle's first essay, we regard it as a most promising composition, comprising as it does, much careful, agreeable, and orthodox, if not entirely original writing,

and we congratulate him upon his success, a success happily commensurate with his praiseworthy and ambitious design. The composition aims at nothing great, but as a cotemporary observes, "its simple grandeur of style is well fitted for its comprehensive title; it is within the compass of all players and vocalists, and we recommend it to such as it will form a most pleasing and appropriate musical memento of the great and all-absorbing event of the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1851."

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—The concert lately given at this institution was very successful. The programme was an attractive one. The list of vocalists included the names of Miss Helen Cundell, who was encored in Balfe's popular song from the *Bohemian Girl*, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls;" Miss Eyles, encored in Phillips's "O, let us go a roaming;" Miss Clari Fraser, who sung with Miss Eyles Glover's duet, "What are the wild waves saying," and obtained an encore; Miss Poole and Miss Stuart, who are both apparently great favourites in the City, with Mr. Elliott Galer, Mr. Henri Drayton, and Mr. Leffler, who all received a due share of applause for their exertions. The instrumental portion of the evening's entertainment was small, being confined to a trio by Hummel, and a solo on the piano, Weber's polonaise, "Hilarité;" the latter was played by Miss E. B. Lohmann with considerable nervousness, but nevertheless with great promise of being able to do much better when more confidence in her powers shall have accrued from oftener playing in public. In the trio of E flat of Hummel, where she had the able assistance of Mr. Aylward, who seems likely to become one of our best violoncellists, and Mr. Simmons, an excellent violinist, Miss Lohmann (who by the bye we understand is a pupil at the Royal Academy of that excellent pianist Mr. W. Dorrell) was heard to much greater advantage. Her style is excellent, her execution unexceptionable, and her touch clear and brilliant. It was altogether a musicianly performance, and reflects, through the executants, much credit on Mr. Dorrell and the Royal Academy of Music, of which Mr. Aylward, Mr. Simmons, as well as Miss Lohmann, are pupils. Mr. Cornish (we believe) presided at the pianoforte with much ability.

Miss WHEATLEY's Concert took place on Tuesday evening, at Willis's rooms; a varied programme was provided and gave great satisfaction apparently to the audience, who desired to "encore" on all occasions; they were successful in persuading Mr. Wrighton to repeat Nelson's ballads "Madeline," and "I saw not her face," Miss Poole to sing again Alexander Lee's pretty cavatina "The spirit of good," Mr. Leffler to do the same for "Molly Bawn," (which he did "right well,") and Mr. Clinton to repeat, on his new patent flute, his variations on "Jenny Jones," which, *en passant*, we may note as being very effective and excellently written for the instrument. Miss Wheatley played on the pianoforte Weber's concert-stück, in a brilliant and effective manner, Schuloff's carnival, Etudes by Thalberg and Hiller, and Cipriani Potter's Allegro di Bravura (from the pezzì di Bravura), which our readers may recollect was first introduced by M. Billet, at his classical concerts. Miss Wheatley's performances as a pianist may be cited throughout as excellent; no less so was her playing the fantasia, (by Kalliwoda we think), on the violin—her bowing was excellent, and her tone remarkably good. We have not space enough for details, so must content ourselves with mentioning that the programme contained, besides those we have already mentioned, the names of Miss Lascelles, Miss Ransford, Miss Poole and Mr. Allen Irving, as vocalists, and as instrumentalists, Mr. T. W. Davis (trumpet), and Mr. R. Blagrove (concertina). Mr. Henry Wheatley was the conductor. The concert was well attended, and Miss Wheatley generously gave the proceeds to the fund of the Royal Free Hospital.

MR. FRANK BODDA. In consequence of a severe accident, and illness resulting therefrom, this popular barytone is incapacitated from accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves in their provincial operatic tour to Birmingham, Glasgow, &c., &c.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WEST.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." About a year since, a temperance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The sparseness of the population and the continual travel past his place, rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him frequently to entertain tra-

vellers who could get no further. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house and put up the usual sign. Soon after this, an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some "young bloods" of the majority determined, in honour of it, to have a regular "blow out." Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started on a long ride. Every tavern was visited on their route, and the variety thus drank produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the company. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent; the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house. These gentlemen (for they considered themselves as such) called for liquor. "We keep none," was the modest reply of the young girl. "What do you keep a tavern for, then?" "For the accommodation of travellers." "Well then, accommodate us with something to drink." "You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep a temperance tavern." "A temperance tavern!"—(here the children clustered around their sister.) "Give me an axe, and I'll cut down the sign." "You will find an axe, at the wood-pile, sir." Here the party, each one with an oath, made a rush for the wood-pile, exclaiming, "Down with the sign! down with the sign!" but the leader, in going out, discovered in an adjoining room a splendid piano and its accompaniments. "Who makes that thing squeak?" said he. "I play sometimes," said she in a quiet, modest manner. "You do? Give us a tune." "Certainly, sir;" and taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sung and played "The Old Arm Chair." Some of them had not heard a piano before; others had not heard one for years. The tumult was soon hushed; the whip-and-spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood-pile, and formed a circle outside the children. The leader again spoke: "Will you be so kind as to favour us with another song?" Another was played, and the little ones becoming re-assured, some of them joined their voices with their sister's. Song after song was sung and played. One would touch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence; until at length, ashamed to ask for more, they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her a good afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral. Months after this occurrence, the father, in travelling stopped at a village, where a gentleman accosted him: "Are you Colonel P—, of S—?" "I am." "Well, sir, I am spokesman of the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatened to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter, sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage were remarkable in one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

CAMBERWELL ATHENÆUM.—The first concert given by this institution took place on Wednesday evening last, under the direction of the Messrs. Thomas and Osborne Williams. The artistes who assisted on this occasion were, Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Miss J. Bleadon, Mr. Richardson (the celebrated flutist), Mr. G. Perren, (the popular tenor), Signor Bottura (basso from Her Majesty's Theatre), Mr. Arthur Cole, an amateur singer of some pretensions, and Mr. Osborne Williams, who officiated in the two-fold capacity of pianist and conductor, and whose elegant rendering of Streich's "Hirondelles" met with great applause. The great feature of the evening, however, was the performance of the "Concert Choir," consisting of eight carefully selected male voices, whose sensitive rendering of several concerted pieces by Balfe, Rossini, Auber, &c., did great credit to the training of Mr. Osborne Williams, and afforded unmitigated satisfaction to the audience. They gave Lutzow's "Wild hunt," with a delicacy of light and shade which won them a rapturous encore. Altogether the concert went off brilliantly, and was heartily enjoyed by the numerous audience which the occasion had attracted. The encores were no less than seven in number.

ON THE SUPPOSED MIRACULOUS EFFECT OF THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS AND ITS INFLUENCE OVER THE PASSIONS.—Of the relative empire of music over the passions, it is said that Trepander apprehended a violent rebellion among the Lacedemonians by the assist-

ance of music; and Pythagoras relates seeing a young stranger enflamed with wine, and in so violent a rage that he was on the point of setting fire to the house of his mistress for preferring his rival to him, but was restored to reason and tranquillity by hearing a flute played in a grave and soothing style. The painter Theon, who knew the value of martial music, availed himself of its power at an exhibition of a picture, in which he had represented a soldier ready to fall on the enemy; he first took the precaution of making a Jibicen (or flute-player) sound the charge, and as soon as he saw the spectators sufficiently animated by this music, he uncovered his picture, which gained universal admiration. A Thracian Prince, mentioned by Xenophon in Book 7, was roused in the same manner by flutes and trumpets, made of ox's hide undressed, and is said to have danced with as much impetuosity and swiftness, as if he had tried to avoid a dart. The trumpeter, Herodorus of Megara, is said to have had the power of animating the troops of Demetrius so much by sounding two trumpets at a time, during the siege of Argos, as to enable them to move a machine towards the ramparts which they had in vain attempted to do for several days before, on account of its enormous weight; now the whole of the miraculous part of the exploit may be construed into a signal given by the musician to the soldiers for working in concert at the battering-ram or other military engines, for want of which signal, in former attempts, their efforts had never been united, and, consequently, were ineffectual. All this proves that the best music of every age has great power over the human affections, and is thought very delightful and perfect, but would not give the same satisfaction or pleasure to persons of taste in future ages.—*From J. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

JENNY LIND AS A BRIDESMAID.—Jenny Lind has been officiating as bridesmaid to the servant-maid who had charge of the rooms she occupied at Clifton house, Niagara Falls. It is said that the beauty, affability, and fidelity of the girl attracted the attention of the Swedish Nightingale, who, on hearing of her intended marriage, immediately purchased for her a becoming trousseau—earrings, gloves, bonnets, &c.—and with her own hands attended to her toilet on the morning of the ceremony. This done, she took her in her own carriage, having first read to her and her future husband beautiful and affecting passages applicable to the occasion, conveyed her to church, and there officiated as Margaret Atkinson's bridesmaid.

PORTRAITS OF MOZART.—It is known that Mozart was painted twice only from the life: once by the German painter, Tischbein, the other time by an Italian painter, Father Martini, of Bologna. Both pictures had disappeared. In recently taking an inventory of the effects of a former violinist of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt's Chapel, the first of these pictures was found, signed with the autograph monogram of Tischbein. The immortal author of *Don Giovanni* appears here in a coat of French fashion, green in colour, large frill, waistcoat of yellow satin, and powdered wig. Two inhabitants of Mayence, M. Arntz, Professor of Natural Philosophy, and M. Schulze, the organist, who knew Mozart personally, affirm that the portrait presents a striking likeness; and the former adds, that the costume given is precisely that which Mozart was accustomed to wear when he played on the piano at the Court of the Elector. This portrait differs essentially from all the engraved likenesses of Mozart. Most of these were probably taken from a medal struck in 1784, at Munich, in honour of the great musician.

M. SERVAIS, the violoncellist, is about to make his last tour in Russia, where he has always been a great favourite. He will be accompanied by M. Achille Devigne, the pianist of Ghent, who may be remembered as having paid a short visit to London this last season.

RUDOLPH WILLMERS, the Danish pianist, is giving concerts in Frankfort.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H., EDINBURGH.—Correspondent's letter is an advertisement. **MISS BINCKES' CONCERT AT GREENWICH** will be noticed at length in our next.

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ARDWICK GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB—The Members of the Ardwick Gentlemen's Glee Club hereby offer a Premium of **FIVE GUINEAS** for the best ORIGINAL CHEERFUL GLEE, for four male voices, such glee to be sent in or before the 31st of December next, addressed to the secretary of the society, at the George and Dragon Inn, Ardwick Green, Manchester. Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter containing the real name and address of the composer, the glee and the letter being endorsed on the outside by the same motto. The Manuscripts will be retained by the club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful candidate will be publicly announced in the local papers immediately after the decision.

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



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Signor BOTTESINI, Signor SIVORI.
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M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his Concerts will most positively terminate on **WEDNESDAY, December 10.** On **MONDAY, December 1st** (being the Last Night but Eight) the Programme will include a Solo by Signor Bottesini, a Solo by Signor Sivori, the First Appearance of Miss Sarah Nott, Selections from "Le Prophète" (for the First Time this Season), a Symphony by Beethoven, with several new Waltzes, Polkas, &c.

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M. JULLIEN'S Annual Grand Bal Masque will take place on **FRIDAY, Dec. 12th.**

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his **GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE** will take place at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on **FRIDAY, December 12th,** and terminate the Season of Concerts.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d. each.

The Prices of Admission for **SPECTATORS** (for whom the Audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart), will be as on former occasions, viz.:—Dress Circle, 5s.; Boxes, 3s.; Lower Gallery, 2s.; Upper Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room without extra charge.

The Theatre being let at Christmas for Dramatic Performances, this Ball will positively close the season.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—The **SEASON** will **COMMENCE** on **FRIDAY, December 5th,** with (first time by this Society) Haydn's Oratorio, **THE SEASONS.** Vocalists—Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. Orchestra of 700 performers. Subscriptions may be paid, and Tickets obtained at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall, any day from 10 till 5; and on Tuesday evenings, from 7 till 10. Terms of Subscription—central reserved seats (numbered), £3 3s.; reserved seats, area or gallery, £2 2s.; body of the hall, £1 1s. per annum; tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

ON **MONDAY, December 22, 1851,** Handel's Oratorio, **MES-SIAH.** Vocalists—Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Temple, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Conductor, Mr. Surman, Founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. The Subscription to the Society is—£1 1s. per annum, or, for Reserved Seats, £2 2s. Subscribers joining previous to the 22nd of December will be entitled to Four Tickets, and Reserved Seat subscribers a splendid copy of the oratorio.

EXETER HALL.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR'S version of Haydn's oratorio, **THE SEASONS,** dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the Prince Albert. This celebrated work will be performed for the first time by the **SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY** on **FRIDAY EVENING, December 5, 1851.** Conductor, Mr. Costa. Price of the work (bound), 31s., to be had at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall, and at C. Lonsdale's Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond-street. N.B. The above work may be had in detached vocal pieces, and is also arranged for the pianoforte as solos and duets, with accompaniments for flute, violin, and violoncello (ed. 4th.), by G. F. Harris. The single choral and instrumental parts can be obtained at Mr. Hedgley's, 12, Ebury-street, Pimlico.

MISS DOLBY

HAS the honor to announce that the **SECOND** of her **ANNUAL SERIES OF THREE SOIREE MUSICALES** will take place at her residence, 3, Hyde-street, Manchester-square, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Miss Dolby will be assisted by eminent vocal and instrumental artists. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Miss Dolby only.

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No. 49.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

THE OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

Mr. Bunn will open Drury Lane Theatre on Boxing night with a tragedy and a pantomime. This is startling news for some of our readers, and will convey no small disappointment to some of our composers. Yes, Mr. Bunn has engaged a tragic company, and it is now probable that he may carry on his new campaign without opera at all. Whence has arisen this change? Has Mr. Bunn found it impossible to consolidate an operatic company, or has he merely changed his opinions, and turned from his old love to a new? Has he come to the conclusion, that in these brilliant days of the classical drama, with a superabundance of talent overrunning the three kingdoms, and a public rushing madly to receive their idols with open arms, that the tragic muse alone can be the mainstay of a theatre? If such be Mr. Bunn's sentiments, he is a very different person from what we have always considered him. But if Mr. Bunn have thrown over music, and taken up with tragedy, how, and from what source, it may be asked, can he amalgamate a *corps dramatique*? This will appear a foolish question when we remember how many tragic companies there are at this moment acting in and near London, all in working condition, and prosperous, as the saying is. Have we not the tragic company at the Princess's, under the great chief, Charles Kean? Have we not the tragic company at the Saddler's Wells, under the other chief, Mr. Samuel Phelps? Is there not a battalion of tragedians, all firing away like murder, at the Olympic; and another cohort of dingy denizens of the muse, upholding the serious drama under the captainship of Mr. James Anderson, ex-lessee of Drury Lane, at some theatre eastward of Newgate street, the Norton Folgate, the City of London, or that semi-fashionable place of suburban amusement, on the spur of the Islington Hills, yecept The Britannia Saloon? Mr. James Anderson will pardon us that we are not more intimately acquainted with his whereabouts; and he can the more easily afford to do so, since he is in the receipt of sixty pounds sterling, weekly, and unbounded applause, nightly. Besides the above, Mr. Webster is about to assemble a tragic army for the coming fight at the Haymarket, and Mr. Shepherd is on the eve of doing fierce battle in the same line at the Surrey. Mr. Webster, no doubt, perceiving that Buckstone and English Opera cannot make head against his high prices and the fun-and-music apathy of the public, flies to the legitimate drama and legitimate actors in these legitimate times to replenish his attenuated treasury, and engages Mr. Van-

denhoff and Miss Vandenhoff, and other celebrities of the sock and buskin. Mr. Shepherd, also, with a happy insight into the human sympathies pervading the departments of Lambeth and the Borough, for his Christmas and Boxing entertainments, prefers *George Barnwell* to *Massaniello*, and makes Mr. Travers and Miss Romer give place to Mr. Creswick and Miss Vining; thereby very felicitously contrasting his diversions, and aptly precluding the possibility of instituting any comparison between his Opera and his Pantomime. We will say nothing of the Victoria Theatre, since it abuts on the New Cut; nor of the Marylebone, seeing that it stands adjacent to a Cabbage Market,—although in both abodes of the Muses Tragedy is rampant; and made brilliant with blue lights. In short, Tragedy, by way of retaliating for the poverty of its apostles, is overrunning the land like a huge weed, or the large vine at Hampton Court. Nay, our tragic cup is full to overflowing, and among the brightest beads which have run over the brim, we find the gracious Helen Faucit falling into the lap of Hymen, and the grand and sombre Mary Warner, with the ethereal and tantalizing Laura Addison, vanishing to Yankeeeland: while Gustavus Brooke takes his farewell benefit in two characters and a well-written speech at Liverpool.

But, if every theatre in London have its stock tragic company efficient and well furnished, absorbing all the talents, and swallowing monopoly, how can Mr. Bunn bring together a competent force—how discover individual talent—consequential and attractive? Mr. John Cooper and Mr. Belton, to be sure, are both, we believe, disengaged, and both, we believe, would be delighted, for a consideration, to exhibit their capabilities before the footlights of Drury Lane, in the presence of whatsoever audience Providence, fine weather, and disposable cash might send to behold them. But neither to Mr. John Cooper, nor to Mr. Belton, has Mr. Bunn pinned his faith and his hopes. He, Mr. Bunn, has made a discovery. He has found a young tragedian, not rising, but risen—if we are to believe certain authorities. Mr. Charles Pitt is to be the future hero of the Drury Lane Poster and Bills, with his name magnified and underlined. Mr. Charles Pitt is to be the future hero of the Drury Lane stage, with the spectators roaring and the actors bowing. Mr. Charles Pitt is to be the future hero of the Drury Lane Green Room, with the Committee of Management offering their congratulations, and Mr. Bunn promising an increase of salary. Whether Mr. Charles Pitt is destined to be the hero of the public and the press, remains for Mr. Charles Pitt to establish.

An unworthy question may here arise inadvertently to the

lips of some of our readers. The question is, "Who is Mr. Charles Pitt?" To which, we are sorry to say, we are forced to return the unworthy answer, "We do not know!" If memory fail us not, however, we have seen Mr. Charles Pitt act at the Marylebone Theatre, and certainly he did not leave the impression on our minds that he was destined to step into Macready's shoes.* Mr. Charles Pitt was then a young man, and time and experience may have done wonders for him. He has been in America for several years and has gained a high reputation from the Yankees, which, we hope, an English public may confirm. With Mr. Charles Pitt Mr. Bunn has associated Miss Glynn, the fair pupil of Charles Kemble, who has already won for herself a reputable name by her performances at the Saddlers' Wells, for two or three years. But Mr. Charles Pitt, with his doubtful American laurels, and Miss Glynn, with her undoubted name from Saddlers' Wells, cannot, in themselves, constitute a tragic company, nor, by themselves, prove attractive enough to defray the expense of so large a theatre as Drury Lane. No doubt Mr. Bunn's prospectus will contain a long array of names, which will look exceedingly well at a distance; and no doubt the promises held out will be magniloquent and enticing; but, until we have proof to the contrary, we cannot but consider that Mr. Bunn has committed an unwise act of diplomacy in engaging a tragic, instead of an operatic, company for Drury Lane.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The feature of the past week has been the *debut* of Miss Cicely Nott, a young vocalist of great promise, who sang for the first time in public at these concerts. Miss Cicely Nott is a pupil of Mr. Emmanuel Garcia, and considerable pains appears to have been taken with her, if we may judge from what we heard on Monday and Tuesday nights. She has a most charming voice, a true soprano, of rare quality, exceedingly flexible, and unusually extensive. But what pleased us most, or rather, most astonished us, was the energy and dramatic feeling of which Miss Cicely Nott gave undoubted indications, and which, to our plain sense, marks out the stage as the area best adapted to her talents. Marliani's brilliant air, "Stanza di piu," was well selected to exhibit the quality, force, and neatness of Miss Cicely Nott's style to perfection. The fair artist, although evidently labouring under great nervousness, accomplished the difficulties of the aria with the utmost ease, and produced an immense effect; a unanimous and vociferous encore was the result, and Miss Cicely Nott repeated the air with more self-possession, and, consequently, with more power and more finish, and was a second time cheered enthusiastically. A more unequivocal success we have never witnessed; and a fairer promise in a *debutante* we have seldom seen evidence itself in so unmistakable a manner. Jullien has taken Miss Cicely Nott under the wings of his favour, and there is no doubt that her talents will have every justice done them. The young *debutante* sang every night during the

*Macready's shoes, we understand, have been placed at the foot of Shakespeare's statue, in Drury Lane Theatre, for all future coming actors to try on. Why do not some of the great tragedian's contemporaries make a trial? They would be sure to "put their foot in it," as Pedro says in *Cinderella*.

week, and each night was received with thunders of applause, apparently gaining ground with the public after every successive display.

On Thursday the popular Koenig took his benefit, but the popularity of his name could not make any difference in the receipts of the house, since hundreds have been turned away every night, except that there were more hundreds turned away on Thursday night than on any other night of the season preceding. Bottesini made his twenty-second appearance, and for the twenty-second time enraptured his listeners, and carried off their hearts, and stowed them away throbbing in the body of his huge fiddle. Sivori also played, and was eke the idol of the moment.

The gems of the performance were the *Leonora* overture; the "Allegro and Storm" movement from the "Pastoral Symphony;" the Grand Selection from the *Figlia del Reggimento*; and the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," which has now become an indispensable part of the programme.

To-night the Beethoven Festival will be given. The whole of the first part of the Concert will be dedicated to selections from the works of the great master.

On Monday Jullien's benefit is announced to take place. It is to be lamented that Jullien could not combine Drury Lane and the Royal Italian Opera into one theatre for one night. Drury Lane on Monday night will be quite inadequate to contain one-third of Jullien's patrons and admirers.

The *Bal Masqué*—the only one of the season—will be given on Friday next, and will terminate the present season of Jullien's Concerts, the success of which has been altogether unparalleled.

A CHAPTER FOR ORGAN BLOWERS.

"There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below."—Milton.

From time immemorial, or in other words, during the while that professional blowers have lived and puffed in this world, a universal conspiracy seems to have prevailed, and also, there have been religiously handed down from generation to generation: a conspiracy having this intent, viz., that in the public apprehension, the player of an organ shall be regarded in advance of an organ blower; indeed, shall be considered as before the organ itself, in producing those majestic blows which have been the delight of ages, one of which blows so struck the exalted fancy of Milton, that he at once traced the effect to its proper source, and had the magnanimity and good sense to establish the same in the above immortal lines. Now, had Milton intended to run into common-place, and to follow popular opinion, he would undoubtedly have framed the above lines as follows:

"There let the pealing organ play
The full-voiced choir and all away," &c.

But to give to his lines such an allusion to *playing*, it is seen at once, is preposterous; the inference therefore is plain, that his reference applies principally, if not solely, to the *blowing* of an organ. But where else shall we look for such an independent and discriminating criticism on this subject, amidst all the puffs which the blower has equally called forth upon organs and organ *playing*? In public, is it ever remarked, "charming music that organ produces! Who can be the blower?" Or in the domestic circle, does any one remember ever to have heard it said, "What delightful *blowing* we had at church to-day?" No; the fact is but too evident

that a conspiracy universally prevails to keep the organ blower in the background, if not quite out of sight, while the organist alone is held up to public view! And various are the instruments resorted to in accomplishing this object; but I scorn to expose them; I leave such a task to the sexton.

But in thus speaking a word in behalf of organ blowing, I would not be understood as attempting to disparage its very useful accessory, *organ playing*. Every blower is well aware that in order for his blowing to be properly comprehended, it is essential there should be someone at the keys of the organ, to see that the proper valves are duly opened, as the blower proceeds in the momentous work of supplying that wonderful musical breath which is to attune the souls of a thousand worshippers. This light and pleasant duty at the keys, devolves upon the organist; and the occupation is denominated *organ playing*, in contradistinction to the important and more laborious science of *organ blowing*. For this pleasant dalliance at the keys, children have often shown an early aptitude, not equally manifested for the *brake* of the blower, which is universally admitted to be far beyond infantile ability or stature.

Since the period of that eminent Blowic and illustrious champion of blowistic rights, he of a world-wide reputation—whom history records as having refused to supply any more wind until his arrogant player would admit that “WE,” i.e., blower and organist, and not organist alone, “played well”—numerous are the evidences which have been afforded of the superiority of the blower over the mere player of the organ. The narration of one or two of these examples, will show conclusively the degree of injustice which has hitherto been done to those indispensable members of society, organ blowers.

Where upon the chronicles of genius, do we find written an instance of a more self-sacrificing devotion to art, than was manifested several years ago by one Jackson, blower of the organ to the society of Universalists at Portland, who having obtained the key of their instrument went straightway therewith to one of the “trustees,” and in a towering passion, or, more properly, with righteous indignation, flung it down upon the table of that worthy functionary, and with it the blower’s commission and its income, (to him then indispensable)—declaring at the same time that “it was impossible to blow an organ so much out of tune as his’n!” But what did the player do? Why, the mercenary rascal thought only of his salary (!) and for the sake of it, continued to admit wind to that same instrument! Wind too of a quality such as might reasonably be expected could be produced by a *totally unlearned and inexperienced blowist!* And all this the congregation bore patiently, and even with complacency. To such lengths can human obstinacy go when a great wrong is to be thereby accomplished.

And not only are superior taste and self-devotion abundantly evinced, but the superior *knowledge* also of the blower, over that of the mere player of the organ, has been equally manifested. The following anecdote must suffice to illustrate this point. An organist of the Church of England, having occasion to be absent for a few Sundays, his place was temporarily filled by one who was thought to be even more learned as a player than his predecessor. This new comer had arranged several bars of prelude to the anthem which was to be sung on one occasion. The prelude was first performed by himself upon the organ, and then the anthem followed in due course. But great was the consternation that ensued, when within a few bars of the close, and in the midst of an unresolved seventh, the organ piteously yielded up its breath and became silent as the grave! Desperate were the efforts of the player

to resuscitate the noble animal. He pulled convulsively the “*blower’s signal*,” but there came no response from what is here triumphantly proven to be its seat of life. The BLOWER refused to act: and not the fingers of Hercules, though inspired by the genius of a hundred Handels, can draw music from its keys, under *such* circumstances! The anthem was closed by the voices alone. The indignant player rushed irreverently into that sanctum where the blower remains hidden from mortal view, and commenced an unpremeditated harangue. But what was the sequel? He came therefrom rebuked and humiliated by the calm reply of the venerable blower: “I have blowed this organ,” said he, “for thirty years! and don’t you suppose I know how many puffs it takes to one of Dr. Blow’s anthems?” The mortified organist immediately compared the number of the bars of the prelude which he had surreptitiously introduced, with the number of bars of the anthem which succeeded the fatal point of failure, and found to his great chagrin, that they matched to a hair’s breadth! Now, doubtless that player had read all the works that had ever been written on music and organ-playing; and yet he had not reached that point of knowledge which a BLOWER communicated to him in a first lesson! Thus much in reference to comparative knowledge.

The qualities essential to form a successful BLOWER, it is believed, must be inherent in the individual himself. A passion for the art of organ-blowing seldom develops itself until after the physical and intellectual functions have become somewhat matured, and adequate to comprehend blowistic principles; it then appears spontaneously. The enthusiasm incidental to childhood is naturally excited by that which is more or less childish; such enthusiasm is progressive. Thus Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, were in their childhood very fond of dabbling with organ keys; which early practice continued and cultivated through manhood, subsequently qualified them to attend upon the most eminent blowists, at the organ. But infinitely beyond all this, must be an art that can suddenly fire the stern breast of manhood, and convert it at once into a volcano of unaccountable ambition and unintelligible conceptions! It has been reserved for blowery, or *Organ-Blowing*, to accomplish this. An instance which recently occurred, put this beyond a doubt. A son of the Emerald Isle was provided to blow an organ in a certain city. Being thoroughly unacquainted with the business, he never having even seen an *organ-brake* before, it was doubtless the guiding-star of his destiny that led him to the spot; for

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

The time having arrived to “let the pealing organ blow,” the signal was given, but there was no wind. It was repeated twice, and even thrice—still, no wind. The delay was becoming awkward—the congregation were getting uneasy—what was to be done? “Blow! blow!! blow!!!” issued simultaneously from half a dozen different mouths, but not the slightest zephyr stirred within the wind-chest. The chorister hastened to the sanctum—when lo! how sublime the spectacle that presented itself to his astonished vision! Clinging with heels and hands to the long wooden handle of the bellows, there hung the full-grown prodigy—his eyes starting from their sockets, and his cheeks distended and crimson with efforts to force his breath into the end of that long wooden handle! Talk of inspired enthusiasm, and creative fancy, after this!

DR. MAINZER, the well-known musician, lecturer, and writer, died lately in Manchester.

PLAYING AT SIGHT.

J. J. Rousseau, in his "Musical Dictionary," has but few words on this subject, which deserve to be more fully developed. The explanation given by him is simply this:—"To read *à livre ouvert*, *ad aperturam libri*; or to play *à première vue*, *a prima vista*, *at sight*, are synonymous expressions."

Nothing delights the vulgar so much as a performer who can play at first sight, and who sits down to execute any piece of music whatever with imperturbable assurance. In the eye of a connoisseur, however, such an off-hand player will pass for no more than he really is—and what is that? Why, generally, a mere *croqueton*, to use Rousseau's expressive term, and which for want of a better word, we will translate *note-grinder*, a man of mere mechanism, who can decipher at first view what he would be unable to understand after the hundredth attempt. Mechanically speaking, I prefer the automaton of Maelzel to your first-rate decipherer of notes, who, vain of the facility he has acquired, is prepared to execute the masterpieces of the first composers, as if such works required no previous study or examination in order to enter into their style and investigate their character. What should we think of the pedant who should undertake to recite from Homer or Sophocles without having previously read the compositions, and thus enabled himself to form a general idea, at least, of the subject and manner of treating it?

Speaking of those who play at first sight, Grètry thus expresses himself:—"Many persons gain the credit of being able to perform perfectly at sight; but I declare that I never met with such a phenomenon, unless where the music was of the easy kind and written in the prevailing taste of the day: or perhaps to speak more clearly, every day music. I am aware that the man who has to support the title of a performer at sight displays all the hardihood of one sure of his object. But let us remember that it is the author whom he ought to satisfy, and not the hearers who are ignorant of the true character and expression of a work, the execution of which they believe to be ably accomplished merely because it is boldly got through."

We will adduce a few examples to show how apprehensive some great virtuosi have been lest they should commit themselves by playing at first sight, aware how much more forcibly great names speak than mere dry precepts.

The violinist Lamotte was an able performer at sight. With the view of putting his skill to the test, the celebrated Jarnowick proposed that they should play a concerted piece together. "Agreed," said Lamotte, "provided you will allow me to make you a proposal in return. It is, to bring me afterwards a concerto of your composition, and I will produce one of mine; we will make an interchange, you shall perform mine and I yours." Jarnowick no doubt found the proposal rather hazardous, for he declined accepting it.

The celebrated singer, Garat, is another example. He was the pupil of Nature, and perfected the gifts he had received from her by assiduous and unremitting application. Yet, with all his abilities, he was never able to sing a single bar at sight; and happy, perhaps, it was for the art that he never attained this mechanical capability. It is true he was obliged to labor, and yet when once he had thoroughly penetrated into the spirit and character of a composition, his expression was even more forcible than the feeling of the author in the very moment of inspiration. Few artists have yet appeared to rival his admirable manner of singing compositions of every kind and in every style. "I allow," observed some one to the great Sacchini, "that Garat sings well, but that he does not know music." "Sir, he is music itself," was the reply of this fine composer. The celebrated Italian singer, Viganoni, was also heard to say of Garat, "This Frenchman possesses a more original taste than the Italians themselves."

The author of these remarks once heard an expression from Garat which struck him very forcibly. "Others," said he, "attain the song by means of the notes, but I attain the notes by means of the song." These remarkable words might furnish an admirable text for some useful remarks on the true art of singing. In a word, with respect to Garat, he was all instinct for music. When he sang, so completely did he conquer all difficulties as regarded the notes, that he stamped every composition with its true

character, and astonished even the composer himself by the delicate shades of feeling and sentiment which he had the happy art of imparting to it.

Sebastian Bach used to call those performers at sight who never hesitated to play off whatever was placed before them, whatever its difficulties might be, *hussars of the harpsichord*.

By the way, the mention of the name of this great composer recalls to my mind an anecdote relative to him, which bears immediately upon the subject before us, and which, if our note-grinders, of whatever description they may be, are at all capable of reflection, will afford them ample room for exercising it.

"Sebastian Bach," says Dr. Forkel, "had such an admirable facility in reading and executing the composition of others (which, indeed, were all easier than his own), that he once said to an acquaintance, while he lived at Weimar, that he really believed he could play every thing at first sight without hesitating. He was, however, mistaken, and the friend to whom he had thus expressed his opinion convinced him of it before a week had elapsed. He invited him to breakfast, and upon the desk of his instrument laid, among other pieces, one which at the first glance appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and according to his custom went immediately to the instrument, partly to play and partly to look over the music that appeared on the desk. While he was turning over and performing the music that was laid there his friend went into the next room to breakfast. In a few minutes Bach got to the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion and began to play it. But he had not proceeded far when he came to a passage in which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same notes. "No," cried he to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, and at the same time going away from the instrument, "No! one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible."

LAW CASE.

(BEFORE SIR J. PARKER.)

BUXTON M. JAMES.

Mr. KENTON PARKER (with whom was Mr. Hialop Clarke) moved, upon notice, to restrain the defendant by injunction from selling the portion of No. 111 of the *Pianista*, or *Italian Opera and Promenade Concert Magazine of Pianoforte and Vocal Music*, containing three pianoforte solos from Mendelssohn's original composition of music to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, called or termed respectively, the "Scherzo," the "Notturmo," and the "Wedding March;" and also from reprinting any further copies of the said No. 111 of the *Pianista* which shall contain the said pieces, or any of them; and also from printing, publishing, or selling any portion of the said work or composition of music to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* composed and arranged by Mendelssohn, except the overture thereof. In February, 1844, the plaintiff purchased from Mendelssohn the copyright of the three pieces of music, the sale of which was now sought to be prohibited, for the sum of £47 5s., and in the ensuing August he published them. On the 1st of November, 1849, the defendant published and sold on his own account those pieces of music, together with the overture to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the copyright of which last piece of music, however, the plaintiff was not the owner of. On the 6th of that month, which was the earliest period at which the plaintiff became acquainted with the sale, in No. 111 of the *Pianista*, of the pieces of music belonging to him, he gave notice to the defendant of his being the owner of those pieces of music, and that unless the sale of them were discontinued by him and the plates broken, he should take legal proceedings against him. The defendant, however, continued to carry on the sale of No. 111 of the *Pianista* in the same manner as he had done before the plaintiff had given him the above notice, and no further steps were taken in the matter by the plaintiff until the 20th of March, 1851, when he issued a circular among the publishers of foreign music (of whom the defendant was one), insisting on his rights. On the 20th of May, 1851, the Exchequer Chamber delivered its judgment in the case of

"Boosey v. Jeffries" (20 *Law Journal*, 354), setting aside the ruling of Baron Rolfe (now Lord Cranworth) in that case, such ruling having been founded on the decision of the Court of Exchequer in the case "Boosey v. Purday;" and on the 20th of August the plaintiff's solicitor, in a letter to the defendant, adverted to that decision, and renewed the threat of taking legal proceedings against him. The state of the law which existed on this subject in November, 1849, and up to the period at which the decision of the Exchequer Chamber in "Boosey v. Jeffries" was given, had prevented the plaintiff from taking earlier proceedings in this court; for, prior to that interval, the last case which had been decided affecting the law of copyright in this country, in the case of an assignee of a foreign author, was "Boosey v. Purday," in which it was held that a foreign author was not entitled to the benefit of acts passed for the protection of literary property in Great Britain. The learned counsel cited the following cases:—"Boosey v. Jeffries" (20 *Law Journal*, 354); "Boosey v. Purday;" "Ollendorff v. Black" (14 *Jurist*); "Cocks v. Purday" (17 *Law Journal*, 233).

Mr. MALINS and Mr. CHARLES HALL, for the defendant, did not deny the plaintiff's copyright in the pieces of music in question, but insisted that he ought to have sought relief in this court at an earlier period, and that his proper remedy was an action at law. By the state of the law which existed in November, 1849, the defendant was quite justified in publishing the pieces of music in question. Moreover, the case of "Boosey v. Jeffries," on which the plaintiff relied, was now under appeal to the House of Lords. The following cases were cited for the defendant:—"Robinson v. Ropshiu" (1 Y. and C.); "Bailey v. Taylor" (1 R. and M. 78); "Robinson v. Wilkins" (8 Vesey, 224); "Saunders v. Smith" (3 Mylne and Cr. 711); and "Spottiswoode v. Clarke" (2 Phillips).

His Honour said he thought he must grant the injunction in this case. It might be that the plaintiff had his remedy at law; but it was admitted he had a legal right to the pieces of music in question, and that the defendant had infringed his copyright in them. But then it was said that "Boosey v. Jeffries," although a decision by the Exchequer Chamber in the plaintiff's favour, was under appeal to the House of Lords, and that the Court could not therefore treat the case as having been finally decided. But in granting the injunction, he did so on what appeared to him to be the law as laid down by the Exchequer Chamber, and he confessed he had never himself entertained any doubt as to the law which had been considered as unsettled on this subject. He thought, therefore, the injunction must be granted, the plaintiff undertaking, if required by the defendant, to establish his right at law. As to the delay that had taken place in instituting the present suit, and which was now relied upon as an objection, he thought the plaintiff might very innocently, as the law was understood in November, 1849, have imagined that he was right in not taking proceedings in this court. The question now for the Court was, not whether the plaintiff knew that his rights were being infringed, but whether the defendant was aware he was invading the plaintiff's copyright, and whether the law, as it was at present settled, established that the defendant had for a long time been doing that which he had no right to do. Then it was said the plaintiff had improperly delayed instituting this suit. Supposing that he had filed his bill in November, 1849, I think it greatly probable, and almost certain, that this Court would, in the state of the law which existed at that time, have refused to interfere and put him on the terms of bringing his action at law, or have delayed interfering until the law was settled by the result of the decisions in "Boosey v. Purday" and "Boosey v. Jeffries." His Honour did not think the plaintiff was, under the circumstances, bound to do more than he had done, the law being uncertain. He had given the defendant notice, insisting upon his rights, but waiting until the law was determined by the judgment of the Exchequer Chamber in "Boosey v. Jeffries." This was not a case in which time was to be considered as a bar to the plaintiff's case, nor could he be considered as having abandoned his rights. The plaintiff, on being made aware of the infringement of his rights, gave the defendant notice, and then waited until the decision of the Exchequer Chamber. This was not enough to deprive the plaintiff of his rights. He had subsequently given another notice. His Honour said that if he were compelled to refuse the injunction on the ground of delay, he probably refuse giving any equitable relief to the plaintiff

But he was asked to refuse this injunction, not from any doubt of the plaintiff's right, nor from any doubt of the infringement, but on account of the delay. That was not a view which His Honour could take of the case. He thought the plaintiff was entitled to the injunction, and if the defendant required it he should put him under the terms of bringing his action. His Honour directed the case to be mentioned next sea, by which time the defendant must make his election whether he would put the plaintiff to his action at law or not.

LITERARY TREATY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The following are the main provisions of the treaty between England and France, for the suppression of literary piracy, as given by the *Literary Gazette*. It will be seen that it is likely materially to affect the interests of authors, publishers, dramatists, musical composers, and artists:—

"Art. 1. From the period at which, conformably to the stipulations of Art. 14, hereinafter mentioned, the present convention shall come into force, the authors of works of literature or art, to whom the laws of either country now insure, or shall in future insure, the right of property or authorship shall be authorized to exercise the said right on the territory of the other country, during the same time and within the same limits as would be allowed in the latter country to the right attributed to authors of works of the same nature if published there; so that the reproduction or piracy by persons of one country of any work of literature or art published in the other shall be treated as if it were the reproduction or piracy of works of the same nature originally published in the former country. Moreover, the authors of one of the two countries shall have the same action before the tribunals of the other, and enjoy the same guarantees against piracy or unauthorized reproduction, as are or may hereafter be granted to authors in the latter country. It is understood that the words, 'works of literature or art,' used at the beginning of this article, comprise the publication of books, dramatic works, musical compositions, drawings, paintings, sculptures, engravings, lithographs, or any other production whatever of literature or fine arts. The representative of authors, translators, composers, painters, sculptors, or engravers shall enjoy in every respect the same rights as those which the present convention grants to the authors, translators, composers, painters, sculptors, or engravers themselves.

"Art. 2. The protection granted to original works is extended to translations. It is, nevertheless, well understood that the object of the present article is merely to protect the translator in so far as his own translation is concerned, and not to confer an exclusive right of translation upon the first translator of a work whatever, except in the cases and within the limits mentioned in the following article:—

"Art. 3. The author of any work published in one of the two countries who shall have declared his intention of reserving his right of translation shall, from the day of the first publication of the translation of his work, authorized by him, enjoy during five years the privilege of protection against the publication of any translation of the same work unauthorized by him in the other country; and this on the following conditions:—1st. The original work shall be registered and deposited in one of the two countries within a period of three months from the day of the first publication in the other country. 2ndly. The author must have declared his intention of reserving to himself the right of translation on the title-page of his work. 3rdly. At least a part of the said authorized translation must have appeared within a year of the date of registration and deposit of the original; and the whole of it must have appeared within a space of three years from the date of the said deposit. 4thly. The translation must have been published in one of the two countries, and be registered and deposited as directed, in art. 8. As regards works published in parts, it is sufficient that the declaration by which the author reserves his right of translation be expressed in the first part. Nevertheless, in so far as regards the period of five years assigned by this article to the author for the exercise of his privilege of

translation, every part shall be considered a new work; each shall be registered and deposited in one of the two countries within three months from the day of its first publication in the other.

"Art. 4. The stipulations of the preceding articles shall apply also to the representation of dramatic works, and to the execution of musical compositions, in so far as the laws of each of the two countries are or may be applicable in this respect to dramatic or musical works publicly represented or executed for the first time in the said countries. Nevertheless, in order to have a right to legal protection, in so far as regards the translation of a dramatic work, the author must publish his translation within three months after the registration and deposit of the original work. It is understood that the protection stipulated by the present article is not intended to prohibit *bona fide* imitations or the adaptation of dramatic works to the respective theatres of France or England respectively; but only to prevent pirated translations. The question of imitation or piracy shall in all cases be determined by the tribunals of the respective States, according to the legislation in force in either country respectively."

The other articles are of minor importance.

"By Art. 5, newspaper articles may be freely translated, on condition of quoting the original paper, provided the author of such an article has not publicly declared his intention of preventing reproduction.

"Art. 6 prohibits the introduction and sale of pirated works, whether printed in France or England, or any other country.

"By Art. 7 such contraband works shall be seized and destroyed, and the persons who have introduced or sold them may be prosecuted.

"Art. 8 regulates the formalities of registration in the two countries.

"Art. 9 extends the same formalities to productions of literature and art in the two countries.

"Art. 10 regulates the duty of importation upon works of literature and art in the two countries.

"Art. 11 stipulates that the two Powers shall mutually communicate to each other the new laws and regulations that may hereafter be made in either country with regard to literary property.

"Art. 12 reserves to each Government the right of prohibiting any production it may think necessary so to prohibit.

"Art. 13, in execution of treaties with other Powers on the subject of literary property.

"Art. 14 stipulates that the Queen of England engages to present a bill to the British Parliament for the ratification of such clauses in the present enactment as require a legislative sanction. A day is then to be fixed on which the present convention is to come into force, and such day is to be duly announced by each Government. The convention is to be applicable only to works, &c., published after that date, and is to last ten years, and continue to be in force until a twelvemonth's notice be given."

MONS. JULLIEN IN LABOUR AGAIN.

(From *Punch*.)

THE JULLIEN era of music must always form an important epoch in the Calendar; and the MONS is at this moment rearing his lofty head high above all opposition in Drury Lane.

We never see the MONS. JULLIEN without thinking of the famous Alpine MONS; and BYRON'S lines on the latter are capable of easy adaptation to the former:

'The MONS is the King of Conductors;
They crowned him long ago,
With jet black hair,
And moustaiches rare,
And a waistcoat, and stock of snow!'

We only regret that the MONS should be visible for so brief a period among us, and that he should only visit us like the "glimpses of the Moon" for the brief month of November. He is no sooner come than he is gone, and we have only just

arrived at the knowledge that it is the "first week but one," when we find it is also the "last week but two" of his performances.

We understand that the MONS has in preparation for his next season a sort of companion to his Army and Navy Quadrilles, under the title of the

POLICE QUADRILLES,

of which we give the programme.

Figure 1.—Grand muster of the men on their best. *Pas accéléré* of the pickpockets, and *pas redoublé* of the constable.

Figure 2.—Rattling of the area rails. Triangle solo. Appearance of the cold mutton. Oboe solo, Cook.

Figure 3.—Assembly of the Chartists on Kennington Common. "Come if you dare!" Speech of the Chartist Orator, introducing the new drum called the hum-drum, brought over by MONS. JULLIEN from France, expressly for this occasion.

Figure 4.—The crowded thoroughfare. Politeness of the police to the female passengers. Love and duty.

Figure 5.—Gathering of all nations and all vehicles at the entrance of the Crystal Palace. Flagellation of the cab-horses. Solo, flageolet—MR. COLLINET. The meeting of the coal-waggons. Sax-horn obligato, *Trema, tremo, scelerato*. A purse is lost in the confusion. *Il mio tesoro*. Running accompaniment. Blocking up of the thoroughfare. Grand Concert Stuck, until all burst forth in the glorious cry of "MOV' ON."

Original Correspondence.

SOILED MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Great Saffron Hill, Dec. 1, 1851.

SIR,—I have been placed by Providence in that state of life known as waste-paper dealer; and, knowing the immense quantity of soiled music returned unsold to the various publishing houses, have been at a loss to account for so little passing through my hands. This fact I mentioned to one of the largest of your London publishers, and received for an answer the following candid admission:

"While we keep our houses open till eight o'clock in the evening, we can dispose of all our soiled music."

I think all purchasers of music will thank you for giving publicity to this.

I remain, sir,

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT WYNN.

THE ORGANIST'S MANUAL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to suggest to the editor and publisher of the *Organist's Manual* the advantage of taking a little more care in correcting the errors of the engraver, previous to issuing the work to the public.

I have recently purchased No. 13 of the work, which contains (among other pieces) an "Adagio Cantabile," by Beethoven; and although this only occupies a page and a half, I find in it, on referring to the score, no less than five mistakes. I am sure that you will agree with me in thinking that in a work of the pretensions of the *Organist's Manual*, these errors ought not to be permitted to appear.

I am, dear sir,

Truly yours,
AN ORGANIST.

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Can any of your readers inform me whether "Burney's History of Music," originally published in two volumes, be perfect

or was there a third subsequently sent from the press? I am in possession of the two quarto volumes, which appear perfect, but yet I learn there was a third volume subsequently published. I would solicit your readers' information on this head.

I remain, &c., yours,
TOMLIN.

Cornwall, Dec. 1st.

LOLA MONTES AND "HER PILOT."

(From Galignani's Messenger).

The dispute between Lola Montes and M. Roux, theatrical agent, was on Thursday formally submitted to the Civil Tribunal. M. Roux's advocate stated, that by an agreement between them, Mlle. Lola undertook to take M. Roux as her *pilote intermédiaire* in a professional journey she proposed making as a *dansseuse* to different cities of Europe, and various parts of America, and to allow him 25 per cent. on her receipts; he on his part engaging to negotiate for her appearance at different theatres, and to superintend all the business operations. The penalty fixed for the breach of the agreement, by either party was 100,000f. In virtue of the agreement M. Roux accompanied Mlle. Lola to several towns in France, Belgium, and Germany, and caused her to dance at the respective theatres. He had also arranged for her appearance in some of the theatres of Prussia, but the authorities compelled her and him to quit the country. They arrived at Paris, and M. Roux in the capacity of "pilot," applied to the Vaudeville, the Cirque, and other theatres, for engagements for her. While occupied in the necessary negotiations, he learnt to his surprise that Mlle. Lola was about to leave for America without him, in company with a Mr. Willis. The departure was even announced in the newspapers. On this he gave her notice that he expected her to execute her agreement, and she at first professed herself ready to do so, but afterwards refused. He had since procured her engagements at the Vaudeville and Opera National, and, on account of her neglect to fulfil them, he now demanded 8,000f. as damages. The advocate for Mlle. Montes said, that the fact was that M. Roux himself wanted to get rid of the agreement, and had invented the charge of a breach of it by Lola as a convenient means of doing so. In taking him as her "pilot," she had expected that he would be a travelling companion who would watch over her interests, and she had engaged to dance six times a week. But he treated her as his temporary property, out of which he was to get as much as he could, and as quickly as possible. He had made her dance every day, and even several times a day. He had so fatigued her that more than once she fell exhausted on the stage. Yet the next morning, as early as four o'clock, he had presented himself at her bedside, and compelled her to depart. In addition to this he failed in the respect due to her dignity as a woman. She was accustomed to receive visits after her performance, and on such occasions he pompously presented her to her guests as his *enfant terrible*, and invented ridiculous anecdotes and circumstances respecting her. Moreover he had written an absurd biography of her, and had it distributed during the performances. In this notable production he represented that she did not pass herself as a first rate *dansseuse*, but as a *dansseuse de fantasia*. He stated that she was born at Seville in 1824, and at the age of five went with her father to India, "where she spent 11 years in visiting the different cities of Hindostan, China, and Persia, the language of which countries she speaks fluently;" and where, also, "she learnt drawing, history, and geography." Still, he continued, dancing was all her passion. Her wit, too, even at an early age, was so extraordinarily great, that it attracted the attention of the highest personages, of governors, rajahs, and of his Majesty the King of Nepal. Her education, he proceeded, had been of the most brilliant kind. Some journalists whom she had declined to receive had written ignoble tales about her, but she despised them. Apart from her eccentricity, she possessed, he assured his readers, kindness of heart, charity, and affability. "At the age of 16 she went to London, where several lords, to whom she was recommended, caused her to appear at her Majesty's Theatre. Her beauty and love of dancing drew her to Paris; but the unfortunate Dujarrier affair caused her to

sign an engagement for Russia, where she was well received." She afterwards went to Munich. "History," continued the biographer, "would record her other doings. But he might say that the great power of which she had possessed herself, and her political views as to the reform of the Jesuits (here a shout of laughter broke from the auditory) occasioned her departure from Bavaria. She went to London, where a great Lord married her. In 1850 they found that their characters could not sympathise, and she returned to the dreams of her spring." And the biography concluded with this profound sentence:—"Explain who can, but no one can, her burning brain and eccentric character, which have rendered her so celebrated; she has yet only run the half of her career, for she leaves in November for America, and God knows the rest!" As long (the advocate continued) as Madame de Landsfelt saw herself treated as a wild animal shown at a fair; she contented herself with shrugging her shoulders with disgust; but when she saw the veil which covered her private acts raised she expressed loud indignation; and said to Roux; "It is lucky for you, sir, that my husband is not here, for my husband would break your head." On this Roux declared himself insulted, and took to flight. She came to Paris on the 6th. Her intention was to dance if Roux found her any engagement, and to leave for America on the 20th. This he knew, but he did nothing, and she heard nothing of him before the 10th, when he notified to her that she would have to execute her engagement. But he did not say where, on what day, or on what conditions. On the 13th he summoned her to name an arbitrator to decide on the differences which had arisen between them; but when she had done so he commenced an action. She then notified to him that she intended to send off her costumes on the 15th, and to embark on the 20th. It was then by means of a false declaration he had obtained authority to seize her costumes and other effects. That seizure had; however, been set aside. He now pretended that he had got an engagement for her, but he could not prove it, and, at all events, had not communicated the conditions to her. It was clear, therefore, that his demand ought to be rejected. The Tribunal decided that as Roux had not proved that he had entered into any serious treaty with any theatre at Paris, unless it were with the Opera National, and as he had not notified any treaty to Mlle. Lola Montes, she could not be bound to execute any. It accordingly rejected his demand, and condemned him to the costs.

Foreign.

CATHERINE HAYES' LAST CONCERT.—NEW YORK.—A large and enthusiastic audience attended this, the close of a series of triumphs. The programme embraced a judicious selection of secular and sacred music, and the performance of Miss Catherine Hayes was received with repeated bursts of applause and frequent encores, some of which, only, were granted. Herr Mengis also was received with much favour, and was encored in the scena, "Lorsque mon Maître." Mr. Augustus Braham was no less successful than the others, and considerable warmth was apparent in the receptions of his songs.

There was a different kind of performance going on outside, in the entry, and no little excitement, consequent on the appearance of a deputy sheriff, the seizure of the funds, and some other incidents; but the audience were not disturbed and Miss Catherine Hayes' concert in this city, "fading in music, made a swan-like end." It is said that the future concerts of Miss Hayes will not be under the direction of Mr. Wardwell. Catherine Hayes is at present rusticated at Staten Island, gathering strength for her proposed Northern and Western tour.

There are many rumors afloat in relation to Miss Catherine Hayes, her agent, Mr. Wardwell, Max Maretzek, and the Sheriff, and certain speculations in which all parties are concerned. Miss Catherine Hayes was sued by Maretzek, the Sheriff is to be sued by Mr. Wardwell; in short, there seems to be a very pretty quarrel all round.

As nearly as we can ascertain the facts, they are these:—There was a contract between Mr. Wardwell and Max Maretzek, in which the latter agreed to provide artists, such as were required for Catherine Hayes' concerts, and to provide them at short notice. For these services Mr. Wardwell agreed to pay 5000 00 dollars per month. On several occasions, it is asserted, the artists required have not been forthcoming, and Mr. Wardwell, conceiving the contract to have been broken by Maretzek, declined to pay the 5000 00 dollars. It is rumoured that some one has bought the claim from Maretzek, and in his name brought suit against Miss Catherine Hayes. We do not know whether this is true or not; but suits have been commenced, and we suppose the facts will soon become public. This affair has created quite an excitement in our musical circles.

The ninth annual report of the New York Philharmonic Society is now before us, and gives evidence of a continued prosperity most gratifying to all who seek the advancement of music among us. From this report we learn that the number of actual performing members is 64; actual non-performing, 17; making the total of available instrumentalists, 81; honorary members, 11, associate members, 288, and subscribers, 67.

It is said that the Mendelssohn, and Sacred Music Societies in Brooklyn are about to unite, and form a new one. The name under which it is to appear has not yet been selected.

Reviews of Music.

ALLEGRO BRILLANTE; for two performers on the Pianoforte.—Composed by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy; Op. 92, Posth. Works, No. 21.—Ewer and Co.

There is no form of instrumental composition that is more interesting to the lovers of classical music than the pianoforte duet, and scarcely any that is so generally available for performance. This being the case, it is strangely anomalous, but it is no less true, that there are fewer original compositions in the classical form for two performers on the pianoforte, than for any other combination of executants in the whole range of instrumental music. There is the beautiful sonata in F of Mozart, and that in C of the same author; there is the sonata in F minor, and another of Onslow; there is the brilliant, but otherwise trivial, duet of Hummel, in F minor and A flat; and there is one of far higher pretensions of Moscheles, besides his *Sonate Symphonique*; but more than these, and two or three very small, though vigorous, compositions of Mozart and Beethoven, there exists nothing whatever of this class; at least, nothing that has come within our experience. Neither the great composers nor their little emulators, neither the masters of the art, nor the servants of the ephemeral public taste, have laboured in this very extensive field; and hence the obvious necessity manifested by the ceaseless demand for such music has been supplied by arrangements of all other classes of composition, symphonies, overtures, string quartets, and other chamber music, and even solo sonatas. The completeness of the effect of a pianoforte duet is, in our opinion, greater, and more satisfactory, than that of anything short of a full orchestra. This is proved by the arrangement for four hands being the only compression of an orchestral score that gives any adequate idea of the original; and it has been our constant marvel that such really great resources have been so rarely employed; for we can scarcely call it the legitimate employment of them, where they are used as substitutes for, or representations of, other means. In music composed for the pianoforte, in which the various peculiarities and capabilities of the instrument are brought into play, these resources must naturally be susceptible of a more complete, and much more extensive application, and must, therefore, produce a much more effective result than can arise from the adaptation, however skilful, of orchestral passages for a single instrument. All this is so obviously

true, that we are sure it must have been felt again and again by every moderately skilled executant on the pianoforte; and the appearance, therefore, of an original pianoforte duet, from the hand of one whose peculiar and admirably effective treatment of his instrument, would alone distinguish him among the musicians of his age, were it not that the universal greatness of his genius raised him above all such distinctions is a matter of the very greatest interest, and will be welcomed with eager cordiality by all true amateurs.

This *Allegro Brillante* may be considered as equivalent to an overture for the pianoforte, it being a single movement, complete in itself, in which the essentials of plan comprised in the form of modern orchestral composition with which we have assimilated it are fully developed, while the detail that gives substance and life to this outline, brings into play all the best resources of the instrument with admirable effect. The composition is of a bravura character, in so far as it abounds with brilliant passages of executive display; but these are not passages of mere display, since they are themselves replete with universal interest, and in contrasting and relieving the principal subjects, they are of great importance in the construction of the movement, in which they are interwoven to such an extent as to justify our saying that they characterise the composition. It is remarkable for one peculiarity of instrumentation, if we may thus apply the term, that gives it a particular interest to the players, and not a little to the audience; this consists, namely, of each performer having occasionally the entire range of the pianoforte, which serves to exercise and contrast the style and powers of expression of the two executants. Our term, instrumentation, will apply better to some peculiarities in the distribution of the harmony between the four hands of the two performers, which have an entirely original and perfectly beautiful effect; let us instance a passage of pages 16 and 17, where the primo part has the second subject with the harmony complete, and the secondo part doubles the bass notes in octaves, which arrangement produces a depth and fulness of tone that we have not before heard in pianoforte music; and, again, at a recurrence to the same subject, in the coda of the movement, pages 22 and 23, there is a passage for the right hand of the secondo part, which stands out like the tenor notes of the violoncello in an orchestra, and which imparts a richness to the upper or principal melody that is no less striking than admirable. These points demand especial consideration; not only because of their own originality and beauty, but because they suggest most forcibly that the pianoforte is still capable of new and excellent effects, which wait only for the magic touch of genius to call them into being. The production of these effects results from the same class of thought that is exercised upon the distribution of an orchestral score, the calculation of the different qualities of tone, of the different portions of the instrument, and of the different degrees of power the performer possesses, according to his position, over different portions of the keyboard. This class of thought has been but little brought to bear upon pianoforte writing; but we are convinced, if only from the example before us, that there is a wide field open for what we have called instrumentation on the pianoforte, and we recommend the study of it to those composers for the instrument whose aim is to excite and to gratify the unqualified interest of the musician, and not merely to furnish a musical trifle that may gild the vanity of the drawing-room amateur.

We have now to speak more particularly of this duet, in respect of the ideas of which it is composed. These are essentially such as the lover of Mendelssohn will immediately identify with the train of thought familiar in the works of this composer. There is all about them that can characterise a decided style, with the utter absence of whatever betokens mannerism; there is that, in fact, which distinguishes the ideas of a great master from those of a writer in the rank next immediately below him; there is that which it is wholly beyond the province of criticism to describe, as being beyond the power of the critic to analyse; there is beauty which speaks for itself in its own language—which cannot be enhanced by any eulogium, but which appeals the strongest to the greatest intelligence. Fresh, sparkling, and ceaselessly melodious, we find that this composition but excites our interest at the outset

to retain it to the very close; and the more and more we become familiar with the work, the more and more we find to admire in it.

There would be no avail in an analysis of a piece of music with which at present the greater number of our readers must be unacquainted, since no verbal reference to music can be intelligible except, either in memory or in quoted examples, the passages referred to be present for examination. We shall, therefore, content us with calling attention to a few points which we feel to be of especial excellence, and which are sufficient to justify all we have said of the whole. These are the very novel digression into the key of G for the second subject, which is introduced by a prolonged dominant cadence on B, that leads the hearer to expect the natural modulation into E major, the fifth of the original tonic; then there is the return to this key of E, with a recurrence to the opening subject, for the conclusion of the first part of the movement, which in its turn is equally a surprise with the previous unexpected transition. Again, there is a charming recurrence to this second subject, that forms a striking feature of the coda, when in the third and fourth bars the substitution of the sixth for the fourth of the scale in the melody has an effect that is truly irresistible on all who hear it.

In conclusion, we promise ourselves the sympathy of all who may become acquainted with this very interesting duet, in our hearty admiration of it. The more than pleasure that we feel, and we are sure all must feel, in hearing it, has but one, and that a bitter qualification, namely the regret that he whose immortality is certified by this, no less than by the many other legacies of beauty he has left us, is not to be stimulated, we will not say by our inadequate praise, but by the congenial admiration of all those who are best capable of appreciating his merits, to add many more to this duet, the only work of its class he has produced us, which is equally unique in form and in beauty.

G. A. M.

"BID ME NOT LEAVE THEE," Song; "FAREWELL," Song.—Words by Emma A. B.—Henry Bamber.—Wessel and Co.

Two very pleasing songs, and written well. The "Farewell" satisfies us most; but both, we think, are bound to find favour when they make acquaintances.

ANDANTE, AND VARIATIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE; ON A MOTIVO FROM "LUCREZIA BORGIA."—Sophia S. Woolf.—Wessel and Co.

A sparkling and brilliant essay, and replete with many neat, musician-like points. Miss Sophia Woolf is a pupil of Mr. Cipriani Potter—to whom the "Andante and Variations" is dedicated—to whose masterly instructions she does great credit, and under whose superintendence she obtained the King's Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. The air chosen is the Brindisi, "Il segreto per esser felice," made famous by Alboni, to which Miss Sophia Woolf has supplied an introduction, and three variations. This piece might justly be termed a fantasia, as it includes all the requisites of a morceau of that genre. The pupil, already somewhat advanced, will find Miss Sophia Woolf's "Andante and Variations" a sound and useful practice piece, and one well qualified to give strength and pliancy to the fingers, without in the least bordering on the impossibilities of the modern school of pianoforte playing.

Provincial.

BELFAST.—At the last meeting of the Anacreontic Society, the members enjoyed a rare and delightful treat in listening to the performance of the distinguished composer and pianist, Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, of London, who favoured them with some of his compositions, in which he fully displayed the resources of an original and cultivated mind, and an execution seldom surpassed by any performer on the pianoforte. Mr. Praeger possesses a facility in the fingering of his instrument which would do little discredit to Liszt or Thalberg, with a power of sustaining the tone, and eliciting the sweetness of the strings, in which he is surpassed by few.—*Belfast News Letter*.

SHREWSBURY.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, Mr. Henry Nicholls gave a Reading of Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*, in the Music Hall in this town, to the members and friends of the Church of England Literary and Scientific Institution. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable. At the conclusion of the third act Mr. Hiles performed upon the organ Locke's celebrated music to *Macbeth*, after which Mr. Nicholls resumed his reading. On Thursday evening Mr. Nicholls gave a reading of Mr. Justice Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion*, in the same room, to a respectable and crowded audience, during which he was repeatedly applauded. Previous to the reading of the tragedy, Mr. Hiles played upon the organ the overture to *Guillaume Tell*.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

READING.—The Amateur Musical Society gave their first concert of vocal and instrumental music at the Town Hall, on Monday evening last, to a fashionable and very full attendance. The selection testified taste and judgment. The concert opened with Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." The execution of this piece reflected great credit on the performers. Mrs. Alexander Newton next delighted the audience by singing a most difficult recitative and air from Donizetti's *Lucia de Lammermoor*. Her rendering of this was most delightful; her merits as a soprano are power, and equal softness and pathos, indicating the *mens divinior* of genius, and giving promise of the highest standing as a vocalist. Moreover, to her charming vocal talents she unites a happy *naïveté* of manner and a readiness to oblige the audience. The many strains with which she delighted the hearers, cannot but be remembered with the liveliest emotions of pleasure. Successive plaudits told how warm were the acknowledgments which they in return tendered to her. We cannot say that with the glee, "Glorious Apollo," arranged as a chorus, we were much delighted. The vocalists were rather too flat throughout. Miss Nevett sang several solos amongst which were an aria from *Lucrezia Borgia*. This artiste, though very young, is decidedly a rising star in the musical horizon; her voice possesses great compass, a clear intonation, and a richness rarely to be met with in one so young. One of the gems of the evening was a grand sonata on the pianoforte and violin, from Mozart, by Mr. Burton and Mr. Venua. Whatever praises we might lavish upon the execution of this performance, they would not be more than its merits deserved; under Mr. Venua, the violin seemed to become a sentient thing discoursing in music; his pizzicato passages were executed with remarkable effect, while the extreme purity of his tone, and the unaffected brilliancy and finish of his execution combined to afford to the judges of really classical violin playing, the highest gratification. Mr. Burton's accompaniment on the piano was very far above mediocrity—*au contraire*, it was deserving of high commendation. A hurricane of applause succeeded its termination. The second part of the concert went off with much better effect. Among the pieces we notice as most successful "The Red Cross Knight," with the characteristic introduction by the talented leader, which drew down renewed encores, and is undoubtedly a very happy composition for displaying the united vocal and instrumental ability of a body of amateurs. The singing and playing of the amateurs was every thing that could be expected, especially when we remember that other avocations and pursuits lay claim to their time. Our space precludes our criticising further, and therefore we conclude by offering the members of the Reading Amateur Musical Society our hearty congratulations, and trust that they will speedily make a repetition of their efforts, and meet with that appreciation, success, and approbation, of which they are deserving.—*Berkshire Chronicle*. [NOTA BENE.—Our Reading Correspondent of last week must be informed that the programme, or bill from which he took his authority, was perfectly correct in styling Mr. Venua "Leader of the Italian Opera—not certainly, the "Royal Italian Opera," but "Her Majesty's Theatre," in his time "The King's Theatre,"—and left that establishment in August, 1813, and was succeeded by the late Mori in the direction of the orchestra. Mr. Venua was also a composer of music for the King's Theatre. Mr. Venua has resided in Reading ever since his secession from the Opera, and we must say, our correspondent displayed no small amount of ignorance in not being better versed in the history of a gentleman so long known and so highly respected.—Ed. M. W.]

LIVERPOOL.—Those clever children, Kate and Ellen Bateman, have, this week, attracted crowded and respectable audiences to the Royal Amphitheatre, by their really wonderful performances, which are, independent of the extreme youth of the juvenile performers, remarkable for sprightly elegance, vigour, and truthfulness. On Monday evening they appeared in a scene or two of *Richard III.*, the younger child, Ellen, sustaining the part of Richard, and Kate that of Richmond. The performance of little Ellen in this most trying character, was truly astonishing, and the most fastidious playgoer, whatever may have been his dislike to "phenomenons," could not have helped being struck with the force and energy with which the various points in the character were delineated. In the tent scene more particularly, all the well known "effects" were carefully and forcibly produced, and though the imitation of all the traditional "hits" of Kean was plainly apparent, it was evident that the young actress possessed sufficient talent of her own to prevent the performance becoming either laughable or painful. The dying scene was also exceedingly well done—the "hated strong in the earth," which animated the guilty soul of the fallen tyrant, being depicted with vivid earnestness. On Tuesday evening they appeared in a scene from *The Merchant of Venice*. Ellen played Shylock, and Kate, Portia. Ellen's performance in this character was even more wonderful than in Richard, the vindictive hate and defeated malice of the usurious Jew being most truthfully and artistically elaborated by the tiny performer, who raved, and stormed, and sneered with an energy as amusing as it was appropriate and well-timed. Kate, as Portia, also acted very cleverly, and spoke the famous speech, "The quality of mercy," with great care and proper emphasis. They have also appeared nightly in *The Young Couple*, and on Wednesday evening, when the eldest, by some accident, could not find a letter which had slipped down her bosom, their "gagging," till she found it, was most laughable, from their cool self-possession. They are truly most talented and clever children, and the more we have seen of them the more we are convinced that as much is due to their inherent talents as to the care with which they have been taught. Mr. Baker and Miss Fanny Baker, have also appeared in a variety of popular farces and slight comic dramas. Mr. Baker is now one of the most sterling of our comic actors, always amusing and never coarse. Miss Fanny Baker promises to keep up the family reputation. She has rapidly improved since her last appearance in Liverpool. She is intelligent, elegant, and careful, and whether in tragedy, comedy, or farce, her performances are always above mediocrity. The dramatic season closed last night, with a variety of performances for the benefit of little Kate Bateman, who played Macbeth in two acts of that play with great fire and discrimination, though we fear that her tragic assumptions will seriously injure her voice, which is, at times, painfully strained. Both she and her sister also, played several other characters, and were loudly applauded. On Monday, the equestrian season commences with a series of performances by a mixed troupe of American and French artistes, who have recently appeared, with great success, at Drury Lane, and the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

The ninth concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday last, when Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* was performed with the aid of Miss Birch, Miss Martha Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. It was very fully attended, but did not provoke much enthusiasm from the audience, probably for want of prominent parts for the solo singers. The first encore was for the recitative and *arioso* (!), "The Lord is mindful of his own," beautifully sung by Miss Williams. Miss Birch was also encored in her recitative and *arioso*, "I will sing of thy great mercies." Mr. Lockey had also an encore, and two of the chorusses were similarly honoured. But the want of management in the *libretto*, of which we complained in the *David* of Mr. C. E. Horsley, the continual interruptions of short recitatives possessing no characteristic qualifications, a little bit by the soprano, then a few bars by the tenor, followed by what is called an air, but little more than a captable recitative by the bass, disturb the interest so much and dissipate the expectation to so great a degree as to prevent any but a real lover of music and a careful listener from appreciating the beauty of the work, which unquestionably lies in the accompaniments. Among musicians it has the repute of being a

much finer composition than the *Elijah*, and we have no doubt that it is so; but it was his first great vocal work, and the symphonist appears too much to the disadvantage of the singers, who frequently seem to be only obscuring the beauty of the instrumental part. We had prepared a lengthy notice of this performance which we are unavoidably compelled to withdraw at the last moment.—(*Liverpool Mail*, Nov. 29.)

CAMBRIDGE.—On Monday evening Mr. Wood gave his annual classical concert, and combined with it, what is quite a novelty in Cambridge, a concert of the same high character on the following morning. The names of the eminent artists engaged for the occasion are sufficient evidence of the admirable manner in which the pieces were performed. Mr. Hill, the distinguished tenor player, is, we believe, the only one with whom a Cambridge audience has not been previously made acquainted at one or other of Mr. Wood's concerts. The others were Mr. Sterndale Bennett for the piano; Herr Molique and Mr. Dando for the violin; Signor Piatti for the violoncello; and Miss Ransford executed very effectively the songs which usage render a necessary accompaniment to every instrumental performance. Mr. T. M. Wood also took part in both morning and evening concerts. The music was selected from the works of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The distinguishing feature of the concerts was that, owing to Mr. Wood's liberality, the audience had the pleasure of hearing, in addition to the trios and duos which have hitherto formed the main attraction of these entertainments, four quartets performed in a style which, it is not too much to say, could not possibly be surpassed in London or any metropolis of Europe. The eager and breathless attention with which they were listened to is sufficient proof of the progress which the art of music, and the appreciation of its finished works, has reached among us; and we cannot call by any less distinguished title than that of a public benefactor the man who gives us here, in a country town, the opportunity of hearing these noble works realised by artists whose genius is only second to that of the composers themselves. It is almost an impertinence to praise such players as Bennett, Piatti, Molique, and Hill; they always do their best, and their best is the best. And it is no small honor to Mr. T. M. Wood that he has listened to on the same occasion with such artists, and gave evident pleasure to his audience. It is in the light of a beneficial influence upon the musical studies of the place more than in that of a few hours mere amusement, that we look upon these classical concerts which Mr. Wood, senior, has now for some years persevered in giving, not much, we fear, to the benefit of his own pocket. At any rate the audience of Monday and Tuesday, especially the latter, were much more select than we should have liked to see them. It is, however, to be remembered that, twenty or even ten years ago, it would have been impossible to collect a hundred people in Cambridge to listen to any music that was not of a popular character. Still we should like to see such concerts as those of Monday and Tuesday draw crowded rooms; for we are sure that the more people learn to appreciate the highest forms of art, the more pleasure they will derive from it, and the more softening and civilizing will be its effects upon life and character. And this chamber music especially so adapts itself to the domestic character of the English, that we hope to see the time when the works of Beethoven and the great masters of the pianoforte and stringed instruments shall be as familiar in our households as the plays of Shakespeare, the epics of Milton, or the songs of Burns.

BIRMINGHAM.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—The first concert of the sixth season, of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, was held in the Town-hall, on Wednesday evening, the 24th ultimo. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Frank Mori. The first part commenced with an ode, called "The Transient and Eternal," from the *Was Bleibet Und Was Schwindet*, written by Kowegarten, and translated by J. P. Hurlock; the music composed by Andreas Romberg. The ode, though carefully played and sung, and supported in the vocal department by Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Eyles, and Mr. Henry Phillips, was not particularly attractive. The music is neither brilliant nor deep, but has a certain Haydn-and-waterish air, which might render it tasteful to some palates. After the ode, Mr. Henry Phillips sang "Now Heav'n in fullest glory," with tolerable effect. Miss Eyles

then gave Mendelssohn's beautiful air from *Elijah*, "O rest in the Lord," and pleased mightily. The placid style of the song suited admirably the pretty face and apathetic manner of the fair vocalist, who was encored unanimously. The orchestra went well; Mr. Sims Reeves was yociferously encored in the recitative and air, "Sound an Alarm," from *Judas Macabæus*, which terminated the first part. The second part commenced with the charming overture to the *Barbiere*, which wanted more finish, and as it were *esprit*. It was followed by the popular duet from Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*, "Un tenor core," very finely sung by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, and rapturously encored. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied on the piano with the nicest possible tact. Miss Eyles, who seems in great favour here, was encored in rather a pleasing ballad by George Linley—the words of which, by the way, are remarkable for their contempt of grammar. Mr. Henry Phillips and chorus, as a matter of course, were encored in Handel's "Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee." Mrs. Sims Reeves was immensely applauded in Mr. Frank Mori's most charming ballad, "So mild, so good," which she sang most delightfully. Miss Stevens played a concerto of Mendelssohn's on the piano-forte, and created a favourable impression. Mr. Sims Reeves accompanied himself on the piano to "My Pretty Jane"—encored, of course. Miss Eyles was also encored in a ballad by Mr. Henry Phillips—the words of which, by the way, exhibited an evident dislike towards Mr. Lindley Murray—which was entirely to be attributed to the singer, the composition having very little merit. After Mrs. Sims Reeves was called on to repeat the Scotch ballad, "'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' Town," and substituted "There's nae luck about the house," and Mr. Sims Reeves had given Purcell's "Come, if you dare," (King Arthur), and Mr. Henry Phillips his "Wasting in despair," the concert terminated with "God save the Queen" by all the company.

WINCHESTER.—Mr. J. Conduit gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music, on Friday evening last, at the St. John's Rooms. Among those who assisted Mr. Conduit were Miss Birch (vocalist), Dr. Wesley (pianist), Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi, (violinists), Mr. Freemantle (violinist), Mr. R. Blagrove (concertinist), Mr. Aylward (violinist), Mr. Thomas, accompanist. Some of the instrumental were excellent. Beethoven's quartet, (No 2), for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Messrs. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Aylward, went especially well; as likewise did Mayr's sextet, in B flat, for two violins, two violas, violoncello, and double bass; performed by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Freemantle, Aylward, and J. Conduit. Miss Birch sang four times, and several solos were played. The rooms were full, and everything went off well and satisfactorily.

NORTHAMPTON.—The Instrumental Music Society gave the second of their series of six concerts in the Music Hall, Corn Exchange, on Thursday evening, the 20th ult. The attendance was much larger than at the first concert; the numbers present could have been little short of a thousand. The orchestra, more elevated than on the previous occasion, was a decided improvement both for the performers and the audience. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler, the two latter established favourites. Mrs. Sunderland's songs, "What Airy Sound," and "Sandy and Jenny," were sung with excellent taste, and were both encored. The duet, "Farewell for ever," with Mr. Lockey, was favourably received, and "The Singing Lesson," with Mr. Lawler, was encored. Brahm's song, "The Death of Nelson," was given by Mr. Lockey in a manner which received most rapturous applause; and the song was redemanded; and the ballad, "You ask me oft," of Glover, was given with much feeling. Mr. Lawler's songs, "My Boyhood's Home," and a sea song, were given in his usual style, and elicited more than ordinary marks of favour. The instrumentalists were Messrs. H. and A. Nicholson and Herr Hausmann. The flute obligato of the first-named gentleman was splendidly rendered, and fully established his title to the high position which he has attained. Mr. A. Nicholson (oboe) and Mr. Herr Hausmann (violin) are musicians of the highest rank, and their execution drew forth marked approbation. The orchestral pieces, overtures to *Men of Prometheus*, and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and a selection from *Norma*, with solos

for cornet, oboe, bassoon, and flute, were all given with great effect. The National Anthem concluded the evening's entertainment. The next concert is proposed to be given at the latter end of December, or the beginning of January.—*Northampton Herald*.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—I have to record this week the first appearance in Leeds of a number of ladies and gentlemen, who, during this summer, united for the purpose of maintaining and developing our most national species of music—the glee and the madrigal. The party consists of Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Francis, Land, and H. Phillips. It would be difficult for us to single out, where every thing was so perfect, in which of their part songs they achieved the greatest success. In the third part they were encored in Lord Mornington's glee for five voices, "O bird of eve." They substituted for it "Blest Pair of Syrens," the most perfect rendering of a glee which it has ever fallen to my good fortune to listen to. The second part of the concert consisted of solos and duets. Of their performance I can likewise speak in terms of undivided praise. Nothing could be more charming than the first duet, by Mrs. Enderssohn and Miss M. Williams. The singing of Mr. Lockey in the new song by C. Glover, "You ask me oft if I forgot," and Mr. H. Phillips in Handel's fine scena from the "Alexander's Feast," was excellent.

On Wednesday evening the first concert of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society took place in the Music Hall. In addition to the full chorus of the society the services of Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mr. Hemingway (of the Durham Choir), and Master Ward, were secured. The programme was divided into two parts, sacred and secular. In the sacred section I need only notice the trio from Spohr's *Crucifixion*, "Jesus, Heavenly Master," capitolly sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Brown, and Master Milner; recit. and air, "O balm of life," by Assinayer, sung Mr. Hemingway, who has a fine voice, and is an especial favourite with the Leeds folk; Haydn's "On mighty pens," by Mrs. Alexander Newton, splendidly sung and, encored; and a chorus of Mendelssohn's, also encored. The secular part of the programme was all excellent. The madrigals, glees and part songs, which I need not specify, went to perfection. Mrs. Newton obtained a tremendous encore in "Qui la voce," from *Puritani*, and also in Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle Lark;" and Master Ward obtained the like honor in his concertina solo. The whole went off admirably, and altogether I do not think a better concert has been given in Leeds for years.

TUNBRIDGE.—On Monday evening a concert was given in the Town-hall, by Mr. and Mrs. Hinchings, professors of music and singing in this place, who performed several songs and duets in excellent style. The concert was well attended. On Thursday evening the usual meeting of the Catch Club took place at the Assembly Rooms, Bull Inn; when the following programme was performed:—Overture *Sargino*; Haydn's Sym. No. 3; Final No. 2, Mozart duet *William Tell* pianoforte and violin, by Messrs. Cullum and Venua, was played and gained much applause. A solo on the flute was played by Mr. Chas. Clifton. On Friday evening, Mr. Shapcott, of Exeter, and his seven sons gave a sax-horn concert in the Town-hall, and played several pieces sacred, and classical, exceedingly well. The performances of Master Frank Shapcott, only 6 years of age, are very surprising.

REUNION DES ARTS.—On Wednesday, the fourth *soirée* of the winter season took place at 27, Queen Anne Street. A very fashionable company attended. The programme consisted of the following pieces:—quartet, Beethoven (in C minor); violins, Messrs. C. Goffrie and J. Day; tenor Herr Ganz; and violoncello Mr. W. Chipp; German song, Mdle. Th. Wagner; oboe solo, Mr. Gratton Cook; song, Mrs. Wallack; fantasia pianoforte, (Antoine de Kontski), performed by Madame Goffrie; song, Miss Mary Rose, and a duet for piano and violin (Benedict and De Beriot) Miss Ellen and Mr. J. Day, for the first part. The second began with a quintet by Baerman, for clarinet and string instruments, performed by Messrs. Williams, Day, Goffrie, Ganz, and Chipp. It was followed by a song by Mdle. Wagner; a solo on the piano, Mr. Kloss; trio by Hummel; pianoforte, Miss Hemming (pupil of Madame Goffrie); violin, Mr. Goffrie, and violoncello, Mr. Horatio Chipp. An aria from *Semiramide* ended the *soirée*.

Poetry.

NEW POEM.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

Once I wandered with a Dream,
Where'er I went, by wood or stream
On sunny days, in stormy weather,
My dream and I were still together.
When I was young my dream was young,
And when I on my mother hung
With school-boy ebes that ran in streams,
How mournful was my dream of dreams;
So ran Time!

And when, at last,
I grew into a youth, and cast
My cradle pleasures half aside,
And rose from tears to blushing pride,
Ever did my dream and I
Together like two lovers wander,
And sometimes sigh and sometimes ponder,
Graver than in infancy;—
My dream, men told me, *never true*!
Yet,—so it was, we grew and grew,
Each loving now a sterner theme,
More subtle thoughts, more bold opinions,
Whilst higher in the heavenly blue,
On airier, more ambitious pinions,
Would rise—and rise—my dream!

My dream, they said, was never true,
And yet I dream'd of Truth—of things
Beyond the circling of the spheres,
Of haunts wherein the angel sings
For ever to Almighty ears.
Beyond the clouds,—beyond the thunder,
Beyond the planets over head,
Impetuous, daring, wild with wonder,
My dream and I together fled:—
Fled,—but soon return'd to earth,
Our gentle home our place of birth,
Where still the unlearned poet dreams,
Of humble wrongs and household themes.
Not starry-crowned, nor hid in steel,
Not wandering on infernal shore,
His simple Muse, content to feel
What is and was, asks nothing more
When her voice doth echo truly,—
Nothing, save to touch us duly
With the sadness of her story:—
This is all her glory!

And men say that thou art vain!—
Child of folly!—sinful Pain!—
No; they err, who thus arraign.
No; the God who giveth reason,
Armed for a severer theme,
In our sunny, soaring season,
Crowns us with a dream;
Bids us then drink in the sound
Of the wild wind whispering round,—
Bids us read the rose's leaf
For its moral, sweet and brief,—
Bids us listen, as we walk
By the murmuring of the sea,
To the soft, sweet Muse's talk
Of all that was and is to be.
True!—ay, true as are the flowers,
True as spring or winter rain,
True as are the starry hours
Are the children of the brain.
Heed not from what cell unknown
The wild Imagination springs,
Nor where the Phoenix burns alone,
Nor where the dying cygnet sings;
The splendour of the stars is here,
The music of the rain and wind,

The song of birds at eve and morn,
The perfume with the violet born;—
Here, too, the soul's creations,—clear
Unto the willing mind.
The beauty and the worth of things
Take not their common outward shape
At all times, but will oft escape
In subtler, airier, forms and sounds,
From the heart's profounder springs.
And these, like visions shown of old
To Prophets in the Hebrew days,
Reveal not to the vain and cold
Their nature, nor to vulgar gaze
Appear with kind familiar eyes,
But shine alone on good and wise.

You and I were born together,
O my love, my Dream!
You and I have sail'd together
Adown Life's stream.
Through the sun and stormy weather
We have laugh'd and wept together
Never did the wrath of June
Harm us with its burning noon,
Never did the Winter's rime
Chill us in our braver time.
Tell me,—O ye worldly Sages,
Toiling all for golden wages,
Lawyers subtle, grave physicians,
Skillful reckoners, sound logicians,
What deem'd ye, in age or youth,
The one great philosophic Truth?—
What was still your aim?—
Love?—or power?—wealth?—or fame?—
Tell me,—now that day is closing,
And your minds are calm, reposing
From the weary task of Life;
After all the storm and strife
And the struggle in the stream,
Tell me,—who hath aught beside him
Truer than a dream?

Miscellaneous.

THE LIVERPOOL CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS, under the direction of Mr. Edward Thomas, are announced to commence on the 23rd of this month. The following pianists are engaged for the series:—Miss Kate Loder; Mr. Charles Hallé; Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett. The latter gentleman will perform at the first concert. In addition to these, the list contains the names of Mr. Edward Thomas, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Baetens, and Mr. Lidel.

THE NORTH SHIELDS THEATRE was burned on Tuesday last. It was the property of Mr. Samuel Roxby, brother of Mr. William Beverley, the scene painter. We regret to say that the theatre was not insured. The North Shields theatre was once the property of the Kemble family.

MISS DOLBY'S SECOND SOIREE MUSICALE was given on Tuesday evening. The performers on this occasion were Miss Eliza Birch, Miss Dolby, and Mr. T. Smith, vocalists; and Messrs. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Lucas, Regondi, Barre Motique, and Kate Loder, instrumentalists. Mr. Lindsey Stoper conducted the vocal music.

GRASSINI.—Her voice, though somewhat husky and guttural, was a perfect contralto, and possessed all the soothing and devotional softness, which distinguishes that class of voice when breathed from a female organ. She had evidently studied in a first-rate school; and though she had not much execution, what she did was elegant and finished, while she never attempted what was beyond her power. Those who have heard her in the preghiera "Oh Giove Onnipotente!" in the heartfelt trio "Madre

amata, alfin giurai" or the beautiful cavatina "Paga fui," will admit that in the expression of the subdued and softer passions she has never been excelled. Add to this, she was beautiful, an actress above mediocrity, and combined with an elegant figure so much grace of attitude, that her every posture might be supposed to have been studied after the antique. Yet with all this, she was not at once, nor quickly, popular. The contralto voice was a stranger to the public, and the public is not always inclined to give a stranger welcome. Pisaroni had not yet arisen to teach us that a contralto voice may vie with a soprano in all that is pathetic or lively, serious or gay: and perhaps Pisaroni herself owed some of the warmth with which her early efforts were welcomed, to the remembrance of Grassini. When, however, the *Ratto di Proserpina* of Winter, was brought out, and the deep *chalmieu* tones of Grassini were heard in immediate contrast, at once, and in union with the flute-like warblings of Billington, the perfections of the new candidate were appreciated and her popularity stamped.

ROBERT DE LILLE, the author of the famous *Hymne des Marseillais*, thus speaks of its origin:—"I composed the words and air of this song at Strasburg, on the night following the proclamation of war, in April, 1792. It was at first entitled *Chant de l'armée du Rhin*, and became known at Marseilles, through the medium of a constitutional Journal, published under the auspices of the illustrious and unfortunate Diétrick. When this song made its explosion some months after, I was wandering among the mountains of Alsace, in order to save my life from the proscription which had been denounced against me, and from the effect of which I was the year following, being the commencement of the reign of terror, thrown into prison by Robespierre, from which I had the good fortune to be released the 9th Thermidor following."

MUSIC AND POETRY.—"Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that. Song seems somehow the very central essence of us; as if all the rest were wrappings and hulls! All inmost things are melodious; naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. The Greeks fabled of sphere-harmonies; it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. Poetry, therefore, we will call musical thought. The poet is he who thinks in that manner. It turns still on powers of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."—CARLYLE.

LECTURE HALL GREENWICH.—Miss Binckes gave an admirable concert at the above room on Thursday the 27th, and succeeded, by an attractive list of performers, in bringing together a numerous and enthusiastic audience. In addition to the fair *beneficiaire*, were Madame Garcia, Miss Ransford (the Misses Alexander, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mr. Irving, Mr. Haigh, and Signor Ronconi. The instrumentalists were Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. R. J. Pratten. Miss Binckes, whose reception was highly flattering, was encored in each of her songs, and with Signor Ronconi, created a very favourable impression in the well known Duo, "Dunque io son." Miss Binckes possesses an excellent voice, and in addition to this, claims very considerable attention, by her neatness of execution, and her clearness of enunciation. Mr. Harrison was received with the usual honours of a popular vocalist and encored in the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, which he gave with considerable delicacy; and in Benedict's song "Ill-gifted Ring." Similar compliments were awarded to Madame Garcia for her brilliant interpretation of Rhode's "Not Unfamiliar," air, with variations; and to Miss Ransford, in a graceful song by Mr. Hopkins "There's Wisdom in the Summer Flower." Mr. Brinley Richards performed with great success, his fantasia on "Bohemian Airs," one of which, by the way, (although well known in the version published by Leopold de Meyer) is presented in such a form as to render it altogether a novelty; the finale is full of brilliant passages, and preserves the theme throughout with great effect. Mr. Richards was loudly applauded. In addition to this instrumental feature, were two exceedingly effective solos for the flute, by Mr. R. J. Pratten, who on this occasion justly realised his claims to popularity as one

of our first flautists. His second solo introducing the "Trab Trab," proved so irresistible that his auditors demanded its repetition. The Misses Alexander gave a very pleasing version of the admired duett by Horn, "I know a Bank," and a similar commendation is due to Mr Allan Irving, who possesses a fine bass voice, and sang Benedict's dramatic scena, "Rage thou Angry Storm." Mr. Joseph Haigh, who accompanied himself, gave us an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with Schubert's admired "Wanderer." He also sang Cimarosa's duett with Signor Ronconi; and the last named gentleman delivered an agreeable reading of the "Ave Maria." In the way of novelty the most extraordinary was a New Dramatic Trio called the Shipwreck, by Mr. Haigh. Nor shall we greatly err, in adding that the words have found an enthusiastic interpreter in the imagination of the composer. With only a "first" hearing, it is somewhat difficult to speak decidedly upon the school of music to which we should assign Mr. Haigh's Trio, which may, however, be commended to attention as possessing many of those peculiarities which abound in the "Battle of Prague," and in Russell's intellectual "Maniac." The manner in which Mr. Haigh deals with diminished sevenths is somewhat alarming, but it would be unfair to infer, that, because Beethoven introduced many of those harmonies in his symphonies, and because Clementi has written passages of double notes, that Mr. Haigh has copied either. Indeed we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Haigh is remarkable for the original way in which his phrases and harmonies are written. Gunod, and Felicien David, were pronounced, each in *their* day, the "Coming Man;" who knows, that after all, this long desired personage may yet be found in the composer of the "Shipwreck?"—time alone, will tell us. As this writer is evidently a very young man, we may naturally anticipate at some future opportunity, the pleasure of obtaining a further acquaintance with an author, who has already manifested such extraordinary claims to public curiosity. The Lecture Hall is in a wretched state, as regards comfort or appearance, and we are surprised that the Directors do not endeavour to get rid in some measure of the "triste" impression which the Hall now creates, in the eyes of every visitor; so fine a room deserves a better fate.

MR. HANDEL GEAR.—A paragraph went the round of the newspapers, that this gentleman was about to leave England for America; such appears however, not to be the case, for we see by our advertisement pages, that Mr. Handel Gear announces his return to town for the season, and his intention to continue giving lessons in Italian, German, and English singing.

SIGNOR SAPIO, the once popular tenor singer, died a few days since in circumstances of great distress.

MADAME PASTA AND THE CHORUS GIRL.—On the first production of *Norma*, Madame Pasta had taken up the part of the Priestess with enthusiastic energy; but after six weeks study of the new opera she sent for the Milanese manager:—"We must have a change in the cast," she said. "It will never do for anything but a very beautiful girl to play the part of Adalgisa. Signorina ——— is very well as a singer, but she is very plain and for the full success of the opera, the audiences must see a reasonable excuse in the apparent plot. The centurion must have more shew of excuse for his infidelity to Norma than the present Seconda Donna would any way furnish. Now there is that beautiful creature among the chorus girls; she looks an Adalgisa, and we must teach her to sing it. Send her to me!" The beautiful chorus girl was Giulia Grial.—*Yankee Paper.*

OF THE MEDICINAL POWERS ATTRIBUTED TO THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON ANIMALS, &c.—The ancients have attributed many medicinal powers to music, as the sound of a trumpet curing deafness, and that the sound of the flute will cure epilepsy, and the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, used it as a remedy not only in acute but chronic disorders. And in the *Memoires of the Academy of Sciences* for 1707 and 1708, we meet with many accounts of diseases, which, after having resisted and baffled all the most efficacious remedies in common use, had at length given way to the soft impressions of harmony. Many accounts are related of the power of ancient music over different animals, and there are various opinions expressed respecting its influence over them, whether it gives them pleasure or pain, or in what way they

MRS. EDWIN FORREST—It may be remembered that Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, brought an action for adultery against his wife (a daughter of Sinclair, the once popular vocalist), but failing to substantiate the accusation in the law courts of his native state, Pennsylvania, the lady is now suing for a divorce from her husband, upon similar grounds, in the state of New York, where Mr. Forrest's property is situated. The husband, possessed of wealth, and supported by the "rowdy" gangs of New York, employs every means to destroy her reputation, and intrigue follows intrigue to procure the postponement of the trial, which comes on next month. Mrs. Forrest's means being limited, she has, we are informed, determined to appear on the stage. Her cruel persecution has made her the object of general sympathy amongst the respectable inhabitants of New York, and she has had offers of engagements from various managers. She has at length accepted one, and appears at Brougham's Lyceum at the close of the present month, or the commencement of the next. Miss Cushman has taken a deep interest in the ill-used lady, and has devoted much time to her instruction in the histrionic art. Her speciality is tragedy, in which she makes her *début*. Her personal appearance is said to be very prepossessing; her figure is gracefully tall, and her features are handsome. Little doubt is entertained of her success, unless Forrest packed houses, and "rowdy" hostility prevent her from having fair play.

SAX MILITARY BAND INSTRUMENTS.

COUNCIL MEDAL, July 10a, 1725. Messrs. ROUSSELOT & Co., beg to announce that being the representatives of the eminent inventor of the Sax horn, who has gained the sole Council Medal for the Military Band Instruments, they are able to provide purchasers with genuine Sax Horns, French Brass Instruments of all kinds, and other instruments, &c., on the most advantageous terms. The admitted Instruments from the Exhibition are now on sale at 66, Conduit-street. List of prices forwarded on application. London, Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

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(Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

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Price Fourpence.
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CICELY NOTT.

It is to the enterprising, intelligent, and we may add, in this instance, the provident and fortunate Jullien, that we are indebted for the appearance in public of the above young and charming artiste, who, as the *Times* observes, is in all probability destined to hold a high rank in her profession. It was Jullien who first discovered her talent, and brought her talent to light. It cannot be forgotten that it was Jullien who introduced our great English tenor, Sims Reeves, to the public, having first found him, and heard him in one of the Italian States, where, not unlikely, to this day—unless moved homewards by friendship, love, patriotism, or remembrance—he might have been delighting small potentates and their subjects with his fiery strains, had not the great conductor heard and felt his power, and transported him from the burning south to the frigid north; from the banks of the Adige, or Po, or shores of the Bay of Naples, to the quays of the Thames; from the Fenice, San Carlos, or La Scala, to Drury Lane, Exeter Hall, or the Hanover Rooms. But many Sims Reeves' could not at all times be discovered, and so, having no new stars with which to irradiate the public, Jullien contented himself for several years with acknowledged celebrities, and made his triumphs green with the laurels of a Persiani, a Jetty Treffz, a Miss Dolby, or a Miss Bassano. Nor must it be overlooked that, among his other discoveries, Jullien, the Columbus of the new artistic world, sweeping his intellectual telescope over Europe, lighted his gaze upon Bottesini, saw his splendour and glory, directed the world's attention thereto, and fixed him for ever among the stars of the first magnitude.

Some two or three years since, Jullien, for the first time heard Miss Cicely Nott sing in private. He soon discovered that she had a splendid organ, and was possessed of excellent musical abilities, and thinking it pity her talents should be wasted—as her father was a man of moderate means, and unable to spare sufficient money to bestow a liberal education—he resolved to make suitable provisions for her instruction, and to provide her the most competent masters. Jullien, accordingly, had Miss Cicely Nott placed at the Royal Academy of Music, where she learned the art in all its branches, and procured the celebrated vocal professor, Emanuel Garcia, brother of Malibran, and teacher of Jenny Lind, as her singing master. Of course, Jullien has borne all the expenses up to the present moment, and will continue to do so until Miss Cicely Nott's education be completed. At the Royal Academy the

young pupil made great proficiency in her studies, and at this moment constitutes one of the brightest examples of the sound and admirable teaching of that establishment.

Miss Cicely Nott's voice is a true high soprano—the *voce sfogato* of the Italians—of the same register as that of Jenny Lind, Persiani, &c. She is, as far as appearance guides us, between eighteen or nineteen years of age. In person she is slender, elegant, and *distingué*, and her features are highly intelligent and expressive. Altogether Cicely Nott is an exceedingly prepossessing young lady, and a vocalist already of considerable acquirements, largely endowed by nature, and of transcendent promise. Miss Cicely Nott, however, is too young yet to sing in public, more especially in a large theatre, and in presence of a large audience. At eighteen or nineteen years of age the voice is not formed, and requires the utmost tenderness in the treatment. Singing too frequently, or too loudly, under such circumstances, is pernicious to the singer. Miss Cicely Nott should confine her efforts to singing frequently in her own room—where she may practise all day without disadvantage, by judicious exercise—and sing rarely in public. Let her not be led away with the idea that she can become a Malibran or a Persiani before she is out of her teens, or has left off the trammels of her novitiate. Every singer must bide his time; and no man or woman was ever a great artist before five or six-and-twenty—and many more after than at that period of life. Wherefore, let not the fair and talented Cicely jump at the moon, and fancy, because she is now the idol of the moment in public, and fed high with praises at Lord Blank's or the Dowager Blotche's, at mid-winter parties, when no one is in town, no excitement stirring, and a strange sensation is the more welcome on that account, that she has nothing more to learn; that her voice is of perdurable toughness, and immortal, and of india-rubber extensibility; that her throat is of brass, and her lungs of pounden buff; her stomach that of the boa, that can digest Witney blankets, with coloured selvages, and thrive on them; and that she may now sit with her basket of eggs before her, and reckon the chickens before they are hatched. Take care of the eggs, Cicely; they are very good eggs, and each, if looked to, will bring forth a bird destined to lay golden ones. But you must provide a hen, Cicely, and see that Mother Partlet be clacking, provident, and no nest leaver, else your eggs may not come to fruitful issue, or the chickens be spoiled in the rearing. Look to the future, Cicely, and let the present be but as the prologue to the golden round which Fortune awaits to crown you withal. And so farewell, fair Cicely, for a

brief while, when we shall have more to discover of thee, and thy histories and pretensions, and manifold interests. Meanwhile, go not too frequently, and sing not too often, nor too loudly, at my Lord Blank's or my Lady Blotche's—the dowager's—and be sure to keep your feet dry. This is wholesome advice.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Although no lover of good music could have felt otherwise than pleased to hear so fine a performance of Haydn's *Seasons* as that with which, in presence of a densely crowded audience, the Sacred Harmonic Society inaugurated its renewed series of performances at Exeter-hall, it is open to discussion whether such a work can, by any process of reasoning, be made to tally with the great object for which the society was originally projected, and which, since its foundation, the members have strenuously endeavoured to carry out. It is mere sophistry to attempt to impose a sacred character upon the *Seasons*. There is nothing sacred about it. The music of Haydn, like the poem of Thompson, is, for the most part, descriptive. Had the committee simply announced that a performance of the *Seasons*, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, would take place at Exeter-hall, without including it among the features of their regular plan, there would have been no room for cavil. But it is very questionable whether hunting and bacchanalian choruses, and compositions so essentially profane, not to say vulgar, as the duet "My constant, lovely Jane," and the air with chorus, "There was a squire, as I've heard say" (both, by the way, insipid and commonplace effusions), can be considered as legitimate *media* of edification to an assembly gathered together for the ostensible purpose of listening to the oratorios of those grave and renowned composers who drew their inspirations from the text of Scripture. That the *Seasons*, Haydn's last great effort, is rarely heard entire at the present time, even at our provincial festivals, is true; but the work itself has no more to do with the principles upon which the existence and prestige of the Sacred Harmonic Society are based, than the *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn. With the *Passions* and motets of Sebastian Bach, a few oratorios of Handel, the psalms and services of Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Mozart, &c., some rarely, others never, performed—not to speak of several oratorios by modern composers—to select from, there was, we conceive, no absolute necessity for the Sacred Harmonic Society to depart from its ancient professions, and, overstepping the limits of sacred music, to enter the domain of art which properly belongs to the concert-room and the theatre. These objections stated, we have nothing but praise to accord to the execution of Haydn's *Seasons*, which was an honourable to all concerned, and worthy of the reputation of the society and of its conductor (Mr. Costa), to whose energy and admirable talent so much of its actual prosperity must be attributed.

So familiar to the musical public are the origin, design, merits, and general character of Haydn's celebrated *cantata*,—of which, though the whole is seldom presented, the most striking pieces are constantly brought forward,—that it would be superfluous to enter into any description of it, either historical or analytic. It is enough to suggest, that, composed in 1800 (two years after the *Creation*), and first produced in England in 1813, it is regarded by many competent judges as the capital work of the master. We cannot, how-

ever, entertain that opinion, holding, as we do, that Haydn shone far more as a symphonist, and composer of instrumental music for the chamber, than as a vocal writer. True, his canzonets, and other songs, are deservedly esteemed; and, though his operas are forgotten, there are so many beauties, and such an inexhaustible vein of melody, both in the *Creation* and the *Seasons*, that, while they cannot reasonably be compared to those masterpieces of Handel and Mendelssohn, which have employed the resources of vast bodies of choral and instrumental executants with the most magnificent effect, they will always remain popular favourites, and possibly endure longer than many of the more profound and ingenious productions of their composer, who, in one especial branch, did more for the art than any other master. Haydn may be said to have invented and perfected the orchestral symphony; but in the higher dramatic element, in passion, and in sublimity, he was deficient—which is plainly shown—in works where such gifts, if possessed, would naturally have been demonstrated. With all its richness of melody, its clever and varied instrumentation, its spirit and its playfulness, the *cantata* of the *Seasons* presents evidences of the *perruque*, quite sufficient to prove that the materials of which it is composed were not imperishable. And here we may appropriately cite Haydn's own words after having completed the work:—"I have done. My head is no longer what it was; formerly ideas came to me unsought; I am now obliged to seek for them; and for this I feel that I am not formed." The great musician knew, better than any other, that the freshness and spontaneity of his invention had departed.

We have already hinted that the performance was first-rate. The orchestra and chorus had been evidently well trained by Mr. Costa, and there was scarcely a point to criticise in the execution. The chief vocalists, too, Miss Birch, Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips, sang the recitatives, airs, and concerted pieces allotted to them with the best possible effect. Nevertheless, the attention of the audience, in many places, sensibly flagged, and a feeling of tameness and monotony was more than once made evident. The most striking executive displays of the evening were in the choruses, "Hark! the merry-toned horn," and "Shout, boys, shout," (Part III.—Autumn), the first of which, where the difficult horn *obligato* was skilfully played by Mr. Jarret, elicited a loud and unanimous encore. The same compliment was paid to Miss Birch for her spirited delivery of the air and chorus "There was a Squire." The fact that the parts of the *cantata* which gave most pleasure, and induced the audience to break through the wholesome regulation of altogether eschewing applause and repetitions, were precisely those the furthest removed from the sacred tone and character, may serve as a corollary to the objections we have urged.

Mr Costa was received with enthusiasm. The only important change remarked in the orchestra was the substitution of Signor Piatti for Mr. Lindley, as principal violoncello. The "father of the orchestra" may console himself, on retiring from public life, with the assurance that the place he has occupied with so much distinction for more than half-a-century will be worthily filled by his young and gifted successor now, beyond comparison, the first violoncellist in Europe. We must not conclude without a word of commendation for Professor Taylor's English version of the words, which, besides being far superior to the old one, adheres as closely to the text of the poet Thomson, where that is practicable, as the exigencies of the music allow. The next performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society will be the *Messiah*, on Tuesday, the 23rd inst.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's Fourth Classical Chamber Concert took place on Thursday the 4th. The programme was as follows :

PART I.

Quartetté, pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello,
(in G minor) Mozart
Song—"The Mill-stream," Schubert
Grand Sonata—pianoforte (in C, op. 53) Beethoven

PART II.

Grand sextett, pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso; (in E flat, op. 30) Onslow
Song—"The Alpine Horn" Proch
Miscellaneous selection, pianoforte, (in C sharp minor, op. 56) Heller—Chopin

We are afraid your readers will think we deal too much in hyperbole or fulsomeness in speaking, every fortnight, of the above *recherche* concerts. We cannot, certainly, write at all satisfactorily to ourselves about them; language fails us to express our feeling; and such as is at our command—wonder—delight—&c., loses its force and power of expression from constant repetition. Nathless, we must essay our best to report the fourth of this interesting series of concerts, however meagre and inadequate our record may appear to ourselves or to those of your readers, who can truly and heartily appreciate this classical school of chamber music. The feeling that oppresses us most, is, that nothing we can say, can do justice to Hallé himself; it is not only as the great pianist—the great interpreter of Beethoven's mighty conceptions for the pianoforte—but we have to speak in the highest terms of him, as the originator in Manchester, of this high class of vocal entertainment, and of his taste and judgment in the admirably varied selections he gives us as specimens of every variety of the chief writers for this particular school. We were particularly struck with this on glancing at the programme given above; here was a novelty, in a sextett for five-stringed instruments and pianoforte, by Onslow, that never was before heard in public, in Manchester; so it is, every concert differs remarkably from those which have gone before—yet is there no deterioration from the high standard already established.

With these remarks, we commence our task of reporting, in some faint degree, our impression of Hallé's last concert. The performers were chiefly as before. In addition to Hallé, Baetens was the tenor; Lidel, violoncello; Waud, contrabasso; to which were added, as first and second violin, two brothers, Messrs. Mollenhauer, who are and have been, for some time, resident here. Mozart's quartet, for violin, viola, violoncello, with pianoforte (in G minor), introduced to us one of the brothers as first violin; Lidel, Baetens, and Hallé, of course, completing the quartet. It was no slight disadvantage to M. Mollenhauer, that he should appear at these concerts so immediately after Herr Molique—it is a comparison forced upon us, under which few would appear advantageously. Molique's peculiar clearness of tone, we believe, is totally unsurpassed by any living artist, save Alard, (whom we never had the pleasure of hearing), consequently, it is no discredit to M. Mollenhauer, that in this especial particular he could not compare with his predecessor. Setting this aside, his performance was more than respectable; it was clever and artistic. Baetens, Hallé, and Lidel were all that could be desired, consequently Mozart's quartet was not only a fine example of that great master, but a most perfect performance. The Andante was very beautiful, quite *Mozartean*, and full of beauty, a flowing run taken by the left hand on the pianoforte—then by each string instrument in turn, was a very marked feature, and the

full harmonies had quite a hymnal solemnity. The quartet was warmly applauded at its close. Hallé's performance of Beethoven's sonatas is surely the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. We have more than once listened with feelings of delight and astonishment at his performance of the one given on this occasion (the one in C, op. 53) but the 'appetite grows by what it feeds on' at each re-hearing, we are more and more entranced and spell-bound, listening most intently and rapturously whilst he is playing, regretting it is over when the sounds cease to fall on our enraptured ear, and our mind dwelling on the performance for hours afterwards. This is a feature peculiar to Hallé and his classical performances. We can remember no other solo player on any instrument that produced this *after* effect upon us that we have vainly attempted to describe. There is another charm in hearing Hallé play a sonata that we have heard from his hands before, in the familiar remembrance of former delight, that is vividly brought before us, and the pleasurable anticipation of beauties again to be rung in our ears, that we know must come during its performance. All this (and much more that we cannot describe) we felt on listening to Hallé's last sonata.

The second part of the concert opened with the marked feature we before alluded to, namely, Onslow's Sestett for pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra basso (in E flat op. 30). Hallé's subscribers may indeed be grateful to him, not only for the introduction of two clever violinists to them, in the Messrs. Mollenhauer, but for the first hearing of a very clever composition like this. We have heard chamber music by Onslow of a high character before, especially one or two of his quintets, but none boasting such beauty, variety, and excellence as this sestett. The other M. Mollenhauer now appeared as first violin, his brother taking the second; the way in which they attacked some of the most difficult passages, shewed they were masters of what was set before them; and notwithstanding a thinness of tone, (which was perhaps fancied from having Signor Molique so lately) they performed their part gracefully and well. Baetens delighted us more than ever. After Hill perhaps we are inclined to rank him as first tenor in England; anything more pure, oily, and flowing than his solo bits, or more equal than his tone throughout (being distinctly heard yet not too prominent) we never listened to. Lidel was equally fine; there was a passage of great beauty in unison for first violin and violoncello in the minuet, and a solo passage no less beautiful in the "Andante con Variazioni," for the violoncello, which showed Lidel to great advantage, and M. Mollenhauer acquitted himself exquisitely in the unison bit, with its graceful close. In one part was a peculiar wailing cry given out first by the violin and repeated in their different tones successively by tenor, violoncello, and pianoforte. There was another passage for the whole six *crescendo* united, it became a most powerful forte, when we could have imagined a full orchestra had stolen into the hall unperceived to join their forces to the sestett. Hallé was unobtrusive and unassuming as usual—yet the presiding genius throughout. We cannot particularize each movement; the impression on a first hearing was redolent of beauty, melody, harmony—a most impartial display of each instrument in turn—and a clever combination of them in concert together—technical terms are beyond us, we speak as one of a delighted audience, not as a musician. Hallé's selection was again a great treat, a serenade of Heller (in C sharp minor, op. 56) and two of Chopin's extraordinary Mazurkas. On Hallé's coming forward to play them he was received at first with a hearty round of applause, prolonged until the audience seemed to recollect all at once, that it was to Hallé they were indebted for all this intellectual feast, when the clapping of hands grew into a regular burst of enthusiasm—

a genuine tribute to Hallé—which he must have felt from its variety Hallé's audience are most enthusiastic and apt listeners, but it is seldom they are loud in their plaudits. Mr. Perring we are glad to see again the solo vocalist; he gave us, with his usual good taste, in the first part, Schubert's (query, Curschman's?) "Mill Stream," accompanied by Hallé; in the second Proch's "Alpine Horn," in Italian, accompanied by himself; he was much and deservedly applauded. There is a finish and refinement about Perring which admirably qualifies him to sing at these chamber concerts.

The next is fixed for Thursday, the 8th instant.

The Messrs. Mollenhauer, we perceive, are about to give a concert at the Town Hall on Friday, the 12th instant, which we hope to see fully attended. Hallé and Lidel are engaged. Miss Scott, of Liverpool, as vocalist.

Again, after writing our notice of Hallé's concert, have we seen the *Manchester Guardian's* critique, which again agrees very much with the above as to the instrumental performances. We notice it solely on account of the very harsh treatment (to say the least of it,) of Mr. Perring; our poor judgment is totally opposed to that of the writer, whose remark we shall not give increased currency to by quoting, but leave the public to determine on the merits and demerits of Mr. Perring. His singing was exceedingly neat and finished. His accompaniment to Proch's song that of a thorough musician.

At the Theatre Royal, we perceive the benefits are fast bringing the season to a close. Mr. Charles F. Anthony, the chorus master, we are glad to see, takes a benefit on Thursday next for the first time; his unseen but useful labours deserve a bumper. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Seymour should have accidentally fixed on the same night, for the first of a short series of four of his quartet concerts, which of course cannot now be helped. We wish well to both. Mr. Seymour has secured Mr. Perring as vocalist, and a Miss Samson is announced as solo pianiste (a pupil of Mendelssohn's). Thomas, Baetens, and Lidel will, we presume complete the quartet.

THE RECENT EVENTS IN PARIS.

[The following from a Correspondent of *The Times*, in the impression of Saturday, December 6th, will probably have some interest for musical readers.—Ed.]

As witness of some of the events of the last few days in Paris, and of the effect produced by them on the temper and deportment of the inhabitants, I have traced a few hurried remarks, which may, perhaps, be considered not without interest by your numerous readers, at a moment when all that comes from the French side of the channel is looked for with so much anxiety. Although anticipations of a *coup d'état* had been entertained and whispered in the *cafés* and public places for some time previous, the effect of the wholesale and decisive mandates posted and circulated all over Paris on Tuesday morning was electric, and the excitement universal. The Boulevards were unusually crowded. At the doors of the principal *cafés* and the corners of the principal streets dense groups were seen discussing with noisy vociferations the important and unexpected intelligence. There was no interruption, however, to the business and amusements of these immense thoroughfares which cut Paris into halves. The shops remained open and the *cafés* were crowded. As from time to time the military passed to and fro, the continued shouts of "*Vive la République*" had little of anger in their tone, and seemed rather like the friendly admonition of the people to their armed defenders, a memento of the cause which they

both might be supposed to cherish. To a stranger, strolling leisurely where "circulation" was not impracticable, the scene bore the semblance of a carnival, and the passage of the military a pageant which attracted the attention and excited the cheers and applause of the populace. Meanwhile, however, as you know, events were being consummated and decrees enforced in other parts of the city, remote from that line of fashion and gaiety which stretches from the boulevard Montmartre to the Chausseé d'Antin, with a decision and severity that plainly declared there was no child's play on hand. On the previous evening (Monday) the Opera Comique was crammed to suffocation, the attraction being the *Château de la Barbe Bleue*, a new opera by M. Limnander, a young composer, who had acquired considerable reputation by his first essay, *Les Monténégrins*. All Paris was there, and the *feuilletonistes* looked as grave and attentive as though they were going to write their critiques as usual, and as though if written they would be printed, and if printed, read. M. Cavaignac and M. Thiers were among the audience, and strange enough, by the side of the former sat M. de Morny, Minister of the Interior, the only one who could be persuaded to affix his signature to those decrees of the President which on the following morning awoke the astonishments of the Parisians. On the evening of Tuesday, although grave forebodings of disaster had already spread themselves throughout the city, the Théâtre Italien was filled by a brilliant and well-dressed audience, to witness the *début* of the tenor, Guasco, in *Ernani*. A short calm, a brief suspension of military operations, and unimpeded circulation in the Boulevard des Italiens were enough to quiet the apprehensions of this amusement-loving people, whose elasticity of temperament is one of their most signal characteristics. The *foyer* this time was not in the theatre, but on the Boulevards, where numbers of the audience hurried, between the acts, to inform themselves about the aspect of affairs. Seeing nothing, however, but a moving crowd, hearing nothing but the same monotonous cry of "*Vive la République*," as the military passed up and down, they returned to the theatre, and for a time forgot the threatened crisis in the singing of Mlle. Cruvelli, the Elvira of the evening. After the opera had terminated most of the *cafés* were still open, and some few of them did not close their doors until an unusually late hour.

On the morning of Wednesday, and up till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, there was nothing in the *beaux quartiers* but the crowds of promenaders, passing without hinderance, and the groups at the doors of the *cafés*, to indicate that Paris was on the brink of a crisis. In the *cafés* there was a universal game of dominoes, the suspension of so many of the public journals, offering the *habitués* but a scanty supply of literary food. In the streets the vendors of the *Patrie* were more than usually numerous, and more than usually obstreperous. Later in the afternoon, however, as rumours of barricades and massacres floated up from the remoter and less fortunate departments of St. Martin and St. Antoine, the dominoes gradually ceased rattling, many persons stole quietly home, and a gloom began to settle upon the faces of the mob, whose cries of "*Vive la République*," hollow, suppressed, and at rarer intervals, assumed a tone of menace, as though a storm were not far behind. The physiognomy of the military, moreover, worn and fatigued by fast and waking, was more serious, stern, and anxious than before; no longer the gay and showy pageant in which ac-rabiniers, cuirassiers, and guides were but as glittering effigies of the reality—the figures of a gigantic puppet-show—but a real military display, a threat and an admonition to the crowd, who, in the features of their armed compatriots on horse and foot, found no sympathy and read no hope. The disastrous

attempts of MM. Madier de Montjau, Esquiros, and Baudin, to form barricades in the Rue St. Marguerite, and the accredited report of the deaths of two out of three representatives of the Mountain, spread consternation among the groups, and gradually emptied the *cafés* of their visitors. One noticeable difference was remarked in the aspect of the crowd on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday a vast number of *blouses* and *ouvriers* was noticed; on Wednesday the appearance of these ancient abettors of revolution was exceedingly rare. Scarcely any of them, indeed, were observed. To some this brought confidence, to others fear. The latter thought, and not without a show of reason, that if the *blouses* were absent, almost to a man, it was presumptive evidence they were elsewhere more gravely occupied, and this by no means improved the prospect of what was likely to take place on the morrow—more especially since it was currently reported that the Socialists had been summoned by their chiefs to meet and consult that night.

From 9 o'clock p.m. the more dangerous parts of the Boulevards were comparatively deserted. Accompanied by a friend, I walked as far as the Boulevard du Temple; but with the exception of a few dispersed mobs, retreating at the approach of the military, there was nothing to disturb the almost dead tranquillity. From an individual in one of the flying groups, who had taken shelter in a *café*, we learnt that two of the people had been killed in an encounter, and that their bodies had been carried about by some of the boldest of their comrades, who made them a pretext to excite commotion; but that after a short period the corpses were captured by a detachment of soldiers, and despatched in an omnibus to an adjacent hospital. After midnight large bodies of military invested the Café de Paris, Tortoni's, and the Maison Dorée (one of the principal resorts of those Parisians who turn night into day.) The stragglers who were returning home from late reunions, were ordered off the great thoroughfare, and compelled to gain their domiciles by circuitous routes. Resistance or protest only led to a menace of immediate arrest, which no one was fool-hardy enough to set at defiance.

If the Boulevards, thronged by busy and animated crowds, their brilliant array of shops and *cafés* all open, be a sight to raise the wonder and delight of foreigners, anything more desolate and blank than their appearance when completely deserted by their peaceable inhabitants can hardly be imagined. Such was the picture presented to those who ventured within eyeshot of the scene on Tuesday, in the afternoon, when every shop was closed, and the interior of the *cafés*, dimly lighted by a solitary *reverberé*, left scarce the possibility for the few who hazarded to come within their precincts to recognise each other's faces. At the mouth of every street and every passage a picket of soldiers stayed the further progress of the people, who remained behind the barrier as spectators. But while the open thoroughfare of the Boulevards was abandoned, the windows and balconies of every house from top to bottom were alive with anxious faces, eagerly watching the growing numbers and inexplicable evolutions of the military, who soon filled up the space as far as the eye could reach, from the point of the Boulevard des Italiens at which I was situated. That something of consequence was about to be enacted was evident to every looker-on. Circulation, which at first had been partially allowed, was at length imperatively forbidden, and the half-opened doors of the *cafés*, from which the unemployed *garçons*, and even the *cuisiniers*, had been furtively peering, were shut by command. Unconscious of what was going to happen, however, the inhabitants remained at the windows and in the balconies, their curiosity outweighing their fears. The rapid passage to and fro of

heavy artillery, directed to unknown points, the sound of distant cannon, which told an undeniable story, the *croque-morts*, as those members of the *ambulances* are called whose business it is to carry away the dead and wounded, the army surgeons in their regimental guise, the incessant departure and return of the *guides*, all at the gallop, these and other appearances no less suggestive, were insufficient to drive the people into their houses; the windows and the balconies continued to be busily occupied. At length, however, two or three successive motions of the hand from the general who was superintending the manœuvres of the troops gave warning that danger was at hand, and the greater number of the curious retired from the windows, although those in the *balcon* of the Café du Cardinal failed to take the hint, and it was not till two tremendous volleys of musketry made the Boulevards ring again that they became aware of the peril to which they stood exposed, and scrambled through the windows of the *première étage*. Those who have been to Paris will remember that the Café du Cardinal forms the *rez de chaussée*, or ground floor, of an enormous house, half of which faces the Boulevards and the other half the rue de Richelieu. The remainder of the house, from the first floor upwards, belongs to M. Brandus, the most extensive music publisher in Paris, who has recently leased the premises, and constructed, perhaps, the largest and handsomest *magazin* of its kind in Europe. It was in the *balcon* which appertains to this *magazin* that I was stationed, in company with seven or eight others, watching the evolutions of the troops, the magnitude and variety of which surprised everybody, in a quarter of the Boulevards from which usually little danger is anticipated in revolutionary times. To our astonishment and no small discomfort, our escape from the balcony of the music shop of M. Brandus had only interposed the walls and windows between our persons and the threatened danger. The fire was now immediately directed against the house in which we were, and the smashing of windows speedily incited to a move upstairs, where it was imagined we should be out of immediate peril. No such thing, however. Musket shots penetrated even the bedroom of M. Brandus. The consternation was as general as the cause of the aggression was incomprehensible. In a short time, while everybody was doing his best to get out of reach of the shot, the screams of the female servants, in the lower department of the house announced a fresh event, and the shouts of a hundred voices outside, crying "*Ouvrez ouvrez!*" declared the intention of the military to enter the building. No one daring to descend to obey the mandate, after a short period the door was broken open, and a number of soldiers rushed upstairs, and demolishing every obstacle searched each room in succession, until they approached the *quatrième étage*, where M. Brandus and his friends had repaired for safety. There information was given that a shot had been fired from the house upon the troops, and that the business of the invaders was to visit every apartment and examine the persons of all present. The scrutiny proved unavailing, but the soldiers insisting upon the fact of the shot having proceeded from the house, the whole party was forthwith arrested and taken before the General on the Boulevards. One of them happened, luckily, to be M. Sax, the well known inventor and manufacturer of the instruments that bear his name. Being recognised by the General, the protest of M. Sax was accepted, and the party allowed to escape into the Passage de l'Opéra, but not to re-enter the house. In that agreeable *locale*, we were compelled to wait, penned up like beasts of burden, until the military had evacuated the Boulevard des Italiens, when each was allowed to find his way home as well as he might, amid the bustle and

confusion. It afterwards appeared that the suspected shot was attributed to the house next door to that of M. Brandus, and subsequently to the Café Anglais, which was in its turn almost demolished. Whether, on such a shallow pretext, the house of a peaceable citizen ought to be destroyed, the lives of its occupants endangered, and a heavy loss entailed upon its proprietor for repairs, I leave for those whom it concerns to answer. I speak simply as a looker-on, entirely ignorant of the cause of so imposing and grandiose a display of military tactics, which will doubtless be explained to you by more competent authority. The search for arms could surely have been effected without shattering the windows of the house with *fusillades*. How contemptible must the explorers have felt when they discovered nothing better in the whole building than a rusty fusil, unfit for use, which had served Mr Brandus in 1848, when he officiated as one of the most zealous and active officers of the *Garde Nationale*, and helped to maintain peace and tranquillity in the capital!

It is scarcely necessary to add that the theatres, as well as the shops, were closed on Thursday, of the chief events of which unpleasant day you will, of course, receive ample information. I cannot conclude, however, without complaining of the conduct of several of the hotel keepers, who declared that all the railroads would suspend business, when, on the contrary, every train left and arrived at the usual hour. Sceptical about this fact, I left my luggage at the hotel, and went on foot in search of a cabriolet, to convey me to the *Chemin du fer du Nord*. After much difficulty I succeeded in finding a *coupe* on the Boulevard des Capucins, the conductor of which, for the small consideration of 15f., with the proviso that he was not to go to the hotel for my luggage, consenting to take me to the station. On our way to Calais we heard at the various *relais*, not, as had been reported, that the "provinces were marching upon Paris," but that two men had been instantly put to death for attempting to cut away the wires of the electric telegraph, somewhere near St. Denis—for the truth of which report, however, I cannot pretend to vouch, although it was stated with confidence by my informer.

THE BARON VON B.

(Translated from the German.)

The Baron Von B., who visited Berlin about the year 1789, was one of the most wonderful critics that has ever appeared in the musical world; and, (as the writer of this learned from the mouth of a world-renowned violinist,) appears not unworthy of public notice.

I was, (so relates the Virtuoso) at that time very young, scarcely sixteen years old, and engaged in hard study of my instrument, which I loved with my whole soul. My worthy, though severe teacher, *Concertmeister* Haack, grew more and more pleased with me. He praised my great execution, the clearness of my intonation, at last he let me play in the opera orchestra; yes! even in the royal chamber concerts. Here I often heard Haack speak with the young Duport, Ritter, and other great masters, of the musical entertainments which the Baron of B. got up in his house with such elegance and taste, that the king himself did not disdain very often to attend. They mentioned the splendid compositions of the old and almost forgotten masters, which one could hear nowhere but at the entertainments of the Baron of B., who possessed the most complete collection of compositions, as well those of the most ancient, as of modern times, and especially music for the violin, which could anywhere be found. They spoke also of the splendid reception, and of the lordly creditable liberality with which the Baron treated the artists, and lastly, they were quite agreed that the Baron was truly a shining and brilliant star, which

had lighted up the musical sky of Berlin. These frequent conversations greatly raised my curiosity: still more was it excited, when in such conversations the masters approached nearer each other, and I could only hear the name of the Baron, and a few disjointed words, but still sufficient for me to guess that they spoke of his giving instructions in the divine art. It appeared to me as though a sarcastic smile played on Duport's countenance, and as if every one was mocking the *Concertmeister*, who made only a weak defence, and could scarcely suppress a smile himself; till, finally, he turned quickly around, commenced tuning his violin, and called aloud, "He is, and always will be, a splendid man!" I could not help, notwithstanding the danger of being dismissed from his instructions, asking the *Concertmeister* to introduce me to the Baron, and take me to his *soirées*.

Haack stared at me from head to foot, and I began to be afraid that a small thunder storm would break loose; however, his grave look soon turned into a smile, and he said, "Ha! you are quite right with your request; you can learn very much from the Baron. I will speak to him about you, and I believe that he will admit you, for he is very fond of such young disciples in the art as you." Not long after, I had just played some very difficult duets with Haack, when one morning he said to me, "Now Karl, this evening put on your Sunday coat, and silk stockings, then come to me, and we will go together to the Baron's. You will find there only a few people, and will have a good opportunity to become acquainted." I trembled with joy; for I hoped, and I scarcely knew why, to learn something wonderful. We went, then. The Baron, a man of middle size, advanced in years, dressed in an old German embroidered suit, came to us as we entered the room, and shook hands with my teacher. Never had I felt, at seeing any distinguished man, greater reverence, and never had I formed such attachment for any one at first sight. In the features of the Baron one could distinguish the best of natures, and from his eyes sparkled that fire which so often distinguishes the true artist. All awe which I thought I should feel, vanished in a moment. "Well, how goes it?" began the Baron, in a clear sonorous voice, "how goes it, my good Haack—have you practised well my concerto? Well, we will hear it to-morrow. Aha! that is the young man, the brave little Virtuoso, of whom you spoke?"

I looked down ashamed, and felt that I blushed again and again, while Haack mentioned my name, praised my talent, and the great progress I had made in a short time.

"Well," said the Baron, turning to me, "you have chosen the violin for your instrument, my son? Have you well considered that the violin is the most difficult instrument of all? yes, that this instrument, appearing so simple, is a wonderful secret, containing the great richness of tone which is disclosed only to a few selected particularly by nature? Are you sure you can become master of this wonderful secret? A great many have thought so, and have remained bunglers their whole lifetime. I would not, my son, that you should increase the number of these. Well, well, you can play something to me, and I will tell you if you can make anything, and give you advice. It may be with you as it was with Karl Stamitz, who thought himself a wonder, and that he would become a great violin virtuoso; when I told him he was mistaken, he threw away his fiddle, and took instead the viola and *viola d'amour*, and did well on this instrument; he could play pretty well with his wide spreading fingers. Well, well, I will hear what you can do, my son."

I was greatly astonished at this first, and somewhat extraordinary speech of the Baron's. His words penetrated deeply to my soul, and I felt with internal disquietude that I, notwithstanding my enthusiasm, had, perhaps, having chosen for my study the most difficult of all instruments, undertaken a task to which I was not competent. They now prepared to play three new quartetts by Haydn, which had then just been published. My master took the violin from its case; but scarcely had he commenced tuning it, when the Baron stopped both ears with his hands, and cried out, as if beside himself, "Haack! Haack! how can you, for Heaven's sake, so spoil your whole performance with your pitiful, screeching fiddle?"

Now, the *Concertmeister* had one of the most splendid instruments that I had ever seen—a genuine Stradivari—and nothing

could enrage him more, than to have anybody find fault with his favourite. Then how was I astonished, when he, laughing, replaced the violin in its case. I was anxious to know what was to follow. He had just locked the case, when the Baron, who had gone into the next chamber, came in with a case covered with purple velvet trimmed with gold lace, carrying it on both arms as if it was a wedding present. "I will confer an honour on you," said he, "you shall play my oldest and best violin to-day. It is a true Granuelo, and compared with the old master, his pupil, Giova Stradivari, is only a bungler. Tartini played on no other instruments. Take pains that Granuelo may let you hear all his magnificence." The Baron opened the case and I perceived an instrument, the appearance of which showed that it was advanced in years. By the side of it was the most curious bow I ever saw, which was so curved that it appeared to me more proper to shoot arrows with than to play the violin. The Baron took the instrument from its case with a solemn air, handed it to the *Concertmeister*, who received it with the same solemnity. "The bow," said the Baron, laughingly tapping the master on the shoulder, "the bow I shall not give you, for you do not understand how to handle it, and will never in your life be able to make a stroke with it. Such bows," continued the Baron, taking it out, and regarding it with a loving look, "such bows the great immortal Tartini used, and beside him, there are in the whole world only two of his scholars who have succeeded in discovering the secret of a stroke that fills the soul with pleasure—a stroke that can be made only with a bow like this; one of these is Nardini, now an old man, the other, as you gentlemen probably already guess, is myself. I am also the only one in whom the art of the true violinist still lives; and I spare no effort to make known that art, whose founder was the great Tartini. Well, well, let us commence, gentlemen."

The quartetts were now performed; and, as one can well imagine, with such perfection that nothing remained to be desired. The Baron sat in his chair with his eyes shut, and his head nodding to and fro. Then he jumped up, went nearer the performers, looked at the music with a grave countenance, then went softly back to his seat, leaned his head on his hand, sighed—groaned! "Halt!" suddenly he cried, at some beautiful passage in the adagio, "Halt! that was Tartini—but you have not understood him—once more, I beg of you;" and the master repeated the passage with a long stroke of his bow, and the Baron sobbed and wept like a child. When the quartett was finished, the Baron said, "A magnificent man, that Haydn; he knows how to reach the soul, but he does not understand composing for the violin. If he did understand it, and wrote in the only true manner, like Tartini, you would not have been able to play it."

Now I was obliged to play some variations which Haack had composed for me: the Baron placed himself near me, and looked over the music. One can well imagine with what anxiety I began, having the great critic at my side. Nevertheless, a splendid allegro soon quite captivated me, so that I forgot the Baron, and could apply all the power which I then commanded over the instrument. As I ended, the Baron patted me on the shoulder, and laughingly said, "You can remain by the violin, my son, but you do not understand anything of performing, because you have not probably had a very skillful teacher." We then sat down to supper, a meal being prepared, which, particularly on account of the very rich wines, could almost be called a banquet. Haack ate very heartily. The conversation, more and more enlivening, was almost exclusively on music. The Baron opened a treasure of the greatest knowledge. His criticisms, sharp and penetrating, showed not only the accomplished connoisseur, but also the perfect artist. Especially remarkable to me was the gallery of violinists which he criticised. As much as I can remember I will now relate.

"Corelli," so spoke the Baron, "first opened the way. His compositions can only be performed in Tartini's method, and that is sufficient to prove how well he understood the essence of violin playing. Paganini was a tolerable performer. He has tone and much comprehension, nevertheless his stroke is too weak in appoggiamento passages. How much I have heard of Geminiani! As I heard him the last time in Paris, thirty years ago, he played like a somnambulist, who wanders about in his sleep, and it sounded

to me exactly as if I was dreaming—always *tempo rubato* without style or character. The confounded *tempo rubato* spoils the best performers, for in it they lose sight of, and neglect their bowing. I played to him my *sonatas*, he saw his error, and wished to take lessons of me, to which I willingly consented. However, the boy was too deep in his method, too old to change it. He was then ninety-one years old! God forgive Giardini, for he it was who first ate the apple of the tree of knowledge, and made all later violinists sinful men! He thinks only of his left hand, and of the elastic finger, and does not know that the soul of music is in the right hand—that all feelings that find place in the breast, flow out in its pulses; I wish every such man could have a Jomelli by his side, who would rouse him from his insanity with a box on the ear, as Jomelli really did when Giardini in his presence spoiled a most beautiful passage by his foolish trills, jumpings about, and runs. Lulli makes the maddest sort of gestures and wrong moves. He is a regular bungler; he cannot play an allegro, and his execution is only of that kind which ignoramuses, who have neither feeling nor understanding, admire. I told you that the true art of the violin dies with Nardini and myself. The young virtuoso is a splendid fellow—full of talent. He has to thank me for all he knows, for he was my illustrious scholar; but what avails it?—no patience, he left me. He profited much from my instruction, and will profit more from it when I return to Paris, if not here: I there meet him. My concertos, which you have practised with me and Haack, he lately played quite well; but he has no hand for my bow. Giarnovich shall never again cross my threshold. He is a stupid fool, who is insolent enough to turn up his nose at the great Tartini, the master of all masters, and to despise my instruction. I am curious to know what will become of that boy Rhode, when he has had the benefit of my lessons. He promises much, and it is possible that he will become master of my bow. He is," continued the Baron, turning to me, "the same as you, my son, but of a more grave and penetrating nature. From you, my dear Haack, I hope a great deal; since I have instructed you, you have been quite another man; only continue in your restless zeal and diligence, and neglect not a single lesson—you know that makes me angry."

I was almost petrified with astonishment at what I heard. I was all impatient to ask the *Concertmeister* if it was, then, true that the Baron was indeed the greatest violinist of the time, and if he, the *meister* himself, did really take lessons of him, and could not wait till we should go. Haack answered me that he certainly did not neglect to make use of the excellent instruction which the Baron offered him, and that I would do well to go to him some morning, and request him that he would favour me with his instruction. I asked many more questions about the Baron and his talent; but Haack would answer none of them, merely saying that if I did what he told me, I should probably learn all. A strange laugh that passed over Haack's countenance did not escape me, and it only served, without my having a presentiment of the reason, to raise my curiosity to the highest pitch. As I, then, bluntly told the Baron my wish, and assured him that I felt the most intense passion for the divine art, he first stared hard at me, but soon his look changed to one expressive of the greatest good nature. "My son, my son," he said, "that you apply to me, the only violinist now living, proves that the genuine spirit of the artist is stirring in thee, and that the image of a true violinist lives in your soul. How glad will I be to help you, but how find time? Haack gives me a great deal to do, and there is the young Durand here, who wishes to appear in public, and has perceived that it will not do at all, till he has taken a long course of me. Wait! wait a minute, wait a minute, in the forenoon—yes, I have one hour free, my son, come to me punctually every day, at twelve o'clock, and then I can play with you till one, then comes Durand!" You can well imagine how I, with a beating heart, hastened to the Baron's next day at the appointed hour. He would not allow me to produce a single note from the violin I brought with me. He put a very old instrument of Antonio Amati's make into my hands; never had I played on such a violin. The heavenly tones which the strings produced, inspired me. I quite lost myself in the beautiful passages, the stream of notes now rising in great restless waves, now sinking

into little murmuring ripples; I thought that I played quite well, certainly better than many times since. The Baron shook his head, displeased, and said, "Son, son, you must forget all that; in the first place, you hold your bow miserably." He showed me how, according to Tartini's method, I must hold my bow; I thought I should not be able to produce a single note in this manner. My astonishment was not small, as I, by the request of the Baron, played the passages again; I saw in a few seconds the great advantage which the art of holding the bow gave me.

"Now," said the Baron, "we will commence our lessons. Strike G, my son, and hold it as long as you can. Spare the bow! spare the bow! what the breath is to the singer, that is the bow to the violin player." I did as he told me, and rejoiced that I succeeded in producing a vigorous tone, and increasing from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, and again diminishing with quite a long bow. "Do you not see, my son?" cried the Baron, "Do you not see, that you can make beautiful passages, runs, jumps, trills, and other ornaments, but are not able to hold out a tone at all? Now I will show you what it is to hold out a note on the violin." He took the instrument from me, put the bow in its place on the strings, but no—it is impossible for me to describe his actions. Close to the bridge he glided along with a trembling bow, rattling, piping quaking, mewling; one might compare the tone to that of an old lady, who, with spectacles on her nose, worried herself in an unsuccessful attempt to hit the pitch of some old song. The Baron cast his eyes upwards as if in extacy, and as he at last stopped and laid down the instrument, his eyes glistening, he cried out in an agitated voice, "That is the tone, that is the tone." I was so astonished that I remained perfectly quiet; if my impulse was to laugh, it was immediately checked, when I looked at the venerable countenance of the Baron, which was lighted up by enthusiasm. All this produced such an effect on me, that I almost imagined that a spectre was before me, so that I was not able to speak a single word. "That went to your very soul," said the Baron. "Did it not? You never imagined that such magical sounds could be conjured from that little thing there, with the four strings, hey? Well! well! drink, drink, my son."

The Baron poured out a glass of Madeira. I was obliged to drink, and eat of the pastry that stood on the table. Just at that moment it struck one. "Go, go, my son," cried the Baron, "you have had enough for to day; go now, and come soon again—there, take that." Saying this, the Baron put a little piece of paper in my hand, in which I found a smooth, beautiful, Dutch ducat. Quite alarmed, I ran quickly to the *Concertmeister*, and related to him all that had happened. He only laughed and said, "Do you not know how it is with the Baron and his instruction? He judges you as a beginner, and so gives you one ducat for each lesson, in comparison to the merit, according to his idea, so is the honour greater or smaller. I get a *Louis d'or*; and Durand, if I mistake not, gets two ducats." I could not refrain from saying, that I did not think it right to deceive the good old Baron so, and take his ducat from him. "You must know," replied the *Concertmeister*, "that the Baron's whole success consists in giving lessons in the manner you have just seen; and should we disdain his instructions, he will publish abroad, that I and other masters (for whom he is a competent critic) were poor, ignorant, bunglers; and finally, notwithstanding his conceit, the Baron is a man whose professional judgment may be of great advantage in many things to the master. Judge yourself, if I do wrong in cultivating his acquaintance, notwithstanding his foolishness, and in sometimes receiving a *Louis d'or*. Visit him often, do not listen to the foolish jingling of the madman, but to the sensible words of the really learned critic; you can learn much from him."

I followed the advice of the master: I found it often difficult to repress a laugh, when the Baron put his fingers on the cover, instead of the touch board of the violin, and passed over the strings with the bow, assuring me he was then playing Tartini's most beautiful solo, and that he was the only one living who could play it as it should be. But then he put the violin aside, and commenced a conversation, which added much to my knowledge, and inflamed my breast for the most glorious art.

If I then played at one of his concerts as well as I could, and succeeded in this or that particularly well, he looked round proudly and said, "He has to thank me for that; me, the scholar of the

scholar of the great Tartini!" So the lessons of the Baron afforded me both advantage and amusement, and I was not at all displeased with the pretty round Dutch ducats.

So spoke the great violinist, whose name is celebrated in the musical world, concerning the Baron of B. It is a question if any of our present virtuosos, who may think themselves far beyond any instruction, would not be pleased with a few lessons given in the manner the Baron was accustomed to.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

(From Rie's Notizen.)

As a proof of Beethoven's extraordinary faculties it may be quoted, that, at the first rehearsal of his pianoforte concerto in C major, which took place at his house, his piano proved to be half a tone lower than the wind instruments. He immediately desired these to tune in B instead of A, whilst he himself played his part in C sharp.

Ries gives us a curious instance of the manner in which the great master showed his originality. He says it is in the first movement of the *Sinfonia Eroica* that Beethoven has vented his spleen upon the horn. Previous to the motivo returning to the second part, he has indicated it through the horn whilst the two violins hold on the chord of the second. Those who are initiated into this secret of the score, must ever think the horn-player had miscounted, and made a wrong entry. At the first rehearsal of this symphony, which was a stormy one, and when the horn player came in correctly, I stood next to Beethoven, and, taking it for granted that the horn-player was wrong, I said, "Listen to that stupid fellow—can he not count—it sounds wretchedly!" I think my ears narrowly escaped being boxed, and Beethoven did not for some time forgive me. He played the same evening his piano quintett with wind instruments. Ram, the celebrated oboe-player of Munich, played also, and accompanied the quintett. At one of the pauses in the last allegro, previous to the subject coming on again, Beethoven of a sudden began to extemporise, taking the Rondo for his subject, thus amusing himself and the audience for some time. Not so his wind instruments; these lost their temper, particularly Mr. Ram, who was much incensed. It was indeed ludicrous to see these gentlemen, who were constantly expecting to recommence, putting up their instruments, and quickly taking them down again. At length Beethoven was satisfied, and returned to the Rondo, the whole company being in raptures.

If in playing to him, I made a mistake in passages, or if I happened to strike a wrong note where he required a particularly accented one, he seldom said anything; but if I showed any want of expression, if I omitted a *crescendo*, &c., or if I did not succeed in rendering the character of the piece, he became incensed: the former, he said, was chance; but the latter, want of knowledge, of feeling, or of attention. Indeed, he himself might often be reproached with the former defect, even when playing in public.

During a walk which I took with Beethoven, I was talking to him of two consecutive fifths, which occur in one of the earliest violin quartets in C minor, and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe that they could be fifths. He soon produced a piece of music paper, which he was in the habit of carrying with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said, "Well, and who forbids them?" Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent, and he repeated it several times, until I at length replied, in great amazement, "Why, it is one of the very first rules." He, however, still repeated his question, and I answered, "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, &c., &c.,—in fact, all theorists." "Well, then I permit them," was his final answer.

Beethoven was most awkward and helpless, and his every movement was completely devoid of grace. He seldom laid his hand upon anything without breaking it; thus he several times emptied the contents of the inkstand into the neighbouring piano. No one piece of furniture was safe with him, and least of all a costly one: he used either to upset, stain, or destroy it. How he ever managed to learn the art of shaving himself still remains a riddle, leaving the frequent cuts visible in his face quite out of the question. He never could learn to dance in time.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From the *Athenæum*).

This ill-starred body of musical professors—although gathered with great pains and deliberation for the purpose of providing Londoners with a worshipful instrumental concert during the winter months—has melted into empty air; its members having proved themselves to be only professor, as distinguished from performers of their promises and fulfillers of obligations voluntarily contracted.—By the constitution of the defunct society all the members of the orchestra were bound to contribute their services to its performances, sharing the receipts in proportion to their several terms of professional remuneration:—a clause being introduced into the laws which, in the event of the absence of any one, enjoined him to forward due notice at the same time nominating a competent deputy. Such a clause, it is needless to point out, was introduced in order to provide for the rare emergencies of sickness and like grave casualties; having no reference to the normal state of the band. The laws and conditions of the *Orchestral Society* having been largely acceded to and signed by most of the leading instrumentalists in London, the Council some months ago published a list of the orchestra—with a view of inviting subscriptions—at the same time fixing the dates of the concerts—and more recently, as our own advertising columns have shown, they commenced operations by arranging a programme for the first concert, and communicating with the members selected to take part in the solo performances of the evening. Among other pieces advertised to be performed on that occasion, was a Septett for wind instruments. Some days after this had been promised to the public by repeated advertisements, and after the parts had been forwarded to the members necessary to its execution, the Council received notice from the first clarionet and the first bassoon that it was not their intention to appear on the first night,—it being well known by advertisement that they had taken engagements elsewhere for that evening. There were other similar desertions from the first rehearsal;—on which occasion the Council decided that being unable to keep faith with the public, by presenting not merely the solo performers but also the orchestra advertised,—the concert should be postponed till the case should be dealt with and the principle on which the society had been founded should once for all be established or repudiated. The orchestral members were accordingly convoked. On their meeting, it appeared that a majority of forty-seven treated the idea of fulfilling their engagements at the *Orchestral Concerts*, supposing other more immediately profitable engagements were offered to them, as a dream and a hardship. Under such circumstances, the Council of the *Orchestral Society* had but one honourable course to pursue. This was to decline going before the public under conditions so preposterous and humiliating, and to dissolve the society: which step has been accordingly taken.

On events like the above, comment is almost superfluous. Nobody need sit in judgement on those who prefer immediate gain to the advancement of their art—since such preference of itself classes those that exhibit it. But that a body of musicians after having voluntarily taken upon themselves certain obligations, should at the very commencement of a new enterprise voluntarily violate them, using for pretext a law intended to strengthen, not to weaken the executive powers of the orchestra, and deliberately break faith with the public attracted by their names, speaks unfavourably for the moral tone of the profession. Such an instance is calculated to arm its adversaries with their sharpest weapons of reproach and mistrust. As lovers of the art, we record the premature—but inevitable—dissolution of the *Orchestral Society* with no ordinary concern.

Original Correspondence.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR SIR,—Pray favour me with space to reply to the letter of "One of the Clergy," who has misunderstood some portions of my

letters and misrepresented others. His letter is, I presume, to be viewed as a specimen of the knowledge of music possessed by the clergy, whom he denies to be more deficient on that subject than the laity. As such I will endeavour fairly to discuss the observations and deductions therein contained.

But first of all I beg to state that the observations I offered in the two letters to which "One of the Clergy" takes exception, were not intended to apply to the Clergy generally, as he erroneously supposes; but, as I distinctly stated, to "the advocates" of a "certain movement;" and what I stated might be the animus and ultimate aim of those who were conducting the agitation against the Protestant Church Music and in favour of the Gregorian Chants, "One of the Clergy" has turned into motives attached to such as have adopted them. This violation of my words and meaning is most unfair.

Such a party as that to which I referred, "One of the Clergy" admits does exist; he also allows that the Gregorian Chants are behind the musical taste and feeling of the present; adding, however, that they may still be made a suitable adornment of devotional praise, with the aid of modern harmony.

Is "One of the Clergy" aware of the amount of alteration and deviation from the original, which this adornment of the Gregorian Chants involves, or the doubt as to competent "knowledge" such an admission conveys?

Not many years since it was stated in a court of law,—and the position was admitted to hold good,—that a series of simple notes, could, in themselves possess no copyright or positive identity; because a different accent or different harmony would give them a totally different character. Now all that is original of a Gregorian Chant, (or rather, what is supposed to be), is a few simple notes in themselves unimportant and characterless. To render these tolerable in the present day, they are first harmonized,—harmony of the earliest and rudest kind not being discovered for five centuries after the establishment of the chants themselves; secondly, are phrased or accented,—bars not having been introduced for upwards of a thousand years after the establishment of the chants; and thirdly, they are transposed. Everything in fact is removed, hidden, destroyed, or softened down, that could mark their identity, antiquity, and supposed authenticity; yet in this completely transformed and altered state they are gravely produced and passed off as the veritable Gregorian Chants, although probably no one would experience greater difficulty in recognising them, could he hear them so rendered, than Pope Gregory himself.

Now let me illustrate the amount of absurdity involved in all this by a few parallels. If an historical painter were to produce in sober seriousness, a picture representing the landing of William the Conqueror, mounted on the paddle-box of a Margate steam-boat, his army wearing Albert hats, and carrying double-barrelled percussion guns, it is probable that its author would be considered the least eligible to be elected as president of a society of artists, in consequence of the confusion of historical facts, and dates of inventions presented in his handywork. Or, if a sketch for a proposed church were to be made, wherein features and details dating their rise five hundred or even a thousand years apart, were mixed up together, the draftsman, without doubt, would be considered a most unfit person to be engaged as an ecclesiastical architect. But when the subject becomes that of ecclesiastical music, by some extraordinary hallucination, that very moment all regard to historical accuracy is by some imagined to be a matter of not even the smallest moment or importance. Any amount of chronological absurdity is not only permitted, but, as exhibited by the letter of "One of the Clergy," positively encouraged and defended. The musical caricature and historical jumble which a harmonized, phrased, and transposed Gregorian Chant presents, is not only accepted and approved by "One of the Clergy," but, because the state of musical attainments unfortunately does not enable him to perceive the miserable incongruity, he fancies no one else can or ought to see it; or if they do so by reason of their greater knowledge, and demur at the attempt to force such a musical anomaly upon them, the childish cry must forthwith be raised that they are "bearing hard upon the clergy." Doubt has already too long existed as to whether music is entitled to be considered a high art; and if her historical distinctions and peculiarities are to be remorselessly confused as "One of

the Clergy" is prepared to countenance, then an additional doubt as well as a stumbling-block is placed in her path, to impede her proving herself worthy of such distinction.

If "One of the Clergy" really prefers the Gregorian Chants on their own account let him be consistent and adopt them as they were written; they have their historical interests; but if he prefers harmonized chants let him have recourse to the best Anglican chants which are in the highest degree solemn, expressive, and devotional. Above all let him bear in mind that Gregorian chants in the shape he advocates are *adaptations*. The admission of "adaptations" into the church has done more harm than many are aware of to the cause of true church music; and it will be of little use organists striving to rid the church of them, if "One of the Clergy" and others, are at the same time encouraging the introduction of "cooking" that come under the same category.

Next, "One of the Clergy" takes umbrage at the mention of what was already well known, namely, that there was a *ruse* mixed up with the late outcry raised in favour of the Gregorian Chants. If the advocates of that revival were really and solely seeking such music as all could join in, music that was at once simple, good, and appropriate, it already existed in the greatest abundance among the Anglican Chants, which, from being written in harmony, would not have involved by their continued use any of the indecorum above pointed out. But, a dead set was made at these, which, although perfect in themselves, were tried to be displaced, and others *not* perfect in themselves, but requiring an enormous amount of renovation, were attempted to be thrust in their stead. The suppression of the Anglican Chants and the resuscitation of the Gregorians, were not necessary steps towards securing the use of simple and good music in the church, therefore, there must have been some other motive power behind, and if the transportation of the Gregorian Chants, and putting them in the tenor, was not for the purpose of suiting priests' voices, I would beg to enquire why they were revived, put in the tenor, or transposed at all. To say all this was done for the sake of "church music" or the benefit of "the people's voice" is, as I before stated, a mere *ruse*.

I must abruptly close, for this week, and beg to subscribe myself

Yours, very sincerely,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

THE DOUBLE BASS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you be so kind as to inform me, in your next week's publication, as to the proper name for the instrument, commonly called double bass.

Yours, T. S.

Bradford, Dec. 9, 1851.

A SUBSCRIBER.

STRAUSS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you, or any of any of your readers inform me the exact time when Strauss, the composer, died; and what was his age?

Yours, INQUIRER.

Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park.

BRINLEY RICHARDS AND THE "RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—When I tell you that as long as I can remember, I have been possessed with a morbid passion for Welsh rabbits and Welsh airs, you will understand how it happens that I have an itching to mix in a quarrel which does not otherwise concern me.

They say that the quiet looker-on sees more of the game than they who are playing it. If this be so, sir, you will, perhaps, allow me to volunteer my assistance in sorting the hand of one of your correspondents, who seems to think that he holds nothing but trumps.

Sir, I am but a plain thinker, but to me it appears, that the whole quotation turns upon this as a pivot; the two publications in question, are they the *same* works, or are they *two different* works?

Now Mr. Macfarren is a fully competent judge in this matter, and moreover has a character to lose. Mr. Macfarren declares in his letter inserted in your last number that the two works are not the same, that they are "dissimilar in every particular." The works then are *not* the same. The assurance that they are, is to assume that Mr. Macfarren is a *fool* or a *knave*, or both.

The next step of the argument assumes that the *earlier* work may be the *better* work; and in support of this assumption it is urged that "many poets and composers have considered their *first* work to be their *best*." Perhaps they have. But Mr. Brinley Richards does *not* consider his *first* work the *best*.

For truth Mr. Brinley Richards is now ashamed of the *earlier* work; and entreates the indulgence of the public towards it, as a mere juvenile effusion, written while he was a student. And here, sir, I think I can put you up to something. Ask Mr. Leoni Lee if Brinley Richards did not wait upon him with an offer to re-arrange the earlier work; and if Mr. L. L. did not denounce that work as mere trash, not worth keeping in print, and so dismiss the applicant.

Mr. Brinley Richards therefore, yearning to throw over the melodies of his native land the lustre of his mature talent, had nothing for it but to apply, to another publisher, one, by the way, who had civilly declined to print his earlier effusions, they were not worth it.

It may possibly be a point requiring metaphysical acumen, to determine, in the abstract, what works are new works. For my own part I have not the requisite penetration. Works which he for years in the *escritoire* of Mr. L. L. may, for aught I know, be new works. But Mr. Brinley Richards's work did *not* so lie. It was *published* ten years ago. Is a work which was *published ten years ago*, a new work? I suppose you say, Mr. Editor, certainly not. So do I.

As to the question about the dedication it is not one for argument. It is a question of fact. Inspect the titles.

The next question is dismissed as easily, viz: Did Mr. Richards perform the "Beauties" in public? First, Mr. Brinley Richards says he *did not*. Secondly, Mr. Macfarren, pledges his judgment to the effect that he *could not*, could not, because they were calculated only "for the advancement of little children."

But as we proceed with this curious case, we find Mr. Brinley Richards charged with "plagiarism." Plagiarism is a literary theft, that is stealing an author's thoughts and appropriating them to one's own use. But whose thoughts is Mr. Brinley Richards even supposed to have stolen, but his own? to have picked his own pocket. "Je suis mon voleur," says the Miser in Molière, when he lays hold of his own arm, fancying it to belong to the man who had robbed him.

But with the charge of plagiarism, is connected that of a "flagrant attempt" to injure character; which latter alone induced Mr. L. L., to put himself on his defence. With this before one's eyes, one would hardly suppose, (which is the fact) that Mr. L. L. was the first to begin the contest, which he did by obtruding upon the public a circular which some called defamatory and others called scurrilous, and all upon a matter which the public cared nothing about.

Mr. L. L. very considerably professes himself to be sorry for Mr. Brinley Richards, assuming, no doubt, that the latter gentleman is in a suffering condition. This, to be sure, is very kind of him. But it seems to be sympathy thrown away, for, as far as I can learn by enquiry, Mr. B. R. has nothing at all the matter with him.

As to the courtesy which Mr. Brinley Richards had to expect from his "former patrons" it is no doubt a very perfect thing of its kind. Of this courtesy Mr. L. L.'s published letters may be taken as samples. Still, Mr. Editor, as a plain man, I venture to express my opinion, that he was not well advised, by those who advised him to rush into print with those courteous effusions, and so "damn himself to fame."

As I happen to be neither a musical man nor a lawyer, I cannot pretend to determine anything in a perplexed case like that under consideration, but truth is truth, even from a humble individual like

Your's to command,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Reviews of Music.

"THE STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA," "Die Zauberflöte." Boosey & Co.

The first part of Mozart's great work is published for December. The *Zauberflöte* will make the tenth volume of the series already issued. We have received, for some time, the ninth volume, *Ernani*, but have not had time to give it due consideration. The editors, Mr. J. Wrey Mould, and Mr. W. S. Rockstro, in the work before us, follow up their original intentions with diligence and care; indeed, from what has been hitherto effected, "The Standard Lyric Drama" cannot be viewed otherwise than as a great accession to our musical literature. The first number of *Die Zauberflöte* bears all the impress of the editors' talents and applicability; and we have no doubt the work itself will be as complete and perfect as any of its predecessors. In order to ensure the more regular issue of the forthcoming parts, the publishers have engaged a new staff of engravers, who have commenced their work with the present number. The Messrs. Boosey are, certainly, determined to carry on their operations in the cause of "The Standard Lyric Drama;" and they are entitled to the highest patronage from the public.

"THE AMATEUR INTERLUDIST," being a collection of one hundred and forty-four interludes, and four preludes, in various keys, for organ or harmonium. Composed and selected by EDWARD TRAVIS and J. P. DYER. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

This is no doubt intended as a companion to the "Amateur Organist," by the same authors, which we have reviewed some time since. This little work will be found very useful to the young organist, as affording him an excellent opportunity of making himself proficient in playing voluntaries; nor will it fail to lend assistance to the more practised organist, who will find, ready to his hand, interludes or preludes suited to any psalm or hymn. The "Amateur Interlist" carries with it its own recommendation.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—(From the *Musical Times*, Nov. 22.)—In our last number we mentioned that quite an excitement had been created in the musical circles of our city, by the announcement that Miss Catherine Hayes had broken her engagement with Mr. Beale of London, and thus prevented the parties in this country from carrying out their intended series of concerts in the United States. The facts in few words, as we understand, are these. Miss Hayes made an engagement for her services in America with Thomas F. Beale of London. He subsequently made a new contract to let her out to Mr. J. H. Wardwell of this city, at a large per centage on the contract with Miss Hayes. She appeared in this city under the management of Mr. Wardwell, and gave a most successful series of concerts. From New York they went to Boston, where from various causes the receipts of the concerts were much reduced, and the result of the whole matter was a considerable loss to the contractors here. A proposition was made to annul the contract by payment to Mr. Beale's representative of a large sum of money, and thus release the bond. This offer was at first accepted and then declined. Subsequently a new state of things arose under certain developments made in regard to the terms of contract between Mr. Beale and Mr. Wardwell, and Miss Hayes by the advice of her friends decided to break the engagement with Mr. Beale, and thus disentangle herself from these annoyances. This, of course, prevented Mr. Wardwell from carrying out his arrangements. We are happy to state, however, that Miss Hayes has concluded her engagements directly with Mr. Wardwell, and that they are about commencing a series of concerts, which we doubt not will be equally successful with the first, since the

enormous expenses incurred under the former contract are now very materially reduced. We wish them every success in their new relations.

The grand concert at Tripler Hall, on Saturday night, was very successful in everything but numbers. The storm prevented so full an attendance as might have been anticipated, yet there was a very good audience. M. Jaell's performances on the piano were rapturously received. His fantasia from *Sonnambula*, was encored with universal approbation, as was the *Gipsy Polka*, whereupon he played the *Carnival of Venice*, which was also encored, and the performance broken in upon several times, by the enthusiasm of the audience. We shall speak further of Mr. Jaell, after hearing him again. Of Steffanone, Bettini, Badiali, and the other favourites, we need not speak; they filled their parts to the entire satisfaction of the audience, and received a proper meed of praise. Bertucca was received with especial applause, in the Brindisi from *Macbeth*, which was encored, probably in some measure a special favour from the public, in view of her having sung in the Hayes' Concerts without remuneration. Hauser's violin performances were especially approved and encored. In fact, the concert was a great musical treat, the programme being one of the best ever offered in this city.

The opera of *La Bayadere* is now being performed at Brougham's Lyceum. Mr. Leach is the primo basso, and Mr. Henry Alleyne is the tenor, while Miss J. Barton makes a very respectable singing Bayadere. The opera is conducted by Mr. George Loder, but even his care cannot make the chorus keep time. The orchestra did well, as in fact they always do at this place. The principal attraction, however, has been the dancing of the Rousset family, who, by boldness and precision, rather than grace, created every night a perfect furor.

Since our last issue but one opera has been represented at the Italian Opera, viz. *Maria di Rohan*. It has been performed three times, by special request of the subscribers. Although we do not much like this opera, we admire the tact of the manager in giving it so efficient a cast. Badiali, Steffanone, and Bettini, gave a charm to the music which would otherwise have been wanting. The effect of the last trio was electrifying, and won the most rapturous applause.

On Wednesday evening, between the second and third acts of *Maria di Rohan*, the new celebrity, Mr. Jaell, appeared, and performed variations on the *Carnival of Venice*, to the great delight of the audience. In power, brilliance and delicacy of execution, we know of none superior to him.

The following is from the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette:—"The *N. Y. Tribune* says the engagement between Miss Hayes and Beale of London was for several years at thirty thousand dollars annually, either party to pay fifteen thousand dollars forfeit if the contract were broken or not fulfilled. This forfeit Miss Hayes concluded on Thursday last to pay and terminate her connexion with contractors, sub-contractors, hangers on, and puff writers. Wardwell engaged to pay Beale ninety thousand dollars for one year of his contract with Miss H. It is not stated how much the Boston correspondents of a musical journal in New York received for their services in puffing and blackguardism.—Their pay was probably regulated by the oyster and grog bill committee spoken of in the *New York Herald*."

The Boston papers are just now glorifying Marie Maberlini immensely. She is said to be very beautiful, to possess rare skill with the pencil, to speak in many tongues, and to sing as only Malibran could when in her prime. Her first concert takes place this week, and the Bostonians are being prepared to greet her with due fervour.

Parodi and Patti are soon to appear in New Orleans.

The popularity of Madame Thillon is undiminished. She appeared at Baltimore this week.

In reply to the various speculations, surmises and contradictions afloat respecting the great artiste Madame Sontag and her reported visit to this country, we have it upon the most unquestionable authority that her coming to the United States does not depend upon any contingency whatever, except her own life and health. We have ourselves seen and read the letter of Madame Sontag, signed by herself, in which she accepts the terms offered by the party engaging her, and agrees to arrive in New York during the month of August next. This ought certainly to settle the matter; and we may all "possess our souls in patience"—sure that one of the greatest artists the world ever saw, and in respect to whom there are no drawbacks, no diversities of opinion, will be with us, feeding our hearts with her marvellous melodies, at the commencement of the next season.

It is now positively announced that Alboni, the great, fat, beautiful contralto—the *lionne* of the *coulisses*—is preparing to make a visit to this country on her own account. She will indeed be welcome, both as a great artist and a new sensation.

(*Day Book*, Nov. 22).—What about Griani, Mario, and Carlotta Griani, together with Jullien, the grand and universal?

JENNY LIND arrives in the city this afternoon, and will share the hospitalities of Mr. Howard of the Irving House for a few days. She is on her way to Boston, where she is about to give a series of concerts—reappearing in New York about the middle of December.

Dramatic.

SURREY.—This theatre will positively close on this day week. *Macbeth* was revived last Monday, with Lock's music. Mr. Creswick, as Macbeth, received a flattering welcome on his return to his post. Miss Poole will take a benefit on Thursday, when she will appear in the *The Daughter of the Regiment*, and as Tom Tug in *The Waterman*. Miss Poole is, without doubt, one of the brightest ornaments of the English lyrical stage; and as this is her first benefit, we trust that the public will respond to the appeal by giving the fair artiste a bumper.—Dec. 6th.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The comic muse seems at length to be raising its head in good earnest here. Mr. Phelps, although he has hitherto rather opposed than promoted the production of comedies at Sadler's Wells, is known to be eminently gifted with the *vis comica*. Macklin's play of *The Man of the World* has been revived to crowded houses. This comedy, which long enjoyed the esteem of the public, has been but little heard of since the time of the famous George Cooke. It was revived many years ago at Covent Garden for Charles Young, who was only partially successful in it. The character of Sir Pertinax McSycophant, although it belongs to a large class of *dramatis personæ*, has some peculiar and striking features. Sordid and self-seeking parasite as he is, Sir Pertinax is at least no unconscious and self-deceived hypocrite; for he is not only ready to proclaim his enormities to all from whom he has no interest in hiding them, but ever glories in the avowal, and herein consists the strength as well as originality of the author's sketch. Mr. Phelps's delineation is unquestionably one of his happiest efforts. He gave his son the history of his fortunes, and enforced his principles on him, with a *gusto* that elicited incessant laughter and applause. After the paternal denunciation of his refractory pupil, at the end of the fourth act, Mr. Phelps was compelled to step forward

and bow his acknowledgments. Miss Fitzpatrick played with the graceful vivacity which seems natural to her. The comedy is splendidly appointed. The scene of Sir Pertinax's drawing-room is almost *unique* for taste and elegance, without gaudiness.—G.

Provincial.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

READING.—On Monday the 1st instant, the highly gifted company of vocalists, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Francis, Land, and H. Phillips, forming the above Union, gave two of their justly celebrated concerts at our Town Hall, which, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were attended by upwards of 1,400 persons, including the *dile* of the county and town. From such a combination of melodious voices, we anticipated a treat of no ordinary character, but our expectations were more than realized. It has been reserved for the modern *artistes*, fully to develop the numberless beauties of the ancient madrigal, and pure glee, which have laid almost silent, and unsung, during the present century. The morning performance opened with Linley's madrigal, "Let me, careless," in which all the voices were charmingly blended, presenting the first of a succession of pastoral delights, and landscape scenes, depicted in strains of delicious music; then followed three beautiful glees; one of which elicited an encore. The duet of "The Water Nymphs," by Mrs. Endersohn and Miss Williams, opened the second part, and was sung with great effect, followed by the ballad, "Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kath'leen," pathetically delivered by Mr. Land. Mrs. Endersohn displayed much skill and finish in Hobbs's "Bird of the Greenwood." A new song: "You ask me oft if I forget," by Lockey, showed his fine tenor voice to perfection, and gained a unanimous encore. But the crowning achievement of the solo performances, and the one which made the greatest impression on the audience, was Miss M. Williams's song; "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" composed expressly for her, by Mr. Land. The tender and delicate expression which Miss Williams threw into the opening of this sweet melody, riveted the attention of her hearers, her dulcet tones gradually swelled, until she attained the full force of her vocal powers, in the words "triumphant over woe;" and then, with marked, and beautiful contrast, her voice descended into the softest, and most subdued murmur, on the closing line, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" producing a charming effect, and a repetition was immediately demanded. The scena; "Revenge, Timotheus cries," delivered by Mr. H. Phillips, in his well known emphatic style, closed the second part. The concluding part comprised three glees, one of which; "The Midge's dance," from its pleasing, and sprightly melody, called forth an encore, and John Barnett's quaint and clever madrigal, "Merrily wake music's measure," terminated this most attractive Morning Concert. The Evening Concert.—At a very early period after the opening of the doors, the Town Hall was rapidly filled. The concert commenced with Gibbons's fine madrigal, "The silver swan," (1600) in which the voices blended in rich, and mellowed harmony. Horsley's "By Celia's arbour," followed, and was re-demanded; then came, perhaps the finest specimen of glee writing extant, wedded to Milton's immortal verse, "Blest pair of Syrens," by Stafford Smith, containing such a succession of beauties, that the audience were in silent admiration throughout the whole, and at the close, burst into most rapturous applause. In the second part Mr. Francis, who is one of the most pleasing counter-tenors of the present day, sang with peculiar sweetness and taste, the ballad of "The blooming Rose," and was encored. Miss M. Williams repeated, by particular desire, the gem of the morning selection; "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" and produced an effect quite unrivalled. Webbe's magnificent glee, "When winds breathe soft," terminated this charming concert, in which the wonderful expression of the finely combined voices perfectly enchanted the audience, who at its close, reiterated their hearty plaudits.—*Reading Mercury*, December 6th.

GLASGOW.—At the Dunlop-street theatre Mr. Sims Reeves and a party of vocalists performed in the Musical Drama during four nights of last week. The operas selected were *Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. We have not space sufficient to enter upon such a critique of these performances as we would like. We must, however state that, in our opinion, Mr. Sims Reeves is much improved as an actor, while his fine voice has rather gained than lost in its force and brilliancy since his last appearance in Glasgow. By the way, we think that it would be as well to leave the low comedy part of his performance in the *Bohemian Girl* to Mr. Delavanti, who sustained the character of "Devil's Hoof," with much ability, though his tambourine accompaniment belonged rather to the "nigger" line of business than opera buffo. Mrs. Sims Reeves, whose voice is light and weak, sustained the parts of Amina and the *Bohemian Girl*, with considerable grace, though both required more power than she is physically capable of exercising. Mr. Stretton's part in the opera last named was judiciously gone through. The choral party, who are strangers to Glasgow, are well trained, and do their part of the business in an admirable manner. On Saturday evening, however, we observed that the orchestra and the chorus were not so well together as they might have been. In the beginning of one of the choruses the orchestra was a full note before the voices. Mr. Mori, the conductor, soon, however by a few well timed beats of his baton, brought them into accord. We are happy to have it in our power to announce that the operatists are to be with us this week, and we will be glad to be able to mention that they have had larger audiences. Such performances were never offered before on such reasonable terms, and they ought to be better attended.—*Glasgow Herald*, Dec. 8.

OXFORD.—(From our Correspondent).—Mr. Marshall's concert at the Star, on the 1st instant, was exceedingly well attended, both as to the number and quality of the audience. Mr. Marshall provided his visitors with a good orchestra, and a programme containing a larger infusion of classical music than is usually found at provincial concerts. The vocalists were Miss Dolby and Miss Messent, Messrs. E. Marshall and Whitehouse, the instrumentalists being Signor Regondi (concertina), and Mr. E. Marshall (flute). Miss Dolby and Miss Messent were the rival—or rather the twin stars of the evening, each receiving an encore almost every time she stepped into the orchestra. In the first act Miss Messent gave Flotow's air from *Stradella*, "Bear witness of my blissful feeling." Flotow does not possess in general much of the *vis musica*. This aria however is elegant and expressive, especially the last movement. Miss Messent did the whole of it ample justice, and was loudly applauded, although it was hardly fair to give her such lack-a-daisical verses to sing. Miss Dolby was encored in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," and in Linley's ballad "Ida." If the words of this song, which contain several graceful lines, are by the composer, they are creditable to his poetic muse. Attwood's trio "The Curfew" followed, and was encored. We must not omit a solo on the concertina by Signor Regondi, who is unquestionably the greatest living performer on this instrument, if that be any consequence.

In the second act, Miss Messent delivered Weber's song "Long I've watched," and, aided by Mr. E. Marshall's flute accompaniment, in spite of the halting verses, obtained an encore for it. After a similar honour had been conferred successively on Mr. E. Marshall and Mr. Whitehouse, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," our native queen of the choirs, Miss Dolby, again stepped forward and delivered a ballad of Mr. Marshall's with the deep and round feeling peculiar to her, and in the call for a repetition, substituted "Bonnie Dundee." The admiration of the Oxonians for the fair twin stars of the evening was not yet exhausted. Miss Messent was afterwards called on for a repetition of Mr. Glover's pretty song "Gipsy Jane," and substituting the quaint Scotch "Gin a Bodie," gave the audience such a pleasant taste of her archness and vivacity, that she was also compelled to repeat the latter song. The spirit with which the concert went off, and the crowded state of the room, give favorable augury for the approaching winter season here.

Miscellaneous.

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ALDESGATE STREET.—(From a Correspondent).—An Amateur performance of the *Messiah*, was given in the theatre of the above Institution on Monday Evening, Dec. 1st, to celebrate the 7th Anniversary of the United Tradesman's Benefit Society, the Concert being given for the purpose of forming the basis of a superannuating fund, for its aged and decayed members. Upon no occasion since the opening of the Institute, has so large a mass assembled, above 900 persons being present, on the above evening. The chorus and band consisted of about 200 performers. The principal vocalists were Miss Eppy, Miss Roper, Mr. Wallis, Mr. Smith and Mr. Crome. Leader, Mr. Perkins, Trumpet, Mr. Ward, jun., and Conductor, Mr. Coventry. The Orchestra, built expressly for this occasion, deserves especial notice, for its very beautiful and novel appearance. It was designed and executed by one of the society's members, Mr. James Elliott, who, we understand, gave his very valuable and masterly services gratis, to further the interests of the society. To understand well the effect produced we here give a description of the orchestra as well as we are able without a drawing. Upon being viewed from the audience portion of the theatre, the orchestra appeared as if built of oak wood, beautifully carved in relief; but in reality it was only a highly finished painted and paper decoration in the strict gothic order. On the wall at the back was placed an oak painted screen, divided into sixteen panels, the ground of the panels being crimson, each panel containing a shield painted in proper Heraldic colours, every shield being different. Before this screen was placed an Organ case so nicely painted that when an Harmonium was placed in the recess left for the keys—and which was performed upon in a very masterly manner by Mr. Hoskins, Musical Professor, one of the Editors of the "New Theory of Music on the Gene-phonic System,"—no person in the audience could detect it from a real organ; it was one of those deceptions very rarely met with. The galleries on each side were also divided the same as the back, the front of the orchestra being precisely similar. The Conductor's box was one panel elegantly painted and the centre of which contained the arms of the City of London, surmounted in gold letters, by the motto, "Domine dirige nos;" on the frieze at the back also appeared in gold letters on each side of the organ, this motto, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." The orchestra when lit up and full, was very beautiful, and this short explanation can convey but a slight idea of its novel appearance. The Solos and Choruses were very well rendered, the "Hallelujah" being redemanded. Another new feature in concert performance, which we have not heard before, was that after the Oratorio the Doxology "Praise God from whom &c." was sung by the four principal vocalists, accompanied by the organist only, and afterwards by the whole band, chorus and audience standing. Its effect can only be compared to the June meeting of the school children in St. Paul's. We sincerely hope the concert realized the object for which it was given.

EXETER HALL.—The first of a series of entertainments, entitled, "Illustrations of the National Music of England," were given on Thursday evening. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Miss Louise Pyne, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Swift. The gentleman made a very respectable debut, and sang "By Celia's Arbor" with great applause. Several madrigals were sung, and choruses, together with the usual compliment of solos for the stars. The concert passed off well, and the Hall was tolerably well attended.

MR. ELLA, the enterprising director of the Musical Union, is about to announce a series of six "Musical Winter Evenings," at Willis's Rooms. They commence on the 15th of January, and will be given fortnightly.

MR. WOOLGAR, father to Miss Woolgar, the popular actress of the Adelphi, has presented a farce to Mr. Webster for his approval. The piece is said to be of unusual excellence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The gentleman's address is, we believe, 69, Great Portland Street.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE BAL MASQUE.

We have this moment come from the fairy splendours of Drury Lane, "dazzled and drunk with beauty." It is the small hours, and the early waits call, or should call, "past 5 o'clock." We have little inclination to write, and less power to concentrate our mind upon fugitive criticism, after the fiery ordeals through which we have passed. We seem as though we had gone through the Eleusinian Mysteries, and penetrated into their most secret *adyta*. Our brain reels, our senses fail, our eyes grow dim, our hand trembles. Nay, reader, smile not! What, if we have supped with Mr. Gye in his private salon and drank freely of his champagne, can that account for this "wreck of matters and this crush of worlds," or this "crush of matter and this wreck of worlds," or this "crush of worlds and this wreck of matter," we quote Addison—*Cato*, my boy—but are not positive as to the collocation of the words? Sooner than write a line under such circumstances, we would have thrown our gold pen—Mordaunt's—into the fire—no, fire-place—and gone home in a Hansom cab. But what can we do? A column has been left blank—the printer's devil has waited up for the consummation of our article—we are to write about Jullien's masqued ball, and are entreated to say something new.

Something new about Jullien's masqued ball! The only decided novelties we saw at the ball were the Bloomers, who swarmed like bees in the spring time, but their novelty soon died away, and we had to fall back upon raptures of the olden times. What boots it to describe the fairy decorations, and the golden splendours which grew beneath the wand of the magician, hight, Sir Gye? What boots it to write roundly of cupids, flowers, muslin, lace, carpets, festoonery, upholstery, and the emanations of taste? What boots it to dedicate delicate dreamings to general effects, lights and shades, tonings, contrasts, brilliancies, reflections, refractions, and all the prismatic refulgence of the crystal curtain—never more refulgent, or more crystal than now; or what need to expend time, labour, and expletives on what every one has seen, and every one knows?

The Bloomers predominated; but their numbers did not materially interfere with the rich variety of dresses and appointments we were accustomed to see on such Jullien-carnival occasions. Here were captains of all regiments and of no regiments; naval officers of the line and out of all line; pretenders to all periods and no periods; dumb imitators of the drama; silent pleaders; representatives of the middle ages, old and young—these were all of the sex male, no lady being desirous of belonging to the middle age; bearded, semi-bearded, and beardless warriors, tinned as to head and body, booted, spurred, and accoutred; together with Esquimaux, Cherokees, Calmucks, Cossacks, Tartars, Negroes, Red Americans, Yankees, Hindoos, Greeks, Turks, Maltese, Arabs, Chinese, Persians, Indians, Burmese, Romans, Swiss, Dutch, Swedes, New Zealanders, Otaheitan, Jews, Spaniards, Scotch, no Irish—not admitted, by particular desire—Welsh, Italians, Bohemians, Australasians, Mexicans, Hottentots, Caffirs, Malays, Circassians, Hungarians, Russians, Prussians, Poles, Danes, Norsemen, Hanoverians, Brunwickers, Kamschatkans, Caucasians, Egyptians, Syrians, Mahomedans, and Frenchmen of all grades, classes, and ranks, Red-republicans having the advantage. Here were ladies of Piccadilian celebrity, squired by gents, periodically amorous, jubilant, bibulant, and lavish of pounds; light of head, loose of heel, and doubtful in the midst. Here were literaturists, savagely grand, unmasked and in undress, standing aloof, appe-

rently without the least anger, looking on with eyes of condescension, as who should say, "We are the lords, and these be our pastimes! We shall not drown them in our ink, nor spit them on our goose quills! We shall have mercy! Very charming! How do you, old fellow?" Here were men about town, young aspirants for roaring fame, superenjoyous, resilient, and rotatory, making havoc among the dancers, heedless of all, divinely intent upon themselves, and ignorant of the days of the week! Here were middle-aged young boys, late of dinner, port-filled, pot-bellied, high-collared, thin coated, loud, swaggering, self-important, and vivaciously inclined to the allurements of Venus, looking thorough masks and under skirts, peering at lapet holes, mentally measuring circumferences, winking at ankles and sighing at neckties! Here were—but soft—my space is nearly filled, and I have no room for another line! Here, boy! Confound the fellow, he is fast asleep.

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ON MONDAY, December 22, 1851, Handel's Oratorio, MESSIAH. The Oratorio will be preceded by the new Christmas Anthem composed by G.W. Morgan. Vocalists—Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Temple, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Conductor, Mr. Surman, Founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios. The Subscription to the Society is—£1 ls. per annum, or, for Reserved Seats, £3 2s. Subscribers joining previous to the 22nd of December will be entitled to Four Tickets, and Reserved Seat Subscribers a splendid copy of the oratorio.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 51.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

THE OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

We have good news for our readers—good news for the public. There will be an opera at Drury Lane, and, thanks to Mr. Bunn's enterprise, ingenuity, and perseverance, there is every prospect that it will prove an attractive and a complete opera. We had our doubts that Mr. Bunn would have been enabled to constitute a company important enough for so large a theatre as Drury Lane, and indeed, we happened to know that Mr. Bunn himself had despaired of doing so not long since; but, within the last two months, he has made such good use of his eyes and ears, and, be it said, of his pen also, that he has formed, we are assured, a first-rate cohort of vocalists, chorus, and band.

Among the singers already mentioned we may point to the names of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Madame Garcia—a fair *cantatrice*, who has lately created a sensation in the musical circles, but whence her name derived we know not—Miss Priscilla Horton, and Mr. Whitworth, as worthy of Mr. Bunn's great establishment, and his lofty undertaking. A French tenor of high repute, whose name has not transpired, query, Roger? is also spoken of as likely to commence the operatic season with *Robert the Devil*. Great preparations are, we hear, being made for the production of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*. Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* is also, we understand, to be brought out with completeness and splendour, and will include in the cast, Madame Garcia, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

Superficial thinkers may be led to conclude that Mr. Bunn acts with bad policy, in producing those works with which the public have already been surfeited at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. But Mr. Bunn sees farther and knows more than these short-sighted individuals. He sees that the same class of people are not likely to visit Drury Lane, which patronised the Italian Operas; that English singers and operas in English have always had their section of supporters in the Metropolis; and that, even to the surfeited and the *habitués* of the operas, Mr. Bunn's theatre will prove, in no small degree, attractive, as it provides the greatest of all charms—novelty.

But still better news have we for our readers—better news for the public. Mr. Bunn has engaged Mr. George A. Macfarren to write a new opera, and Mr. George A. Macfarren is hard at work on a romantic libretto by John Oxenford. We have always had the greatest faith in Mr. George

A. Macfarren, as our most illustrious native composer; and in Mr. John Oxenford we put no less confidence and hope, as an accomplished poet, a wit, a scholar, and philosopher. In both we fix our utmost anticipations, not the less disinterestedly, seeing that they are numbered among the contributors to the *Musical World*. We hear also, by the way, that Balfe has completed an original opera, for Drury Lane, and that Mr. Frank Mori is involved in another. Balfe's music will, no doubt, be wedded to Mr. Bunn's poetry, or, more properly, re-wedded, and Mr. Bunn will, no doubt, choose one of those thrilling incidents of history or romance which erst engaged his pen and called forth his glowing numbers. Of Mr. Frank Mori we entertain the highest expectations. His music is replete with tune, and he shows the accomplished musician in all his writings. We shall be greatly mistaken if Mr. Frank Mori's first opera produced does not create an unusual sensation. In *Fridolin*, the new Cantata of Mr. Mori, and other works of his submitted to us, we espied a high dramatic colouring, and, more desirable still, a self-dependence, which demonstrated that the young composer had subjected himself to the trammels of no particular school; that he was influenced by no school; that he thought for himself and the world about him; and marched on with the times. These are the aspirations of genius, such as have influenced all original thinkers, from Mozart and Beethoven, to Auber and Meyerbeer.

If Mr. Bunn, in one season, be able to produce three original works, by three native composers, he will set aside for ever the vexed question of a "National Opera," and establish Drury Lane as the true "English Opera," which is exactly what we require. We trust and hope the public will support Mr. Bunn in his new undertaking. Now is the time to ascertain how far they will go to uphold their own artists, and their own composers, without, at the same time, directing their anathemas against all foreign products and producers.

Furthermore, by way of news, we may state that Signor Schira is engaged by Mr. Bunn, as conductor, and Mr. Lovell Phillips, as chorus master. The engagement of these two gentlemen, in their different capacities, is highly satisfactory, and will prove, in no small degree, beneficial to the interests of the opera.

The theatre will open, on boxing night, with a tragedy and a new pantomime. For the latter, we are pleased to

announces, that the prince of burlesquists, W. H. Payne, is engaged, and has had a part expressly written for him.

We shall watch over the interests of Drury Lane with a shrewd eye, and a wishful mind. May its success satisfy our longings, and may Mr. Buan smile placidly every Saturday, at pay hour.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Tuesday, the 11th instant, we were at the Theatre Royal, on the occasion of Mr. Chas. F. Anthony's benefit, when Mr. E. Loder's characteristic and excellent opera of the *Night Dancers* was given "for the last time this season." We were sorry to see so very moderate a house. The pit was pretty full, but no other part was half filled; and at such very low prices as galleries, 6d.; pit, 1s.; upper circle, 1s. 6d.; dress circle, 2s. 6d.; nothing less than a crowded house can leave any profit to the *beneficiaire*. The dress circle we were most disappointed about. The attendance of another hundred or two of Mr. Anthony's numerous friends and acquaintances here would have done him some good, and made all the difference. The performances were unequal; a considerable display of talent on the whole, but a short coming in some instances, which deteriorates materially from the general effect. We must, in the first place, give credit to the management, and all concerned, for the way the instrumental and choral adjuncts to the opera were supplied. No doubt some degree of this attaches to the composer, Mr. Loder; being himself there to conduct, he would naturally be anxious that the orchestra, if small, should be efficient and complete, as far as practicable. The excellence of the choral portion of the business we must attribute entirely to the efforts of the choral master, and *beneficiaire*, Mr. Charles Anthony. Both band and chorus deserve high praise, and if the principal singers had been equally good and efficient, Mr. Loder would have had as perfect a performance of his clever opera, as he could hope to have in the provinces; and Mr. Anthony would have furnished a high treat to his musical friends. Miss Isaacs is always pleasing, and more than respectable, both in her acting and singing; if she does not quite create a *furor*, she never offends. The music of Giselle's part is somewhat high for her voice; yet she delivered the whole of it very nicely. She looked the part charmingly; if anything, perhaps somewhat too stout to realize the idea of a bride turned wili; but we always like Miss Isaacs in whatever she undertakes. Mr. Allen's acting, as Albert, and his conception of the way in which the music of his part should be delivered, was as good as ever. Not so the voice, however, which has in some measure fallen away; yet Mr. Allen is still a young man; his taste and his management enable him to conceal its defects, and to render his performance superior, after all, to some tenors with more robust *chest* voice. Mr. Summers made the first display of inefficiency in Godfrey the miller's song, "Laugh my girl's," and he does not seem to have ever had a voice. Mr. Whitworth, on the other hand, possesses a very good one, and surprised us no little by the display of humour he gave us in Friar Colin; a part so totally opposite to the gentlemanly role of baritone or bass parts we have hitherto been accustomed to see him in—Count Rudolpho, Count Arnheim, &c. &c. He really did his part admirably, and sang his portion

of the music better than we ever before heard it. There were no shortcomings in Mr. Whitworth's performance. Miss S. Kenneth sang the part of Mary, and acted it too very fairly. The less important parts of the Duke, and Bertha, were inefficiently represented; the first by Signor Gregorio; the second by a Madame Cherici. We could not tell one word the Duke said or sang, or in what language. Madame Cherici's voice appeared to us soft and sweet, but to want power for the area of the Theatre. In the lovely duet with Albert, "Peace to the dead!" this was painfully apparent. We could not help the comparison with the effect produced by Miss Sara Flower, in the same duet, with Allen, some four or five years ago. Allen came nearest his former excellence in the air "Wake from thy tomb, Giselle." After this the whole of the beautiful music of the wili, and the dances, were exquisitely given by the band, with a harp added to the orchestra. The female choristers, and coryphæes, the pretty chorus especially, "Pace, pace around the bed," went very well, with all the concert music which follows with Giselle, Corella, Astra, and Unda. Miss Isaacs deserves a special remark for her air, "What new delightful being's this?" and Mr. Whitworth's "Pretty sprites" was equally good. Mr. Allen and Miss Isaacs gave a finished effect to the close of the dream or wili portion of the opera by the admirable manner in which they gave together the duet, "Thou hast called," and with which Miss Isaacs gave Giselle's air, "Ah! no, you'll not forget me quite." With another word of praise to the latter, for her "Ave Maria," we must bring our somewhat long notice of this delightful opera to a close. There was some very clever dancing by the Le Clerq family, afterwards, in a ballet divertissement called "Halloween." Miss Le Clerq and her younger brother are exceedingly talented and graceful; they elicited the warmest applause of the night. An amusing farce, called *Make your Will*, prolonged the performance too much by half an hour, in which Mr. Wood certainly out-heroded Herod, and caused great laughter by his burlesque buffoonery—acting it cannot be called.

MESSES. F. AND E. MOLLENHAUERS' CONCERT PROGRAMME.

Adagio et rondo Russe for violin—Mr. F. Mollenhauer	De Beriot
Song—Miss Stott—"The Mermaid's Cave,"	Horn
Pianoforte solo—Mr. C. Hallé—Fantasia on Themes from the opera "Don Juan,"	Thalberg
Song—Miss Stott—"The Garland,"	Mendelssohn
Grand duo concertante for two violins—Messrs. F. and E. Mollenhauer	Mollenhauer
Rondo brillant for violin—Mr. E. Mollenhauer	Mollenhauer
Violoncello solo—Herr Lidel—Les Arpèges on le Tremolo, sur un thème de Beethoven	Kummer
Ballad—Miss Stott—"When Night Elves dance,"	Lee
Pianoforte solo—Mr. Hallé—Lieder ohne Worte,	Mendelssohn
Grand duo (Burlesque) for two violins—Messrs. F. and E. Mollenhauer—"Carnaval de Venise,"	Paganini

The above concert came off very successfully on the evening of Friday the 18th instant. Although not so full as at Hallé's concerts, the Town Hall room was fairly filled by a highly respectable audience. This is a good deal to say, the brothers Mollenhauer being almost strangers in Manchester. Still they have previously been heard, not only by the subscribers to Hallé's concerts, but at the Concert Hall, (as a private or undress concert,) and at the Concert for the People at the Free Trade Hall on the previous Monday. Mr. F. Mollenhauer

opened the concert with an adagio and rondo on a Russian theme by De Beriot, which he played in masterly style, overcoming all the difficulties with artistic effect. He was ably accompanied by our young contra-bassist, Mr. Waud, who no doubt has been a pupil at the Royal Academy, where every player, on whatever instrument almost, must learn the pianoforte as well. And we may as well remark here that he accompanied all the pieces during the concert, of course excepting Charles Hallé's. The two brothers appeared at the close of the first part in a duo concertante for two violins of their own composition. We are not learned enough in string solo works to pronounce upon it as a work of art; but as a piece calculated to display the talent of the two brothers playing together in concert, we can pronounce it to be admirably written for the purpose. Their duet performances are very clever indeed. There is that simultaneousness of bowing and of piano-forte expression that is seldom arrived at, except by the constant opportunity of practice together afforded to members of the same family. Their duet was much and deservedly applauded. The younger brother, Mr. E. Mollenhauer, opened the second part with a rondo of his own, in which he again showed even greater mastery over all the difficulties of the instrument than his brother, with greater purity of tone, if not greater power. His harmonies were very clear and certain. His clever performance was most heartily received. The last piece the brother played was that poor unfortunate "Carnaval de Venise," which for the last twenty years (and in an increased ratio the last ten) has been so much attacked by violinists. It is no little credit to the brothers Mollenhauer, that in their harmonised version for two violins, they give a more pleasing effect than many we have heard of late on this too hacknied subject. We have purposely alluded first to the performances of the concert-givers;—we must now do justice to their able and kind assistants. Hallé gave us in the middle of the first part a very brilliant performance of Thalberg's Fantasia, or Themes from *Don Juan*, which we enjoyed very much, especially the last—the ball-room scene—where in the opera three distinct movements are going on at the same time. It is only such players as Charles Hallé can do justice to such a piece. Few but he or Thalberg could make a subject like the minuet stand out so amidst such a flood of sounds as rushes from their hands, from end to end of the piano-forte. We nevertheless prefer hearing Hallé in a Sonata of Beethoven's. In the second part he gave us three of Mendelssohn's inimitable "Songs without words," chosen as varied in style as possible, and played most exquisitely. Lidel was not so happy in the choice of his solo—a piece of Kummer's arrangement for the violoncello—the subject being the well-known "Tremolo," from Beethoven, a minor sonata for violin and pianoforte. He gave out the lovely motivo very sweetly indeed, but the variations and arpeggios, &c., afterwards, were mere displays of the performer's mastery over the most difficult passages, without any corresponding or compensating beauty in them. Miss Stott gave three songs during the evening, which, from timidity, or some other cause, were ineffective, although her voice seems to deserve a better success. On the whole the Messrs. Mollenhauer's concert passed off satisfactorily both to them and the audience. The *Guardian* had a long critique on Saturday on Mr. Seymour's first quartet concert for the season on the 11th instant, in which Mr. Perring gets warmly praised; but the critic still speaks of Perring's "fine voice" being "inchoate and inceptive, rather than positive and actual." The concert was highly successful, it appears. We were at Anthony's Benefit, so could not be present. In our last article a slight inaccuracy occurs, which we must have a line of space to correct. Speaking of Hallé's being the originator in Man-

chester of the class of entertainment his concerts belong to we are most unaccountably made to call them *vocal* entertainments. They are essentially pianoforte performances, more than anything else. We have had chamber music here for years before Hallé appeared amongst us. To Messrs. Seymour and Rudersdorf belongs the merit of introducing chamber concerts into Manchester: but theirs were essentially for stringed instruments—quartet concerts, in which the introduction of the pianoforte was the exception, not the rule. Hallé's, on the contrary, always contain a sonata—generally of Beethoven—with other minor pianoforte solos, and the quartet for stringed instruments without pianoforte is rarely introduced. The vocalities at both are quite a secondary matter, and neither can be alluded to as *vocal* entertainments. In speaking of Onslow's sextet, "There was a passage for the whole six *crescendo united*" should be "*crescendo until it became a most powerful forte*," &c. The enthusiastic applause awarded to Hallé—"he must have felt from its *rarity*," not variety. "The next concert is fixed for the 18th instant," and not the 8th. Again we must apologise for our own ill-gibility *causing* these slips.

THEATRE ITALIEN, PARIS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dec. 13, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—According to your desire, I here write you the full particulars of my adventures on Thursday week.

Having an appointment with M. Solomée, the Regisseur of the Theatre de la Gaitée, I left home about half-past ten o'clock, and taking a *voiture de remise*, arrived without any obstacle on the Boulevard du Temple. I found all the shops closed, and very few people in the street, except in front of the seven theatres; before each, except the Opera National, there was a knot of persons, which I recognized as the companies of each theatre. They had very long faces, and seemed anxiously waiting the result of the day, to know if they played at night, having been obliged (in consequence of the military occupying the Boulevards) to close the previous evening. I had not been with M. Solomée ten minutes, when I received from my cabman (whom I had told to go round and wait for me at the stage door in the Rue Basse) a message that he could not wait long for me, as all carriages were escaping in consequence of the barricades having commenced in the Faubourgs St. Martin and St. Denis; and he thereby ran the chance of having his cab taken for one. In about ten minutes I had finished my business and descended into the street, but no cab to be found; it was gone. Having a heavy parcel of books with me, I got one of the *Garçons de Theatre* to carry them. I set off in search of another cab. Arrived on the Boulevards, we found an open coupée; but when the driver heard where we wanted to go (as he would have to cross the Rue St. Denis and St. Martin before he could get there) he declined, but on my offering him five francs, he said he would try to get to the Theatre Italien by taking a long round-about way. I and the man from the theatre got into the cab, and we started off down the Rue du Temple. We had, however, not gone two hundred yards, when we were met by several persons, who motioned us back. We turned round, crossed the Boulevards again, and went down the Faubourg du Temple. Here we met again the same reception. At this the cabman became very alarmed, and requested me to get out; but after a few encouraging words, and the promise of an extra franc, I persuaded my man to make a bold

dash down the Boulevards. We again started off, but having arrived at the Theatre de l'Ambigu Comique, we met several cabs driving furiously. This was a settler for our man, who, turning round to me, declined my company and my six francs, and as soon as we had got out, he turned round and galloped off. Matters were becoming very interesting, and never having seen a barricade in my life, and as there were no signs of military for the moment, I determined to take a peep into the Faubourg St. Denis. On hearing this my companion refused to accompany me, and telling me he would carry my books to the theatre, left me. Taking a back street, I soon arrived at about the centre of the Faubourg St. Martin. Here every shop was closed, but every window occupied watching the progress of a barricade just commenced, consisting of an upset cart and a long ladder, which reached across the street—the crowd was very great. I stood for a moment watching the work, when a respectable old man came up to me, and said in a low voice, "*Monsieur, ctez donc vos gants ; ne voyez vous pas ou ctez.*" I looked at the old man for a moment, not understanding his meaning ; but on remarking that I seemed to be the object of observation to several persons around me, I found that, in fact, I looked rather too respectable for the company in which I was ; and fearing to be taken for an *aristot*, as they call them, I made off ; besides, at this moment there was a cry that the troops were advancing, and everybody took to his legs. I crossed the Faubourgs St. Denis and Poissonnière without anything worthy of notice, except meeting several horses and drivers without coaches (no doubt by having been taken for barricades). When I arrived at the theatre, about one o'clock, I found that Gunco was ill and could not sing. After some little delay, Mr. Lumley settled on playing *Semiramide* ; letters were immediately sent round to all the artists, but in about an hour Mr. Lumley receives a letter from Mad. Barbieri Nini, in which she says that she is blockaded by the military, and it would be impossible to get out. I, however, promised Mr. Lumley that I would arrange the matter, and wrote a letter to her, in which I told her there was no danger, and that I would myself come and fetch her in a carriage : but when I wanted to send it off, it was impossible to find a messenger to carry it ; our men blankly refused to cross the Boulevards, it being occupied by the troops. Seeing no other chance, I started off myself to the Rue de Provence, where Mad. B. Nini resided. Arriving at the Boulevards, I found it as the men had said ; but through the kindness of an officer, to whom I made myself known (having luckily placed my pass in the morning in my pocket), I got safe across the Boulevards, and arrived at Mad. Barbieri Nini, who, after a great deal of persuasion, promised to sing. I now started off to return to the theatre. I wanted to go down the Rue Grange Batelière, but was prevented, it being occupied by the troops ; I therefore took the Rue Lepelletier, and had just arrived opposite the entrance of the Grand Opera, when I heard, as I thought behind me, a discharge of musketry (it came from the Rue Grange Batelière). I, and several gentlemen round me, took to our legs, and ran towards the Boulevards ; but at that very moment we heard another discharge on the Boulevards, and the lancers who were stationed there were thrown for a moment into disorder. I was just about to enter a chemist's shop which was being closed hastily by the owner, when down came a fire on us from the pistols of the lancers (who, seeing us running towards them, had no doubt mistaken us for insurgents, as they had just been fired on from the Boulevards, some persons say from the very street in which we were). The chemist, who was by my side, and to whom I was just about to speak, fell dead at my feet with a bullet in the head. This rather

staggered me for the moment, and taking a few steps back, I had the luck to see a portecochere (No. 11), which they were just closing, into which I threw myself. The door was hardly closed, when down came another volley (from where I cannot tell). I and several gentlemen were most kindly asked up stairs by a lady and gentleman in the first floor, where we remained about half an hour, till all seemed quiet, when the other gentlemen left ; but I remained some short time longer, finding I had unconsciously found my way into the house in which Pardini lived, to whom I paid a visit, and then, taking the back streets till I arrived at the Chaussée d'Antin, was able to cross again the Boulevards and arrive at the theatre, which I now found deserted, and a *relache* announced ; but what amused me was the false rumours that were running, namely, that the Boulevards des Italiens were entirely destroyed. I got safe home about seven o'clock, and so ended my day's adventure. The next morning I went to the City Bergère, to see the poor devils that had paid for their curiosity with their lives, and also to have a peep, on the Boulevard Montmartre, at the house that had been peppered the day before by the cannon.

Truly yours,

A. HARRIS.

SPANISH MUSIC.

It would lead to an interesting as well as a useful disquisition, to inquire how it has happened that different musical instruments have become allied with the customs of different nations. The harp may be said to belong to Ireland, the bagpipes to Scotland, the flute to Germany, the violin to Italy, and the guitar to Spain. The high-born Spanish maiden still delights in this harmonious instrument ; the soldier takes it with him on his march, and into the camp ; the muleteer cheers his way over the mountains with its sound ! the carriers take it with them in their covered waggons ; the barber has one hung up in his shop, with which he amuses himself while waiting for a customer ; through every class, from the highest to the lowest, it is preserved with affectionate feelings ; it is the symbol of love, the consoler of care, and equally suited to the movements of the fandango and the bolero, as to the sweetness of Spanish song ; or rather the dance and the ballad have followed in their figure and tone, the genius of the guitar.

Hence the music of Spain bears a character quite original. The simple air, heard without the harmonies in the chords of the guitar, would seem to a foreigner to possess little merit. There are, indeed, some old airs of Spain which every nation must admire ; but, generally speaking, they are pretty, rather than powerful, and they depend a good deal upon the spirit and taste of the performer for their effect. The fandangoes, boleros, and rigadoons, are gay and peculiarly pleasing when well executed on the guitar, and the time marked by the motions of the dancers, and the blithe sounds of the castanets. These observations, however, chiefly apply to what may be called the ancient music of Spain, as compared with recent compositions. Beautiful as many portions of that music may be, there are none of them superior, nor perhaps equal, in point of melody, to some of the new patriotic compositions. There is a fire, and at the same time a tenderness, in the best pieces, which, whatever becomes of the constitution, promise them immortality.

I was detained a full hour one day in the streets, listening to two itinerant musicians performing a war song. One of them sung the air and played it at the same time on the

violin, while his companion sung also and performed the accompaniment on the guitar. Both were blind, and neither sung nor played with much skill, and yet it was surprising how much effect they threw into the words of the song.—The air had occasional bursts of grandeur, which animated their sightless countenances with a flush of inspiration. In the intervals between the verses, the leader recited passages from a prose rhapsody, the object of which was to rouse the Spaniards to the remembrance of those injuries which France inflicted on the Peninsula during the late war, to flatter them with the event of the contest, and to bid them bind on their swords for the extermination of the approaching invaders. One would be surprised at the attention with which these two bards were listened to. Tears glistened frequently in the eyes of those who were crowded around them.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(From a Correspondent.)

In resuming the somewhat sad and worn subject of a National Opera, (for I am given to understand all hopes of old Drury are again at an end,) I shall place in juxtaposition the outlay that will be inevitable for the well-doing of the enterprise, and that which is necessary to secure its ruin. It is not difficult to write down a mass of figures, exhibiting a possible result, but it is very often distasteful, and therefore not easy, to obtain an unprejudiced calculation, to throw aside all unjust leaning in favour of our child. But if we commence by cheating ourselves, we shall not surely spare others. Bygone errors must be looked full in the face, and experience allowed its due weight. The most destructive mistake that has characterised former managements has been, I firmly believe, not so much in a reckless expenditure "in toto," as in the entire absence of a just discrimination in the laying out of certain sums. Where they were not wanted, there were they wasted, and when a real emergency occurred and funds were absolutely necessary, it was discovered they had been used up, and clean eaten away by trifles. The treasury had been exhausted for nothing, perchance in a gorgeous pageant, put together to insure a *lingering* death to a new thing, yclept an opera, and which, by dint of the said pageant's bolstering, had died in great agony of consumption, in lieu of apoplexy, surviving some half-dozen nights with a frightful loss to the management. This has been more or less the case pretty often, and future entrepreneurs, if they mean to keep a balance at their bankers, must be taught by example, and be as wary of their funds as their reputations. Not that I imagine any one but a fool would squander a shilling, if he thought sixpence would answer the purpose equally well. That is not the point at all. A musical or theatrical director may be judicious and politic to a degree in his own judgment, and yet, from an utter want of musical capability and practical knowledge of such matters, may destroy both his scheme and himself, either by a lavish outlay on absurdities, or a parsimonious neglect of important matters. Thus, we must not allow our chorus to be shorn of ten voices, that some half hundred extra crimson and gold banners may be added to the half hundred stock lot, nor is it an evidence of musical taste, that revolving wheels of blazing light, or roses with practical petals, bringing forth at will tiny fairies, or that springless vehicles of splendid hues, dragged by our old cream-coloured friend, who has done the Massaniello business for years past, or that a gaily-clad and interminable quantity of "retainers," should necessitate the placing of our orchestral acquaintances, "Smith," "Jones,"

and "Wiggins," on the reduced list. No, if we aim at establishing good music, we must first turn our attention to all requirements in that department, and then look to other details, which, although highly necessary, most undoubtedly hold second rank in importance. It is the principal singers, conductor, orchestra, and chorus, that have the first claim by a good bit. That granted, we may talk to our painters, machinists, &c., with advantage. The "mise en scene" is an excellent climax, but a very bad keystone, and notwithstanding my partiality to startling surprises and beauty of effect, waving ensigns, gorgeous banquets, lightning, and cannon, I should as soon dream of attending an opera, in the expectation of seeing such auxiliaries the principal attraction, as I should of hearing Messrs. Bruton and J. W. Sharpe sing a duet in an oratorio. Ears before eyes in a national opera, or we shall have Mr. Batty beating us with our own weapons over the water. The money must be spent when and where it is really wanted, and plenty of it too, if it can be got at by honest hook or crook.

Again,—we must especially eschew enormous rents, a cannibal staff of useless hangers-on; nor should we allow ourselves to be such abject creatures of necessity, ridden over roughshod by Prima Donna "Mademoiselle La Grippe," or Primo Tenore Robusto "Signor Catarrh," who by their quips and cranks, their influenzas, rheumatisms, and thousand and one fancies, will cause anger and disappointment to our patrons, and death to our project.

I am of opinion our work should be commenced in a moderately sized house, I would rather have it too small than too large. It would be ridiculous to think of entering upon an establishment that requires a whole host of supernumeraries in each department to keep it going. When Madame Vestris first took the Olympic, goodness knows how little either the house itself or the locale had to do with her success. The excellence of the acting, the completeness with which the pieces were put upon the stage, were the grand secrets of her prosperity. "Prestige" is a great deal, "locale" a great deal also, but both of them will be thrown away, unless backed up by the more important particulars urged above.

Complaint has been rendered by many, of the dearth of native talent, and the great difficulty of collecting home materials for the proper working out our undertaking. But this is not true, and if it were, who could wonder? A baker would be an uncommonly clever fellow to find means of existence, if people took it into their heads not to eat bread. And how is a poor devil of a musician to do so, if his countrymen refuse to support his trade? He comes into the world with as keen, if not a keener appetite than most folks, and requires to eat, drink, and clothe himself, and very like a family to boot. Besides which, if we deny our soil proper nourishment, how in the name of sense can we expect valuable productions to spring forth? But whether or no, the accusation I speak of is mainly false, got up, and chiefly propagated, by the fashionable amateur, who has been educated too highly, and judged too deeply, to risk his musical character (?) amongst the "haut ton," by turning a vulgar Protectionist. It is almost an insult to the profession to offer any instruction to such gentlemen,—to tell them, how that we have artistes amongst us, that are much more than good, second only to some one or two, and immeasurably superior to three-fourths of those foreign importations they are so mad to hear and applaud; but then, alas, on the contra, I get worsted. They do, I must even confess it, come of English stock. They are capable of eating roast beef, and drinking London stout. There is nothing delightfully ravissante and naughty in the female characters, little that is pale-faced, mustachiod, and wicked about the males. Well, well, it's a true bill, but withal a satisfactory one, and we must fain do our "possible"

without such serious recommendations. But that there is abundant talent both in the vocal and instrumental departments, cannot for a moment be questioned, and I would, in illustration of this fact, mention the following artistes, without intending the slightest disparagement to any others, whose names do not immediately occur to me.

Sopranos.—Mesdames Clara Novello, and Sims Reeves; Miss C. Hayes, Louisa Pyne, Birch, Bassano.

Mezzo Sopranos and Contraltos.—Miss Dolby, Martha Williams, Miran, Fanny Huddart, and Poole.

Tenors.—Sims Reeves, Lockey, Harrison, Allen, Travers, Benson.

Barytones and Basses.—Weiss, Whitworth, Henry Phillips, Frank Bodda, Stretton, Lawler, A. Braham.

In the orchestral department we are stronger yet. The two great houses would necessarily thin our choice, but there would be plenty of able men left standing almost idle in the marketplace.

I subjoin a list composed exclusively of Englishmen, for the benefit of the fashionable and talented sceptic above mentioned, and I would invite him, in return, to name a phalanx of sixty foreigners in any one way superior if so efficient as my corps. I do not of course think of, much less talk about, individual merit. I only allude to general efficiency for orchestral purposes.

1st Violins—H. Blagrove (principal), V. Collins, H. Cooper, Dando, Day, Patey, Thirlwall, Willy. **2nd Violins**—Watkins, W. Blagrove, Browne, H. Griesbach, Jay, J. Loder, Marshall, Mori. **Tenors**—Hill, R. Blagrove, Calkin, Glanville, Hughes, Ernst, Webb, Westlake. **Violoncellos**—Lucas, G. Collins, Guest, Hancock, Hatton, W. Loder, W. L. Phillips, Thorley. **Double-basses**—Howell, Castell, Mount, Percival, Pratten, Rowland, Russell, Severn. **Clarionets**—Lazarus, Maycock. **Oboes**—Nicholson, Horton. **Flutes**—Richardson, King. **Bassoons**—Winterbottom, Larkin. **Horns**—Jarrett, Calcott, Harper, Shaw. **Trumpets**—T. Harper, Davis. **Trombones**—Winterbottom, King, Smithie. **Drums**—Chipp. **Bass Drums and Cymbals**—Horton. **Side Drum and Triangle**—Hughes, junior.

Composers are abundant enough in all conscience, if they will only make up their minds to render good assistance; but what I said in my last paper about artistes, is in every way applicable to many gentlemen of this class. They must put aside all petty differences and prejudices such; tomfoolery is suicidal to the cause and themselves, and utterly unworthy their talent. Bishop, Balfe, Macfarren, Loder, Wallace, Barnett, Mori, Horsley, were all in the land of the living a few days since, and have each and all talent enough to make twenty times a fortune, if *bona fide* merit was the great passport to success. Would it were!

Of the chorus we need say nothing, for the sad unemployed abundance in this line, is patent to every musician.

It has been said that there are men, monied and influential, who, could they see any prospect of this national scheme coming to a head, would render valuable assistance; nor do I believe this to be an idle assertion, but the facts of the case stand thus: There have been so many enterprises nipped in the bud, begun, very probably, with a good spirit and intention, but unadvisedly withal; so many that have been entered upon by men whose incapability of management has been their least error, to use a mild term, and so much of folly and deceit employed to keep their heads above water, that honest men get frightened, and prefer to wait and see what comes of it before lending their names and interest in its behalf. This is one of a number of difficulties to be got over; for until we can in a

great measure remove this feeling, we cannot look for much pecuniary assistance at the starting post.

In my next and final communication, I shall again speak of a government grant, and probably suggest a *modus operandi* for the setting it on foot. I shall also state my humble opinion as to what ought to be the nightly average cost of a National Opera in every way worthy of its name, entering somewhat into detail with each separate expense, such as rent, principal singers, orchestra, etc.: to put forth on the opposite sheet what I conceive to be a probable, not merely a possible result.

H. L. C.

Dramatic.

HAYMARKET.—On Tuesday the 9th ult., a new comedy was produced here, entitled *The Man at Law*. *The Man at Law*, Monsieur Destournelles (Mr. Webster) has been rejected by a haughty, scheming, woman of the *ancien régime*, Madame de Vaubert (Mrs. Sterling), and in order to be revenged, determines to overthrow the plots which he knows she has been hatching for her own aggrandisement, and which are all directed to one point—the marriage of her brother Raoul (Mr. Leigh Murray), with Helen de la Leiglière (Miss A. Vining). This marriage will, of course, by connecting the two families, cause all the property of the Marquis de la Leiglière (Mr. Lambert) to fall eventually to Raoul, and the Baroness will then share in her brother's good fortune. It appears, however, that the Marquis has not a particularly good right to the estates that he calls his own. At the period of the revolution, these estates, which belonged to the Marquis's ancestors, have been confiscated and come into the possession of one of the people who has purchased them with the fruits of his long labours. On the return of the Marquis to France, at the restoration, the Baroness has persuaded the old plebeian purchaser, who is dead at the commencement of the piece, to will away his acquisition to the Marquis, under the supposition that his son, the young plebeian, Bernard, (Mr. Howe) is supposed to have been killed at the battle of Moskowa. This, however, Destournelles finds out is not the case, and being well aware, that by the code, Bernard's father had not the right thus to disinherit his son, selects the young soldier as the means of his revenge, by undertaking the prosecution of his claims against the Marquis for the restitution of his property. But Destournelles finds he has a wily antagonist in the Baroness, who so completely gains over the heart of the frank, unsuspecting Bernard by her hearty welcome, and works on his feelings so effectually through his love for Mademoiselle de la Leiglière, that he becomes completely entangled in her meshes, and totally oblivious of his just claims. Destournelles is on the point of being beaten, when he is struck by a sudden idea. He may vanquish the Baroness with her own weapons. Why should not Bernard marry Mademoiselle de la Leiglière? for Destournelles is aware that she loves the gallant officer. He determines that he shall. *Nichts gewaght, nichts gewonnen*, as the Germans say. He accordingly sets his wits to work, and after a hard fought battle, overcomes the aristocratic prejudices of the old Marquis, who manifests a most noble reluctance to give up ease and affluence, and prefers that the blood of the La Leiglières should run warmly, although tainted by a plebeian admixture, than freeze untainted in aristocratic poverty.

The great merit of this piece, which is an adaption from *Mademoiselle de la Leiglière*, produced some time since at the Théâtre Français, consists in its exquisite delineation of

character, and the elegance of its dialogue. We have no doubt that these qualities existed in the French piece, but to re-produce them, especially the last, in an English dress, is a task which requires almost as much talent as to create an original work, and which, in this case, has been most successfully accomplished by Mr. Webster, who is entitled to the highest praise.

The characters were all most admirably filled—nothing could be better than the Baroness of Mrs. Sterling, or more touching and gentle than Miss H. Vining, as Mademoiselle de la Leiglière. The character of Bernard, the frank, open-hearted soldier, is one that is especially fitted for Mr. Howe. We wish we could say as much for that of Raoul, which fell to the lot of Mr. Leigh Murray. It is the most insignificant in the whole piece, and afforded but a very poor opportunity for those talents which have raised Mr. Leigh Murray to the high position he deservedly occupies. Such, however, is the force of talent, that this gentleman managed to produce two or three very beautiful effects even from the namby-pamby rôle of Raoul. The gem of the comedy, however, was the performance of Monsieur Destournelles by Mr. Webster. We certainly think it is one of his very best parts, and those who are acquainted with Mr. Webster's talent, will understand how much this phrase is meant to convey.

The applause was unanimous and long protracted on Mr Webster's announcing, when summoned before the curtain that the *Man at Law* was from his own pen.

The brothers Brough have taken, as a subject for their Christmas extravaganza at this house, one of Count Anthony Hamilton's fairy tales, the *Story of Mayflower*. The piece opens with a prologue, in which Count Hamilton, in *propria persona*, apologising for the usually intricate nature of his plots, volunteers his assistance in introducing some of the principal characters to the audience, and explaining some of the leading features of the play. This he accordingly does in a parody on "The house that Jack built." The story then commences. Seated in state within the glittering walls of his barley-sugar palace, we find Hardbake the Great, King of Candy. (Mr. J. Bland, of course), surrounded by his courtiers, Lord Albert Rock, Count Vanille, Lord Bullseye, &c. It appears that the Princess Radiant (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham), the daughter of this illustrious monarch, has the misfortune to be so extremely beautiful, and to possess eyes of such dazzling lustre, as to kill or blind whoever looks at her. The nation is, in consequence, in the deepest distress; the returns of "killed and blinded" are getting every day more alarming. Fortunately, however, Prince Bullfinch (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), travelling under the assumed name of Pooh-Pooh, in quest of his lost brother, Prince Phoenix, arrives at the Court of Candy. He immediately undertakes the task of procuring a remedy for the princess's eyes, and, instructed by the fairy Serena, the good genius of the piece, starts for the residence of the witch Dentata (Mr. Buckstone), the evil genius, whom he is to deprive of three things which Serena demands as the price of the charm which will restore tranquillity to Candy. These three requisites are,—first, a beautiful maiden, named Mayflower (Miss Collins), kept a prisoner by the witch, and destined to marry her deformed son; secondly, a magical mare; and thirdly, a magical hat. Aided by Mayflower, with whom he falls immediately in love, Pooh-Pooh succeeds in running off with her, as well as the other treasures of which he has been in search; and with the flight of the lovers and the despair of the witch, the first act ends.

In the second act, however, we find affairs in a sad con-

dition. Dentata, who has arrived at the Court of Candy, disguised as a Bloomer lecturer, has effected a *coup d'état*. She has roused not only the Princess Radiant, but all the female population, to a sense of woman's rights, and habited as Amazons, they have carried the town by storm. Pooh-Pooh and Mayflower, arriving at the outskirts of the city on their way to the fairy Serena, the latter is made prisoner by Dentata's Amazonian guards. Meanwhile, Prince Phoenix, who we are informed in the first act has been changed by Dentata into a parrot, for refusing to marry her, has arrived (still in feathered guise) at the Court, but unhappily for Dentata, who has not yet given up hopes of obtaining him, he has fallen in love with Radiant. To remove this obstacle are all her intrigues directed. She therefore wishes the Princess to marry Pooh Pooh, but then his affection for Mayflower interferes. To break off this, Dentata works a spell which changes the lovely Mayflower into a wrinkled and decrepid old woman, and subsequently causes her apparently to die. Pooh-Pooh's love is, however, proof even against this last trial, and though believing her dead, he still resolutely refuses to marry any other than Mayflower. In vain the King, who has been reinstated in power by a re-active movement, got up by Pooh-Pooh, implores him to marry his now harmless daughter. Pooh-Pooh is firm, and the fairy Serena, arriving in the midst of the discussion, rewards his constancy by restoring his beloved Mayflower to youth and beauty, and at the same time changing the parrot into the dashing Prince Phoenix's original form. Of course, the two pairs of lovers are united.

OLYMPIC.—During the last week, this theatre has been doing very good business. The bill of fare offered to Mr. Farren's patrons consisted of *Lucile*, *Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*, *Plots for Petticoats*, and *The Love Man of the Ocean*.

We have seen a great many actresses fill the part of the juvenile monarch, Charles of Spain, in the second of the above-named pieces, but we never beheld a prettier one than Miss Louisa Howard, whose appearance was such as to bring down a hearty round of applause as soon as she made her entry on the stage. We can hardly imagine a more fascinating and handsome young stripling; she was the very *beau idéal* of a young king of seventeen, such a one as Sir Peter Lely would have loved to paint, and romantic young ladies to fall desperately in love with. Her acting, too, was on a par with her looks: it was full of vivacious *espèglerie*, tempered with dignity, and conveyed to the audience the most perfect idea of a mad-brained, frolicsome, high-minded young and royal scapegrace. Mrs. Lingham, who made her first appearance at this theatre as the Duchess, is certainly an acquisition. Her acting was marked with great discrimination and considerable power. If there was a defect, it consisted in a want of dignity. Mrs. Lingham was perhaps not sufficiently the Duchess; that is, the Duchess of the Court of Spain—the most formal and ceremonious in the world, and where etiquette was so strictly observed, that, as history informs us, a Spanish king would rather be roasted to death, than move from the fire that was consuming him, because the proper officer did not happen to be near in order to lead him away; and the only reward a chivalrous gentleman received for saving a Spanish queen from destruction, was a sentence of death, because, forsooth, in rescuing her, he had suffered his hands to touch her royal person. The gay devil-may-care reckless young lieutenant of guards, Ruy Gomez, found a most efficient representative in Mr. Henry Farren, whose impersonation of the character formed a strange contrast with his masterly delineation of

Shylock, and proved, beyond a doubt, the great versatility of his talent. At the fall of the curtain the whole of the *dramatis personæ* were recalled, to receive a well merited tribute of satisfaction from a delighted audience.

A second "first appearance" was that of Mr. Hoskins, from that *ultima thule* of the drama, Sadler's Wells. The character selected by this gentleman was that of Frank Finish, in *Plots for Petticoats*. His acting, which was warmly applauded, possesses great ease and lightness, and we have no doubt that Mr. Hoskins will prove as great a favourite here as he was at the theatre he has just left.

MUSIC AT LEEDS.

(From the Leeds Times.)

We have from time to time, and upon one occasion at considerable length, dwelt upon the unsatisfactory state of music in Leeds, from the simple fact of our musical friends, practically at least, forgetting that "union is strength," and that its opposite is no less true, that—division is weakness. With little or no aid from our contemporaries, we have steadily pursued the ungracious task; and apparently in vain urged to greater union. In the meantime the results became clearer and clearer. The two leading musical societies exist but in name;—the third, the Madrigal and Motet Society,—and without wishing for a moment to undervalue the exertions of its leading members,—owes its continued existence chiefly to the fact of its requiring no orchestral combination to give it effect,—and without which a Philharmonic Society is an absurdity,—nor the strength of numbers, both vocal and instrumental, so essential to an effective choral society.

It is, consequently, with unmingled satisfaction that we learn that, owing to a plan suggested by one of our leading professional musicians, Mr. Spark, an effort is being made for the formation of one grand and united society, under the title of the "*Leeds Musical Union*." Circulars are being issued under the auspices of the following five gentlemen, as Professional Honorary Secretaries:—the Revs. Messrs. Elwin and Conder; Messrs. J. W. Atkinson, and Martin Carwood, to convene a public meeting for Tuesday evening next, under the presidency of our excellent Mayor, of professional and amateur musicians, and of all who are likely to render effective aid towards this important and most desirable object. The leading aim of this meeting, and which we most heartily approve of, is to be to appoint an efficient and influential committee of non-professional men, to whom the entire management of the society shall be entrusted. It will and must be the endeavour of all to throw a complete veil over the past, to cast aside all jealousies and by-gone differences, and to act solely with the view of producing something in the future worthy of the metropolis of the West-Riding.

Many signs have of late appeared that Leeds is at last awakening to the fact, that, in many important points, we are behind other large towns. The fear of being left behind in the great race of commercial enterprise, has resulted in a Chamber of Commerce. The almost total absence of all architectural beauty in our public and private buildings, the existence and the want of much that makes Leeds so little desirable as a residence, except for the purposes of business, has produced "A Society for promoting Public Improvements in the Borough of Leeds." We hail this projected new society as a happy movement in the same direction.

Every day the conviction is growing stronger upon the minds of our most earnest philanthropists and public men, that innocent and refining public amusements are a most important element in the moral education of the people. Recreation and amusement are a desire and a necessity graciously implanted in our natures by a beneficent Creator. To direct such desires aright must hence be the duty of all who have the happiness and welfare of our crowded populations at heart. This conviction has been among the leading ones which has made the erection of a Town hall so popular a subject in Leeds; and the formation of this society will, we trust, act as a spur to our Town Council, to hasten its completion.

We have reason to believe that the project under consideration is meeting with the most undivided and enthusiastic approbation of our leading amateurs and public men. Of course it cannot be carried into effect without the hearty and cordial assent and co-operation of our professional musicians. We will not for a moment believe that there can be any one amongst them, whose aid would be valuable, so forgetful of the high claims of his noble profession, or so blind even to his own interest,—for in the special advantage of the profession it must ultimately result,—as to refuse his cordial aid. It is a great opportunity, which, if allowed to pass by, may not for years return again. Great indeed would be the responsibility, we might almost say guilt, of those who, either by a refusal to join in, or even by a cold assent, should be instrumental in wrecking so noble a project.

We feel persuaded that the committee, when appointed, will alike regard the interests of the profession and of the public. We shall, as occasion requires, recur to the subject, and afford it at all times all the aid in our power.

Foreign.

PARIS.—In another portion of our columns will be found several interesting particulars in regard to the late movements in Paris, together with some remarks on current musical matters, from Mr. A. Harris, the active and clever director of the *mise en scene* at Her Majesty's Theatre, which we trust will find favour in the eyes of our readers. But as many other interesting particulars, not alluded to by our correspondent, have taken place—such as the *debut* of Guasco at the *Italiens*, and the first appearance, this season, of Sophie Cruvelli in *Ernani*—we have deemed it necessary to furnish authentic accounts thereof, and have, accordingly, made a translation from the latest *feuilleton* of the witty, shrewd, and poetic Fiorentino, the critic of the *Constitutionnel*—the rival in *esprit* of Jules Janin. The writer, without preamble or preparation, begins his article thus:—

"The representations of *Ernani* have been neither less brilliant nor less attractive than those of *Norma* and *Semiramide*. Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli was entrusted, as at the end of last season, with the character of Dona Sol. The work and the artist have been, already, maturely weighed and judged at the first *debuts* of Mademoiselle Cruvelli. I have, then, but to return to my former observations. The young and beautiful *cantratrice* has displayed this time, as at her first appearance before the Parisian public, an ardour, a fire, an impetuosity, which nothing could surpass. She sang her cavatina *tout d'un jet*, running through the immense extent of her vibrating and powerful voice with the most extreme hardihood, daring everything, accomplishing everything; no gentilities, no *ficelles*—if I may be allowed to borrow a word from the *argot* of the coulisses—no evasions, no ruses. Mademoiselle Cruvelli plays an honest game, pays in honest money. One cannot cheat, playing with Verdi. You must pay with your person and with your voice. In the duo with *Ernani*, in the septuor "*O Sommo Carlo*," and more than all, in the final trio, she was touching, passionate, dramatic, irresistible; she electrified the house. She was vociferously applauded, fêted, and recalled. Henceforward, Mademoiselle Cruvelli should be *blasée* with her triumphs.

"Signor Guasco came to Paris preceded by a great reputation. He had left the stage, and was reposing, as I am told, upon his laurels, when he was snatched from his retreat by the persuasiveness of Mr. Lumley. One is hardly enabled to form an opinion, after a single performance, of an artist of such distinguished merit. M. Guasco has a voice touching,

sympathetic, and very *timbrée*; he phrases well, accents with abundance of sentiment and energy. He exhibited moments of real inspiration in the grand trio "Solingo, errante, misero." His vocalization is, perhaps, a little hard, and his intonation sometimes at fault; but both of these may arise from the singer's want of practice, and the nervousness consequent on the occasion. We shall wait, before we pronounce definitely, whether the new tenor be perfect master of his means and resources; for we attribute any slight deficiency on his part more to emotion than incompetence. In any case, M. Guasco is a highly intelligent, conscientious artist, who penetrates into the character which he embodies, and communicates to his fellow artists the fire and zeal which animate himself. It was for M. Guasco Verdi wrote his principal operas; he obtained the intimacy and confidence of the master, and he responded by a devotion beyond bounds, and by a courage which reflects credit on him. At the rehearsals he supported, with much warmth, the rights of Verdi, and would not permit the orchestra to treat the *Maestro* cavalierly, a vexatious practice which they have taken to indulge in. It is necessary that the orchestra and the conductor should, *bon gré mal gré*, respect the intentions and movements indicated by the composer. Verdi is no scholar. We may or may not like his music; we can accept or refuse his works; but we should not receive them to correct them.

"Belletti is an excellent Sylva. It is some time since the *Theatre Italien* possessed a *basso cantante* gifted with more admirable qualities, and one who is a more thorough musician. Belletti's voice is equal through the entire register, is always correct in intonation, and is remarkable for suppleness and agility. As yet, we have only heard him in two serious parts, viz., Assur and Sylva. It is affirmed that in buffo parts Belletti is not less successful.

"The role of Carlo Quinto was sustained by a very young man, Signor Guislanzoni. This name, which wants nothing but pronunciation, has had an historical origin sufficiently curious. In the small town where the artist was born, all the inhabitants call themselves "Guislanzoni." When the Duke de Guise undertook the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, he brought in his train a great number of old soldiers, *de vieilles lances*, who dispersed themselves through many villages of Italy after the discomfiture of their chief. They called themselves the *vieilles lances de Guise*, the *Guis-lanzoni*, and the name descended to their posterity. The young barytone, who has just made his *debut* at the *Italiens*, has shown himself neither less brave nor less decided than his ancestors; but, like them, he has been betrayed by fortune. Behold what happened on the evening of his *debut*. It had been agreed upon, at rehearsal, I suppose, that the barytone should sing his air, in the second act, half a tone higher. Unfortunately the orchestra forgot this detail, and played the *morceau* as it is written. The barytone, without being in the least moved or discouraged, continued on bravely, like a true *vieille lance de Guise*, to sing half a tone higher. The conflict was disagreeable; the orchestra would not yield; the singer was persistent; and it was not until the end of the allegro, that he was finally unhorsed. From this fatal moment, all harmony ceased to reign between orchestra and singer, and when the youthful barytone sang,

'Vieni meco sol di rose
Intrecciar ti vo la vita—'

the public groaned aloud that *tout n'est pas rose* at a theatre with a barytone of that force, and an orchestra so infatuated.

"New engagements, with new *debutants*, have been announced. It is necessary, above all, that the *repertoire* should make progress. When Mr. Lumley shall have defiled before our eyes all his troupe, the public will make a definite choice, and it is to be hoped there will be no more trials, essays, and experiments.

P. A. FIORENTINO."

Original Correspondence.

CHERUBINI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Subscriber," who so nobly came to the rescue of Cherubini in October last from the attack of "Pyrrhus," mentioned at the time the Grand Mass in D minor as being Cherubini's *chef d'œuvre*. Will he be so obliging as to inform me whether the "Benedictus" of that mass is in the key of C major, and if so, whether it is the same as that published by Mr. V. Novello in his "Select Organ Pieces?"

I saw the full score of the Grand Mass in D minor at Paris last summer, but forgot to look at the "Benedictus."

The "Benedictus" in C major, published by Mr. Novello, is of singular originality and beauty, but I have not yet been able to find out, in any quarter, from what mass it is taken. It is not in the mass in F, nor in those in A, or C, nor in the Requiems in F or C minor.

If your correspondent can give me the desired information, he will confer an infinite obligation on

Your most obedient servant,

London, 16th Dec., 1851.

AN AMATEUR.

MUSIC AT LEEDS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I do not know who your correspondent at Leeds last week may be, but, whatever his position or calling, it is quite clear he has formed a very low estimate both of his own time and your valuable space when he sends for insertion in your journal a somewhat prosy account of a concert which took place *six weeks ago*, and which was, moreover, fully reported in your paper at the time.

If "A Correspondent" at Leeds is a constant subscriber to and reader of the *MUSICAL WORLD*—and if he is not, he ought to be—he must know full well that the concert given on the 28th of October last by the Glee and Madrigal Union—consisting of Mrs. Enderasohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Phillips, Francis and Land, was not only particularly reviewed in your paper of November 8th, but was the immediate cause of a rather lengthy letter of mine (inserted at the same time), in which I dwelt upon the peculiar claims of our national part music, and especially referred to the sensation which the singing of the party alluded to had caused in Leeds.

Your correspondent sends also his account of a concert which was given in our Music Hall last week by the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, but though a flattering notice, I feel it my duty, as conductor on the occasion, to say, that it contains several inaccuracies, two only of which I shall refer to:

1. No such individual as "Master Milner" appeared at the concert. 2. Mrs. Newton was not encored in "On mighty pens."

Possibly "A Correspondent" was not at the concert at all.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WM. SPARK.

11, Park-square, Leeds, Dec. 10th, 1851.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—This week's *MUSICAL WORLD* brings me a letter from an old correspondent. I should not sit down to answer in any way

his animadversions were it not for this, that like most persons who are not skilled in argument, he reasons altogether upon *assumptions*, in short all along begs the question, which has never been proved. Personally, I am not quite so unacquainted with music as your correspondent assumes. I did not need him to tell me that the eight tones or chants of St. Gregory were originally unharmonized for the plain reason that the science of harmony was not known, certainly not practised in any way, until the ninth century—which was two centuries after Gregory, not *five*, as your correspondent says. Again I did not, and do not, advocate the Harmonised Gregorian Chants as at all specimens of the old rude works, but I take your correspondent's assertion, who so neatly confutes himself by saying "that a series of simple notes, when freshly harmonised, lose their identity, and cease to be what they were," *ergo*, the modern adaptation of the Gregorian tones are, strictly speaking, *Anglican Chants*; and as such, I repeat, can be made "very suitable endowments of devotional praise."

There ceases to be any anachronism in speaking of *modern* Gregorian chants—but I do not, whether in the old shape or new, like them sufficiently to defend them. Thus far as regards any historical inaccuracy.

It is painful to think that the high art of music, as so badly defended by your correspondent, should be in any danger of such seeming inaccuracy in historical points. It is strange to think how certain church modes have been preserved as essential features of church music, and how largely they have entered into the compositions of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Zea, and of those three great founders of the school who preceded them, as Graun, Leo, Colonna, and others; yet because they are applicable now as then, there seems to be no great *historical fœlle*. Lastly, I must repeat again, I am at a loss to know where your correspondent picked up his strange notion of the *classical ruses*. I have a large acquaintance in the church, and really I cannot trace out or fathom what he means, except that like his reasoning it is wholly assumptive; for what object could the ruse be practised in a day like this, when everybody knows more or less of music, and could easily detect it?

Let professed musicians who have harmonised the Gregorian tones answer the question to him, unless, like the secret societies, they and the clergy are in league together to overthrow all that is sound and orthodox in sacred music!

In conclusion, I have no wish to engage in controversial weapons with one who I must say seems not over-skilled in using them, chiefly in this way, but all along he over-shoots his aim, and argues or concludes from premises which have never been granted or admitted; and as I must also add with some sorrow, one who seems to show unguardedly something of private animosity towards the clergy of the Church of England. As such, then, I beg now to take my final leave, and again begging you, Mr. Editor, to accept my apology for intruding in your columns,

I remain,

Your most obedient servant,

ONE OF THE CLERGY.

Notting Hill, 15th December, 1851.

HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Could you furnish me with the address of any English musician who is fully competent to teach the rules of Harmony and Composition principally for the piano, and would be willing to give six lessons for a guinea to one in the profession?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Coventry-street, Dec. 8th, 1851.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having read your article on our performance of Haydn's Seasons, in which I must admit with you that it is a work we, as a society established for the express purpose of sacred music, ought never to have performed, although I cannot agree with the Editor of the *Illustrated London News*, that the "Seasons"

is a dull, heavy work, with its Storm and Hunting Chorus, the Tally Ho of which would certainly have been more creditable to the Melton Mowbray huntsmen than to us, professing to be "sacred harmonists;" but I think we shall find eventually that this is not the only instance in which we have departed from the principles for which we were originally established, as well as the Directors of Exeter Hall, for the purposes for which they now allow the Hall to be used. With as much consistency might Covent Garden theatre, or Drury Lane, be rented by some religious sect or denomination for preaching on a Sunday, as Exeter Hall be used for the style and character of a great portion of the music that was performed at the Wednesday and Thursday evening concerts. The use of the Hall for such performances may increase the dividends of the shareholders, but then it must injure the renters of the other establishments. The principal supporters of the sacred performances at Exeter Hall have been the religious public; and, I fear, if we attempt to combine the two styles in the same place, we should fail in finding supporters for either. But, I fear, Mr. Editor, the committee have been acting under the advice given them by one of the leading journals of the day, which, in September last, makes the following remarks:—

"It will be advisable, next season, to introduce some works hitherto unattempted. The list is ample, if the committee, with Mr. Costa's assistance, will please to refer to it. There are the *Seasons* of Haydn, according to German critics a greater work than the *Creation*, besides *Belshazzur*, *Deborah*, and other oratorios of Handel rarely performed, and *Calvary*, the reputed masterpiece of Spohr, of which the Norwich amateurs are so proud, and the London amateurs so ignorant!"

I fear the announcement of the latter work would cause as much difference of opinion among the frequenters of the Exeter Hall oratorios, as it did among the clergy at Norwich, when it was first performed at the Festival. And now that the committee have produced the *Seasons*, the same journal coolly tells them that it is mere sophistry to attempt to impose a sacred character upon the *Seasons*, that there is nothing sacred about it, that it cannot be considered as a legitimate medium of edification to an assembly gathered together for the ostensible purpose of listening to the oratorios of those grave and renowned composers who drew their inspirations from the text of Scripture, and that the work itself has no more to do with the principles upon which the existence and prestige of our Society are based than the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn; and they conceive there was no necessity for us to depart from our ancient professions, and overstep the limits of sacred music to enter the domain of art which properly belongs to the concert room and to the theatre. In conclusion, I must beg to remind our committee of the Old Man and his Ass, who, in trying to please everybody, pleased nobody, and lost his ass in the bargain.

I am, Mr. Editor,

AN EARLY MEMBER OF THE

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE "BRINLEY RICHARDS" CONTROVERSY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Since the correspondence in your valuable paper respecting the "Beauties of Cambria," and "Recollections of Wales," has taken an "Anonymous" turn, I crave your permission to reply to the letter of your correspondent calling himself a "Subscriber," which appeared in last week's publication; and, *en passant*, I may observe that if brevity be the soul of wit, your correspondent's long epistle at once puts him out of court as a claimant to the title of "*un homme d'esprit*." Mr. Richards seems to be unfortunate in his champions, more especially so in the case of "A Subscriber," who, in his zeal for the object of his idolatry, has evidently forgotten his manners. Mr. Richards has ample reason to exclaim, "Save me from my friends;" for the coarse allusions contained in the letter to which I refer are calculated to do even a good cause material injury.

Your "Subscriber" intimates that he has "long been possessed with a morbid passion for Welsh rabbits and Welsh airs." I am inclined to think, however, that he prefers *hakes*—as, for example, the "Beauties of Cambria" hot on Monday, cold on

Tuesday, and *hashed up* on Wednesday—an economical process both to brains and pocket. Be this as it may, his elegant diction clearly proves that he does not contemplate *mincing* the matter. However, as your subscriber admits his passion to be a “morbid” one, I will not be so ungenerous as to speak harshly of so disagreeable an affliction.

Your correspondent declares that he is a “plain thinker.” This, sir, I believe to be a candid admission. He is evidently averse to change and progress—save that he loves an old friend dressed in a new suit—such, for instance, as the “Beauties of Cambria” metamorphosed from their swaddling clothes into “Recollections of Wales,” with a more elaborate dress. Verily Cambria, when she sees her national airs thus tormented by Mr. Brinley Richards, might reasonably exclaim, in the words of *Poëlonius*—

“Still harping on my daughter!”

and I must confess, Mr. Editor, that a composer's genius cannot be said to scintillate very remarkably, when a Welsh national air is made the victim upon which to ring all the changes of which the keys of a pianoforte are capable. But perhaps Mr. Brinley Richards is a disciple of the late Paganini, whose reputation was gained by *playing on one string*.

Now, sir, for a bit of logic. Your sapient subscriber says, “Mr. Brinley Richards does not consider his *first work the best*.” Perhaps not. Authors are generally the worst judges of their own productions, *ergo*—the “Beauties of Cambria” may be superior to the “Recollections of Wales.”

Your correspondent happily states that he happens to be “neither a musical man nor a lawyer.” The truth of this is perceptible at a glance. Perhaps he will permit me to add that he is *no prophet*.

And now, Mr. Editor, allow me, in conclusion, to reply to “A Subscriber” concerning the graver portion of his charge. He insinuates that Mr. Brinley Richards had formerly received insult at the hands of Messrs. Lee and Coxhead. This I do not for a moment believe, nor will the public credit it; because, had such been the case, Mr. Brinley Richards would, in all probability, have introduced that allegation into the letter he recently addressed to the *MUSICAL WORLD*. Moreover, sir, I have taken some pains to make inquiries in various quarters, which, added to my personal knowledge of Messrs. Lee and Coxhead, lead me to infer that the antecedents of those gentlemen give a direct and unqualified refutation to any such charge; and I feel confident that so foul an attempt at literary Thuggism, emanating from an anonymous hand, will be duly appreciated by a British public. Depend upon it, Mr. Editor, no musical firm could establish a reputation like that enjoyed by the above-named gentlemen, if they confined themselves to publishing “Beauties of Cambria,” dished up in a variety of forms—first for children, then for “children of a larger growth,” and, finally, for proficients. Although national airs are not considered copyright, yet it must be confessed that, in a common-sense view of the case, Mr. Brinley Richards has been sailing rather close to the wind in thus displaying his partiality for “*toujours perdrix*.”

So much, sir, for your correspondent's “*morbid passion for Welsh rabbits*.” I trust he will ever earn his *bread and cheese* as creditably and honourably as the firm has done to which he unceremoniously and rudely attades under the safe shield of an anonymous meddler.

“Parvum parva decent.”

I enclose you my name and address, and beg to subscribe myself,

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me of the address of Mr. Albert Keller, or Mr. Adolphus Schubert, wishing to have it for reasons of which I will inform you at a future time, and that affect

Yours truly, A PROFESSOR.

London, Dec. 18th, 1851.

Probucial.

DONCASTER.—PRIVATE CONCERTINA CONCERT.—On Thursday (yesterday) evening se'nnight, a private concert of concertina music was given at the Guildhall, by Mr. and Mrs. Scates, of this town. The attendance was numerous and respectable, the Mayor and Mayoress and some of the principal families of the town, attending. Mr. Scates commenced by giving a brief sketch of the history and construction of the concertina. He then proceeded to the instrumental performance, commencing with two or three sacred melodies on the baritone concertina, and displayed the character of the instrument as an auxiliary to the choral services of small places of worship. The next piece was a solo from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, “Fra Poco,” which Mr. Scates performed with great taste and skill on the treble concertina, being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mrs. Scates. The performance elicited considerable applause, giving the audience a most favourable opinion of the musical talents of the performers. The Duet, on airs from *Puritani*, was performed on the treble concertina (Mr. Scates) and bass (Mrs. Scates), the two together forming a very extensive compass, the scale of the latter corresponding with that of the violoncello, but the tone of the instrument resembling the bassoon. A selection of Irish melodies was next performed by Mr. Scates on the treble concertina, and was followed by the “Scena” from *Sonnambula*, just mentioned, in which the airs “All is lost now,” and “Still so gently o'er me stealing,” were rendered with fine effect on the bass concertina, with pianoforte accompaniments. The “Fantasia on Scotch Airs” (treble and pianoforte) introduced one or two Scotch melodies, which Mr. Scates performed with taste and execution, giving, perhaps, as favourable an idea as could be conveyed of the action and melodious strains of which the concertina is susceptible in the hands of an accomplished performer. The concert was concluded with the “National Anthem,” on the treble and bass concertinas. The Mayor then proposed a vote of thanks for the great treat that had been afforded the company that evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Scates made their bow amidst the warmest and most deserved applause.—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

LEEDS.—MADRIGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY.—The first concert of the season was given by the society under the spirited management of Mr. Spark, on Wednesday evening last. The non-local performers consisted of Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mr. Hemingway, and Master Ward. Mrs. Newton will already be known to some of our readers as a lady of considerable musical talents and reputation. The notes of her upper register are remarkably pure and clear, and she uses them with so much ease and artistic skill as to produce the most charming effect. Throughout the evening, she was cheered with the most flattering reception, and in Bishop's song, “Lo, here the gentle lark,”—which might have been written for her, so perfectly does it suit her voice—she was greeted with a most enthusiastic encore. Master Ward accompanied the song on the concertina, an instrument which he seems to have completely mastered, and which, when either accompanying the human voice, or when played alone, produces a pleasing effect. But it should never be accompanied by the piano, which in no wise harmonises with it. This was most clearly manifest in the solo played by the same young gentleman. Mr. Hemingway is still too well recollected amongst us; and his performances on this occasion do not call for any special remarks. In the performance of the motets, madrigals, and choral pieces, there were clear evidences of improvement, showing that the society creditably carries out its appointed work. We did not hear the first motet, “Go not far from us,” but we have heard it highly spoken of. We must class the performances of Bertinanski's beautiful “Sanctus,” Himmel's semi-chorus, “Give ear, O God,”—a grand hymn of praise—and the madrigal, “In going to my lonely bed,” by Edwardes, amongst the most successful ones of the evening. In the rendering of the “Sanctus,” there was a subduedness of tone and a harmonising of voices, which showed that both conductor and performers had caught its true spirit. In Mendelssohn's beautiful trio and chorus, “Hearts feel that love thee,” the chorus failed to come in with due precision, and greatly marred its effect. We notice with real pleasure the engagement, for the second concert of the society, of that

unique band, the members of the "English Glee and Madrigal Union," who produced so great an effect upon a recent occasion; including the names of Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Phillips, Francis, Locket, and Land. We trust the public will reward this spirited engagement with a real bumper.—*Leeds Times*, Dec. 6th.

GLASGOW.—MR. JULIAN ADAMS' CONCERT. A gradual improvement has taken place in the audiences at these Concerts, the third of the series of which attracted a numerous assemblage on Wednesday evening, comprising the *élite* of the West-end; although it is somewhat unaccountable that "the million" should be so slow to avail themselves of the entertainment now liberally placed within their reach. The programme consisted of a selection from the operas of the elder masters, well studied to test the capabilities of an orchestra as unrivalled in the names of its solo performers as unsurpassed in its *ensemble*. The opening overture, Weber's *La Gazza Ladra*, was given with admirable precision and effect, and was well received by the audience, as was also a grand selection from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, eliciting a warm reception for Mons. Barrett (an invaluable accession), whose oboe solo was a masterly achievement on a difficult instrument. In the same piece the Messrs. Winterbottom were each great in the solos for the clarinet and bassoon. The overture to *William Tell*, however, was the orchestral *chef d'œuvre* of the evening, and the encore which followed was equally unmistakable. Of the solo performances entitled to favourable notice, we may mention the able instrumentation of Mr. Rowland, a well-known master of the double-bass, of Mr. Nicholson, the accomplished flutist, and of Mr. Jones, the rich clear intonations of whose cornet-a-piston remind us of Koenig. But more than a passing word is due to Mr. Hausman's violoncello. He wields, indeed, a charmed bow, and literally spell-bound his audience by the thrilling manner in which he gave "Auld Robin Gray," and the fine old melody of "Galla Water," a combination of beauty and pathos with brilliancy of execution and delicacy of intonation such as genius of the high instinctive sort alone can reach. The spell was agreeably broken by a clever descent to the trickery of the instrument in which inferior artists find their chief reward. An enthusiastic encore called forth a repetition of the last named air, which was again applauded to the echo. In the vocal department the programme contained two names new to our musical circles—Miss Pearce and Miss Wells—the former possessing a soprano voice of great compass, which has evidently been subjected to careful culture; the latter a contralto of some power. In the case of both ladies, however, it would be unfair to pronounce decisively, as the indulgence of the audience was besought on account of indisposition; Miss Wells in particular evidently labouring under a severe cold. Both were well received under the circumstances, while Miss Pearce was deservedly encored in one of her songs. Altogether the success which has attended the third concert augurs well for the triumphant completion of the series. Mr. Julian Adams deserves, at any rate, a greater measure of public support than has yet been awarded to his spirited enterprise. (From the *Glasgow Citizen*, which must be instructed that Weber did not write *La Gazza Ladra*.—Ed. of M. W.)

HALIFAX.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—(From a Correspondent.)—The last Concert of this Society for the present year took place on Monday, the 15th instant, and attracted an unusually full and fashionable audience, who testified throughout, by their frequent and hearty applause, their gratification. It is to be hoped that the rapid progress towards excellence which the band of this Society has made under the able and unremitting drill of their efficient conductor, Mr. Frobisher, and which was so strikingly exhibited in the performance of the instrumental pieces at this concert, will in future secure for it an increasing support from subscribers, for without such support it is impossible for the Society to exist. The bill of fare on this occasion was excellent and various, and the performance altogether deserving of great praise. The fire and precision with which Herold's overture to *Zampa* was given evidently astonished the audience; and the effective execution of the overture to *William Tell*, with its occasional trying solos, was highly creditable to a provincial orchestra. Both stringed and wind instruments seemed trying to vie with each other in firmness and decision, and, particularly in *Zampa*, (to use a familiar phrase)

"they went like clockwork." These two overtures we have never heard so well played out of London. Charles Hallé had been engaged as solo performer, and was the great attraction of the evening, as he well deserved to be. With force and execution very little inferior to List, Leopold de Meyer, Madame Pleyel, and Thalberg, he evinces, to our mind, a deeper insight into, and a more delicate feeling for, the sound compositions of the great masters: and it is not too much to say that the exquisite delicacy and enthusiastic power with which he performed the well-known gem of all the Beethoven sonatas (the one in A Flat, Op. 26), could scarcely have been surpassed by any living pianist. Mendelssohn's charming *Lieder* were interpreted by him in such perfection as to draw forth an unanimous encore. Thalberg's fantasia was too long and intricate to be generally popular, but the concluding portion was striking, and shewed Hallé to be equal to any of the modern difficulties of execution. The vocal part of the programme is avowedly a secondary matter in this Society, as it is with the London Philharmonic. It was interesting on this occasion as introducing two local artistes who have been lately profiting by London studies. Miss Freeman, a young favorite here a year or two ago, has made good use of her time at the Royal Academy of Music, and a material improvement, especially in polish of style, has been the result. Her unassuming manner also creates sympathy, and she must have been well satisfied with the cordial greeting she received. She sang Mercadante's "Si m'abbandoni" with great care and taste, and if her naturally sweet voice should increase in volume, she promises to gain a high rank amongst our vocalists.

Mr. Winn has a baritone of great power and excellent quality, and he is very effective in the ballad style. With a little more care in his enunciation, he will soon shine in a wider range. Both vocalists obtained encores. On the whole this concert must be pronounced one of the best that has been heard in Halifax for some time past, and formed a worthy conclusion to the series.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—I send you a brief account of the second concert of the Great Orchestral Festival, given by Mr. J. A. Baker, in aid of the funds of the General and Queen's Hospitals, which took place, at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, December 11. I did not attend the first concert, so can send you no notice, but the following will give you a good notion how the Great Orchestral Festival was conducted. The hall was very well filled, and the greatest propriety was manifested throughout, no encores or applause being allowed. The band was very good, and played the overtures to *Massaniello*, *William Tell*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, and Haydn's Surprise symphony. The singers were Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Amelia Hill, Madame Garcia, and Mr. Leffler. Instrumentalists:—Mr. Willy (violin), Mr. Richardson (flute), Mr. Stimpson (organ), Mr. T. Harper (cornet-a-piston), and Miss Kate Loder (pianoforte). Madame Garcia pleased very much in her solos, which were "Lo! hear the gentle lark," and a song from the *Prophete*. Miss Amelia Hill made a highly favourable impression in a song of Donizetti's, and another by Fesca, and Mr. Leffler and Miss Huddart assisted by their talents in rendering the entertainment varied and agreeable. Among the instrumental solo players I must particularly allude to Mr. Willy and Miss Kate Loder. The young lady, one of our most distinguished pianists, played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, with full orchestra, and Prudent's "Lucia Fantaisie." The sound classical style and musician-like feeling in the first were no less to be admired, than the fine and brilliant execution displayed in the latter. Miss Kate Loder's performances were evidently felt throughout the hall. I must not omit Mr. Richardson, who displayed all his marvels on Siccama's patent flute. On the whole, the concert was decidedly successful.

BECCELES.—We have received a letter from a gentleman in this place, respecting the Choral Society there, written with so much real modesty and good feeling, that, although not intended for publication, we cannot forego the pleasure of inserting it in our columns. We have inspected the programme alluded to, and find it to be excellent; and the rules of the Beccles Choral Society sent us, and also mentioned by Mr. Corbyn, we find to be all that he has stated. We shall be most glad, as far as lie in our power, to lend a helping hand to the Beccles Choral Society. "Sir, being a

constant reader of the *Musical World* I thought you might not have any objection to hear what is doing, in the musical way, in this part of Suffolk. I therefore enclose you a programme of the concert, given by our Choral Society last week. As I am unknown to you I enclose my card, by which you will see I am only an amateur, but Mrs. Corbyn is in the profession, and as we are the conductors and managers of the Society, of course it does not become me to speak of the way in which the music was executed. Our class numbers about ninety members, and we have a band of nearly twenty, but we are at present quite in our infancy. I enclose you a copy of our rules, by which you will see we do not make it a very expensive matter, but we find, from the facilities offered in the purchase of cheap music, that our funds are nearly sufficient, and the cheaper it is made the more popular our class becomes, and the more support we meet with. On the night of the Concert our elegant Assembly room was completely filled, and all the leading families of the town, with hardly one exception, were present, and the performances, I am told, have given the greatest satisfaction. We make it a rule to take all the solos, &c., ourselves, thereby preventing the necessity of our requiring any extra assistance, which would only entail much expense, and our patrons would expect more, and they are quite as well satisfied by having everything done by the members of the class. I may perhaps state that the Society is carried on by Mrs. Corbyn and myself solely from a desire to encourage a taste for music, in the town and neighbourhood, as we have hitherto been very backward in that respect, and we make it a rule that no emolument should accrue from this source. Our next concert will be given for the benefit of one of our local charities. I am, Sir, yours respectfully, J. B. Corbyn. The free use of the Assembly room, for our weekly meeting, is kindly granted to us by the Mayor and Corporation."

MANCHESTER—ARDWICK GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB—A very gratifying meeting of this rapidly rising Society was held on Wednesday evening last, at the George and Dragon inn, Ardwick Green. The professional vocalists engaged were Messrs. Edmondson, Walton, Phillips, and Smith, Mr. Richard Leed officiating as pianist and conductor. The scheme was judiciously selected, and contained, among others, the following glees: "Awake, Eolian lyre," Danby; "Oeo, Oeo!" I. Cooke; "The fairest flowers"—"The Isles of Greece," Dr. Smith; "Hohenlinden," I. Cooke; "The merriest time of all the year," Aldridge; "Begin the gay chorus," Pyne; "Father of Heroes," Callcott; "Haste, my boy," Dr. Smith; "Under the greenwood tree," Bishop; "Fill me, boy, as deep a draught," I. Cooke. We have seldom heard glees more effectively given, the voices being well balanced, and amalgamating with a beauty rarely found in provincial singers. After the concert, there was a great variety of glees, songs, catches, &c., given by the company present, who throughout the evening manifested the warmest enthusiasm in the whole proceedings. We are glad to hear that this little club already numbers upwards of seventy members; and the increasing interest given by the prize competition having shortly to be determined, will, doubtless, lead to a still further accession of subscribers. From what we could glean from casual observation, we should say there is here infused some young blood who are evidently bent on deserving success, if they cannot command it.—(From a Correspondent).

Reviews of Music.

THE STUDENT'S PRACTICE; A Collection of Compositions, of a Moderate Degree of Difficulty, intended as an Introduction to the Classical Pianist; Edited by Brinley Richards, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music.—Robert Cocks and Co.

An able contributor to our musical literature justly remarks that "the diffusion of a taste for music, and the increasing elevation of its character, may be regarded as a national blessing. The tendency of music is to soften and purify the mind. The cultivation of a musical taste furnishes to the rich a refined and intellectual pursuit, which excludes the indulgence of frivolous and vicious amusements, and to the poor a '*laborum dulces lumen*,' a

relaxation from toil more attractive than the haunts of intemperance. All music of an elevated character is calculated to produce such effects." Every work, then, which promotes, however unambitiously, the increase of a pure taste for music, is worthy of commendation. We, therefore, gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity of so introducing to the notice of all teachers of the pianoforte, the "Student's Practice." Its design is indicated in the title-page, as a "collection of compositions of a moderate degree of difficulty," arranged with a view of inculcating, at an early period, a taste for the writings of the great masters, and as an agreeable and useful introduction to their more elaborate compositions. The "Student's Practice" will form an important item in the history of pianoforte publications, and, as it has in view a special and determined purpose, it must prove one of the most valuable works which have yet been presented to the pianoforte teacher. We, therefore, give it our hearty recommendation. The names of the great masters have too often been causes of alarm and dislike in the minds of beginners, conveying to them ideas of a very different signification, from those by which they are considered by skilful proficient. But in this publication, the moderately informed pupil will find classical subjects for practice, and solos which will have the double effect of forming the judgment, as well as the hand. Independent of the intrinsic merit of the pieces here published—to criticise which would now be quite unnecessary—the work will, to all pianoforte teachers, have a very important consideration as a means of economising time. Every one conversant with the duties of tuition has too often had just cause to deplore the valuable moments wasted in a fruitless endeavour to search after music for moderately advanced pupils. Such a subject for complaint will, in a great degree, be removed by this work. For in the "Student's Practice" the professor will find at once, and without difficulty or loss of time, music adapted to every performer's capabilities and intellect; and its importance as an educational work must ensure for it a reception wherever music is taught, and especially by every professor who has in any way reflected upon the responsibilities of tuition, and of the allegiance he owes to his art. The numbers already published amount to twelve, and these, we observe, are to be added to. The list presents the names of Steibelt, Clementi, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. The labours of editing have been performed in a way which we were justified in anticipating from an accomplished musician like Mr. Brinley Richards; and the publication of such a series of really good solos for the purpose of instruction, is highly creditable to the enterprise of the publishers, to whose announcement of the more elaborate work, "The Classical Pianist," we look forward with much interest. Mr. Brinley Richards is entitled to the thanks of all those who are seriously interested in the sound education of musical students; and we shall be much mistaken if the publication of the present work will not obtain for it the approbation and the welcome of every musical professor.

WHEN SORROW SLEEPETH, WAKE IT NOT.—Song; Words translated from the German, by Miss M. A. Stodart; Composed by Edward Land.—Addison and Hollier.

Mr. Land's Song has already received the approval of the public. It has been sung several times by Miss M. Williams, for whom it was expressly composed, at the Concerts of the English Glee and Madrigal Union, with much success. "When Sorrow Sleepeth, wake it not," deserved all the success it obtained. The melody is plaintive and expressive, and the accompaniments exceedingly well written. Altogether it makes an excellent contralto song. The words are neatly and pointedly translated, and do much credit to Miss Stodart's poetic feeling.

THE BIRTH-DAY MARCH.—Duet, for the Piano-forte; Joseph Thomas Cooper.—Cramer, Beale, and Co.

We can recommend the above as a useful teaching piece for two performers, which will be found neither too difficult, nor too trivial. Mr. Cooper has accomplished all he intended. To do more would be to have shot an arrow over the mark. In the instance before us the writer has hit the bull's eye.

Miscellaneous.

ATHENÆUM, ISLINGTON—(From a Correspondent).—A most interesting musical lecture, with illustrations, was given on Monday evening last, the 15th inst., at the above institution, by Mr. Samuel Pearsall, of Her Majesty's Concert, Exeter Hall, Lichfield Cathedral, &c. &c., to a crowded audience. Mr. Pearsall's lecture conveyed much instruction on the art and its composers. He was in excellent voice, and sang with fire and energy Handel's celebrated song, "Deeper and deeper still," which was received with great applause. He was equally effective in his other illustrations, among which we may mention Mendelssohn's "If with all your heart," "In native worth," "When the lads of the village," "The soldier's dream," "Four-leaved shamrock," and "The death of Nelson," given by especial request, some of which were vociferously encored. We beg to congratulate the Society on again introducing this gentleman to the members of their very excellent institution, feeling convinced that lectures of this character are always most acceptable, being both pleasing and intellectual. Mr. Force, organist of St. Mark's Church, presided at the pianoforte with great ability. A vote of thanks having been presented to Mr. Pearsall by the chairman, for his very able and instructive lecture, the audience separated, having been highly delighted with the evening's entertainment. Mr. Pearsall was announced during the evening as one of the lecturers engaged for the ensuing half-yearly course, which was received with loud applause.

MR. WHITWORTH.—This talented basso has, we hear, been engaged by Mr. Bunn for his operatic corps at Drury Lane. The *Manchester Guardian*, in speaking of the various artists who have been performing at the Manchester theatre under the direction of Mr. Loder, during the season which terminated on Saturday last, says:—"Mr. Whitworth has won himself into high favour with the public by the fine taste and careful preparation which characterise all he does, no less than by his great musical talent and manly presence. He 'makes-up' with the eye of a painter; he is a study in that respect; indeed, his stern old warrior in the 'Puritans' looks like one of Vandyck's pictures imbued with life. If Mr. Whitworth is somewhat deficient in the excessive vivacity of the Italian basso cantante, his superb voice is heard to great effect in flowing music; and, on the whole, we consider him our best English basso; in some characters he is unapproached."

MISS KATE LODGE, the eminent pianist and composer, was married on Tuesday last, at St. Marylebone Church, to Henry Thompson, Esq., of Wimpole Street.

MUSARD.—The first opera ball for the season is announced to take place this evening in Paris, under this veteran *maître d'orchestre*.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA is now in Paris, where she purposes remaining during the winter.

ALBONI is at Marseilles, where she is electrifying the musical world.

HENRI STREICH, the composer, died lately, aged 30 years. He was organist to the church "Bonne Nouvelle" in Paris, and was also an excellent pianist.

RUDOLPH WILLMERS, the pianist, is at Cologne.

HERB FORMES, the celebrated basso, has been presented by the Emperor of St. Petersburg with a splendid diamond ring, valued at 3,000 francs.

THE DISTINS.—This clever Sax Horn (not Saxon) family, have just returned to London for the season from a successful provincial tour. Their last concert was at Boston, not in the United States, but Lincolnshire. They have been well received throughout.

WESTMINSTER COUNTY COURT, Dec. 9th.—**HALE & SONS**, Music Sellers, against **ROBERT ALLISON**, Pianoforte Maker, Regent Street.—This was an action for the balance of £3, on an account stated and settled between the parties in December, 1849. The plaintiffs produced the letters of the defendant admitting the debt, and an account signed by him under the style of "Allison, Lennett and Co." £2 of the amount was for cash lent to him in Cheltenham. The defendant alleged that he was then only a traveller for the firm, and that his letters and the account

were written and signed by, and the money lent to him, in that capacity. On the other hand, the plaintiffs stated that he had held himself out to them as the proprietor of, or partner in, the business carried on under the above style, and that their dealings with him had been solely in that character. Verdict for plaintiffs, with the expenses of one of them from Cheltenham as a witness to London to prove the case.

A NEW THEATRE.—On the site where formerly stood the Gallery of Practical Science, a new and elegant theatre has been erected. The entertainment is to consist of tragedies, comedies, farces, operas, burlesques, and ballets, so that all tastes will be duly provided for. To carry out, to the fullest extent, this wide scope, a *troupe* has been engaged, amounting to more than 180 performers, which, report states, contains talents of the very highest order, in the several and antagonistic walks of the drama. The dresses and scenery will be of the most refined and gorgeous description. The most striking point, however, of this extensive *dramatis personæ*, is the entire absence of professional jealousy or envy, no actor of this troupe having ever been heard either to complain that his talent was not appreciated by the manager or the public; and the greatest unanimity and good fellowship is said ever to have prevailed, from the exponent of the loftiest tragic emotions, down to the punniest exclamation of farce. The ballet is unique in every respect, not a single *danseuse* having ever been suspected of making a *faux pas*. The theatre will, it is expected, be opened the week after Christmas.

Advertisements.

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MESSRS. RÜST & STAHL, in calling the attention of Professors and the Trade to their unique instruments, beg to intimate that they have taken the spacious and convenient manufactory of Zeitzler and Co., New Cavendish-street, where they have made arrangements for the manufacturing of the upright pianos only, viz., the Piccolo and Cottage; hence they are enabled to give their undivided attention to this now almost universal class of instruments, which, combined with terms to meet the present exigencies of the times, small profits and quick returns, will place their pianofortes beyond the possibility of competition. To this they need only add that their instruments combine all the modern improvements, and are made of the best seasoned materials, are warranted, and may be exchanged free of expense if not found to be in every respect perfect. Drawings and lists of prices forwarded post free.

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(Signed)

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Just Published, a new National Anthem,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,

THE Words written by JONAS MALDEN, Esq., M.D., the Music composed and arranged by JABEZ JONES (late of the Cathedral Choir and Organist of St. Nicholas Church, Worcester), by whom it is most respectfully inscribed with permission to the Very Reverend John Peel, D.D., Dean of Worcester. Price 1s. 6d., Single Vocal Parts, 1s.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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No. 52.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
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CATHERINE HAYES IN AMERICA.

For the first three or four weeks after the Irish *prima donna* landed on the American shores, the newspapers teemed with articles on her talents and accomplishments. There were to be seen long panegyrics, elaborate criticisms, multifarious biographies, cunning comparisons, and doubtful versicles,—all devoted to the cause of the fair Swan of Erin. Nothing short of another Jenny Lind *furor* was anticipated, and the public mind was apparently inclined to carry out the second sensation to as great an extent as the first. We ourselves made copious extracts from the pregnant journals, and might, had we so pleased, have filled the MUSICAL WORLD, ten times over, with praises and adorations of Catherine Hayes. Suddenly we missed the name of Catherine Hayes altogether from the papers, or read some curt and cold paragraph, devoted to a mere account of the concert in which she sang. There was evidently some strong cause for this; and when we learned that Catherine Hayes had broken her engagement with Mr. Beale, we were at no loss for a clue to guide us to the motives that held the journalists silent. The Americans are purely a commercial people, and any infraction of an agreement is looked upon by them in a very serious light. We therefore inferred, and naturally, that Miss Hayes had brought down upon herself the indifference of the press, and had determined to adopt a new line of policy from all preceding *prima donnas*.

The question to which at present we wish more immediately to direct the reader's attention, is the violation of Miss Hayes's engagement with Mr. Beale, and the consequences accruing therefrom. The statements which have appeared in the New York and Boston Journals are all at variance, and none of them correct. We wish, therefore to set the public right in a mere matter of fact, and let them judge for themselves as to the merits of the case.

And first it is necessary to see on what terms Mr. Beale and Miss Hayes stood with each other, at the time the engagement was broken.

It is well known that the success achieved by Miss Catherine Hayes, on her *debut* at the Royal Italian Opera, was not of the most brilliant kind, nor did the fair artiste aggrandize her reputation by her subsequent engagement at Mr. Lumley's theatre. In fact, at the Italian Operas, Miss Catherine Hayes proved herself an excellent *comprimaria* and nothing more; and, had it not been for the subsequent steps taken by Mr. Beale, it is more than probable that the name of

Catherine Hayes would have passed away, with hundreds of others, into the ocean of oblivion. But Mr. Beale perceived that Miss Hayes, had great talent, and imagined that, by judiciously turning it to account, the public would be compelled to recognize and acknowledge it. Filled with this notion, and always enthusiastic in what he undertakes, he took Catherine Hayes by the hand, and determined to make her name great before the eyes of the world. By skilful management, by perseverance and industry, by great expenditure and large losses, and immense influence, Mr. Beale succeeded in his determination, and Catherine Hayes's name was made great in the eyes of the world.

It may be said that Miss Hayes, by her own abilities, made her name great. Undoubtedly; but unless managed as it was, she never would have risen to her present eminence, and every step of her position she owes to Mr. Beale.

After the second visit of Miss Hayes to Ireland, which proved an immense success, Mr. Beale offered Miss Hayes £600 per month, with a sixth of the profits, to go on a tour to the American States for a certain time, all expenses to be paid by him. To this Miss Hayes acceded; but when every thing was arranged, and made ready, she demurred, and demanded £50 a month more, with further expenses for her mother and sister, who were to accompany her. Mr. Beale consented, and Miss Hayes and her party, under the direction of Dr. Joy, the active and indefatigable, started for America. It is not necessary to enter into details. Mr. Beale and Miss Hayes were bound to keep their engagement, or forfeit £3,000. After Miss Hayes arrived in America, and great noise and stir were made about her, a certain Mr. Wardwell, with two Christian names, offered Mr. Beale certain terms for Miss Hayes and party, which certain terms, had they been followed out, would have remunerated Mr. Beale, and paid him in part for all his previous trouble and outlay, and what was more to be wished for, would have liberated him from all anxiety and doubt. Mr. Beale and Mr. Wardwell came to treaty, and were bound by a forfeit of £4,000. Subsequently, this agreement, for obvious reasons, was found unsuitable to both parties. Mr. Wardwell, with the two Christian names, managed matters so badly that the receipts of Miss Hayes's Concerts fell from £800 to £100. He grumbled, and refused, or delayed, to pay the stipulated sum to Dr. Joy, Mr. Beale's delegate. Seeing how matters stood, of course Mr. Beale was anxious to rescind the agreement, and Mr. Wardwell seemed, or seemed to seem pleased with

his liberation from the bond. Meanwhile, as it appears to us, Mr. Wardwell, with two Christian names, was calculating a deeper move. Before the bond of agreement could be annulled, he went to Miss Hayes, and represented to her the enormous sacrifices she was making to realize the fortunes of the great London firm of Cramer, Beale and Co.; and how she was obtaining only the petty sum of £7,000 yearly, with every expense paid; how she was standing in her own light; how Jenny Lind was nothing to her in point of talent; how he, Mr. Wardwell, with two Christian names, was the only person on earth who would deal honourably by her and act disinterestedly in her behalf; with many more etceteras, which only Yankee tongue could syllable, and Yankee audacity hazard. Alas! for the soft heart of an Irishwoman! Catherine Hayes was melted and made credulous; her head was literally turned topsy-turvy; till overcome by vanity and interest, *mirabile dictu!* she yielded to the eloquence and persuasiveness of the gentleman with the two Christian names, and entered into a new engagement with him on the spot, heedless of all consequences, uninfluenced by ties of gratitude, and totally regardless of what the public would think of so unparalleled a proceeding. By this simple act of disinterestedness, Mr. Wardwell coolly pocketed a thousand pounds of Mr. Beale's money; since Miss Hayes having broken her engagement with Mr. Beale, Mr. Beale is therefore necessitated to break his engagement with Mr. Wardwell; and as Mr. Beale receives from Miss Hayes £3000, and pays Mr. Wardwell £4000, it follows Mr. B. is minus £1000. To make use of an American phrase, we consider this "a tarnation cute dodge."

In addition to the losses already entailed, a further consequence of the infraction of Miss Hayes's engagement with Mr. Beale is the expense involved in having thrown on his hands the gentlemen who made up the party on the transatlantic tour, and whose engagements remain up to a certain time.

We have no comments to make; the case speaks for itself. The premises are clear; the conclusion self-evident. In future, let directors put not too much faith in artists, and let them secure themselves so as not to be entirely dependent on a prima donna's weakness, and the artifices of an American sub-mauager.

THE LOVERS OF MUSIC.

THE OLD GENERATION AND THE NEW.

In the justness of many of the complainings of the aged, we can by no means acquiesce. Whatever they may affirm to the contrary, it is our conviction that the world is growing wiser and better; and if we did believe in the *golden age*, which we do not, we should say that it will be, not that it has been. Nevertheless there are some things in reference to which our seniors have good cause to complain. In regard to many of them, there is a class of grievances not imaginary but real. To one of these causes of their most justifiable dissatisfaction

we now wish to direct attention; and all the more so, because it belongs to our art, and falls within the scope of our purposes.

Go where we may, and especially in the provinces, we find a number of aged persons passionately fond of music, but who have never received a musical education. Now these grand-sires can hardly ever have played or sung to them music they thoroughly enjoy. Their tastes are never consulted, their wishes are altogether disregarded, so far as music is concerned, by those whose filial duty it ought to be, to minister to them the pleasures of melody. When a child returns home from school, or, when a niece or a grandson goes to spend a few days at the family mansion, among other festive and social enjoyments, recourse is had to music. So far so good. But just let us for a moment open their folio and examine its contents. There are none of the melodies or dances of a by-gone-day, none of those good old marches, for instance, to which, at the sound of fife and drum, the grey-haired yeoman marched with something of military pride, a volunteer in the service of his country. If we turn to the vocal part of their selection, things are no better. Not a single piece can we find that dates its rise and popularity from the era of Waterloo; and even if we should perchance find some good old composition, it is so twisted and distorted by variation and accompaniment, that if the ghost of its author were to steal Banquo like into the drawing room, he would fail to recognise his own production. The old bridal song no more awakes the echoes of the Baronial hall; the voice of the minstrel is silent, and the national airs and the hornpipe are alike forgotten.

Now, however good the substitute may be, the withdrawal of the music of a former day is most ungenerous and culpable on the part of our young friends. We are sure they cannot as yet have thought of the happiness they are withholding from those who are so much more advanced in years than themselves, or they would not have the heart to persevere in a practice so selfish and disreputable. The music they sneer at as old-fashioned, was popular in the days of their parents' youth. It is the record of their joys and sorrows, the witness of their early hopes and fears, a portion of their history; or, to sum up all in one, it is interwoven with the texture of their hearts' core. Whenever the melody of these time-honoured compositions is evoked, the excited frame, the enlivened countenance, the brightening eye, of the aged listener bespeak the depths of his emotion. A thrill of pleasure passes through him just as though he again stood face to face with a true but long absent friend of his early youth. Past scenes, buried in the grave of a worn-out memory, live again with all the freshness of yesterday; their entire youth is reproduced, and, as these gay and happy visions float before them, every chord of the heart is touched. The memory of joyous and festive hours, the garland and the wreath, the skill of a departed friend long since gone home, the ardent attachment of an early companion to some particular air, are re-created, and pressed upon the old and fast decaying spirit, with the tenderness of spring, and the genial warmth of new-born life.

It is not ours to boast of much practical skill in music, but we have occasionally sat and played to a few friends. They were bending under the weight of years; and as we played their own favourite melodies, through the long winter evenings, we have seen the tears flowing down the cheek furrowed with time and care. But stay; these things are sacred to our own social life, and must not be revealed. Suffice it to say that we were never happier than when thus giving pleasure and enjoyment to those who loved us best and needed such pleasure most. Go, my young friend, go and do likewise; and if in the transient excitement of one short evening, thou canst make an

old man happy, thou shalt so far consecrate the domestic hearth for the time when thine own eyes shall be fireless, and thine own head hoary.

We know that this remonstrance will be unheeded by our young friends generally; while a few of them, more courageous than the rest, will brand the point at issue as sentimental, for it happens to have been reserved for this artificial age to scoff at the many pleasing associations of a happy home, as being mere poetic sentiment and not real life. Here and there one may be sufficiently domestic and affectionate as to profit by our advice, but numbers will go and scream their floundering way through some modern difficult piece which they never can master; or, if they sit down to the piano, they will scramble and rattle like some galvanized corpse, or else fall flat and dead in the middle of the monstrosity, like some broken-winded butcher's hack. In vain does the kind-hearted grandmother adjust her spectacles and beg for Rule Britannia, or Home Sweet home. Still, still they dash on, helter-skelter; the voice screeches like a steam engine, the piano twangs like a cracked fiddle-string; all is confusion and wild uproar; the poor old grandmother stops her ears, flies from the scene, and the room is deserted save by those wise-aces who are about equal fools with our august performers. Well, well! rattle on, ye musical apes, but know, ye shall not always be young; and as your parents have suffered a musical martyrdom at your hands, you in your turn, shall not escape the same infliction. Grey hairs and the spectacles and the staff shall overtake you one day; and then the same musical misery you have doled out to your parents shall be given to you in larger draughts, by your own children; with this difference—in their case it will be retribution, but in yours it is wanton.

Let us not be misunderstood, and indeed we need entertain very little fear, for this is not the first rubbing down, by many a long paragraph and parental lecture, which our young friends have had on this subject. We by no means adopt the *nil admirari* in reference to all modern music. We adore whenever we meet with anything worthy our adoration. Much of modern musical compositions is more than equal to anything ever produced in former times. We do not sympathise with that blind extravagance which says, that there is neither beauty, poetry, nor wisdom to be found anywhere, except in the classics of Greece and Rome. And even if we did go to such an extreme it would avail nothing touching the present question. Musical composition has no Sappho, no Virgil, no Demosthenes, because the world is not old enough. One age can produce a poet, but many ages have sometimes been unable to produce a musical composer worthy of immortality. Our young friends will now see that we do not love what is old simply and only because of its age. By all means learn whatever is of sterling worth in modern music. But these things oughtest thou to have done, and not to have left the other undone. We protest against the execution of mere combinations of mechanical difficulties, except in so far as they shall give the performer more power and command over the true music; the music of feeling and the passions, the divine language of the soul; and we further protest against a mere amateur, of ordinary ability, attempting the achievement of those high excellences which can only be secured by an uninterrupted life of labour. We do think it a very hard case that those who pay for the education of our youth should have their hearts' fountain sealed, and thus be cut off from the pleasures of early years. If many of our young friends want to know why they are not allowed to learn music, we have now given the explanation. Who on earth would give their guineas for the transformation of their children into intolerable bores?

Foreign.

PARIS.—Donizetti's opera, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, has been given this week, at the Italiens, Sophie Cruvelli in the character of Marie, which she played charmingly, her well-assumed manners of the camp and military *brusquerie* in the first act, and her mingled airs of dignity and vivacity when among her noble relations, quite captivating the public, yet thrilling with the emotions created by her sublime portraits of the hapless Norma, and her glowing impersonation of the impassioned bride of Ernani. She was in great spirits, sang admirably, and was immensely applauded, particularly in the second act. Notwithstanding her success, however, with the general public, we must, for ourselves, own to some secret dissatisfaction. The great difficulty Mlle. Cruvelli has to contend against, with us, and some who think as we do (a small, but, we flatter ourselves, highly respectable minority), are the recollections of *herself*, and the ineffaceable impressions she has left in the deeply-affecting characters above-named—impressions which it is, perhaps a questionable policy to disturb or impair. *La Figlia* is an agreeable production, well fitted for the meridian of the Opera Comique, for which it was composed, but scarcely entitled to the honour of transplantation to the Italian stage, and, above all, unworthy the talent of Cruvelli. We admire the versatility, but regret, at least, as much as we admire. It is like Rachel condescending to the modern drama of Scribe, or the great tragedian Kean exhibiting his agility to win the plaudits of the crowd. The genius of Mlle. Cruvelli can afford to look higher, and should be of that loftier order which, in the words of the Venusian poet—

"Cæsusque vulgares et udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ."

We were glad to see M. Calzolari once more, after his unaccountably long absence. His fresh voice and always elegant and musician-like style gave infinite pleasure, though the part is a very poor one. Ferranti, who we had begun to think had set out for California, turned up in his old part of the Sergente, and was, as formerly, lively and amusing. Suini's rich bass told well in some of the choruses, which, we must add, in the early part of the opera surprised us by their inefficiency. The theatre was fully and fashionably attended, and the marks of satisfaction bestowed at the close of the opera were loud and general; but, while we record this fact, which tells something against our own opinion, it does not at all diminish our gratification to know that *La Figlia* is to-night to give place to *Ernani*, one of the indisputable and legitimate triumphs of our young prima donna.

Mme. Tedesco appeared at the Grand Opera on Wednesday in *Fides*, in *Le Prophète*, with a considerable share of success, but without creating any very marked impression, though her acting and singing of the part were much above the ordinary level. Apart from the enthusiasm of the *claque*, which is becoming a perfect nuisance, her first and only real success was in the bravura *Comme un éclair*, which she gave with a power and brilliancy which drew down reiterated plaudits, and was followed by an earnest and unanimous recall. Every performance of Mme. Tedesco confirms the opinion of her being a distinguished artiste, just stopping short of the excellence required to make a leading attraction. The demands of the part of Jean on the *moyens* of M. Roger become more obviously and painfully oppressive on every representation. Although he was supported by the unremitting encourage-

ment of the audience, it is evident that the Grand Opera will speedily have to seek a new tenor. On the whole, the general performance was scarcely to be called satisfactory, the orchestra and chorusses alone displaying evidence of the extraordinary care and time bestowed on the production of this opera. Complaints have been sometimes made by certain London journalists—whose musical appetites must be voracious—of some excisions made in this opera, for its representation in that city. We only wish that the example had been followed here; its length is positively overpowering.

Mlle. Rachel, after her long foreign *tournee*, which commenced, we understand, much more prosperously than it terminated, has returned to her post at the Theatre Français. Her first representation was *Camille*, in Corneille's *Horace*, probably the greatest of her characters. The crowded house, and her enthusiastic reception, must have gone far to console the fair tragedian for the slights and indifference she encountered in most parts of Italy. She has since appeared in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Andromaque*, and in all with the same success as attended her many previous performances of the same parts. A new tragedy, by M. Ponsard, *Ulysse*, with chorusses, in imitation of the Greek tragedies, set to the music of M. Gounod's *Sappho*, is announced to be in preparation at this theatre.

The second *revue* of the season, *La Course au Plaisir*, has been produced at the Variétés, and backed by nearly a dozen of the prettiest actresses of the Boulevards, promises to have as long a run as most of these ephemera enjoy. There is considerable whim in this bagatelle—among other things, several of the well-known streets and buildings of Paris are personified, and the piquant characteristics of some of the localities give room for couplets and *jeux de mots*, many of which are highly amusing. The affair ends with a *tombola*, and the desire of obtaining a prize is by no means the least interesting part of the entertainment, which nightly attracts crowds.

M. Felicien David's popular symphony, *Le Désert*, is now being performed on alternate nights at the Opéra National, with the same Maestro's opera, *La Perle du Brésil*, the success of which increases. The orchestral instrumentation is very creditable, but the performance of the choruses leaves still a great deal to be desired. A new opera, by Maestro Sarmiento, a composer of reputation in Italy, is in active rehearsal, under the title of *Les Trois Châteaux*, of which the *conoscenti* form great expectations. The first concert of the *France Musicale* took place on Thursday at Herz's, the principal vocalists being M. Jourdan, Mme. Taccani-Tasca, and Mlle. Vera. The salle was crowded by a distinguished company, and the performance had the double merit of being well selected, and not too long. A *morceau* on the violoncello, by M. Offenbach, was very favourably received, as was an air by M. Jourdan. But the honours of the concert were altogether for the ladies. Mme. Taccani sang the cavatina from the immortal Barber, an air which, in the hands of a real Rossinian artiste (now so rare), still comes upon the public with all the freshness and beauty of spring. Her execution of this air, particularly the allegro, can only be expressed by one word—*perfection*, and was followed by shouts of applause. Formed in the true Italian school, her style abounds in that sparkling brilliancy which only the most finished artists can essay. Mme. Taccani afterwards sang the celebrated variations on "Il dolce Incanto," by Rode, boldly entering the lists with Sontag herself, and more finished and elegant marvels of execution we certainly never

heard. The enthusiasm of the auditory was without bounds, and cries of *bis* resounded from every part of the salle. She repeated the last variation with renewed brilliancy, introducing a novel trill at its close, which occasioned a perfect hurricane of applause. The duo from *Mathilde de Shabran*, with Mlle. Vera, concluded this display, both being admirable. Mlle. Vera also sang an air of Gordigiani's, which merited all the warmth of approbation it was received with. It was stated that Mr. Lumley was in the salle with a view of hearing Mme. Taccani, and every *lorgnette* was in quest of the impresario.—*Galigiani*.

TURIN.—Mlle. Alboni has continued the series of her representations at Turin, as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. The enthusiasm she excited is described as altogether without bounds.

VIENNA.—M. Capecelatro, a composer well known in Italy and Germany, is engaged on a new opera for the Karntnirtheater Theatre at Vienna, where it will be sung next spring by Mmes. Albertini and Mitrovich, and Messrs. De Bassini and Frascchini. The libretto is founded on Alexandre Dumas's *Fille du Regent*.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The last opera was *La Gazza Ladra*, with Mmes. Grisi and De Meric, and Messrs. Ronconi, Tamburini, and Pozzolini; the honours of the representation were for Ronconi and Pozzolini, a young tenor before-mentioned, of very great promise.

ALEXANDRIA.—The Italian opera is going on swimmingly. The last opera, *Lucia*, is said to have been extremely successful, with Mlle. De Grassi and the barytone Carapia. The tenor, M. Guerra, appears to have been a failure.

BOSTON, Dec. 2nd, 1851.—The second farewell concert of Mlle. Jenny Lind was announced to take place on Tuesday, but was afterwards postponed until Friday, on account of her indisposition. The desire to hear the performances of this greatest of vocalists is as strong as ever, and those whose time will not permit of their tarrying at the ticket office for an hour or more, to procure their admissions, find no fault with paying a large premium to the speculators. On Friday evening, the tickets were all disposed of at an early hour, and after the doors were open, not one could be found for love or money. The countenance of Miss Lind, which had appeared so dejected at the previous concert, shone with a radiant expression which called to mind her first appearance before a Boston audience; she was then so cheerful and happy in her movements, that it seemed impossible for her ever to be otherwise, but the fatigue which has attended her tour thus far in America seems to have taken strong hold upon her, and rendered her naturally animated countenance a scene of mental uneasiness. But this had gradually worn away, before the close of the concert, and the excellent manner in which she rendered the *aria* from the *Nozze di Figaro*, sufficiently showed that it was not a mere external effort, but that the *soul* was with it. This was the happiest performance of the evening. The third concert of Miss Lind was given at the Melodeon, last evening, to a very large audience. The performance commenced with a solo for the clarionette, executed by Signor E. Belletti. An instrumentalist, who appears in a concert like that of Jenny Lind's, must make up his mind to be contented with a small share of applause, for those persons who pay three or four, or even two dollars, for admission to a concert of this character, go only to hear an artist like Jenny Lind, and the best instrumental performer in the world would stand a small chance of being appreciated by an audience at one of these concerts. For this reason Mr. Goldschmidt, who is one of the most finished pianists we have

heard, need feel no chagrin for want of proper regard being shown for his talents, on the part of the audience of Miss Lind's concerts.

Mr. Joseph Burke's performance of a fantasie caprice of *Vieux Temps* was received with favour. Signor Salvi added much to the pleasure of the evening by his performance of a *Romanza* from Lombardi, a *cavatina* from Mercadante, and more particularly by the *cavatina* "Fra poco" from *Lucie*. Miss Lind has given us six pieces. The prayer from *Frey-schutz*, scena and aria from *Somnambula*, "Non mi dir" from *Giovanni*—this was her happiest effort; also the Bird Song, "John Anderson my Jo," and "Comin' thro' the rye," for that portion of the audience who like to hear what they call tunes. Jenny Lind will give two more concerts in Boston, on Thursday and Saturday, these being probably the last she will give in this city. Mlle. Maberlini will positively make her first appearance in America, on Tuesday evening next. The inhabitants of Taunton, New Bedford, and Fall River are speculating about the chances of Jenny Lind singing at those places. A French Opera Troupe has arrived at New Orleans from Paris. Madame Thillon and Mr. Hudson, gave, a concert at Newark, on Thursday evening. Catherine Hayes' concerts have thus far been completely successful. At her last performance in Utica, the house and even the street was crowded. Parodi gave a concert at Nashville, on Wednesday last. The Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, announce a series of six concerts—three performances of "David" and three of "Samson." Jenny Lind's farewell concert in Boston, takes place December 6th. Marie Maberlini's first concert takes place December 9th. The Boston Musical Fund Society announce, that in consequence of Jenny Lind's concert being fixed for December 6th, their concert will be postponed to the 13th.

THE FANDANGO.

(From the German.)

This favourite dance, so much in vogue amongst the Spanish and their descendants, but which is in fact of Moorish origin, is designed to represent, as is well known, the different stages or shades in the progress of the tender passion,—love, desire, hope, proud disdain, and relenting tenderness. Cold refusal and warm confession of the "soft impeachment," are vividly represented by means of the modulations of the music, and the voluptuous movements of the dancers. Temperament and custom have rendered the *Fandango* and *Bolero* (the last of which is but a continuation of, or a sequel to the former) expressive of the intoxicating joy of successful love, the especial favourites of the Spanish, and usually form the *finale* of all social pleasures. The reserve and characteristic hauteur of the Spaniard instantly quit the field when the light tinkling of the guitar calls him to the wanton *Fandango*.

It is recorded that the Roman clergy, shocked at the immoral nature of the *Fandango*, resolved in solemn assembly upon its suppression. A consistory was commissioned to make it the subject of inquiry; and after due deliberation, when they were about to pronounce sentence upon and banish the dance, one of the cardinals, actuated by sentiments of right and justice, and acting upon the principle that no defendant should be condemned unheard, urged that the *Fandango*, the accused, be brought before the bar of the court in *propria persona*. The justness of the benevolent cardinal's views was at once acknowledged; and accordingly two of the most noted Spanish dancers were summoned to appear before the court, by way of counsel for the defendant; or in other words, to introduce the *Fandango* before the august tribunal.

The dance commenced; the holy fathers, with contracted brows, looked for a while unmoved; at length the seductive charms and irresistible loveliness of the dance exhibited their effect in chasing away the wrinkles from the foreheads of its austere judges. Hostile indications and bellicose intentions with reference to the dance, by

imperceptible degrees, merged into lively interest and fixed attention; now as its charms more fully developed themselves one of the reverend gentlemen so far forgot himself and his position, as to be guilty of the manifest impropriety of beating time to the movements of the music.

The dance went on, becoming still more and more seductive, when one of the worthy clergy suddenly bolted from his seat, and commenced executing the movements of the dance. Another, and another followed; the *furor* became general: the judge's bench became empty—all were whirling in the dance; and what was late a clerical court was suddenly metamorphosed into a dancing saloon. It is needless to record the verdict: the *Fandango* was reinstated with all its former rights and privileges, and its glorious triumph has proved its security against all similar attempts on the part of the clergy.

Great is the *Fandango*!

Reviews of Music.

ŒUVRES POSTHUMES DE N. PAGANINI, POUR VIOLIN, avec Acc. de Piano, L'Orchestre séparément et en Partition. Schott & Co. No. 1. Op. 6, Premier Concerto.

" 2. Op. 7, 2nd Concerto (*clochette*).

" 3. Op. 8, *Le Streghe*.

" 4. Op. 9, *God save the Queen*.

" 5. Op. 10, *Le Carnaval de Venise*.

" 6. Op. 11, *Moto Perpetuo*.

" 7. Op. 12, *Non Piu Mesta*.

" 8. Op. 13, *I Palpiti*.

" 9. Op. 14, *Etudes en 60 variations, sur l'air Barucaba*.

Long ere the talent of Paganini had acquired popularity beyond Italy, a collection of studies for the violin had been published under his name, unknown to French violinists, and created a deep impression. So many novelties were accumulated, the difficulties presented so problematical, and under forms so peculiar, that many professors doubted their possibility of execution; and went so far as to look upon the publication of that work as a mystification. However, the composer Andreozzi, who had brought to Paris the copy from which Pacini published his edition, attested that there was in Italy a man who executed those difficulties as though they were trifles, and who would astound the professors and the pupils of the Conservatory if they heard him. This man was the author himself, Paganini. At the same time Blangini, on his return from Italy, also spoke of Paganini with enthusiasm, and likewise affirmed that his talent bore no affinity to the great masters down to his time, and that he was destined to revolutionize the art of playing the violin. The struggle between Lafont and Paganini resuscitated the confused recollection of his name, and the prodigies he effected were the subject of serious conversation; the journals confirmed it, and the name of the artist gradually acquired popularity. However, fame blazoned forth his name as a violinist only, not as a composer. The twenty-four studies of the first work was then the only one known in France more than twenty years after it was published. It was only after he had enchanted all Paris, and had traversed France, gaining triumphs wherever he played, that the value of his compositions occupied attention. They were sought for. Italy and Germany were written to for copies of his concertos, his fantasias, and his airs with variations, but they had never been published. The list of works which appeared of this artist, comprised the following only, viz., Op. 1, *Ventiquattro Capricci per Violin Solo*, Op. 2; *Sei Sonate per Violin e chitarra*, op. 3; do, do, Op. 4; the grand quartette, Op. 5; do, do. Paganini said of this work that it was not his, but formed from some of his themes badly arranged. These are the only positive productions of Paganini published up to the present publication of the above nine compositions; all that has appeared previously, must be considered as commercial trickeries, or as extracts from preceding works, or as simple fugitive recollections—instance, Ghys published at Paris and Berlin, *le Carnaval de Venise tel que le jouait Paganini*. Ernst and Sivori have also given as exact traditions

of this musical pleasantry, versions differing more or less, which gave rise at the time to discussions in the newspapers. The publication, by Messrs. Schott & Co., of the veritable *Carnival de Venise* of the illustrious violinist, will remove all uncertainty in this respect. Paganini at his death left twenty-four works in manuscript. Unfortunately many of these compositions are incomplete. Those original scores without omissions which have been found in the two concertos in E b and in B b minor (it is in this the celebrated rondo of *la Clochette* is found), the allegro of a sonata, entitled *Movement Perpetuo*; the famous variations *le Streghe* (the Witches), with orchestral parts, "God save the King," with do., "Di tanti palpiti" with parts, variations upon "Non Piu Mesta," accento al fuoco with parts, the *Carnival de Venise*, 24 variations upon the popular Venetian air, "Oh, mama!" and 60 variations in three series, with accompaniment for piano or guitar, and the Italian air "Barucaba." These were written by Paganini at Genoa, in February 1835. The variations are studies of various kinds of difficulties, and are one of his latest works. It will be seen the complete works of Paganini which have been found, are the nine published as above by Messrs. Schott & Co. It is to be deplored that, among these high class productions, the splendid concerto that this great artist wrote for Paris, and which he played at his third concert at the Opera the 25th of March, 1831, should be wanting; also the Grand Military Sonata upon the fourth string, in which he displayed such marvellous ability in a compass of three octaves, with harmonic sounds, and finally his variations upon "Nel cor piu."

The compositions of Paganini are novel in idea, elegant in form, rich in harmony, and diversified in the effects of instrumentation. These qualities are especially found in his concertos, which have exercised great influence on compositions of this nature which have been published. They differ in form in many points of the classic from Viotti's concertos. There is that uniformity and increasing interest which it were well all violinists would meditate upon. In general, without diverting attention from the solo, by over-elaborated passages, the instrumentation possesses an interest which cannot be separated from the principal design. The *entrées* are neither cold nor symmetrical, and the effect is always new and varied.

The premier concerto is in E flat, for the orchestra, but the violin solo is written in D; the four strings of the instrument are consequently tuned a semi-tone higher. The *tutti* is bold and flowing, and very effective. Its form is reminiscent of the old concerto more than those of Paganini. It was composed in 1811. In the Rondo Paganini first employed tenths, combined in various ways, producing wonderful effects. The character of the piece is bold, and the second solo, nearly all on the 4th string, and in harmonies, produced an extraordinary sensation, nothing similar having been heard prior to its introduction. The second concerto is in B minor. The commencement is broad and impassioned—the instrumentation clear and rich. In this work Paganini has evinced much daring in the combination of difficulties, both for the bow and the left hand. He has introduced a double shake descending in thirds, in the execution of which he was incomparable, both in brilliancy and in perfection of instruction. The Adagio (in D) is a most charming *cantabile*. The Rondo, with the obligato bell accompaniment, is delightfully fanciful, the most incomprehensible feats of skill being introduced. The *Clochette* was listened to with wonder throughout Europe. The Allegro of the sonata, entitled *Movimento Perpetuo*, is remarkable as a study for detached bowing of the most interesting description. Few pieces of music have obtained more fame than the *Streghe* (the Witches), either from the prodigious execution of the great violinist, or, perhaps, because some superstition attached to the title. The original M.S. indicates that the introduction and the variations are composed upon an original air—however, if tradition is to be depended upon, the air was taken from the ballet of *Il Noce di Benevento*. In "God save the King" the melody is played with the bow, and the other parts of the accompaniment in *pizzicato*. The execution of this piece requires extraordinary dexterity. In the fantasia or "di tanti," the orchestra is written in B flat. Paganini effected this change with so much cleverness that it was never perceived at his concerts. The piece commences by an introductory

lughette, followed by a recitative. The subject which follows is quite simple and without difficulties, with the exception of a very rapid scale in harmonies. The same remarks will apply, in some degree, to "Va pin Mesta"; it is written in E flat, and the solo violin is tuned a semi-tone higher. The twenty variations on the *Carnival de Venise*, which has been so frequently imitated, is remarkable for the distinct character given to each—all the bow and finger effects imagined by Paganini are concentrated: some extraordinary effects are produced in those strange freaks, to which the marvellous dexterity of the artiste lent an irresistible charm. The sixty variations on the air "Barucaba," are studies in which the composer has given each style of bowing, with all the difficulties of bowing, all the combinations of harmonics, upon which his school is founded. By a singular notion nearly all these variations are written in different keys.

That these works of the greatest violinist that ever lived will be sought for by all the great performers through Europe, we have no doubt. They are engraved and produced in the best and cleverest style, so that the publishers may fairly anticipate reaping a rich harvest for their enterprise and spirit in producing them.

W. G.

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error inadvertently made in the flattering notice you were pleased to take of my song, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not," with reference to the words. Miss M. A. Stodart is the authoress, and not the translator; she wrote the song as an illustration of the German proverb "*Wenn die sorge schlaft, wecke sie nicht.*" The German translation was added to the song at the request of some musical friends.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD LAND.

Provincial.

CROYDON.—THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The first concert of this Union of English Vocalists, viz., Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockett, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Henry Phillips, took place at the Greyhound Hotel on Monday evening last, and never did the value and purpose of unity manifest its effects more than on that occasion. It has been reserved for the vocalists under notice to exhibit the human voice in combination—we say it unhesitatingly—in greater perfection than it has for years past been heard in the Concert Room. They have shewn to the country—and through the good opinions won of foreigners during the past year to the world—that the National English Glee and Madrigal, and English voices, need only the right direction, and a generous encouragement, to produce rich and melodious treasures which have hitherto been lying latent, and only awaiting the touch which has now happily struck the chords, and which we hope may long vibrate through the length and breadth of the land. There is scarcely a town of importance in the united kingdom that has not its amateur Glee Club—their performances are often, with the best intentions, sad perversions of the composer's intention; but some there are whose rendering of this particular style of music often approaches excellence—and why? It is because they are united, and that they rehearse and practice together! Now, if this applies to the crude and imperfect powers of mere amateurs, what may not be expected of those who have been nurtured in music? whose voices, and minds, have been trained, formed and matured; and who, from an emulation in their art, have boldly stood forward to shew that England has a national music, and English voices to give it full efficiency. Honour, then, to the Glee and Madrigal Union! and many additions to the laurels which they won on their debut to a Croydon audience! On the singers presenting themselves,

a hearty burst of welcome resounded from every part of the room, which, by-the-bye, was so crowded as to mar in some degree the first glee, through many of the audience being unable to obtain seats—but by the time "With sighs sweet rose" was pouring forth its harmony, the room was "*hushed like a child's repose*," the counter tenor voice (Mr. Francis) claiming especially eager attention. Next came, par excellence, the glee of the evening, "Blest pair of Sirens." The words by Milton, one of his fugitive poems, and the music by Stafford Smith.

This was a treat indeed, and was as perfectly rendered as the most ardent musician could have desired, and although its performance lasts a quarter of an hour, there was an inexpressible desire for its repetition, indeed, to quote the words, it was "voice and verse," "wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ." Horsley's pleasing Madrigal, "Nymphs of the Forest," closed the first part. The second part opened with a duet, charmingly sung, by Mrs. Endersohn and Miss Williams. Mr. Land then sang a chaste and manly love song, "Oh, wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen," with that pure musician-like taste for which he is so distinguished. Mrs. Endersohn earned good opinion in her rendering Hobbs's prize song (Mrs. Heman's words) "Bird of the green wood; and Miss M. Williams won all hearts, and a loud encore, in Mr. Land's new and charming song, "When sorrow sleepeth wake it not." It was a fine specimen of poetic and refined singing, and the subdued, almost bird-like shake and dying cadence at the end, shewed how thoroughly the singer had caught the inspiration of the composer; and Lockey sang a very pretty ballad. Mr. H. Phillips worthily wound up the second part with the recitative, and air from Haydn's Seasons, "With joy the impatient husbandman," and never did we hear it more finely delivered. Part three resumed the selection of glees, and, by desire, commenced with "Oh, Nanny," harmonised for four voices, and be it remembered, although claimed as Scotch, an old English air. Bishop's ever-welcome glee, "Blow gentle gales," as a quintett, was enthusiastically encored, and Miss Williams's thrilling voice deserves especial mention in it; nothing more perfect could be attained in part singing. The same may be applied to Stofforth's glee, "The spring, the pleasant spring." The concert closed amidst the applause of a most delighted audience, whose subdued whispers of delight during the pieces, and occasional outbreaks of applause, testified their intense enjoyment, but the truest compliment was the expression, that the concert was *too short*. It has now been so daily evident from the public journals that this particular style of music has, at length, met its meed of welcome, that little more need be said in its praise—suffice it to say, that there must have been close study and determination of purpose to have enabled seven voices to become as *one*, each blending in unalloyed harmonious concord with the others—every effect of poetry and passion—of light and shade, being afforded, as though ONE MIND gave the impulse—in fact, accomplishing the perfection of part singing, and affording a lasting lesson to those who love a "concord of sweet sounds." Excepting "Blow gentle gales," the whole of the glees were unaccompanied, and when the first note was struck by the voices, it appeared that what had been done by the "Russian horn band" and the "Distins" for instruments, had now been developed with that more beautiful instrument—the human voice—by the "*English Glee and Madrigal Union*." We cannot in justice to Mr. Land, the accompanist and conductor, omit most honourable mention of his judicious and intelligent accompaniments at the pianoforte: it is rarely that we have heard singing so ably aided and cared for; and, in a parting tribute of thanks to the lady performers, we hail Mrs Endersohn, new to us, as likely to become a valuable soprano in our concert room, and Miss Williams, an established favourite in Croydon, as coming before us with a finish and earnestness that may fairly entitle her to the rank of one of our very first contraltos and best of vocalists. Her rendering of "Deep as our despair," warrants this assertion. Thus closed a musical treat not easily to be forgotten—and while with true and honest pen we offer our tribute to the performers, let it be recorded that the audience, both numerous and select, comprised the principal families in the town and neighbourhood, whose ready patronage on the first

announcement showed their desire to encourage native talent, and to "*help young merit into fame*." There was barely standing room to be found for the company, and had the concert room been double the size it would have been filled.—*Surrey Standard*, Dec. 20th.

GLASGOW.—The City Hall concerts have increased nightly in attraction; the large hall on Saturday was crowded to overflowing. Julian Adams has brought together a phalanx of talent, instrumental and vocal, which may be rarely sought for, except in London, and at charges for admission which will perhaps seem fabulous—promenade, one shilling; gallery, sixpence! Our space at present precludes a detailed notice of the various pieces executed on Saturday evening—we may advert to the manner in which the overtures to "Semiramide" and "William Tell" were rendered; as also to the fantasia on Scottish airs, with solos for all the principal instruments—this latter excited a perfect *furor*. The vocalists were all re-demanded—there were no less than seven *encores* during the evening.—*Glasgow Courier*, Dec. 23.

Dramatic.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Thursday se'nnight this theatre closed until the holidays, with the comedy of *The Provoked Husband*, for the benefit of Miss Fitzpatrick, who undertook the part of Lady Townley, and fully maintained her rising reputation. If Miss Fitzpatrick does not, as yet, possess that refinement and polish of manner so requisite in such a peerless votary of the drawing-room as Lady Townley, the defect must be attributed to immature experience; for, in other respects, her acting is highly felicitous. Miss Fitzpatrick was visibly affected by the loud and prolonged applause with which she was received at the fall of the curtain. Mr. Barnett's John Moody, at present, may defy competition. After *The Provoked Husband*, Miss Fitzpatrick appeared as "Neighbour Constance," a part in which she is greatly improved since she first played it here two years ago. Miss Fitzpatrick has, we understand, concluded an engagement with Mr. Bunn at Drury Lane; and, as she is thus going to assault the very citadel of the drama, we may have to record her *debut* at old Drury in the words of the poet—

Divisum imperium cum Nisbette Fitzpatrick habet.

The Christmas fun, which is said to be both racy and rare, in our next.

SURREY.—This theatre closed its operatic performances last Saturday, after a season of unexampled prosperity. Miss Poole's benefit took place on Thursday se'nnight. The opera was *The Daughter of the Regiment*, followed by a Concert, in which Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Messent, Mr. G. Tedder and Mr. Henri Drayton were encored in some of their favourite songs. The novelty of the evening was Miss Poole in the character of Tom Tug in *The Waterman*. The part is not well suited to her, nor perhaps to any woman, but she sang charmingly, and was encored in "The Jolly Young Waterman" and "Wapping Old Stairs." She also introduced the popular melody, "Pray Goody," which she was compelled to sing three times. Miss Harriot Coveney was encored in "The Dashing White Sergeant." The entertainments concluded with *Bombastes Furioso*.

Miscellaneous.

THE NORWICH CHORAL SOCIETY have contributed ten guineas towards the purchase of some testimonial to Dr. Bexfield, in commemoration of the first performance of "*Lara Restored*," and in token of their respect for his musical talent.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examination of the candidates for the King's Scholarship took place on Friday week. The board of examiners consisted of Mr. Cipriani Potter, Mr. Goss, Mr. Lucas, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Howell, Mr. G. A. Macfarren and Mr. W. Dorrell. There were thirty-three candidates (seventeen boys and sixteen girls). The verdict was given in favour of Miss Rosetta Vining and Master John Barnett, and certificates of having highly distinguished themselves to Miss Jannette Aylward (sister to the talented young violoncellist), Master Walter Pettit, and Master Henry Baumann.

NATIONAL MUSIC.—The Russians and Danes are rich in possession of an original and most touching national music; Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, are alike favoured with the most exquisite native melodies, probably, in the world. France, though more barren in the wealth of sweet sounds, has a few fine old airs, that redeem her from the charge of utter sterility. Austria, Bohemia, and Switzerland, each claim a thousand beautiful and characteristic mountain songs. Italy is the very palace of music; Germany its temple. Spain resounds with wild and martial strains; and the thick groves of Portugal with native music, of a softer and sadder kind. All the nations of Europe—I presume those of all the world—possess some kind of national music, and are blessed by heaven with some measure of perception as to the loveliness of harmonic sounds. England alone, England, and her descendant America, seem to have been denied a sense, to want a capacity, to have been stinted of a faculty, to the possession of which she vainly aspires. The rich spirit of Italian music, the solemn sound of German melody, the wild free Euterpe of the Cantons, have in vain been summoned by turns to teach her how to listen; 'tis all in vain—she does listen painfully; she has learnt by dint of time, and much endurance, the technicalities of musical science; she pays regally her instructors in the divine pleasure, but all in vain; the spirit of melody is not in her, and in spite of hosts of foreign musicians, in spite of the King's Theatre, in spite of Pasta, in spite of music-masters paid like ministers of state, in spite of singing and playing young ladies, and criticising young gentlemen, England, to the last day of her life, will be a dunce in music, for she hath it not in her; neither—or I am much mistaken—hath her daughter.—*Fanny Kemble.*

MISS DOLBY'S most interesting series of Concerts were brought to a close on Tuesday evening, the 16th. Miss Dolby was assisted by eminent vocal and instrumental talent, including the popular Miss L. Pyne, who delighted her audience with the delightful aria "Non paventar," from the Zaubersflöte, and a far less interesting ballad by Mr. Knight, the promising Miss C. Nott, who created a highly favourable impression in "Batti, batti," and Mr. Whitworth. Mr. L. Sloper performed in one of Mendelssohn's Trios in a most brilliant and finished style, ably supported by Mr. Lucas and Mr. Blagrove. We were much delighted for the first time to hear the lately-adverted-to pianoforte duet of Mendelssohn, played by Mrs. John Macfarren and Mr. W. H. Holmes, with infinite grace and delicacy. Miss Dolby charmed every one with her touching version of Mr. Holmes's ballad, "The Blind Flower Girl," as indeed she cannot fail to do in everything she graces with her talent. Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Lazarus sustained their well-earned reputations by the performance of Solos on their respective instruments.

CONNECTION BETWEEN HARMONY AND MELODY.—The ancients, by *Harmony*, meant only being in tune. But the moderns have appropriated the term to the combination of such sounds as are agreeable when heard simultaneously; while they use *Melody* for the arrangement of such sounds as are agreeable when heard in succession.

The same scale of sounds which enables us to produce harmony, produces melody. The difference between the sounds uttered in the attempt to sing by a person who has not a musical ear and one who has, is, that the sounds of the first are not in the intervals of the scale which produces harmony, and those of the other are.

The reason why the intervals which produce harmony produce also melody, seems to be, that *melody is retrospective harmony*, or depends on a perception of harmonical relation to the sounds that have preceded. And it appears to be no objection to this, that some

persons—as is supposed to have been the case with some of the ancients—are acquainted with the practice of melody, but not of harmony or music in parts. For their not being acquainted with the practice of harmony in its modern and most extended sense, does not prove that their consciousness of the effects of melody is not dependent on a perception of harmonical relation to sounds that have preceded.

The connection between harmony and melody is nowhere so apparent as in the *Arpeggio* passages so common in music for the guitar. For these arpeggios are in fact chords, spread out by the notes being sounded in succession instead of together, as the means of obviating the want of *sostenuto* tone inherent in the instrument. And no person can for an instant doubt that the composition of these arpeggios—in respect, for instance, of the determination of the form of a dissonance—ought to be the same as if the notes were to be sounded together as a chord.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Messiah* was performed for the first time this season on Friday, the 12th inst., and was repeated on Tuesday last. The vocalists were the same on both nights; viz., Misses Birch and Dolby, and Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips. Exeter Hall was filled on both occasions.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The customary performance of the *Messiah* was given by this society on Monday night. The singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Temple; Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips. The attendance was very large.

SAMUEL WESLEY.—The late Alexander Barry, Esq., who affected a knowledge of music and patronage of its professors, one day meeting S. Wesley, said to him, "Your brother Charles is coming to one of my little musical parties to-morrow night, and I should be delighted if you will also favour me with your company." Sam knowing pretty well the sort of treat he was to expect, and thinking the amateur unreasonable in requiring the assistance of two such men upon the occasion, replied, "Why, my dear Sir, you cannot want us *both*, for one Punch you know is enough for a puppet-show."

DR. BEXFIELD.—A few words in reference to the career of Dr. Bexfield may not, at the present time, be unacceptable to our readers. At the early age of seven he was recommended as a chorister by Mr. Buck, who is always anxious to secure boys of talent for our Cathedral choir, and to give every encouragement to genius. His gifted pupil, at the age of 11, composed an anthem in eight parts, which, though full of grammatical errors, fully satisfied Mr. Buck that he deserved every assistance, and he at once determined to educate him for the profession of music. During the eight years he was a chorister, his singing was the constant theme of praise, by rigid judges, and though his voice was not equal to many others, he gave so much expression and character to every thing he sang, that he was a favourite chorister for some years. At the age of 21 he became a candidate for the situation of organist at Botolph Church, in Lincolnshire, celebrated not only as a magnificent building, but for its noble organ. He was the successful candidate, and having supplanted a Mr. Binfield, the former organist, a wit wrote the following impromptu:—

The arrangement of these rival names
Would make a stoic grin;
Since Mr. Binfield now is *ex*,
And Mr. Bexfield *in*.

In the same year (1846) he took his Bachelor's Degree in Music, and received a highly complimentary letter from Dr. Crotch (the then Professor of Music at Oxford), on the compositions written for the degree. In 1848 he left Boston, and was a candidate for the organist's situation at St. Helen's, Bishopgate, London. There were 35 competitors, who played behind a curtain, and were only known by numbers, which were drawn for. The celebrated Vincent Novello was the umpire. Mr. Bexfield was again pronounced the successful candidate. He took his Doctor's degree at Cambridge, at the age of 24. In 1847 he gained a prize in London, which was open to public competition, for the best anthem, and a splendid baton was awarded to him; the same with which he conducted his overture on Thursday evening. A prize of ten guineas, for the best glee, was open to competition, the same year at Huddersfield; this the youthful composer also gained.—The

umpire on this occasion was Sir Henry Bishop, who arranged that each candidate should send his name under a sealed envelope, which was not opened until the decision had been made. As an organ player Dr. Bexfield stands very high in London, and his readiness in extemporising on any given subject is perfectly extraordinary. In 1850, Dr. Bexfield married the daughter of J. Millington, Esq., of Boston, Lincolnshire. In addition to the extraordinary talent of this young man, it is both satisfactory and gratifying to know, that in every private relation his conduct was most exemplary, and that he avails himself of every opportunity of shewing his gratitude to his early instructor and patron Mr. Buck. —(From the *Norwich Gazette*.)

ON THE TRIGONUM, OR ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TRIANGULAR HARP.—One of the most remarkable ancient Egyptian instruments used by the priests in sacrifices and religious ceremonies was called the Trigonum or Triangular Harp, and as they were of various kinds, a description of them will not be uninteresting. One of them is a triangular shape, V and has ten strings, and is taken from an ancient painting in the museum of the King of Naples, in which it is placed on the shoulder of a little dancing Cupid, who supports the instrument with his left hand, and plays upon it with his right. Another species of Triangular Lyre or Harp is of a much larger size and has twenty-three strings V and is held in the hands of a very uncouth figure, who appears to be seated. It is copied from one of the most remarkable from Rossellini. It is played upon with both hands by one of those moustiers which the Egyptian mind was so prolific in producing; and whether we consider its size, its peculiar character and form, no instrument of the kind claims a more attentive consideration.

There is also one of a very simple construction, and most essentially belongs to the same class of Tryangular Egyptian instruments, and which is also given in Rossellini, not from a painting, but from a real instrument found in Egypt, and deposited in the Museum at Florence. In this, the strings (originally ten in number, as appears from the pegs) form a triangle by their extension from the upper end of a piece inserted at right angles into a large harmonical body of wood, with which the strings are at the other extremity connected (as shewn in the drawing); portions of the strings still remain, and appear to have been formed from the intestines of animals. Remembering that Solomon obtained wood for his "Psalteries" by distant commerce, it is remarkable that the wood of this instrument is what Rossellini calls a mahogany from the East Indies, and which the Egyptians must have obtained through commercial channels. Athenæus mentions a certain musician, called Alexander Alexandrinus, who was so admirable a performer on the trigonum, and gave such proofs of his abilities at Rome, that he made the inhabitants musically mad. The performer being a native of Alexandria, as his name implies, makes it probable that it was an Egyptian instrument upon which he gained his reputation at Rome.—From *T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music*.

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